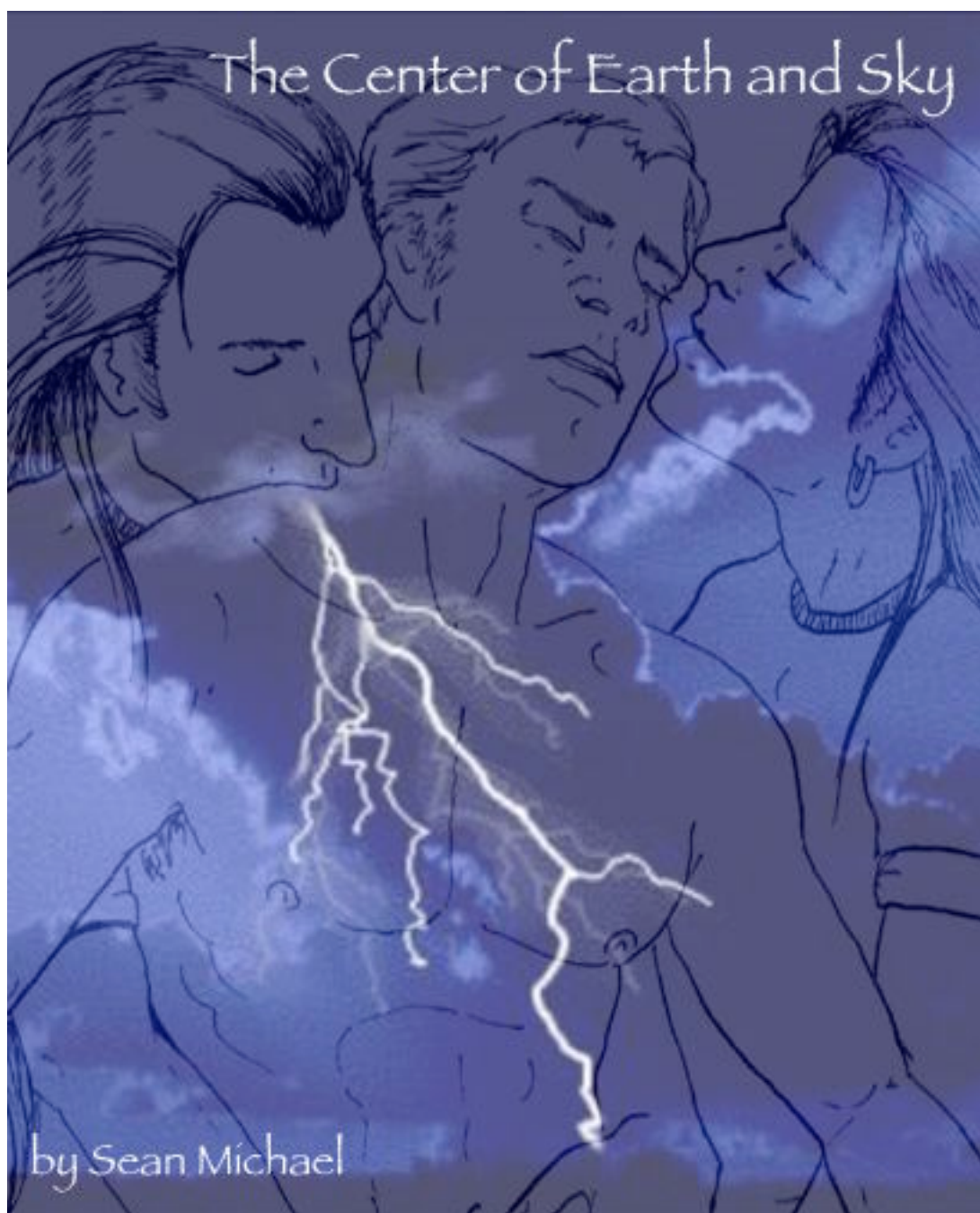


# The Center of Earth and Sky



by Sean Michael

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PREFACE

The need between them never faded.

They couldn't remember the first time they made love, the first time they kissed, the first time they wanted. Raine thought they were in love in their mother's womb, fingers entwined as they breathed fluid flavored by the other's skin. Grey thought it was even before that, but he never said so. He never had to.

They were born during a storm, the gray clouds pouring life down onto the desert, the lizards and mice running, the people closing windows and pulling in laundry off the lines. Grey was first, alone in this world for a terrifying six minutes before his Raine joined him. Their mother said the morning after their birth, the desert bloomed.

They slept in the same wicker basket, then in the same crib. The same room, the same bed. They never asked for their own rooms, never asked to be separated. Grey didn't speak until he was six; Raine was his voice. Raine couldn't sleep unless Grey was there. Grey read first, Raine wrote first. They fought about the television and whether Corn Pops or Sugar Smacks were better. When they went to school, Grey did the history papers and the book reports while Raine wrote the poetry and finished the math problems. They always did poorly in science. They came in first and second in the swim meets and second and first in wrestling.

Raine slept with a girl once after a dance while Grey got drunk and threw up in the deep desert. They lasted in separate college dorm rooms for three weeks before Raine crawled into Grey's arms, shaking and hollow-eyed, tears streaking his cheeks. Grey hid his triumphant smile and held Raine as they slept for three days.

They graduated together and left for San Francisco. They never discussed it; they simply went. Grey took his photographs and worked for an antiques dealer, Raine wrote reams of poetry and organized art openings. They partied, they laughed, they played.

They spent every morning sound asleep in each other's arms. Raine fell in love with a boy, black and fine, thin boned and graceful. A dancer. Someone who could help him sleep, too. Someone

who talked. Someone who thought what they did was wrong. One day Grey came home from work and Raine was packing his things into moving boxes. Raine looked at him with sorry eyes and Grey turned around and left.

It was the longest month of their lives. Grey screamed for hours until his voice died. Then he stopped speaking, stopped taking pictures, worked and slept for hours and hours. Raine simply hurt, his heart missing half its beat. When Raine crawled home one early Sunday morning, he spent hours watching Grey, tears flowing even in sleep, curled around hundreds of pictures of him. When Grey woke, Raine was in his arms, hands cupping his face.

It took two days before Grey's voice came back and it never sounded the same again.

They were never the same again. They were more.

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FEBRUARY

## CHAPTER ONE

He settled at the bar, asking for a draft as the bartender went by. It was delivered on the next pass and he grabbed the bowl of beer nuts, munching as he drank.

He liked O'Hoolan's. Quiet and simple, you could come here just to drink or to drink and cruise, but it wasn't loud and bright and crowded like most gay clubs. It was an honest to god bar, just with bent clientele. He stared critically at the image reflected back in the dozens of mirrors over the bar. He was a good-looking guy, looked a touch younger than his twenty-eight, light brown hair, brown eyes, high cheekbones and a firm jaw. Fuckable. His dress shirt was white, his tie one of the silly ones -- the kids liked that, liked that Mr. Whittaker wore ties with cows or chickens or smiley faces on them.

So how come he was almost thirty and still single, looking to pick someone up for a night of tension relieving, hot kinky amazing sex? Of course, tonight he was willing to settle for just tension-relieving sex, and there was no guarantee he was even going to get that.

The barstools two down from him were filled, but a muscular redhead coming out of the men's room had caught his eye, so he didn't look. Well, not until he heard a deep, rich voice order a scotch on the rocks and a vodka and tonic.

When he turned his head, he blinked. Two men sat at the bar, carbon copies of each other. Dark skin, black eyes, hooked, hawk-like noses, cheekbones that wouldn't quit and the same long black hair. Either one would be good-looking, but together, they were stunning.

They were dressed similarly -- black t-shirts, jeans, and leather jackets. The man farthest from him had an earring. The bartender handed the closer man the two drinks; he kept the scotch and handed the vodka over to his... companion.

He tried not to stare, but he couldn't help himself. He watched them over the top of his beer

glass, wondering what their story was. Were they together? The thought made his cock twitch hard.

They had settled, not speaking, not doing much of anything. Every now and again, the man with the earring would catch his gaze in the bar mirror, holding his eyes for a while and then looking away.

Flirting. He was being flirted with. So was Earring gay and his twin along for moral support?

The next time Earring caught his eye, he smiled. Earring pinked, smiling back and nodding once, holding his eyes for a little bit longer before dropping to his glass.

He licked his lips; trying to decide if he should move closer, let Earring know he was interested. But he couldn't just slide down; Earring was on the far side...

He asked for another beer.

The next time he looked the twins were speaking to one another, dark heads close, voices inaudible. Then, as he watched, Earring reached up and cupped the other one's cheek, stroked it once. Then Earring stood and sat one barstool away from him at the bar, still nursing the vodka.

Well, the worst that could happen would be getting shot down -- wasn't anything that hadn't happened before. Swallowing his nerves he shifted over one seat. "Hi."

Earring smiled at him. "Hey."

Earring's voice was soft, not rough or husky. He grinned. He'd expected them to sound the same.

"Can I get you another?" he asked nodding at the vodka and tonic.

"Oh, thanks." A wide, square hand was offered, heavy copper bracelet shining in the lights. "I'm Raine Holstein."

He offered his own hand back, hoping to hell it wasn't too damp. "Bartholomew Whittaker. Please call me Whit."

He couldn't help glancing up over at Raine's twin.

"That's Grey." Raine smiled over at his twin, who gave him a slow, smoldering look, then turned to nod to Whit.

"Hi," he managed with a nod and without squeaking. He wasn't quite sure what was going on, Raine seem interested enough to flirt at least, and move closer, but Grey looked like he was all about Raine.

"So, I uh... haven't seen you here before -- you new in town?"

Raine nodded his head. "Yeah, actually. We got here a few months ago. We own a gallery and a little antique shop. Just got things settled in finally. Decided to come and play." Raine flashed him a quick smile. "I like playing and Grey... well, he says he humors me, but he likes to play too."

"Together?" he asked, probably a little too eagerly, but the idea excited him and he figured it was better to be honest and let that show than try to pretend a casualness he wouldn't be able to follow through on later.

"Yes, together." Grey's deep, gravelly voice sound as his hand settled on Raine's shoulder. He had a matching bracelet, heavy and beautiful. "Raine doesn't play without me."

Raine chuckled and nodded, nuzzling Grey's hand. "We're a matched set."

He smiled, the possessiveness in the tone and gesture, moving through him like a wave, hitting his balls hard. "I bet you're beautiful together." The words just slipped out and he bit his lip. There was honesty and then there was honesty and he hoped he hadn't just blown it.

Raine blushed again as Grey chuckled and took a seat. Apparently they didn't mind honesty.

"Thanks. Do you come here a lot?"

"On the weekends -- it's a nice place to relax, have a beer, maybe meet someone to spend some time with, you know."

Raine nodded. "One of the gallery artists recommended it. Said we would like it here. The atmosphere is nice, yeah, Grey?"

Grey nodded. "Not bad. Need better house scotch."

"I've got some 10 year old Glenkeith at home." What he wanted to know was who the hell had tampered with his brain/mouth connection, because it was working just a little too well and bypassing the make sure you really want to say it center.

A long look passed between Raine and Grey and then Grey nodded. Raine looked over. "Is that an offer, Whit? To share a little scotch and maybe play?"

He forced himself to think about it. To really think about it. All he kept seeing was these two guys making love while he watched and he knew, even if that's all it turned out to be, he wanted it. "Yeah, it's an offer."

Two sets of identical black eyes glittered at him and then the guys nodded and stood as one.

Raine smiled as Grey helped him on with his jacket. "Should we follow you? We're on the Harley."

And that ladies and gentlemen was the sound of his cock bursting through his zipper.

"I'm-" he cleared his throat. Twice. "I'm not that far -- I walked."

"Oh, okay. Should I walk with Whit, Grey?"

"No. Drive him home, Raine, and then come back for me and we'll go together."

"Okay." Raine gave him a smile and tilted his head. "Wanna ride?"

Not trusting his voice he just nodded. He was harder than Hell -- he sure hoped the Holstein brothers really were into honesty, 'cause if he had to ride behind Raine, the man was going to know just how turned on he was right now.



"Cool." The brothers led him outside where the sleek black motorcycle waited. He was handed a helmet and then Raine hopped on, patting the seat behind him. "Where to, Whit?"

"Maple, just off Washington."

He put on the helmet, and climbed on behind Raine, putting his arms tentatively around the man's waist, trying to keep his crotch away from Raine's ass. Raine's body was strong, solid, and fucking hot in his arms. The Harley roared to life, vibrations running through his crotch. "Hold on tight, Whit. She's a great ride, our little lady here."

What the Hell. He tightened his arms, letting himself mold to Raine's back. Between the vibrations from the Harley and the heat from Raine, he was pretty sure he was heading for a pretty decent orgasm before they went two blocks.

Raine's ass moved against him as they rode. The brothers were solidly built, not body-builders, maybe, but not skinny guys. Strands of the long hair escaped from inside Raine's jacket, moving over his cheeks, his arms. He just closed his eyes and enjoyed it: the scent of leather from Raine's jacket, the hard body in his arms, moving with the motorcycle, the hair against him. He might have whimpered a little, he might have moaned a little. He definitely held on tighter, pressed closer. He wanted to rub against that fantastic ass.

They pulled off onto Maple, the Harley purring. "Which house, Whit?"

He pointed it out and they pulled up into the driveway, the angle pushed Raine's ass into him. He gasped and pushed back. "We could always circle the block a couple of times," he suggested, only half-joking.

"Later. Grey will worry." Raine's ass rocked against him. "We want Grey to play, Whit. He growls, but he can make you scream."

That brought another gasp out of him and he rolled once more against Raine's ass and then quickly got off the bike before he rubbed himself off against Raine in front of the whole fucking street. He handed the helmet back to Raine, hands only shaking a tiny bit. "I'll leave the door unlocked."

"Cool. We'll be right back." Raine reached out, stroking his cock once with that square, hot hand. "Wait for us." Then Raine backed the bike down the driveway and headed off. He just stood there, blinking, trying to find his breath, watching the empty street.

He was still there when the Harley came back around the corner.

Raine grinned at him as they pulled up, Grey's hands framing Raine's cock, thumbs working against the tight denim. "See, Grey. I told him to wait."

Grey moved his hands and stepped off the bike, stepping right into his space. "So you did, Raine. So you did."

He swallowed, looking up into the dark brown eyes. Grey had a presence, an aura of danger and roughness about him that Raine was lacking. It was a little scary and a lot sexy.

"We should get off the street," he suggested.

"Yes." Grey's eyes closed for a moment as Raine's head appeared beside his own. When they opened, Whit was the focus of those four dark eyes again. "We should."

It was only the thought of Mrs. Jawelsk peering out at them, ready to spread as much gossip as possible about the so-clean-cut young schoolteacher and his hooligan friends that spurred him to movement and he closed his own eyes and turned before he opened them again, focusing on the stairs as he went up them.

Took two tries to get the door open and then he was inside, inviting them in. The twins followed him without a word, walking through his foyer, into the living room.

He wanted to touch them so badly. To be touched. Fuck, he was hard enough to pound nails. He forced himself to the shelf where he kept his liquor. "Whiskey all around?" he asked. He thought maybe his voice gave his need away.

Grey's voice was close, breath whispering against the nape of his neck. "Later."

Oh, thank god.

He relaxed back, moaning as Grey's body was there, like a wall behind him.

"You were right. He does smell good." Grey's cheek brushed against his neck, inhaling deeply.

Raine's hand slid over his hip, a matching caress to the other side of his neck. "Yes, Grey. Warm, spicy."

"Oh..." His eyes closed and he was breathing heavy and shit, he was this close to coming and wouldn't that be fucking embarrassing -- in his pants just like that, but fuck -- this was like some sort of fantasy coming true.

Hands slid over his stomach, his crotch, his nipples, breath hard on his neck. Grey's voice growled low and rough, "Going to make you come first, then we'll play."

A soft tongue slid over his bottom lip, Raine's breath sweet. A sound left his throat, part whimper, part moan, part something breaking and then he came, body shaking hard against the solid wall of warmth against his back.

Raine made a sound and then his lips were taken in a kiss, hot and hungry, yet sweet. Grey was whispering in his ear, seductive growls that joined with the hard cock rubbing against his ass to start his own cock filling again.

Oh, god, they were going to kill him absolutely dead, and he was going to enjoy every fucking minute of it.

He kissed Raine back, mouth opening wide as he reached out, fingers holding warm, supple leather. Raine's mouth was eager, tongue sliding deep, exploring and tasting. Grey's tongue moved on his neck, teeth scraping. He was trapped between the two of them, surrounded by flesh and leather and hair and it was fucking hot. His cock was hard, eager again and nobody had even started taking off a single article of clothing.

Raine's mouth left his, dark eyes shining. "Tastes good too, Grey. Want to try?"

With that Raine's head tilted and Grey pushed forward, rocking them all together as two identical pairs of lips met in a deep kiss.

He whimpered, legs giving out, only the hard bodies pressed against him keeping him upright. He was right -- they were beautiful together.

Their lips parted and another long, silent look passed between them. Then Raine's eyes met his. "We need to sit, to touch, Whit. Too many clothes. Where?"

"The bedroom?"

"Yes." Grey nodded, cock rubbing against his ass again.

"It's that way," he said, pointing to his right, eyes locked with Raine's beautiful deep brown.

Raine took his hand, leaning forward for another soft kiss. "Show us, Whit."

"Oh, right." He stepped forward, hoping he'd be able to stay upright without Grey's support, because he was embarrassing himself just fine here already. "It's this way."

Grey and Raine bracketed him, hands joined at the small of his back. Grey leaned in, lips just brushing over the hollow beneath his ear. "Let's go play."

A shudder went through him and he walked faster, leading them into his bedroom. The queen size bed, an indulgence he was glad of right now, dominated it. The bed was covered with quilts and pillows and comforters, a riot of color in the otherwise somber room. Dark bookcases, loaded with books, covered most of the walls except for where the dresser took over the job.

"You read. Grey reads." Raine smiled at him as the jacket was shrugged off and set aside.

"The t-shirt, too." Grey's voice filled the room, a deep growl. Another shudder went through Whit and he watched, breath coming a little quicker as Raine lost the t-shirt.

The man was beautiful, skin dark and smooth, long black hair shinning. Along with the copper bracelet he'd noticed earlier, Raine wore a chain around his neck with Grey's name on it and one

of his nipples was pierced.

He might have whimpered.

Instead of a ring in the nipple, it was a barbell.

He did whimper.

"Isn't he beautiful, Whit? Doesn't he make you ache, wanting to fuck him?" Wide brown hands brushed over his shirt, plucking at the fabric. "Now you. Let me see you."

Raine smiled and nodded and popped the first two buttons on the tight jeans. "We want to see you, Whit. Such fine skin."

"Not pretty like you," he whispered as he started to undo his buttons.

"No, you're different than us. Your skin is rich, it glows." Low and rich and right in his ear.

A soft nod. "In the bar light, we were sitting in the back, watching you."

"He wanted to taste you. He said you would smell good." Grey's fingers were helping him now.

Raine removed his teacher's tie, letting it fall. "I was right. He knew I would be right."

"Yes. I knew."

"Yes." Hands found his skin, stripping away his shirt, leaving him bare.

He was pretty sure he could come from the sound of their voices alone. He was pretty sure he wanted to try it some time. Right now though, right now he wanted to touch and be touched. He reached out for Raine's skin. Raine was hot, smooth under his hand. So alive -- those muscles shifted and twitched, Raine giving him a soft, sweet sigh. "Good, Whit. So good."

Drawn to it, his fingers slid over Raine's bejeweled nipple, playing with the hot flesh and the shiny metal shot through it.

"He came when the barbell slid in, so beautiful." Raine gasped as Grey spoke, hard cock pushing out the open fly of his jeans. "The woman who pierced him wept."

Oh, fuck.

His own cock was so hard he was hurting, his jeans far too tight. He slid his finger over the barbell again, his other hand sliding down over the beautiful stomach muscles to tentatively touch the hard, eager cock.

"Oh, yes. Yes." Raine moaned, so hot under his fingers, so incredibly sensual. Those dark eyes flashed at him, hands opening his jeans.

"Does he feel good, Raine? His hands?"

"So soft, so smooth. Oh, Grey... 's good."

"Good. Make him come, Whit." Lips brushed against his neck. "Make him come for us."

A shudder went through him and then a second. There was something about Grey telling him what to do that was so sensual, heightening the experience.

He wrapped his hand around Raine's cock and started to pump, just slowly, while his other hand explored the lean chest, teasing the unpierced nipple and coming back again and again to the barbell. Raine shuddered, gasping -- little soft sounds that were addictive and sexy, almost innocent, but not quite. The shaft in his hand throbbed, Raine's nipples tight and hard. He leaned forward and took Raine's nipple into his mouth, grabbing the barbell with his teeth and tugging while his tongue flicked across the peak of the tiny piece of hard flesh.

"Oh... Going to come, Whit. Going to..." Raine's hands held his head as Grey's lips slid over the top of his spine. He hummed, mouth vibrating around Raine's nipple, even as his own body vibrated beneath Grey's mouth. Heat splashed over his fingers as Raine's hawk-like cry split the air. Grey groaned, teeth scraping, bright against his skin.

The smell of Raine's come was sharp and heavy, filling his nose and making him moan. He slid

his tongue across Raine's flesh once more and drew back.

Grey slid one hand down his arm, hand circling his wrist and turning him, drawing his hand up to those soft lips, softer tongue. As he watched, Grey licked him clean, then bit firmly at the base of his thumb. That made him moan and melt against Grey, leaning against the solid body again, this time pressed up against him front to front. Grey leaned close, licking a long line along his jaw, surrounding him in the musk and smoke and spice smell of the silky hair. Rock-firm and strong, not so much as a hint of nervous twitch, Grey's body was made to support, to hold, to touch.

"He's so sensual, Grey. So trusting, almost liquid." Raine's voice floated up from his waist, hands easing off his jeans, lips dancing over the small of his back.

"Mm... heated cream spiced with nutmeg. Sweet." Grey's husky growl shuddered through him and then the hot lips fastened over the hollow beneath his ear, pulling steadily.

When Raine stood, nestled their naked bodies together, Whit realized Grey was still completely dressed, even the soft, supple jacket hiding his body.

"Your turn?" he asked softly, fingers sliding up along hard muscles beneath the leather jacket.

Raine's chuckle was sweet, pleased against the nape of his neck. "And you play fair, too. His skin is like silk, Whit, and he can be so still, so beautifully controlled."

"Raine..." The warning was clear, as was the warm, sensual laugh against his back.

"Yes, my Grey." Their lips met over his shoulder, keeping him caught between them. When the kiss ended, Raine's lips replaced Grey against his neck. "Touch him, Whit. He's like magic."

He was hard and melting from the inside out. The way they spoke to each other was almost as good as watching them kiss.

He pushed his hands up over Grey's shoulders, forcing the leather jacket off and then pulled the tight black t-shirt out of Grey's jeans and slid his hand beneath the soft cotton. Grey felt different to his hands -- muscles a bit firmer, skin less smooth, but softer, not as hot. Raine's scent was

sweeter, Grey more earthy. The eyes that looked into him were the same, though, dark and deep and rich. Warm.

He raised his head, searching for a kiss, needing to know if they tasted different, too. A hint of whiskey, of salt, of mint -- earth where Raine was sweet water. Not tentative either, Grey's tongue slid deep, lips firm and warm and confident.

Some small part of him was busy being amazed that two people who looked so alike could be so different, but most of him was just tasting and touching and rubbing against Grey's heat and hardness. Raine was pressed up behind him, keeping him warm, keeping him between them.

Raine's hands slid down to cup his ass, moved around to trace his hipbones, cup his balls. "So soft, like velvet. Ready to be touched, so ready to feel."

Grey moaned into his mouth, lips parting wider at Raine's words. His tongue slid against Grey's, his hands moved over smooth muscles, searching for sensitive spots, his hips moved, pushing his cock along denim.

With a whimper he moved his hands down, working Grey's belt open, they all needed to be naked, he needed to feel Grey against him as well as Raine.

Raine's hands moved to help him, stripping Grey without losing contact with his skin. Grey's low, rough voice filled his lips. Finally Whit had what he needed, warm, dark, sweet skin all around him -- two hard cocks, two wet tongues, four curious hands searching his body.

He let his eyes close, let his mind turn off and just felt.

It felt good.

They found the bed, moving slow and fluid and together. They ended with Grey curled behind him, long cock sliding lazily between his thighs, lips playing over his hairline. Raine was exploring his body with fingers and tongue, stopping now and again to take Grey's hand and show something that intrigued.

Once it was the skin above his hipbone. "Grey, so smooth, right here. Feel. So good."



Then the mass of curls above his cock. "They curl, Grey. Feels like fur beneath my cheek and I can smell him. Feel, Grey. You could sleep here."

The curve of his bottom lip. "Like well-worn silk. Precious. Touch here, my Grey."

His inner thigh. His nipple. His jaw. His wrist.

"Feel. Touch. Oh, here, Grey. Right here, love. So good."

He felt special and interesting and unique. He felt like he was a part of them, not excluded or left out. He tried to return the touches and explorations -- he wanted to -- but Raine kept him distracted and off-balance with the way he touched and the way he talked.

Grey was moving steadily, the skin of his inner thighs painted by drops of liquid heat. Raine was tasting the inside of his knee when he heard the soft, sweet moan. "Oh... I can smell Grey on you, Whit. I can..."

Then Raine's tongue slid over his inner thigh, Grey's cock right there, and they all moaned together. He couldn't catch his breath anymore; he couldn't stop moaning softly, body pushing forward and back into them. Raine's tongue was so hot on his skin, Grey's cock hotter.

Grey growled low and began moving faster, one hand dropping to pull at his cock. "Hot."

Raine's whisper brushed against his balls. "Yes, so hot."

He whimpered. He was so close, without even realizing it those soft, easy touches had made him ready.

Raine was licking and sucking, tongue sliding over his skin as Grey rocked against him. Grey's hand was insistent, the cock between his legs more so. Raine was pushing against his calf, Grey was biting his shoulder. Grey was rumbling and groaning, Raine whispering and moaning. Then Grey was coming and Raine was coming and he was coming.

The smell of sex and earth and rain filled his room as pleasure filled his body.

Raine moved up, nuzzling at his neck, offering his lips to Grey, who took them in a long, soft kiss. Then he was offered those swollen, parted lips, dark eyes shining at him. He brought their mouths together, tongue slipping in, eyes staying on Raine's. It felt like the brown eyes were looking right through him; it was exciting and scary, kind of like the twins themselves.

The kiss lasted for what seemed hours and then faded away, easy and warm. Raine nestled close, hands sliding around to touch Grey. "This was good, Whit. Thank you."

"No, thank you. Thank you both." He lay nestled between them, wishing it could last forever.

A soft kiss landed on his spine. "Whit needs his sleep, Raine. We should go."

"Oh! No, please don't go." He felt himself blush, from his toes to the top of his head. "I mean... I was hoping you'd stay for breakfast."

Raine licked his jaw. "I like breakfast. Grey?"

Grey's head lifted and the twins stared at one another. Raine never spoke, simply reached out and stroked Grey's cheek. Then Grey nodded. "Yes."

He relaxed, not even having realized he'd been tense. "Good. Good."

They settled, Raine's head under his chin, Grey breathing against his shoulder blades. Arms and legs entwined and tangled and it shouldn't be comfortable, shouldn't be easy.

But it was.

It had been so long since he'd spent the night with anyone, he didn't expect to be able to sleep, but soon he was floating in a sea of warm soft skin, eyes closed, sinking.

Buoyed, balanced between two beating hearts, he slept.

## CHAPTER TWO

He wasn't sure if he was awake or still dreaming.

He was warm, so warm, nestled between two bodies, cradled.

He had to pee.

Awake. He was definitely awake

He carefully extricated himself from the pile of limbs and got up. He looked down at the twins, still not quite believing it was real.

Raine moaned softly, frowning, and Grey moved immediately. Still sound asleep, the square hands stroked the dark, sleek hair. Grey pulled Raine close, rumbling until the frown disappeared.

He was about to turn away when he noticed the tattoos. Matching, on their shoulders. A soft shudder went through him, along with arousal. Oh, he wanted to watch them make love to each other. He wanted to make love to them, to find out how alike they were, how different.

He knew their voices were different, would they have different sweet spots too? Would one want it soft and the other hard? What was their favorite position?

He fled to the bathroom before he changed his mind. He brushed his teeth while he was there and grabbed the lube and the condoms, just in case.

When he got back to the bedroom, Raine had turned in Grey's embrace, eyes blinking slowly. He got a sweet, lazy smile, Raine rubbing his cheek against Grey's arm. "Morning."

"Morning..." He blushed as he put the condoms and lube on the side table and then climbed onto the bed, facing Raine. Raising one hand, he traced the high cheekbones and sharp nose and then traced the air above Grey's. Exact matches. "You're beautiful."

He didn't care how it sounded -- it was true.

Raine pulled his hand down for a kiss. "So are you. So different, so real and new and rich. I wanted to touch you so badly." Dark eyes gleamed at him.

He found himself flushing again. The thought that they had watched him, chosen him...

Raine began licking and kissing the inside of his wrist. "I told Grey you were special. I know things, I know about people and Grey knows me."

"Raine..." Grey's voice was sleep-rough. "You'll scare him. Shh."

Special? Him? Raine thought he was special. He pressed close, smiling at Raine.

"Morning, Grey," he said quietly, just before his lips pressed against Raine's.

Raine's lips moved against his, still gentle and sleep-warm. After their lips parted, Raine shifted so Grey could take a matching kiss. "Morning, Whit."

He slid his hand over their skin, first one and then the other, comparing arms and necks and shoulders.

Grey's fingers were playing over Raine's body, teasing the pierced nipple with tugs and twists. Raine's fingers were sliding over his back, tickling the top of his cleft. He shivered and pressed close, gasping as his prick encountered another, Raine hot and hard against him.

"Oh, hungry... what do you like, Whit? What makes you come?" Raine's voice was dazed, Grey's teeth fastened on the arched neck.

"Everything?"

Raine's laugh was warm, sexy and answered by Grey's.

Grey climbed over them, leaving the bed after stealing a few more kisses. "Bathroom?"

"Go right and it's the first door on the left." He watched Grey's hair slide across the top of his ass as he walked out. He made a little sound; oh that was one fine ass.

Raine hummed. "He is beautiful. You should see him in the window as the sun rises, or swimming, or watching a storm come in."

He turned back to Raine, tracing his face again and then the long neck and the nicely muscled chest. "I bet you are, too. And together. Oh..."

He gave a little shudder and pressed close again.

"Mm..." Raine started rocking against him. "And you? I would like to see you on black silk sheets, bathing in milk, laughing before the fire drinking wine."

"Bathing in milk?" He laughed, but the sound was turned into more of a giggle as his breath caught in his throat.

"Yes. It's like silk against your skin and you would look decadent." Raine rolled with a low moan, pulling him atop the warm body, strong thighs parting as they moved together. "Your skin would glow."

"Oh..." He rocked against Raine, making a soft noise as their cocks slid together. "You and Grey would look amazing though -- all that dark skin. Have you really bathed in milk?"

"Twice. For our birthday. Grey surprised me." Raine smiled, tongue sliding out. "I like to play, like to try new things."

A tongue slid up his thigh, startling him. "He looked beautiful with the cream sliding on his skin. The pictures are stunning."

"Oh..." He arched back into Grey's mouth and then slid forward along Raine's cock. "Pictures?" He shuddered at the thought. "Oh, I want to see them."

Raine blushed, twisting beneath him, cock hot and hard. "We take lots of photos, Whit... He..."

they're amazing. You can come to the loft and see."

"Oh, God..." He moved faster, watching Raine's face, excited beyond thought, beyond anything but rubbing and feeling as he imagined pictures of the two of them, together, on their own, doing things...

"Whit... Whit... your eyes are like honey... Oh, Grey, want to lick honey off his cock, want to drink it from the hollow of his hips..." Raine groaned, hips pushing hard.

Grey's body covered his, breath hot on his spine. "So spoiled, my Raine."

The things Raine said... they were outrageous and hot and he really liked it. They all moved together, skin and cocks, heat and hardness, all pressed and pressing and sliding. He thought Raine came first, but it might have been Grey. Or maybe it was him, because his cry sounded at the same time as theirs.

He let his head rest on Raine's shoulder, breath slowing, Grey's weight heavy on him. He could get used to this, to being in between these two.

Raine's laugh warmed the air. "Well, that made for a good morning. What's for breakfast?"

Grey groaned, kissing his shoulder. "You should have let him sleep. He's awake now. He doesn't nap well. Never did."

"I didn't mean to wake you guys up." He laughed softly and closed his eyes for a moment.

"Though I have to admit, I'm happy I did."

Raine chuckled, eyes bright. "Oh, Grey needs coffee or he rumbles. If he could, he'd sleep ten hours a day and then sleep some more. Our bed is his favorite place."

"I can see why, with you in it." Oh, he really needed to do something about that say everything that crossed his mind thing.

Raine cheeks flushed and he was given a soft kiss. "Thank you."

"No thank you -- thank you both. For letting me share."

Grey's weight left him and then a damp cloth cleaned his back. Raine was smiling. "I told you. I knew it would be good with you, Whit."

He gave Raine a kiss and then rolled off him, letting Grey clean him and his twin. He watched the dark hand against his own pale stomach, and against Raine's dark muscles.

Felt his cock twitch.

Raine pulled Grey down for a kiss when they were clean. "You take such good care of me, my Grey." Then they shared another kiss, and another and another, those dark, sleek bodies moving against other so naturally.

He shifted away a little, as softly as possible and just watched them moving together. He'd been right about how hot they would look together. He slid his hand down his own body, fingers wrapping around the base of his cock.

Raine's hands moved through Grey's hair, letting it fall through his fingers. Grey moaned into their kiss, hand sliding beneath Raine to pull them closer together. Dark skin moved against dark skin, Whit occasionally catching a glimpse of the two long, hard cocks sliding together. He pumped his own cock, moaning softly. They were beautiful together, so beautiful it almost hurt. Raine's legs parted, wrapping around Grey's waist. Grey shivered, hips moving faster, the hunger between them obvious, delicious.

He was so close, just from watching, from hearing and smelling them.

He reached out tentatively, letting his fingertips slide over Grey's shoulder, the dark skin so hot. Grey arched into the touch, a low, pleased sound filling the air. He made a soft, happy noise. He wanted so badly to be a part of them, but at the same time, they were perfect together. To be allowed to add his touch to them...

He shifted closer and slid his hand down along Grey's spine, loving the way the long, soft hair tangled around his fingers.

"Whit." Raine's hand encouraged him closer still, wrapping around his neck. He pushed against them with a sigh, hand cupping Grey's ass. Grey gasped and turned to look at him, eyes flashing. Then he was drawn into their kiss, tasting them together for the first time. They tasted like the earth and the sky, like the two meeting in a great storm.

He moaned and pressed closer, held on tighter. The kiss went on and on, hands tangling together in his hair, intensity becoming playful and then morphing into need again as they made love with hands and tongues and rocking bodies.

His cock slid against Raine's legs, his hand stroked Grey's ass, his tongue tangled with theirs. Raine's hand pressed between their bodies, teasing their cocks, pulling and stroking and rubbing. Grey's gasp made Raine chuckle, his moan earned him a long, hungry kiss from Grey's swollen lips. Oh, he was flying, cruising the space between Raine's sky and Grey's earth and it was so good.

"C...coming soon," he warned them, lost in their bodies.

"Oh, Grey will too. I want to see, want to see your eyes when you come. Open your eyes, Grey. Whit, please. Let me see everything." Raine's voice was gasping, needy, irresistible as the insistent fingers against his cock.

He blinked his eyes open, seeing first Grey's dark eyes, full of passion. They turned together, looking at Raine and the need and want in them made him cry out, made him come, body shuddering through a long orgasm.

"Whit. Raine. Oh..." Grey's husky voice rumbled, growing darker as his orgasm hit, followed by Raine's heat, the cry higher and sharper. So sweet.

It teased a last shudder out of him, a last soft pulse of his cock. "Oh... thank you."

Grey licked the corner of his mouth and Raine laughed, nuzzling his shoulder. "Is the shower big enough for all of us, Grey?"

Grey grinned against his mouth. "To wash in? Probably. To play in? No. And I'm hungry, Raine. Whit promised breakfast."



Black eyes glittered at him, mischievous and playful. Grey looked younger in the sunlight, happier.

He smiled and boldly pressed his lips against Grey's. "I did. Do you guys like pancakes? It's about the only thing I can cook, for breakfast."

"Oooh! Pancakes? Really?" Raine's kiss was warm on his cheek. "I love pancakes!"

Grey kissed him back, long and slow. "Coffee, too?"

"Hell, it's not really awake until there's been coffee."

"Oh, you are a jewel, Whit." Grey kissed him again, smiling wide.

"I'll make you coffee every morning for kisses like that." His eyes went wide as soon as he said it and he backed away quickly. "So you both like coffee?"

He headed for his drawers and grabbed out a pair of sweats, slipping them on as he babbled.

"Are you big eaters, 'cause I should probably do a double batch on the pancakes so that there's enough for everyone? I usually eat a whole batch myself, granted, it's usually around noon and I tend not to have anything else the rest of the day, but it all depends on how big of eaters you are."

Raine's eyes were smiling, hand sliding around his waist. "I don't drink coffee, love milk. Love pancakes. And Grey has a hollow leg. He can eat a horse."

Grey wiped himself off and pulled on his jeans, wiggling his ass. "Could I borrow a brush, Whit?"

"Yeah..." He looked up from Grey's crotch and caught the dark eyes twinkling at him and he felt his cheeks go hot. He gave Raine a quick kiss. "One horse, coming up."

With that he ducked out and headed for the kitchen where he splashed some cold water on his face before getting out the ingredients to throw together the pancakes.

Grey found him first, still shirtless, hair sleek and braided in a long tail. "Need any help?"

The nape of his neck was nuzzled softly, his back touched with warmth.

He chuckled. "That kind of help is going to land us in a burned pancake situation. How do you feel about IHOP?"

Grey's chuckle was wicked and playful, hands sliding around his waist. "I love their pecan pancakes. Raine likes the blueberry ones. The coffee's drinkable. Flip the pancake, Whit."

"Hmm? Oh!" He flipped the pancake, wincing at how dark the bottom had gotten.

Grey smiled against his shoulder. "The first one's always weird."

"No worries." Raine wandered in, fully dressed, hair loose and shining around his shoulders.

"Want me to start the coffee, Whit? Looks like you've got help with the pancakes."

"Yeah, the beans are in the fridge and there's a little grinder over by the coffee maker, thanks."

He put the pancake on a tray in the oven and poured out the next one, leaning back against Grey when he was done. Warm skin pressed along his own. Felt good. Raine nodded, pulling the beans out, humming softly. Grey just held him, watching and quiet. Strong. Warm. It was nice, not cooking on his own, just having other people in the house with him, standing close, making noise, being there with him.

Grey kept kissing his back softly until Raine handed over a cup of coffee and then stole a kiss of his own. "How do you take yours, Whit?"

"Just a touch of milk." He smiled at Raine. "Just enough to be the same color as your skin."

"Oh!" Raine flushed, beaming at him. "I... I can do that."

The hand around his waist tightened, hugging him tight. He smiled at Raine and leaned just a little more against Grey. He was learning stuff the longer he was with them and it was

fascinating. One of those things was that it pleased Grey if he pleased Raine. He was learning stuff about himself as well, learning that wanted to please these two beautiful men.

"What do you do when you're not making pancakes, Whit?" Raine put his coffee on the table along with a glass of milk and the butter. "When's your birthday? Do you like movies? Where's the syrup?"

He laughed. "Schoolteacher. June 12. Silent, black and whites and musicals. In the cabinet above the sink in the bottle that says 'maple syrup'."

The last pancake slid out of the pan and Grey backed away after giving his shoulder a soft kiss and grabbed three plates and forks from the dish drainer. Raine grabbed the bottle, nodding. "I run a gallery and write a little. Grey takes pictures and has an antique store. December 24. Grey likes mysteries, I like them all."

"What kind of pictures, Grey?" He put the stack of pancakes in the middle of the table and sat down.

"Black and white nudes. I have done five or six shows. Now that the darkroom's finished, I can start shooting again." The twins settled in, Grey waiting for Raine to take what he wanted with a quiet patience. Grey reached over and stroked Whit's cheek. "I'd like to shoot you."

"Me?" He felt that heat come into his cheeks again. "I'm not bad-looking, but I'm not beautiful like the two of you."

Raine's leg nudged his. "I told you last night. You are special. You shine. Grey can see it too. You are just caught inside it."

Grey just smiled and kissed the corner of his mouth and then turned back to the pancakes.

"So does this mean I'll get to see you again?" He asked as casually as possible.

"Do you want to?" Raine's voice was low and careful, Grey still and watching.

Heat filled his face, but he met first one set of dark eyes and then the other. "Yeah, I really do."

"Good." Grey gave him another kiss and finished the last bite of pancakes while Raine beamed at him.

"What are you doing for lunch?" Raine grinned.

"Raine." Grey arched an eyebrow. "Be good."

"Supper?"

"Raine."

"Sunday brunch?"

"I've got a test to correct and the week's lesson plans to organize, but otherwise, the weekend's my own." Raine's eagerness matched his own, made him glad.

"I have a meeting today about some revolution-era silver at 2, Raine." Grey was looked at a small palm pilot. "Nothing tomorrow. You?"

"Party at Ron and Sheila's tonight, but I was going to cancel." Raine grinned. "I could cook supper for us? Something with good wine? Then Antone's for Sunday brunch in style, walk in the park, just relax?"

Grey shook his head. "He'll schedule your whole life if you're not careful, Whit."

Whit ducked his head and then looked back up into Raine's eyes. "Not minding it so far."

Then he grinned and, despite the growing heat in his cheeks, teased, "You schedule when we're going to make love again, too?"

Raine's grin widened. "I'm thinking 3, 7, 9, midnight, a quickie around 3 am, then 9 am and 11 am. Then a nice slow session from 2-6 or so tomorrow afternoon. Is that good for you?"

"Can you do me a favor, Grey -- pass me my vitamins?"

They all laughed, loud and long and together.

It was very good.

## CHAPTER THREE

Whit stopped and checked himself in the window of the gallery. He wore dress slacks and his favorite cotton shirt, the top two buttons undone. It was black with silver buttons, even on the cuffs and was worn to the most comfortable softness.

He looked pretty good in it, too. He smoothed his hair back and took a deep breath. He hadn't been this nervous since his first interview fresh out of school.

He made himself go up to the door beside the gallery and ring the bell. He was clutching his bottle of wine tight. He wanted this to work out so bad and why was the second date always harder than the first? Maybe because he wanted it to work out so bad.

"Yes?" Raine. He could tell even over the intercom.

"Hi, it's me. Whit. From... yeah, me." Oh man, that was really smooth.

Raine's chuckle was warm. "Come on up. Door's at the top of the stairs and it's unlocked."

He smiled and opened the door as it buzzed, feeling better already, though there were butterflies dancing in his stomach. A whole migration's worth. He smoothed back his hair one more time, knocked on the door, and opened it.

The smells of spices and cheeses and bread hit him as he walked in, eyes wide. The loft was stunning -- one wall was covered in windows, another held a fireplace, the others were draped in rich burgundy fabric and hundreds of copper-framed photographs. The furniture was dark, heavy, covered in deep jewel tones and heavy cushions. In the center of it all was a huge, four-poster bed heaped with pillows and black bedding. Grey was curled in the middle of it, dressed only in a loose pair of linen trousers, sound asleep.

Raine walked around the bar from the kitchen, seeming to float in his loose-fitting clothing, bare feet making no sound on the wood floor. He smiled, moving immediately into Whit's arms.

"Hello. Grey was exhausted, so we're letting him sleep until supper. How are you?"

"Good. I'm good." He wrapped his arms around Raine and tilted his head, inviting a kiss. Raine's lips were hot and open and tasted like chocolate and mint. He moaned into Raine's mouth, cock growing hard as they kissed.

He stepped back, breaking the kiss, panting as he handed over the bottle of wine.

"Mm... perfect! Thank you." Raine set it on the bar. "Would you like a glass now? Or I have some white chilled in the fridge that's fabulous." He got a happy smile, dark hair swinging as Raine turned his head. "Dinner will be in an hour and I thought I'd give you the tour and then we could sit and visit for a while."

"Sounds great -- all of it." Whit smiled and then hesitated a moment. "Is Grey okay? If tonight isn't good after all, we can always postpone..."

Raine shook his head, drawing him into the neat, warm kitchen and pulling out a bottle of wine and two glasses. "Grey sleeps for me. He always has, like I talk for him. I only sleep three, maybe four hours a night. Grey needs ten, minimum, and there are times I like to see him get twelve." He was handed his glass. "He's fine, just resting."

He took the glass and had a sip, smiling at the taste as well as Raine's words. These two were so intertwined. It made him wonder just how deep the connection went.

"This is the kitchen. We're having a meal of tapas and then chocolate fondue for dessert." Raine took his hand and led him through the loft, showing him the bathroom, the darkroom, the laundry room. Each piece of furniture was explained in loving detail -- the softness, the curves, the fabric and the wood and the way the light hit it. He had to try out each chair, each bench, test its suitability and comfort, whether it fit better just one or with two.

He fell in love with each piece, with the loft itself, and with Raine.

Then Raine took him to see the photos and he fell in love with Grey. Hundreds of them -- Raine smiling and laughing and sorrowful. Pictures of Raine's pierced nipple, of bathing and sleeping and working and living. Pictures of Raine bound and needy. Pictures of them together making love, curled together. Natural and posed and funny and devastating and every single one of them

beautiful.

"These are amazing," he said again for about the five hundredth time. "So beautiful. The two of you are... mesmerizing."

"Grey is very good at what he does, but I know all about Grey. He has been inside my brain since time began. I want to know you." Raine drew him over to a huge overstuffed sofa and sat with him, settling into his arms. "You fascinate me."

He laughed softly. "I can't possibly fascinate you more than you both fascinate me. Next to the two of you... I'm pretty simple."

"Simple? What grade do you teach? Do you have brothers and sisters? How long have you lived here? What's your favorite food? What's your favorite sexual position?" Raine interspersed each question with a kiss.

"I teach grades four, five and six. Grade four this year -- they're so bright and curious at this age, you know?" He kissed Raine, intending to give the same treatment he'd received, becoming addicted to the big sky taste of Raine's mouth. "I'm an only child -- Mother's the only one left and we have a live and let live policy -- I let her live with the illusion that she will one day have grandchildren and she doesn't hassle me about the eminent, or not so eminent arrival of said grandchildren."

This time the kiss lasted longer as he got tangled up in Raine's hair and didn't try to work himself free.

"All my life. Mother has a place in the high rent district." He was losing his focus on his words, Raine's lips holding far more meaning for him.

"Favorite foods are... well broccoli and carrots to be honest. I know they aren't supposed to be, but they are. I could eat," he nibbled on Raine's lower lip. "I could eat just them and you and be happy."

He didn't even blush when he said it, though he did as he answered the last question. "I don't think I've tried enough of them to have a favorite."



"Then we'll have to make sure you get a chance to make an informed decision." Raine crawled into his lap, hands combing through his hair. "Love your eyes; so bright."

"Yours are dark enough to be mirrors, like a night sky in the country." He leaned forward and took another kiss. It was so easy with Raine, talking about himself, letting things slip from his mouth that he usually kept inside.

"Mm... I like the flavor of wine in your mouth." Raine was so hot, so close. So hard against him.

Whit slid his arms down Raine's back, boldly cupping the firm ass and pulling Raine closer. "What else do you like?"

"Oh..." Raine hummed softly, arms wrapping around his neck. "I like your curls and the curve of your ass and the way your skin glows in the lamplight."

He made a soft sound and rolled Raine's ass forward, bringing their cocks together. "I like your skin. I want to feel it against mine."

"Mm... yes." Raine's head dipped, mouth moving over his throat. "So sweet, so soft. Are you sensitive here, Whit?"

He tilted his head back, shivering lightly. "Yes..."

"Oh. And here?" Those so soft lips traveled up toward his ear. He giggled as Raine tickled. Raine's laugh was so warm. "Oh, you are an addiction, you lovely man."

"You're giving me a swelled head," he warned, laughing as he realized what he'd said.

Raine's laughter joined his. "That is part of my goal, Whit."

"Only part?" Oh, he was flirting madly, well more than flirting, given that only the material of their pants separated their erections, but he was playing and it felt so good.

"Oh, yes. Part of my goal is to seduce you into falling in love with me, with Grey, so that we can

play together for years and I can learn everything about you." Raine's cheeks heated against his. "Oh, Grey would frown at me for being pushy."

He looked into the dark eyes and took a chance. "Maybe he would, but I think your plan is working, Raine..."

"Oh, good." Raine smiled, eyes so warm. "Then I'll keep working at it, okay? I bet Grey would even work at this plan."

"Yeah? You think he likes me? He's hard to read."

"If he didn't like you, we would have never gone to your house. Never spent the night. He would have never held you while you cooked breakfast." Raine looked down, eyes sad for a moment. "He's just very careful these days, very cautious."

He stroked Raine's cheeks, wanting to take away that sad look. "Then I'm very glad you took a chance on me."

Raine nuzzled into his touch, eyes smiling and warm again. "I should put dinner together. You should go wake up Grey. He is very warm and snuggly after a nap, expect kisses."

"He won't mind it's me and not you?" Whit asked, taking another kiss and rubbing their erections together again.

"No, he won't mind. He likes you, Whit. He does." Raine licked along his bottom lip and stood, heading for the kitchen.

He got up and headed for the bed. It was the biggest bed he'd ever seen. Grey looked small on it, but the man seemed bigger once he was lying next to him. He looked at the strong features for a long time, admiring the color of his skin, the high cheekbones and the hooked nose. Grey was as beautiful as Raine. Asleep he imaged he wouldn't be able to tell the difference. He scooted closer and kissed Grey softly. "Grey..."

"Mmm... Whit. Was dreaming about you." Grey didn't open his eyes, didn't seem to really wake up, just reached out and draped an arm over him.

"Must have been a good dream." He cuddled close and kissed Grey again.

"We were making love by the fire, all of us. Was nice." Grey's eyes fluttered open, cheeks pinkening. "Hey Whit."

"Hi." He smiled and rubbed his nose with Grey's. "Raine's making supper. Said I should wake you."

Grey took a long, slow kiss, pressing close. "Mm... you've been kissing Raine, I can smell him on you."

"I have. His kisses are... intoxicating."

"Yes." Grey nodded. "He is special."

"Oh... your eyes shine when you speak about him."

Grey blushed, looking so much like Raine. "He is the best of us."

"I don't know, Grey. He showed me your pictures... if he is, I think you bring it out in him."

Grey leaned in for another kiss, shaking his head a little. "I should put a shirt on, yes?"

"Oh, not on my account," he told Grey, blushing. He reached out and slid his hand over skin that was warm and smooth. Grey's eyes closed, a low rumble sounding. It vibrated through him and he pressed close, let Grey feel the erection Raine had given him. He rubbed his hips against Grey's thigh and his hand against Grey's abdomen.

"Oh..." Grey reached down, hand sliding over the curve of his ass and pulled him closer. His lips were taken in a deep kiss, low growling sounds pushing into his mouth. He made a soft sound of his own, free hand sliding through Grey's hair. He rubbed harder, feeling the pleasure settle in the small of his back and in his balls.

"Are you two starting without me?" Raine's voice was happy, teasing. "Come and eat, lovers. It's

ready."

Grey groaned, tongue pushing deep, hips rocking against Whit. He wanted to protest that he and Raine had in fact started without Grey, so this was only fair, except his mouth was rather occupied and Grey's skin was so warm and firm against him and he was going to be coming very soon.

Raine laughed, grabbed him around the waist and pulled. "No, no. No pre-dinner orgasms. Those aren't on the menu."

"Raine, I'm going to beat you." Grey's voice was raspy and low and still made his balls ache. Raine leaned over Whit and popped something into Grey's mouth and Grey's face was transformed by a look of sheer bliss. "Okay, forgiven. More?"

"Oh, I want some of that!" He looked up, mouth open expectantly. Raine chuckled and a piece of pastry was placed on his tongue -- buttery and flaky and filled with cheese. It melted in his mouth. "All right, that's definitely worth postponing -- not giving up, mind you -- an orgasm."

He smiled up at Raine, feeling good, turned on and cared for. Hungry for food and sex and knowing he was going to be filled with both.

"Good answer." Raine stepped back and stripped off his shirt with a grin. "I'm going to warn you, Whit. We're going to be having finger foods. I'd lose the shirt so you don't get it messy."

"Oh! Tapas!" Grey sat up, pushing his hair out of the way. "Perfect."

Whit sat up and started undoing his shirt, deciding he'd be more self-conscious being the only one wearing a shirt.

Grey's fingers stroked along his cheek, followed by a kiss. "I'm glad you came."

Then Grey stood and shared a kiss with Raine, the sight natural and breathtaking and incredible all at once.

This was not convincing him at all that they should eat first and have sex later though...

Raine backed away with a grin and motioned them to a low table set with tiny pastries and cheeses, fruits and meatballs and grilled vegetables and olives. There were six full plates and a fondue pot with little cakes and strawberries to one side. It looked wonderful. A single huge cushion sat before the table.

"All that just for three? Grey really does have a hollow leg."

"And Raine won't have to cook tomorrow either." Grey grinned and settled on the cushion. "We're eating with our fingers?"

Raine pulled Whit down between them. "No, we're eating with each other's fingers, lover."

Cuddled between the two, he couldn't think of anything better.

"Excellent." Grey reached for a bunch of red grapes, pulling one off and offering it to Whit, rubbing the cold, slick orb against his lips.

Oh, God.

His cock jerked. As he opened his mouth, admitting Grey's fingers along with the fruit, he thought he just might come before supper was over. The next grape was dipped in a glass of cold, sweet wine. Grey fed the entire bunch to them, one for him, one for Raine, interspersed with long, lazy, wine-flavored kisses.

"You next?" Whit asked, picking up one of the pastries that had enticed them out of bed, and he held it out to Grey.

"Oh, yes." Grey leaned forward, eating it from his fingers in tiny, delicate bites, lips nibbling at his fingers as those dark eyes closed. A low sound filled the air, all pleasure.

He licked his lips and then turned and fed one to Raine as well. Raine ate the pastry quickly, taking a moment to suck at his fingers. Both twins, tongues fighting on his skin over the crumbs, attacked the next pastry he picked up.

Oh, this was fun. He picked up another pastry and held it between his lips.

Raine got the first bite. Grey got the kiss, pushing him back into the cushions with a soft growl.

He moaned, hips pushing up, searching for something, someone, to rub against. He was so hungry, but not for food. Hands worked opened his pants, Grey's tongue tasting him deep. When his slacks were pulled away, a trickle of cold liquid fell against his balls. He jerked, moaning into Grey's mouth.

A hot tongue lapped at his skin, replacing the chill.

He clutched at Grey's shoulders, fingers digging into warm skin as Raine continued to lick him.

Again and again the cool liquid fell and was lapped up while Grey devoured his mouth, making his head swim.

He whimpered. He needed more, oh, please, more. He would have begged aloud but his mouth was full of Grey and he wanted more of that, too.

"Want to taste him, Grey. Want him." Raine's voice was needy, hungry, as the condom slid over him, squeezing him. Then Raine moaned and tight heat surrounded the head of his cock. He cried out into Grey's mouth, hips bucking.

Grey moaned, tongue thrusting into his mouth. One of his hands was pressed against Gray's thick cock, hot and ready and swollen. He curled his hand around it, pulling, stroking in time with the sucking rhythm Raine had going on his cock.

Someone was making a purring noise that was vibrating between him and Grey and it was awhile before he realized it was him.

Grey was pushing into his hand, growling into his lips. Dark hair fell all around him, silky and sweet smelling. He was surrounded by sensations, drowning in the scents and tastes and feelings these men offered him. He went under happily, letting it all overwhelm him and bring him to orgasm.

He cried out, body shaking as he came. He floated, held within the soft comfort of Grey's arms, the candlelight making fascinating patterns on the ceiling. The kiss had faded when hot lips brushed over his hand and then Grey cried out, body shuddering.

He looked down, gasping as he watched Raine's lips sink over Grey's cock. His dick twitched, trying to come back to life as he watched Raine working Grey hard. They were beautiful -- the sounds, the motions. Grey's eyes were stunned and glowing, soft, broken words of love pouring down.

A shiver worked its way through him and he reached out to slide over Grey's skin, to cup his cheek.

Grey moaned and nuzzled, pleasure-stoned eyes blinking over at him. "Whit..."

"Grey," he whispered, thumb stroking across kiss-swollen lips. "So beautiful."

A hot tongue trailed over his thumb, then Grey's lips fastened over it, sucking gently. Then Grey's eyes watched him as Grey came. He saw everything -- all the pleasure, the joy, the wonder -- in those eyes.

Oh, he could get used to this. He could grow to want and need this. His hand slid around to the back of Grey's head and pulled him close, mouth opening as their lips met.

Sated and relaxed, Grey kissed him for what seemed an hour. The kiss lasted until Raine nudged them apart, offering first Grey and then him a mouthful of sweet red wine.

Whit slid his hand along Raine's cheek until he was cupping both twins' heads, stroking the soft hair. "So beautiful, both of you. Raine, will you feed Grey for me?"

"Anything you want, Whit." Raine kissed him before snuggling beside Grey in a natural, easy move. Whit knew that this was the position they slept in the huge bed. Raine's left knee nestled atop Grey's hip, cheek on the strong shoulder, hand stroking the muscles of Grey's belly. "What shall I feed him? Strawberries? Brie?"

"Yes. And melted chocolate, but maybe you should eat that off his stomach or..." Whit flushed,

but soldiered on, wanting to watch this. "Or maybe his cock."

Grey chuckled, quiet and low, as Raine laughed, rolling over to kiss Whit playfully. Grey sat up, reaching for the strawberries. He offered the tip of a fat, juicy berry to Whit and then rubbed the end over Raine's nipples, making them stiff and wet with juice. Grey's teeth closed over one nipple, even as the strawberry was rubbed against Raine's gasping lips.

He licked his lips, tasting the flavor of the berry there and the memory of the taste of Raine. It made him moan. He grabbed another berry and bit into it before rubbing it over Grey's belly, leaving a trail of juice that ended with the berry itself in Grey's navel.

Raine moaned and reached up for the wine bottle, resting in the ice. He pulled Whit in for a kiss and then down with him to drink the rivulets of sweet wine as it followed the trail of berry juice, leaving sparkling drops in the black hair crowning Grey's cock.

Grey tasted of salt and earth and sweet and grape and he licked long after the wine and fruit were gone, searching out the flavor.

His lips met Raine's again over Grey's cock, Whit could feel it nudging at his chin.

"Will you suck him again?" he asked Raine. "Feed from him while I watch?"

Raine and Grey moaned in concert, bass harmonizing with tenor, a song of pure passion.

"Yes, Whit. His cock tastes good. Rich, strong, salty like the sea." Raine's lips met his again and again, clinging, hungry.

He gasped into the kisses. "And what does your cock taste like Raine? Grey - what does he taste like?"

"Sweet. So sweet." The words were short, but the hunger, the want in that dark, deep voice was huge, unending.

It made him moan, made him want to taste for himself. He settled for watching. "Together. Let me watch... please?"



Two dark heads nodded as one and then those eyes met again in a long look. Raine sat up, pulling Whit along, and then curled around his stomach, side resting in his lap. He didn't understand until Grey's heat surrounded his lower back and they were surrounding him, one dark head, one full mouth on either side of him.

Oh...

Oh, they kept including him, making him the center of their lovemaking.

He slid his hands along their thighs, up and down and then slid to their bellies, reaching behind himself for Grey's and in front for Raine's.

So beautiful. And he was a part of it.

They undulated around him, berry and wine scented air warmed by the dozens of candles. His head was swimming from the pleasure and the wine and the sweet music of moans and sighs filling the room.

It was like magic.

Their soft cries grew louder, the rocking motions more desperate. The air seemed to grow heavier, time slowing as they came all around him, holding him tight in pleasure. A sweet shudder of pleasure moved through him, as if he'd been the one to come. He was panting as heavily as they were, hands resting against hot skin.

Raine curled into his lap; Grey stroked his back. Slowly and lazily, the bites of food were shared again -- a cube of cheese from one dark hand, a dollop of something cream and dill licked off an offered wrist, bites of marinated asparagus nipped from smiling lips.

"This is wonderful -- I don't think I've ever enjoyed Tapas this much." Whit reached out and touched warm skin, not caring who or where, just needing to touch.

Warm, wet, chocolate covered fingers trailed along his belly and then Grey's tongue moved to clean it off. He knew it was Grey because Raine was there, nodding, offering him another sweet

mouthful of wine.

He wondered if he could come to know them in the dark, just by touch, by taste, by smell. He hoped he would, hoped to have that chance. For now he got lost in Raine's kiss while Grey's tongue and lips made his stomach muscles jump.

Grey licked his way up Whit's chest until they were all sharing a wine and strawberry and chocolate flavored kiss.

"Thank you. Thank you, Raine, thank you, Grey, thank you both." He murmured the words into their mouths, hoping they would understand how much it meant to him, to be included in their lovemaking.

"Oh, Whit. Don't go, stay with us. Stay and play." Raine's voice was soft and seductive. "Let us learn you. Let us touch you."

"There's nothing I want more, Raine. Nothing."

Grey's lips covered his, dark eyes shining at him. Raine's lips trailed down to his ear. "So beautiful, watching you, watching how he wants you. Watching how sensual you are."

"Me? You're the sensual one, Raine. And I'm just a moth to your flame."

It was poetic and schmaltzy and the twins brought it out of him. He wanted to quote them poetry. Hell he wanted to write them poetry and discover every single piece of them.

"And our sweet Grey? What is he?" A hot tongue slid over his ear.

"Grey? He's what makes you burn, Raine."

"You make him want, Whit. You make us need. Make us hungry, with your skin and your eyes."

He whimpered, pressed close between them. "I don't want this to end," he whispered, letting them hear his truth.

"It doesn't have to. Stay." Grey looked at Raine, eyes dark and concerned. Raine reached up and cupped Grey's face, as they looked at each other.

Then Grey's eyes closed for a moment before he looked at Whit with bright, needy eyes. "Stay."

He leaned forward, whispering softly "yes" before joining his lips to Grey's.

Grey's lips opened for him, intensity flaring again as Raine pushed against them, rocking them together.

Heat, hardness, soft breath and softer lips.

The taste of wine and strawberries and spices and of earth and sky.

The sound of moans and breath taken in gasps.

It surrounded him -- they surrounded him, the same but not, making him hard again, making him moan again. Making him need. Raine was whispering, soft seductions about his skin, his taste, how good it felt to have him in their arms, in their home, in their bed, in their lives. It was unreal, that yesterday he hadn't known them, hadn't known they lived here, hadn't known that he had the hole that they filled. He wondered where they'd been all his life and yet couldn't imagine finding them anytime but now.

They wandered toward the bed, half-drunk and stumbling over sweet, drugging kisses. The bed felt good, soft and warm and god -- it smelled like them both, like their skin, their hair.

"Make love to me," he asked quietly, whispering the words into Grey's mouth. He repeated them against Raine's stomach -- slightly louder, the sounds vibrating between Raine's skin and his lips.

Raine drew him up into Raine's side, humming and murmuring into his mouth. One of his legs was drawn up to curl over warm thighs as Grey's fingers, slick and hot, trailed over his cleft. "Is this what you want?"

A soft whimper escaped him, his hips pushing back, searching to deepen the contact. "Yes..."

"Yes." Grey's whisper was gravel and sand and need as slick fingers pushed deep inside him, stretching him.

Raine's voice, so soft and gentle, answered him. "Yes, Whit."

He slid his fingers over Raine, face and chest and abdomen, sliding over the long, hard cock with its drops of liquid heat at the top.

He explored Raine, waiting for Grey's touch deep inside him. Grey finger fucked him for what seemed like hours, lips moving over the back of his neck while Raine kissed and stroked and moaned and aroused. It had been so long since he'd done this; only once before had he let anyone do this. It hadn't been great. Now he wanted Grey and Raine to do it, he wanted to invite them into him as they had invited him into them.

He was stretched and pulled as Grey's fingers curled deep inside him, sparking a line of fire up his spine. It made him shudder, made him whimper. Made him beg for more.

"Are you ready for me, Whit? I want you to tell me what you want." Grey's voice, Grey's fingers, Grey's tongue were insistent.

"Yes, Grey. Ready. Oh please I'm ready now." He pushed back against Grey, voice shivering as Grey's fingers passed over his gland again.

"Raine?"

"Yes, Grey. He's beautiful. His eyes are glowing, lips so full and he tastes like wine and berries and hunger." Raine's voice was gentle, lips moving over his face.

A thick, wide pressure pressed against him, asking for entrance. Oh, he'd forgotten the burn and the stretch, wasn't sure he remembered how to do this, so he just closed his lips over Raine's and thought about how much he wanted this.

Hands moved over his skin, pushing and massaging, insisting that he relax, that he breathe and let them in. So he did.

Finally Grey's hips were snuggled up against his ass, teeth nipping his shoulder.

He opened his eyes wide, starting into dark brown eyes. "Raine... he's inside me."

"Yes, Whit. Does it feel good, Grey deep inside you? Touching you? Making love to you?"

Raine was smiling, eyes shining at him.

"Oh, Raine... yes. So good. So full." He slid his hand around Raine's cock. "Inside me."

"Yes. I'm deep inside you, so tight." Grey's lips found his neck, pulling steadily as his hips began to move.

Raine moaned, pushing into his hand. "So beautiful, our Whit. Our sweet lover."

Their voices, their bodies, the scent of them, the cock inside him... he was going to come, going straight over the moon.

Grey's body rubbed against his back and ass as they made love, Raine's belly moving with his.

"Tight, Raine."

"Yes, my love. Holding you tight." Raine looked over his shoulder, eyes gleaming. "So lovely. He's beautiful, in passion, in need. As are you, my Grey."

Grey jerked, a soft sob sounding.

Whit moaned and shivered, pleasure and strong emotion rocking him. "So good. Raine... Grey..."

"Whit..." Together they called out to him, bodies pushing faster, higher, farther. He was surrounded, held tight, kept close.

They were all reaching for the same goal, heading for it together. When they reached it, the world shattered into dark eyes and husky moans and the smell of their seed in the air. He felt like he was a part of them as they all came, his pleasure trebled by sharing it.

They curled together on the bed, skin on skin on skin, arms and legs and hair all twisted together.

He made a soft sound, meaning thank you and oh that was wonderful and I don't think I'll move again but I'm happy. He slid his hands along warm skin, just touching to touch, to feel even closer.

Something heavy and soft and warm landed over him, blanketing them in sweet-scented darkness. "Sleep now, Whit, Grey. I'm here. Right here, my loves."

The words sounded like a mantra, reinforced by Grey's whispered, "Stay."

"As long as you'll let me," he murmured, sleep beginning to steal him away.

"Yes, Whit, lovely man. Yes." Raine ducked under his chin, breath soft and warm like Grey's lips against his nape.

"Yes..."

Safe between them, he slept.

## CHAPTER FOUR

He was dreaming about flying, about swimming, about air filled with dancing colors and butterflies and hot tongues sliding over his skin. The heat faded and he frowned, moving towards it. A soft giggle was introduced into the music that was everywhere and that soft, hot touch returned. For a moment he was sure he was still dreaming and then everything else faded away but the wet tongue that slid along his skin. He moaned softly.

"Mm... salty and sweet all at once. Perfect midnight snack." The voice, soft and full of pleasure, floated up to him, competing with the strains of music that filled the loft.

"Raine..." He kept his eyes closed, just enjoyed the sweet sensations. He could feel Grey's solid warmth behind him, still and silent, breath gentle upon his back. The blankets were soft, well worn. Raine's hair tickled his waist as the teasing lips moved over his skin.

"Was watching you sleep -- you and Grey. His hair was resting on your throat, his hand on your heart. You both looked so happy. I had to taste it."

Oh...

His hand went to his throat, feeling Grey's hair for himself. "Why aren't you sleeping with us?" he asked softly, hand moving down to find Raine's face.

"Mm..." Raine hummed softly. "Needed to move, to put the food away, get tomorrow's salad marinating. Silly, normal, not in bed things. But then I saw you and I wanted to touch. Do you mind, sweet Whit?"

"Only if you stop."

"Why on earth would I do that?" Raine's giggle tickled his belly, so warm, so incredibly happy.

It made him laugh, breathless, happy, aroused. "I don't know."

"Me either." Warm lips found one of his nipples, sucking for long minutes. "Your skin tastes like

berries."

"What kind?" he asked, loving Raine's voice, loving the way Raine made it another caress, an integral part of love-making.

"Mm... raspberries here." Those lips moved to his throat. "Blackberries here. Darker, sweeter."

"I'm a whole plate of tapas, all by myself," he teased gently.

"Yes. Our feast." Raine's eyes met his in the half-light, bright and excited. "I want to show you something."

He slid his hand over the high cheekbone and into fine hair. "Show me."

"Come with me." Raine led him from the bed, to a huge chair facing the curtained windows. They curled together under a furry blanket, Raine draped across his lap. "I wanted to show you something very special. Something that's almost a secret."

Dark eyes fastened on him. "My Grey, he doesn't talk much. He listens and he loves and he knows, though. I...I wanted you to see how he loves, how he speaks. Close your eyes."

He looked at Raine for a long moment, intrigued and curious. At length, he leaned forward and kissed Raine softly before leaning back, eyes closed. "All right."

A soft kiss dropped on his lips. "He knew I didn't sleep much. Knew how much I missed watching the sun come up over the bay."

A soft whirl sounded and then Raine spoke. "Open your eyes, sweet Whit. Look at how my Grey loves."

He opened his eyes and gasped. The window was covered in panels of stained glass. Waves and dolphins and rainbows and rolling hills with flowers caught the dawn's light and made the room bloom with it. He took it all in, utterly speechless at the beauty of it, at what it must mean to Raine to have it.



He squeezed Raine tightly to him.

"This is what Grey's love is like, Whit." Raine kissed him softly, eyes gleamed. "I wanted you to know."

"You're lucky," Whit told him. "You both are."

"Yes." Raine cupped his cheeks with warm hands. "You are too."

He felt himself blush. "I...I'd like to be -- but you've only known me for so little time..."

Raine nodded. "Yes. And my Grey will say the same thing. He will shake his head and say, 'Raine, you dream and hope and listen too much with your heart' and I will nod and smile and you will love us and we will love you."

"It sounds perfect, Raine. Just like that."

"Trust in me." Raine stroked his cheeks, rubbing their noses together. "I know. I promise to not push. I just want to learn you."

"I trust you more than myself, Raine..."

Raine sank against him, humming softly. The light from the stained glass turned the dark hair blue and green and red. "Let's make love and then go sleep with Grey until it's time for a bath."

"Oh, yes. Lets." He took Raine's mouth with his own, hands sliding over the warm muscles. Raine made a soft, sweet noise into his mouth, straddling his waist. Raine was hard, cock smooth and hot as it rubbed against him.

He slid his hands down over the smooth flanks to Raine's ass, pulling the man closer.

"Mmm... yes. Yes." Raine pushed back into his hands, groaning softly.

He was hard, too, his cock sliding with Raine's, making him gasp.

"So sweet, Whit. All rich, cool cream against me -- make me want to lose myself in your skin." Those whispers were soft seductions, beautiful, insistent.

"You say such wicked things. I bet I could come just from your words alone," he murmured, licking at Raine's lips.

"Oh, that would be a good game. Grey enjoys that game very much, Whit." He received a kiss, tongue pushing in to taste. "I wonder, if I put you both side by side on the bed and promised the winner my mouth... I wonder who would come first?"

"Oh, Raine..." He moaned, bucking at Raine's words.

Raine started moving faster against him. "Can't you see it? Grey stretched out beside you, cock full and curving over that belly? The scent of him so strong in the air? His growls sounding, the sound of his skin on the sheets, just right there..."

His hands tightened on Raine's ass, the words giving him wings, the rocking movements sending him flying.

"Me telling you what I'd... oh, Whit... Good... What I want to do with you, what Grey wants. How... how sweet your skin tastes..." That soft voice was breaking, growing just rough with passion.

It was the sound of Raine's own passion as well as the words that gave him that final push he needed and then he was crying out, heat splashing between them.

"Oh. Oh, yes. Yes." Raine took his mouth in a deep, breathless kiss, hips pushing until more heat sprayed between them. "Oh... Whit..."

He held Raine tight, reveling in the heat and passion between them.

They shared soft, hungry kisses, Raine's hair falling all around him, the dark tattoo just visible as they snuggled together.

"Thank you," he whispered against Raine's lips. "For sharing yourselves with me so

completely."

"Mm... it was... is our pleasure." A soft hand slid over his side. "Come to bed? Grey will get lonely."

He nodded, feeling sated and sleepy and wanting nothing more than to curl up with these two wonderful men once more.

Raine grabbed a few tissues and cleaned them both, then led him back to the big bed where Grey was sprawled. With a fond grin, Raine lifted the blankets and, as Whit watched, Grey scooted over, arms opening for them instinctively.

"Oh... Oh, Raine... Grey, he..." He gave Raine a smile and climbed in, cuddling close to Grey's long body.

Grey pulled him in, rumbling softly. Raine's heat blanketed his back, those long fingers petting Grey's head until the soft noises became purring snores. A kiss fell on his nape, Raine yawning. "night, Whit."

"Goodnight, Raine," he murmured, feeling warm and safe and loved.

Held between them, the morning passed unnoticed, decorating the bed with colored light.

## CHAPTER FIVE

They sat at a bright, warm table at Antone's, toast and jam, tea and eggs and rashers of bacon spread out along with a bowl of sweet, ripe fruit. Morning hadn't happened until eleven, and he had been introduced to the huge shower, to the sight of Grey taking Raine while that beautiful mouth slid over his need.

Then they'd grabbed some clothes and the day's newspapers, grabbed a cab so Whit could get some comfy clothes and then hit the restaurant, the twins obviously known and loved.

Now they were having a leisurely brunch, unashamedly sharing food and sips and tastes and quiet kisses behind the Sunday Book section.

He could get used to weekends like this one, oh so easily. Too easily.

Still, the rest of the afternoon stretched out in front of them and he refused to miss enjoying a moment of it wishing it could go on.

Raine held a bit of melon up for him to munch on, chuckling at something Grey was reading from the paper, voice low and rumble. He took Raine's fingers in with the fruit, sucking as he gazed into the warm dark eyes. Raine's cheeks colored, breath speeding. "Oh... sweet Whit."

One hand traced his inner thigh. He moaned softly, thighs parting as he let Raine's fingers slide from his mouth.

"So sexy, so wanton." Raine's lips were parted, hungry, eyes hot. "Grey? Do we have to go on a walk today? Can't we just..."

"No, Raine. Sunshine is good for you." Grey didn't even look up from the paper.

Whit chuckled, the sound husky in his own ears and threaded with his own disappointment. Not that he didn't want to go to the park with them, but the heat in Raine's eyes was making his semi-interested cock very interested in going straight home with them.

"Besides, it will be good -- a nice walk towards the house, a stop in the coffee shop, then snuggling to warm up after." Grey grinned up at Raine and stole a strawberry, reminding Whit of the strawberries eaten off his skin just last night.

"They do say anticipation is the best way to whet the appetite." At this rate, his appetite was going to be very whetted.

"But what's the best way to *Whit* the appetite?" Raine's laughter was sweet, his squeak as Grey goosed him sweeter.

He laughed as well, smiling at both of them. He couldn't remember when he'd been happier.

Together they ate and read, laughed and teased until Grey finally asked for the check. "Our walk now, to work off all this... Raine, love. Do you want me to get pastries for later?"

"Yes, my Grey. The pecan ones with the cinnamon, please. I don't like the berry ones after..."

"A day or so. Yes, Raine." Grey smiled. "I'll meet you both outside."

He stopped Grey a moment, placing a soft kiss on the side of his mouth before following after Raine.

Raine was already wandering down the street, talking to a florist and picking out a basket of dark, rich roses. He walked slowly to join his new lover, admiring the loquacious twin.

Raine offered him a grin and pushed the flowers into his arm. "Edward, this is Whit. I'm sure you'll be seeing more of him. If he ever needs anything, it can go on our account. Well, except daisies. Those make Grey sneeze. Do you have any bromeliads? I need some for the gallery."

Whit smiled and nodded at Edward before turning his attention back to Raine. So beautiful, so sensuous and lovely, even doing something so simple as buying flowers.

Grey's chuckle brushed his nape as warmth hit his back. "Happy Sunday, Edward. The ferns in the bathroom are doing beautifully. Thank you for the suggestion."

He couldn't help but lean back against Grey's warmth. Grey and Edward spoke, Grey's low rumbles moving through him, warming him all through. Finally Raine returned from the back arms filled with pots and Grey's laughter jostled him. "Have them delivered tomorrow, please. Come Raine. We have a walk to take."

The softest butterfly kiss brushed his ear. "And my money to spend. Rest assured, we'll stop at three more places before we get home."

He chuckled as a delightful shiver went down his spine. "We will? What three?"

"The health food store because he likes their bread and the almond-stuffed olives and the strawberries. Then the bath and body store to buy vanilla and milk bubble bath and jasmine incense for our afternoon in the tub. Finally the bakery for truffles to go with the champagne."

"Truffles and champagne while bathing in a tub full of vanilla and milk bubble bath with the two sexiest men I have ever had the good fortune to know." Whit shook his head. "I'm not sure what I did to delight the universe this much."

Raine took his arm, leading them back onto the street, eyes alight. "You were Whit. You drew us with your eyes and your skin."

"I'm not going to be able to get back through your door," he teased as his cheeks grew warm. "You'll have to cut an extra large hole for my head."

"Oh, Grey makes it through every day, you'll do fi... Eek!" Raine squeaked as Grey pinched him, then a playful chase commenced, bouquets of dark-petaled roses bouncing down the street.

He laughed, following slowly, loving the way they moved together, Raine's hair sliding over his back, Grey's braid bouncing.

They did stop in the health food store, laughing and teasing through the aisles, bread and olives and Brie and strawberries and blackberries added to Raine's roses and pastries. He grabbed some of the yogurt covered raisins and deluxe trail mix for snacking on at work. He knew that he'd remember where he'd bought it and who he'd been with at the time and that it would make him smile all week.

As they left the store, Raine grinned. "I need bath stuff. Grey needs coffee. Which way do you want to go?"

"Which way gets us home sooner?" he asked.

Raine laughed. "Smart man. Go with Grey. I'll meet you with the chocolates before they've filled our order. Double mocha latte, Grey!"

Grey chuckled, watching Raine run off. "Yes, Raine. I know."

They headed toward the coffee store, Raine's words leaving behind a companionable silence. Grey ordered two pounds of coffee and Raine's mocha, along with a caramel macchiato. "Whit? What would you like?"

"A taste of each from your mouths," he said softly, blushing hard, but meeting Grey's eyes.

Grey's eyes flashed, a soft growl sounding. "To go."

## CHAPTER SIX

They hadn't discussed Whit after he'd left. They just kissed and watched television until midnight and then Grey fell asleep. They didn't have to discuss anything. The next morning they proceeded to seduce Whit back with what an outsider might call a single-minded intent. Anyone who knew them knew they were never less than two.

On Monday, a messenger delivered two deep red roses twined around a single white bloom. On Tuesday, truffles and a bottle of champagne rested in a basket on his doorstep, along with three movie passes.

Wednesday they took a break -- they didn't want to scare Whit and Grey wanted to play, so the night was spent in delicious agony, Raine's mouth and ass stretched, the scent of want strong in the room.

Thursday evening, Grey sent a huge box with a leather riding jacket and a helmet in it, their phone number scrawled across a card that simply said, "We miss you. RG."

Now Raine was waiting, pacing by the phone. Hoping they hadn't scared Whit away.

"Relax Raine."

"What if he's scared? What if he doesn't call? What if..."

"He'll call."

"But how are you sure? What if..."

"Raine."

"Yes, my Grey?"

"Sit down."



"I..." He looked over at Grey, eyes hot. "I still have the plug in, love."

"I know, Raine. Sit. He'll call."

Oh, so evil, his brother. So utterly cruel.

He sat. And waited. It was just after six-thirty when the phone finally rang. He picked up the phone on the second ring. "Hello?"

"Raine? It's Whit."

"Yes, Whit. It's me. How was your week been?"

"Long," Whit answered, voice low and soft, intimate.

"Has it? Too much work?" His own voice was raw, hungry, each shift of his hips on the chair driving him mad.

"Too much missing two very sexy men."

"Oh... Oh, we've missed you too, Whit. We have." He smiled as Grey relaxed, tension seeping from him.

"I got the gifts." Whit's voice dropped even lower, husky now. "I... I wanted to call sooner, but I needed to keep focused on work, I wanted to have everything wrapped up before I called you. So that I would be free if... if the jacket and helmet meant what I thought it did."

"They meant that if you have the time and bring a bag, there's a place here, waiting." He didn't tease, didn't want to waste time playing, not now.

"I have next week's lesson plan already done, same with the correcting. I'm free from now until Monday morning."

"I'll be there in twenty minutes." Grey was already standing beside his chair, fingers in his waistband shifting the plug, making him whimper.

"Oh..." Whit gasped. "What is Grey doing to you?"

"You can... a plug, Whit. It's in me. So fucking sweet. He's moving it." He moaned long and low.

"Oh... Oh, Raine, I can imagine how you look. Flushed and wanting."

"God, yes. Oh... Oh, shit. Whit. Grey. Oh..." He rocked, toes curling, body arching.

"So beautiful together, Raine."

"Yes. I... I need... Please, Grey. Please." He licked his lips, bucking up into Grey's hand. "I want to go get our Whit."

Whit half sobbed, half laughed. "Oh, Raine, I don't think it's safe for you to drive just now."

Grey chuckled low. "If he takes a cab, I promise to let him play with you as soon as he gets here."

Whit gasped on the other end of the line. "I'll be there in fifteen minutes." And the line went dead.

"He's on his way..." Grey nodded, pulled him up for a hard kiss.

"Don't come, Raine. Save it. Let Whit see you, all needy and waiting." Grey stripped him, then bent him over the sofa so that his plugged ass would be the first thing Whit saw. It was delicious, being offered up to their lover. The wait was tortuous but finally the knock came at the door. Grey patted his ass on the way to answer the door. "He's home, beautiful."

"Grey." Whit's voice was still husky, the sound of his bag dropping at the door loud. Then he could hear Grey kissing their lover.

"Missed you, Whit." The simple words, so rare from his guarded twin, drew goose bumps up along his skin.

"Oh, Grey, I missed you, too. Both of you. Where's..." The words ended on a gasp. "Raine!"

"Whit..." He spread his thighs, hips tilting. "Whit."

"Oh my god, look at you." He heard Whit's footsteps and then felt the heat of his lover's hand as it trailed slowly along one ass cheek.

He whimpered softly, shuddering at the touch. "Missed you. Need. Oh, god, I need."

"Grey?" Whit asked .

Grey's chuckle was warm and evil and then familiar fingers rocked the plug, making him jerk and cry out.

"Oh! So beautiful."

"He is. Touch him, Whit. He's been so good, waiting for you."

Whit's hands slid along his buttocks, warm and gentle, Whit moaning softly. "Oh Raine."

It made the touch that followed unexpected, Whit following Grey's example and moving the plug inside him.

"Oh! Oh, Whit! Yes!" From the corner of his eye he could see Grey slowly stripping Whit down, baring that pale skin to them. Whit pushed the plug deeper, jostling his gland. He spread wide, entire body begging now, hips and spine undulating, needing more and now and please. Whit whimpered, naked body pressing close, legs warm against his own, one hand hot in the small of his back. The other hand kept manipulating the plug, pushing and twisting it while Whit gasped and moaned.

"Oh... Oh fuck... I need... I need..." He was sobbing, calling out, and then Grey stood before him, hands in his hair, easing him up so that hard cock was at his lips.

"We'll give you what you need, love."

Whit cried out, the plug inside him pushing deeper, hard. "Oh, Grey... what do you want me to do?"

"Take him, Whit. The rubbers are right there." Grey's voice was a low growl, hips moving slow and steady.

He heard the sound of the foil tearing and then the plug was pulled from his body. "Oh, Raine. Grey. Raine." Then Whit was pushing into him with a groan.

He sucked hard, body growing tight, pulling at both cocks, welcoming them into his body. His need doubled, trebled, caught between such want. Whit fucked him with slow thrusts, hands gripping his hips while Grey matched Whit's rhythm, pushing deep in his throat. Raine relaxed into it, letting them take him, send him flying.

Sweet sounds drifted around them as Whit drove the pace faster, harder.

"Touch him, Whit. He needs to come with us." Oh, Grey was so good to him, so very good.

"Oh, yes." Whit's voice held such need in it and then one slender hand wrapped around his cock, pulling with the same rhythm they were fucking him with.

"Soon," whispered Whit. "I'm coming soon."

Grey pushed, growling agreement, while one dark hand found his pierced nipple and tugged. Hard. Raine clenched down on both shafts, body convulsing as he shot hard, swallowing as Grey filled his mouth. Heat pulsed inside him, their Whit's sweet cry filling the air.

They all panted together, then he heard Grey's chuckle. "Hey Whit."

"Oh. Hi Grey." Whit laughed softly, kissing his spine before whispering, "I'm going to come out now, Raine."

He moaned softly as Whit and Grey pulled away and left him shaking. "Oh... Oh, welcome back, Whit."

Grey's hand soothed him, helped him stand. "Bath, I think. I'll wipe up the couch and bring some juice in."

The room spun as the blood rushed to his head and he leaned into Whit, breathing hard. "Yes. Help me, Whit? Dizzy."

"Dizzy?" Whit's arms came around him, their lover fussing. "Are you all right? You should sit down, put your head between your knees."

"No. Let's relax in the big tub. Grey will bring the juice and a snack." He grinned and took a soft kiss. "I was just having a head rush."

"All right, let's get you to the tub then." Whit supported him all the way, worrying and fussing and caring so very sweetly for him.

They got settled into the tub, the jets rushing the water around them and he finally got to focus on Whit. "Mmm... how are you, Whit? How have you been? We've missed you."

"I missed you both as well," Whit told him, fingers stroking over his cheeks. "You sure know how to make a man feel welcome."

He caught those fingers with his lips, nibbling. "Good. We wanted you to feel good."

Whit chuckled, cheeks pinking. "You certainly succeeded."

"Mm... have you eaten yet? Do you need supper?" He slid closer, almost in Whit's lap.

Whit's hands moved over his skin. "I didn't eat -- I just wrapped up everything I had to do this weekend and then called." That lovely blush grew darker. "I was eager to see you."

Grey's voice slid through the steam. "We'll order in later." His heartbeat appeared, a pitcher of orange juice and three glasses on a tray, along with a bowl of icy-cold cantaloupe. Perfect. Whit smiled at Grey and shifted slightly closer to make room. Grey put the tray down and then slid in, rumbling softly at the heat. "Good."

Raine chuckled and nodded. "Yes, my Grey. It is." He leaned against Whit, slowly feeding the melon to those smiling lips.

"You make me feel so sensuous and decadent," Whit murmured.

"Life's supposed to be experienced, felt. We try to remember that always." He leaned in, licked the melon juice off Whit's lips.

Whit moaned. "I feel as if I've only been half alive until I met you."

Whit's eyes closed and his head tilted, mouth opening as they kissed. The kiss was soft, sweet with fruit and happiness and desire. Whit hummed, the noise happy and good. When the kiss ended, Raine shifted, turning Whit for Grey's kisses, Grey's heady attention.

"Oh..." Whit smiled at his twin and then pressed eagerly against Grey as the kiss began.

Raine poured a glass of juice, watching Grey dissolve Whit with one needy kiss after another, hands dark against the pale skin. Grey had Whit moving, breathless and groaning. He reached out, traced the cold glass along Whit's exposed spine. Whit jerked and moaned audibly into Grey's mouth. He laughed softly, then did it again, following the cold with his hot tongue.

"Raine!" Whit shivered beneath his attentions, pushing back against him and then forward into Grey again.

"Mmm... yes, Whit?" He repeated the sensations.

"You make me need, Raine."

"And Grey? What does Grey do for you?"

"He makes me dream of things I don't think I'd ever even imagined."

He heard Grey's purr, knew his Grey was pleased, hand wrapping around Whit's head and tugging him in for another kiss. One of Whit's hands wrapped around Grey's shoulders, the other reached back for him.

He moved into the embrace, tongue and lips joining their kiss, making two three. Whit kissed them enthusiastically, not playing favorites, seeming to want them equally. Raine snuggled

against Grey and took a drink of juice offering sips to his lovers, feeding them with his mouth. Whit was practically purring, sharing himself with them, taking everything they chose to share with him.

They loved one another until the water started to chill, until they were pruning up. By then Whit was hard again, shivering as much from want as from the cold. They stumbled out of the tub, managing to get dry before they landed on the bed, Grey fighting him for a taste of Whit's cock. Whit's hands wrapped in their hair, hips pushing up as sweet moans filled their apartment. "Oh, Grey! Raine!"

Their mouths met over the tip of Whit, pulling and sucking, bodies sliding against Whit's legs.

"Oh, my God, you're amazing. Oh." Whit whimpered, hips moving, trying to push his cock into their mouths. Grey moved down, relinquishing the tip to him while those velvet soft sacs and inner thighs were licked and laved.

"Oh, so good." Whit moved against them, with them, soaking up the pleasure they offered. He purred around the heated flesh, sucking happily, hands caught in Grey's hair.

"I'm going to come," murmured Whit, body writhing beneath their attentions. Raine pulled away with a sob, stroking Whit off, wanting a taste so badly. Whit called out, pushing up hard into his hand and coming, heat spilling over his hand.

Raine inhaled deeply, shivering. "Oh... Oh, God. I want... Our tests are a month old. You?"

"Tests? What tests?" Whit was dazed, still reeling from his orgasm.

Grey took a kiss, licking at Whit's lips. "Eager Raine. Tests for disease. He wants to taste you."

"Oh!" Whit shivered, his cock twitching. "Um... I get one done at my checkup every year... almost four months ago now. But I haven't... you're the first in almost a year."

"We were clean. We haven't found anyone but you here. We wanted you." He moaned, whispering over Whit's skin.

"I was clean, too. But four months..." Whit brought his mouth up, kissed him and looked into

his eyes, into Grey's. "I should be tested again first."

"Soon, Whit. Please." He bit one hard nipple. "We want you."

Whit jerked. "There is a clinic near the school. I could go on Monday at lunch. Or... there's one in the town center that's open on weekends. I could go tomorrow. I just don't want anything to happen to either of you because of me."

"We'll all go. Just because." Grey's voice was low, sure. "Tomorrow."

"All right." Whit nodded and their lover's hands slid over them, over him and Grey.

"Yes. Tomorrow. Tonight... Pizza party!" He grinned at Grey, a sudden pleasure filling him.

"More finger food!" exclaimed Whit, sounding delighted.

"Mmm... breadsticks, too. And those fried cheese things." Grey was snuggling with Whit, eyelids heavy.

"Ginger ale," added Whit, pressing a kiss to Grey's forehead and giving him a grin.

"Cheesecake for des..." Raine and Whit both laughed as sleep took Grey quickly, as it always did.

He grinned and reached for the phone. "Yes. Cheesecake for dessert."



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MARCH

## CHAPTER ONE

Grey curled up in the bed, wearing only his linen pants, intent on taking a nap before Raine brought Whit home. The salad was in the refrigerator, the lasagna warming in the oven. The wine was chilled, the berry tart cooling. Everything was ready for tonight. Even Raine had been bouncing, packing the condoms away after receiving Whit's email. Hell, he wouldn't be surprised if Whit didn't come twelve times before they ever left that little house.

The only thing left was a long nap while he waited for his men to come home.

He couldn't have been asleep very long when Whit's sweet kisses woke him up. Warm and wet and Whit through a curtain of sleep. Grey purred, curling towards Whit, arm wrapping around his lover, lips parting.

Whit made a soft, happy noise, pressing close. The kiss went on and on and then Whit pulled back, licking at his lips. "Good evening, Grey."

"Mmm... Whit. Taste good. How was your week?" His hands started working off Whit's clothes, searching for skin.

"Long. They're always long now."

"Yes. Just like ours. Just waiting for our Whit to come home to us." He purred and rumbled, sighing as Raine's heat covered his back.

Whit kissed him again, hot and eager, edged with hunger. "This week seemed especially long."

"Yeah?" He got Whit's shirt off, shifting so Raine could remove his pants.

Whit nodded. "I got the results back on Thursday morning and all I could think was how I wanted to come here and do everything we do, only without condoms." Whit pushed their chests together, skin sliding on skin. "It's very hard to concentrate with what feels like a permanent

hard-on. I almost called in sick today."

"Maybe we'll all call in on Monday." He took another kiss and another as Raine climbed over him to remove Whit's jeans. His twin was starving, hungry for the taste of that cock.

Whit's hands were pushing past the waistband of his pants, sliding around his cock. He purred, arching into the touch. Then they were all naked, rubbing and gasping, arching and moaning as skin met skin. Whit's hand moved on his cock, sweet kisses taking his mouth. He could feel Raine worming between them, hair slick and cool on his thighs as that hungry mouth slid up Whit's cock. Whit's gasp pushed into his mouth, the hand around his cock tightening.

He reached down, hands tangling in Raine's hair, fingers just touching the hollowed cheeks. Whit began to whimper, hips moving, pushing that lovely cock in and out of Raine's mouth.

"Hungry." He growled long and low, mouth sliding over Whit's skin.

"Oh yes." Whit's hand was still wrapped around his cock. "Me, too. You know...oh, Raine! If we... shifted we could all taste..."

"Mm..." His mouth found a nipple, started pulling, tasting.

Whit groaned and shuddered. "Oh. Good."

He nodded, teeth tugging that hard bit of flesh, making Whit feel it, feel them.

"Oh, Raine. Coming. Soon." He surged up, took the kiss he wanted, he needed. Whit came, crying out into his mouth and shaking hard.

As soon as Raine relaxed under his hand, Grey tugged his brother up, tasting Whit on those hot, swollen lips, tasting the salt and bitter and need there.

Whit moaned and the hand around his cock found purpose again, found a rhythm. He rocked into the touches, biting and growling into Raine's lips, hunger overwhelming, desperate. Then it was Whit pushing between him and Raine, taking his prick in.

Grey arched, his cry echoing through the apartment, broken and needy and shaped like Whit's name. Whit sucked him hard, head bobbing up and down with an enthusiastic rhythm. His hips found that rhythm, answered it, pleasure filling him with a swiftness that he hadn't felt since he was a teenager, always hard and always wanting. Whit hummed around his cock, making his flesh vibrate.

Raine took his mouth, dark eyes that were more familiar than his own shining for him as he came hard, pushing deep into Whit's mouth, as Whit's throat swallowed around him.

Sweet noises drifted up as Whit pulled off him, lips lingering to press kisses on his flesh. He floated, purring and rumbling as he cuddled, nuzzling open-mouthed into soft skin, warm skin, rich skin, pale dark salty delicious skin.

"Oh, that was nice," murmured Whit. "So good."

He nodded, moving until Whit was between them, until he and Raine could share the cool, pale body.

"A nap?" Whit suggested softly. "Before we eat... again?"

Raine's chuckle and the blankets falling over the top of them was all the answer anyone needed.

## CHAPTER TWO

Whit sat in the dark, in between Raine and Grey. The movie was an indie film that had the critics raving. He couldn't quite figure out why. It wasn't very good.

On the other hand, even after spending several weekends with the twins, sitting in the dark between them was something not to be missed. That was very good. Grey's hand was in his lap, moving slowly along his inner thigh. Raine's was in his hair, sliding slow and easy. His own hands had found their homes on the twins' legs, fingers stroking, petting solid thighs.

"Mmm..." Grey's purr tickled his neck, lips ghosting over his jaw. A soft shudder went through him, his cock starting to fill.

Raine's chuckle was pure sex. "Watch the movie, you two."

"Why?" Grey's mouth fastened over the vein in his throat, sucking lightly. He gasped softly, hands tightening on their legs. He couldn't figure out why either. It was an awful movie. Grey's tongue licked at his ear, purr hungry.

He turned his head, searching for Grey's mouth in the dark. Grey met him, lips open, tongue pushing deep. He moaned, lips wrapping around Grey's tongue and sucking it deeper still. He drew Grey's purr into him, too, with those hands sliding up his torso, teasing him.

He was glad suddenly that they'd sat in the very back of the theatre. His nipples were stroked and plucked, the kiss never ending, growing heady and wild. He spread his legs as far as he could, but he was bound on either side by the seat. His hips pushed up into the air.

"You two..." Raine's voice floated over, husky and teasing, hand cupping his balls, teeth sharp on his shoulder. Oh, they made him fly. They made him want to do more than just neck, even if they were in public.

Someone's hand slid behind him, cupping his ass, fingers pushing into his crease. God, their hands were everywhere. He should protest they were going too far, that they should just leave, but he didn't want to. Excitement slid down his spine and settled with the arousal in his balls,

making him need.

They didn't send him over, just touched and teased, kissed and nibbled and licked. Long hair was everywhere, teeth testing his skin, fingers tweaking cock and nipples. It was really very good and he hoped the movie never ended, that the houselights never came up and they could keep doing this forever.

Unfortunately it wasn't going to happen, the credits rolling all too soon, the twins sitting back in their seat, Raine smoothing his hair. "Great movie, yes Whit? Moving?"

He cleared his throat. Several times. Still his voice was husky as he replied. "Very. We'll have to come see it again."

Grey chuckled. "Maybe even a double feature."

"I'm not sure I could survive a double feature."

"It would be mind-blowing, Whit love. Let's go buy jujubes and watch movies at home. Naked. In bed." Raine was incredibly logical once in a blue moon.

He nodded. "Yes."

Grey chuckled. "Popcorn, too. And ginger ale for Whit."

He made a happy noise, hand sliding along Grey's jaw. "You both are too good to me. You spoil me so."

Grey gave him a warm look. "We love you, Whit."

"Oh." His stomach grew tight and he looked at Raine. Not that he didn't believe Grey, but it didn't feel quite real, that these two beautiful, sexy men who had each other would also want him in a we love you kind of way.

Raine nodded, eyes serious. "We do, our Whit. You're our center, our love."

"Oh. Oh, my loves." He gave Raine a kiss and then turned to give Grey one as well, not caring that everyone filing out of the theatre could see them.

Grey cupped his cheek, eyes filled with emotion. "Yes, love. Yours."

Raine's agreement was immediate. "Yours."

Oh, how he loved them and to be loved by them as well... He was suddenly aware of their surroundings again. "Please. Take me home."

Grey nodded and Raine spoke. "Yes. Ginger ale, popcorn, candy, movies and our Whit. Everything we need."

"Yes, everything."

## CHAPTER THREE

He was dreaming. Drowning under paper, a deluge of books following the paper, hitting him on the head, bruising and sending him back to the ground and he was falling and falling and...

Gasping, he sat up, blinking into the darkness, trying to get his bearings. Where was he? Why couldn't he see? Was he still dreaming or was this real?

Strong arms wrapped around his waist and a little bed lamp popped on. Two sets of sleepy dark eyes blinked at him, black hair everywhere. "Whit?"

"Oh!"

Relief went through him and he slumped. "Dreaming," he gasped. "I was just dreaming."

"Oh..." In that eerie way his twins had -- when had they become so truly his?-- Grey pulled him close and Raine settled so that he was cradled between them, cosseted, petted. Whit leaned back, let his breathing slow. He had learned quickly that comfort here meant holding and closeness and touching. No surprise, considering they had no real concept of alone.

"Drowning in paperwork and books -- doesn't take Freud to figure that one out, does it?" He let them touch him, their hands warm and soft and good on his skin. "And then I couldn't see when I woke up and I wasn't sure I was awake."

Grey made a soft growling sound against his temple, lips brushing his skin, while Raine's lips and hands massaged his belly. "Poor Whit. And then we steal your weekends, steal your time, keep you here with us."

"Oh, you don't steal those -- I want to be with you both. So much." He closed his eyes, arching and rubbing against them.

Grey's hands slid to his shoulders, thumbs and fingers digging in, massaging. The twins shared a long look and Raine smiled. "Let us take care of you, relax you. Then you will sleep."

He smiled back at Raine, even as he groaned at the way Grey's fingers were already relaxing the muscles of his shoulders. "I like the way that sounds."

"Good." Grey's voice was a sleep-husked growl, sexy and warm. Grey's hands disappeared for a moment and the lights went out. Then the scent of massage oil filled the air and, as Grey's slick hands started massaging his neck, a hot, wet mouth slid over his cock, pulling gently, encouraging him to hardness.

He moaned, pushing into Raine's mouth and letting his head fall forward. It was amazing how they could relax and excite him at the same time.

He didn't know how they found a rhythm, where they found it, but Grey's fingers and Raine's tongue moved together, his tension dissolving and turning to a sweet, slow arousal, marked by the scent of lavender and Raine's soft moans.

He slid one hand behind him, holding onto Grey's hip, and the other slid through Raine's hair, strands moving through his fingers, wrapping around his skin. The suction stayed easy, slow, even when he was hard, aching. At some point Grey eased him onto his side, Raine's mouth following, hands rubbing in strong circles.

He moaned, intending to say "more", wanting to beg for it, but all that came out was a long, low moan that said far more than he intended. Grey's fingers slid down, along his crease, two thick digits pressing against his opening. "More, love?"

He nodded, pushing back against Grey's fingers and then realized Grey couldn't see him in the dark. "Yes," he whispered, voice rough with need.

"Yes." Grey pushed in, slow and relentless, fucking him, stretching and pushing him into Raine's open, willing throat.

Oh, it felt so good, the pull and push and burn and sweet, sweet pleasure. The way they worked together melted his insides away to nothing. Grey's fingers found his gland and Raine pulled him in deep, Grey's whispered, "Love you" ringing in the air. His own scream echoed through the loft as he came, pleasure shooting up his spine and back down out through his cock.



They eased him down, his twins, his lovers, Raine cleaning him and Grey covering them. Grey at his back and Raine curled in his arms.

"What about you two?" he asked, always worried about keeping it fair.

Raine lifted slightly and kissed him. "One day, it will be me, or Grey, and the love is always equal. Sleep, our Whit. It's late."

Grey was already snoring softly against the back of his neck.

"Thank you," he said before sharing a soft kiss with Raine.

"Sleep, beautiful Whit. We'll play tomorrow." Then Raine's head settled, the twins' hearts beating together, separated only by his own.

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APRIL

## CHAPTER ONE

He stood in front of the door to the loft, biting his lip. It was the first time he'd ever shown up uninvited, but he really needed a hug, human contact, or, barring that, making love until he fell into oblivion.

The only problem was, if he knocked and they turned him away... he wasn't sure he could take that on top of the day he'd just had. Maybe it would be better to just walk away, go home and take a long, hot shower and then collapse onto his own bed and... lie awake wishing he was safe and warm between two identical bodies. It wasn't that he didn't believe they loved him, but they had each other as well and he had never been there outside of the weekend.

He rang the bell.

Raine answered the door and pulled him inside the garlic and butter smelling loft, pushing a hot cup of Irish coffee into his hands while Grey removed his damp coat and replaced it with a warm blanket. "Grey saw you coming from the window. We're so glad you knocked. You look so tired, lover. I'm making a nice pasta. What's the matter?"

"Raine, stop. Go find some comfortable clothes for him and put the bread in. Let him drink his coffee." Grey maneuvered him to the soft sofa, pushing him down among the pillows and kneeling to remove his shoes.

Oh, it was more than he could have hoped for and more than he could bear. His eyes filled as he began to cry softly.

"Oh. Oh, Grey. Grey, love. He's... Grey."

Raine sounded mildly panicked and Grey's voice was low and soft and soothing, even as the coffee cup was taken from him. "Yeah, bad day. Go finish the supper, Raine. We'll eat in here

before the fire."

Hands stripped him down, quick and easy, soft fleece replacing his shirt and slacks, heavy socks slipped onto his feet. Then he was given the coffee back and pulled back into warm, strong arms and held. "You want to talk or just sit, Whit?"

"I don't know. Tell you, I guess. And then never have to think about it again. I wish I never had to think about it again." He took a hiccupping breath and let himself melt against Grey's strength. "Found out today one of my girls was being abused. She's just this wee little thing, so sweet and innocent. Her eyes though... oh, god, Grey, I don't think I'll ever forget the look in her eyes."

He started crying again, tears slipping like acid from his eyes.

"Oh, Whit." Grey held him close, taking the cup away again and turning him so that his cheek rested against Grey's broad, warm shoulder.

He held on and let the pain flow out with his tears, let Grey be strong for him. It felt so good to be held, to not be alone. At last his tears dried up and still he held on.

He dozed, or thought he did. Every now and against he would hear Grey's voice, low and careful, and a blanket was draped over him at one point. When his eyes opened, the room was warm with candlelight, a platter of pasta and thick slices of bread sitting on the low table with three glasses of wine.

"Hungry, Whit? You ready to eat with us, my lovely one?" Raine's body was hot and heavy against him, when he turned his head, he saw Grey's hands stroking through the heavy, dark hair.

"Yes." He leaned forward, pressing his mouth to Raine's, the kiss long and slow and sweet.

Raine tasted like garlic and butter and sweet red wine. Someone's hand found his hair and stroked through it, petting him gently. He was cosseted, held, warm and safe.

He wanted to lose himself here. To run away from the world and never have to go back. Instead, he would take what they had to offer, revel in it, let it fill him, bolster him so that he could face the world again in the morning.

The kiss broke apart, Raine's eyes worried and warm, hands sliding over his face, smoothing away the worried lines. Grey shifted, settling him upright as Raine slid to the floor and twirled some pasta on a fork. "Open for me. Eat. Pasta eases everything."

He chuckled at that. At the words themselves, at Raine's obvious belief that it was true, at the fact that he knew, somewhere inside him that it would be true for him. He opened his mouth, accepting the forkful of food, eyes closing a little as the flavors slid over his tongue, a deep, strong echo of the taste inside Raine's mouth-- garlic and butter and fresh pasta with a hint of herbs.

"It's good, yes?" Raine wrapped another bite and offered it to Grey, eyes intense and loving, fastened on Grey with a peculiar heat. "Open up, my Grey. My strength."

Grey's lips opened, a low rumble vibrating against his chest as the pasta hit Grey's tongue. It struck him again how beautiful they were together, how well they complimented each other -- so alike and yet even their differences fit together seamlessly. He was amazed and grateful all over again at being allowed into their world, at being loved by them.

One bite after another -- pasta, wine, bread, salad, long kisses -- they fed their stomachs, their hearts, their souls, until everything was gone.

"Better, lover? Is your heart easy?" Raine's lips brushed over his eyelids.

"Much better, Raine." He brushed his hand through the long hair, leaning against Grey. "You two are a balm."

"You are our heart, our sweet Whit." Raine kissed him, lips soft and hungry. "What do you need, our love? Sleep, talk, bath, touches, kisses? How can we soothe you?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling at Grey's low chuckle.

Grey's lips traced his ear, his jaw. "Our Whit. Love you."

Yes, that was what he needed. To love and be loved.

"Yes," he repeated it out loud, for them to hear. "Your Whit. My sky and earth. Love you both."

"Yes. Our Whit. Our center. Our heart. Our lover." Raine purred, cuddling under the blanket with him, hands curling around his waist, stroking his skin. Raine's words made him hard. Raine's hands made his skin tingle. He moaned softly, pushing into the touches.

Grey's chuckle was hot, happy, sweet as anything.

He reached back and slid his hand beneath Grey's sweatshirt, stroking the hard, hot belly, fingers traveling over the silky skin. His other hand played in Raine's hair, loving the heavy fall of it over his fingers.

Raine pushed the huge shirt up and off and one mouth fastened onto his collarbone while another latched onto his throat.

He gasped, eyes closing; it was the perfect way to get lost inside his lovers.

"Whit." Grey's hands moved and then his back was cradled by skin. "Take off Raine's shirt, lover. More skin."

He chuckled, nodding and reaching to do Grey's bidding. Grey always made sure they stayed on track when a taste or scent of feeling distracted he and Raine. Raine's eyes were laughing up at him and Whit knew Raine heard him, knew that they were together, heart and head.

He pulled Raine's shirt over his head and tossed it on the floor, pulling Raine back to him. Moaning, surrounded now on all sides by skin, he slid his lips over Raine's finding more of the heavy sweetness of the wine there, and the addictive flavor of Raine himself.

Raine pushed up into the kiss, hands reaching back for Grey.

His hands slid over Raine's back, enjoying the contrast between the hot, smooth skin and the cool smooth hair.

"Bed." Grey's voice rumbled, hands sliding over his belly. "Want kisses too."

"Yes, must kiss you, too." He turned his head and slid his tongue between Grey's lips, moaning softly at the strong earthy flavor hidden beneath the taste of garlic and wine.

Grey cupped his cheek, the kiss turning deep and needy almost immediately. Raine's hands were pulling away his sweatpants, tongue sliding along his spine. He undulated beneath Raine's attentions, and Grey's, pressing close and gasping as he realized Raine had taken care of everyone's pants.

"Want to taste him, my Grey. Hold him open for me, love." Grey's hands slid down and cupped his ass, spreading him and he groaned into Grey's mouth as Raine's tongue trailed downward. He always meant to give as good as he got and then they would do something like this and it was all he could do to hold onto the one while the other blew his mind. Raine's tongue flicked over his opening as Grey's tongue thrust deep, stealing his breath.

He would have moaned if he could have but all that came out was a muted squeak. Hands clenching around Grey's waist, he pushed back, wordlessly asking for more.

As always, he got it, Raine's tongue pushed deep, spreading him. Grey's fingers found his nipples, pinching. "You want a ring one day, Whit? Like our Raine?"

He gasped at the idea, or at Raine's tongue inside him, or at Grey's fingers on him, or all three, or the feeling of skin and hands and hair all sliding together, making him shiver and moan.

Hands found his cock, pumping in time with the hot thrusts into his ass. One was Grey's and the other was Raine's, though he couldn't tell which belonged to which twin. Smooth skin and calluses and both so warm and good and shit... he didn't want to come yet, wanted it to last, wanted to be caught between them for ever.

"Love you, Whit." The words were whispered against his lips, so deep, so low, so harsh that they had to be real.

"Grey..." he gasped the name, his orgasm sliding over his skin and inside his bones.

Even as his cock pulsed and he flew, Raine moved up his back, cock nudging his entrance.  
"Please, Whit. Let me in? Please?"

Still gasping, he nodded, pushing back with his ass.

Raine slid inside him, pushing deep and steady, not even giving him a chance to catch his breath before the strong thrusts began. Not that he had breath -- Grey was stealing that with kisses, covering his lips and refusing to let him go. He was breathless and dizzy and pleasure was dancing over his skin and keeping him hard, Grey's hand still working his cock.

They pushed his body hard, Raine's hands gripping his hips so tight, Grey's lips so hungry. Raine fucked him with bone-rattling movements, cock sliding over his gland, sending shocks up his spine.

His cock filled, growing stiff and needy again and Grey's hand stilled, lips leaving his. Dark eyes flashed at him. "Don't come. Want to feel you inside me when Raine's done."

He shuddered, whimpering as he fought not to come from the words alone.

"Oh... Whit, did you hear? He's going to let you in, let you fuck him. So tight. So good." Raine's voice was desperate, almost a growl. He whimpered again, pushing back against Raine's thrusts, crying out as Raine's cock hit his gland, but all his attention and focus was on what was to come.

He had never been inside Grey before, had only seen Raine take him once. He was more than aware of the gift he was being given.

Raine's hand came around to stroke Grey's face and Grey turned to nuzzle and kiss the wide palm. "Raine."

He cried out sharply, grabbing the base of his cock and squeezing tight, the need to come heavy in his balls, in his heart. Heat filled him as Raine stiffened, hips pushing the hot come deep inside him.

He was panting, cock so hard he hurt, full of Raine, full of their love.

They rested together, panting and letting the intensity fade into something manageable, something where they could move. Finally Raine pulled away with a soft moan. "Come to bed. There's oil and room and softness and we can sleep after."

He nodded, taking a long, slow kiss from Grey before getting up and wrapping an arm around Raine's waist, the other around Grey's. They moved together -- it was easy now, to move with them, to understand how they walked and lived and thought. He was becoming part of them, slowly and surely.

Raine pushed him and Grey onto the soft, silky sheets and disappeared into the bathroom. Grey moved into his arms, sharing drugging kisses with him as Raine returned, towels and oil in hand. He was cleaned, ass and thighs rubbed with a hot towel while kisses played across his back. Then the bottle of oil was pressed into his hand.

"Make love to our Grey, Whit."

Grey's groan felt delicious sliding between his lips.

He pushed, rolling so that Grey lay on his back. He encouraged Grey's legs to spread, sliding between them and letting his hands dance over the soft, sensitive flesh between Grey's legs. "I'm going to love you, Grey," he murmured against warm lips.

"Yes, Whit." Grey's eyes were shining, focused, love and need pouring from him.

Raine stretched out beside them, hands sliding over their skin randomly, not intruding, but adding another layer to their connection. He smiled at Raine, giving him a soft, sweet kiss before again returning his attention to Grey.

He poured oil on his hands sliding them together to warm it and then began to touch Grey. The long cock first, giving pleasure and taking it as his palms slid over the velvet heat. His hands moved beyond to the sensitive balls, caressing them before moving back further to the smooth as silk skin that slowly gave way to wrinkled flesh.

Grey opened to him, knees parting further. So trusting, so hungry, so focused on him -- Grey made him breathless. His finger was trembling as he stroked across the puckered opening,



teasing at first, letting Grey become used to the feeling of him being there, of someone not Raine being there.

"Are you sure?" he asked, suddenly aware of the magnitude of what they were doing.

"Do you love me?" The question was pure Grey -- simple, quiet, focused.

"Oh, Grey... yes. Yes, I do, Grey. I love you." As he said the words, his finger slid deep into his lover's body.

"Oh..." Grey sighed, body arching and undulating for him. "Yes. I am sure. Our Whit. My love."

Grey's body clutched at him, held his finger in tight, silky heat. He stroked Grey inside -- inside! -- his other hand sliding over the dark skin, tracing the hard muscles of Grey's belly as they twitched every time his finger moved.

Raine's fingers slowly stroked Grey's hair, relaxing and gentling. Grey's eyes never left his, dark and glittering. He let one finger become two, pushing smoothly, searching once he was inside, for that place that would make Grey's eyes light with pleasure. When he found it, Grey's eyes widened, body arching and full, kiss-swollen lips parting. It was Raine's voice that sounded, speaking for Grey in pleasure as in every other thing. "Oh, Whit! Touch him again, love. Make him fly. My Grey, so beautiful in pleasure, so bright and strong. So good."

He repeated the motions, again and again, watching the pleasure in Grey's eyes, hearing it echoed in Raine's voice. He was mesmerized by them both, wrapped inside them.

Grey's eyes were dazed, soft gasps falling between them. "Is he hot inside, Whit? Is he holding you tight? Can you feel him loving you?"

"So tight. So wonderful -- I can feel his love, Raine, feel him loving me so much."

"Yes, Whit..." Grey's eyes shone, full of unshed tears. "So much."

Raine's moan was awed, soft. "Yes. Oh, my sweet, strong, brave Grey. So much."

He made a soft, whimpering noise and closed his lips over Grey's for a long kiss. "I love you," he whispered into Grey's mouth.

Raising his head, he repeated the kiss with Raine, and the words as well. "I love you."

"As we love you." Raine's hands caressed his face. "Our Whit. Love him, make him soar, make him fly."

He nodded, hands fumbling with the oil, spreading it over his cock and then he was pressing against Grey's entrance.

"I love you," he said again as he pushed into the tightest heat he had ever felt.

Grey groaned, eyes closing as Whit stretched that hot, tight body, making room for his cock. Raine's hands rubbed over Grey's belly, pushing the taut muscles.

"He's wider than we are, my Grey. Relax, let him inside. Feel how he stretches you, loves you." Raine's eyes met his. "You're the only one, Whit, besides me. Ever. Our Grey keeps his love so close."

It made him shudder, made him whimper. "Open your eyes, Grey," he whispered as he continued to push carefully, oh so slowly, in. "Let me see."

Grey's eyes opened and Whit could see himself, reflected in the shining black. Grey's body welcomed him, seemed to pull him inside, hold him close. As his cock sank into Grey's body, he felt as if all of him were sinking into Grey, until they were joined together more than just cock and ass. Grey held him so tightly, didn't want to let him go. It felt so good, almost too much. When he began to move, he was sure it was too much and knew that it would not be long before he was coming, bringing this glorious joining to an end.

Raine's hands wrapped around Grey's cock, sliding against his belly with every stroke. They moved together, arching and gasping and needing and moaning, Grey's hands gripping his shoulders as they made love.

He shifted, changing his angle, searching for Grey's gland again, wanting to send his lover

soaring. When he hit it, Grey convulsed, a low roar filling the air, lifting his knees. Raine's hands grabbed Grey's legs, holding that hard, hungry body open for him. He moved hard and fast, hitting Grey's gland with every thrust, one of his hands sliding down to wrap around Grey's cock, pumping in time.

Grey's lips were parted, loud cries filling the air, echoing. Those dark eyes were wide, open, staring. Stunned and needy and beautiful. Magical.

"Oh Grey... Raine, look at him, look at his face. So beautiful..." He leaned forward, kissing Raine first and then Grey. Sky and earth, his world. "I love you."

"Love. Whit. Oh." Grey's hips met each thrust, cock hard as nails in Whit's hand. Tears slid from Grey's eyes and Raine sipped them from the dark skin. "Love you."

"Coming, Grey, I'm coming. Please...come with me."

"Yes. Yes, please. Yes." Grey's body jerked, body clutching him so tight, muscles milking his cock as liquid heat poured over his hand.

He shuddered, pleasure shooting from his balls to his cock and up along his spine. He could feel it in his belly and in his toes and in his heart.

Raine's lips were warm and soft and flavored with Grey's tears. "So beautiful. You are so beautiful."

"No, it is you two who are beautiful."

"Us. Together." Grey's voice was raw, almost a growl.

He could feel the rightness of Grey's words and he bent to kiss his lover. "Yes, Grey. All of us together."

Grey kissed him, holding him close. Raine drew a blanket around them, then pulled them both into his arms. "Will you stay tonight? Let us hold you?"

"Yes. Please."

"I'll wake you in the morning. Sleep." Grey was curled around him, already snoring softly, relaxed and quiet. Raine stroked Whit's forehead. "You're safe here. Happy. Sleep."

He raised his head to kiss Raine's fingers. "Thank you," he whispered quietly.

"Sleep, my love."

He nodded and let his eyes close, nuzzled close between his lovers.

He relaxed, held tight. By the time Raine moved to blow out candles, do dishes, answer emails, he was sound asleep, dreams held at bay by watchful dark eyes and warm, steady heartbeats.

## Chapter Two

He watched the other half of his soul go with a sigh, watching the taxi until he couldn't see it anymore. Three whole nights apart. Three whole nights sleeping in different cities, on different coasts while Raine took care of the final bits of business in San Fran.

He locked up the store, leaving a note that there would be no showings until Monday. No showings. No appointments. No phone calls. No Friday night fun. Nothing but sleeping and waiting and missing his Raine. He sighed and walked outside to assure himself that the gallery was locked up too, before heading upstairs to hibernate.

The rain was bitter cold, sky growing darker, more grim.

There was a man in a dark coat and a black umbrella standing at the gallery window, looking in.

As he came near, the umbrella tilted back, revealing a familiar face.

Whit.

"Whit." He smiled, warmth filling him, making him happy for a moment until he remembered Raine was gone. "You missed him."

Whit nodded. "I spoke to him on the phone today. I asked if it would be all right if I came and stayed with you while he was gone. He said I could, but that you might not want me to." Brown eyes looked up at him, so full of warmth. "Do you want me to, Grey?"

"Oh..." His smile widened, that happiness flaring again deep inside him. He nodded, words caught in his throat, trapped. He held out his hand, offering it to Whit. Oh, yes. Yes, please. Please, stay.

Whit must have heard the silent words because a warm hand slid into his own, squeezing gently and Whit smiled brightly. "I brought supper -- from that Greek place by the school." Whit held up a bulging white plastic bag and suddenly looked like a boy with a secret as he stepped close.

"Two pieces of chocolate mousse cake each for dessert."

"Two? Really?" He opened the door and let Whit in, taking a long, slow kiss as soon as the door shut behind them. He had thought he would just go to bed, hide. But Whit wanted to be with him, see him.

There were two thuds as Whit dropped the umbrella and the bag, arms winding around his neck and holding him close.

"Two, really. I thought we could start with dessert. Or maybe start with each other and work our way up to food."

"Yes." He pushed off Whit's coat, pushing against his lover.

His lover.

Their Whit.

Whit hit the wall with a soft sound, breath whooshing out of him and into Grey's mouth. "I was worried you wouldn't let me stay. I was going to bribe you with the extra dessert."

"I might be bad company," he warned. He didn't talk when Raine was away, didn't know what to say, how to communicate as only half a man. Half a man with a thoughtful, dear lover who wanted to spend time with him.

"Will you hold me and eat my dessert?"

"Yes. Yes, please."

"That sounds like perfect company to me." Whit pressed their lips together again in a quick, hard kiss.

"Oh..." He took another kiss and another and then one more, heart beating hard in his chest.

He never thought, never hoped that Whit would want to spend time with him alone. Raine, yes.

Raine talked and played and laughed and was Raine. Everyone fell in love with his Raine. Raine fell in love with everyone.

Grey had fallen in love with Whit.

It was Whit who pulled away from their kisses first. "Take me upstairs, Grey. I don't want to do this in the stairwell -- I want to do it in your bed."

"Oh, yes." He bent, picking up the food and the umbrella. He would love that, love to relax and touch and doze and love Whit in the soft, warm bed. "Yes."

A warm hand trailed over his bent back, his ass and the back of his thighs. "Good."

Whit preceded him up the stairs, coat over his arm, trailing along the stairs.

The apartment was warm, pleasant, and not lonely. Not silent. Not empty because Whit was there.

He smiled and put the umbrella in the stand and the bag on the table before turning back to Whit, holding open his arms. Whit flung his coat toward the hooks and stepped into his arms, face raised for another kiss.

"Whit." They shared another deep, long kiss, Whit's sweetness and spice making his head spin, making him need and want and ache.

Whit moved out of his arms and pulled a Styrofoam container from the bag. Then his hand was taken and Whit led him toward the bed. "You don't mind if we eat with our fingers, do you?"

"No." Grey grinned, following closely. "Not at all."

Whit put the container down on the side table, toed off his sneakers and climbed onto the bed and then turned and held out his arms in an echo of Grey's own move earlier.

Grey slipped off his own shoes and crawled into Whit's waiting arms, trembling with the sweet honor of being cared for. "Hey there."

"Hey, beautiful man." Whit's lips were warm and open, tongue searching inside his mouth.

He shuddered, pressing down into Whit's body with a soft purr of pleasure. So warm. So loving. So Whit. Whit's hands smoothed the shirt down his back as they kissed and then slid between them, searching for his buttons.

He would have helped, would have started removing Whit's clothes, but his hands were busy with soft hair, smooth cheeks, hot skin.

"God, you're so sexy," Whit's voice was soft, almost reverent except for the need that slid through it like old whiskey. The buttons of his shirt gave way beneath Whit's determination and then warm fingers were on his skin, stroking him.

He moaned into Whit's lips, hunger flaring inside him, his cock throbbing and caught in his slacks. He focused on the flavor and heat of Whit's mouth, the need there. He imagined he could taste Raine in Whit's mouth, a reminder of how good they all were together.

How much they all loved. How much he loved. How much he was loved.

Whit's fingers slid across his nipples, coming back to rub them harder as soft moans and gasps were pushed into his mouth.

"Whit..." He tugged at the bottom of Whit's shirt, cock throbbing with every touch. His head was swimming, tongue searching for every bit of passion, every place that made Whit cry out.

"Oh, God, Grey, I need you so badly." Whit's hands were roaming wildly, fingers tugging at his belt.

He nodded, pulling back and unfastening his pants, shoving them over his hips. "Yours too, Whit. Need you."

"Yes, Grey, yes."

Whit's fingers moved to his own pants, opening the button and pulling down the zipper, the



movements quick and eager. Wriggling, Whit pulled down his pants and kicked them away, his cock hard, red, eager.

Grey groaned, pushing atop Whit and covering those sweet, hot lips with his own. Their cocks slid together and they both cried out. Whit's arms wrapped around his neck, holding him close. He slid a hand beneath Whit's ass, pulling them together as his hips began to rock, sliding their cocks together again and again. Whit moved beneath him, eager and wanting, body fluid and fine.

The intensity grew quickly, sparking between them like fire, kisses growing harder, needier. Grey growled low, gathering Whit close as they devoured one another. Whit gasped and whimpered, pushing up against him, hands grasping and pulling at his skin.

He moved, sliding his arms beneath Whit's knees, tilting Whit's body. His cock nudged against the sweet tight opening, drops of his own pleasure slicking and wetting. He looked into Whit's eyes, looking for want, for desire, to know that his lover needed this as much as he did.

"Yes, Grey. Do it. I want to feel you inside." Whit's voice was shaking with need, with want.

"Yes." He pushed inside, moving slowly and steadily, watching Whit's eyes. He wouldn't hurt, but he couldn't wait, growling low as heat surrounded him.

His lover's eyes grew wide and dark, the hands on his arms tightening. "Don't stop," Whit whispered, breathing deeply, body suddenly drawing him in.

He groaned, lips fastening onto Whit's shoulder as their bodies melded together. It was too good to take slowly; the need was too big, their hunger too fierce. He began to move, holding Whit tight as he thrust.

"Oh, Grey, so good." Whit's hands slid through his hair, fingers tangling.

"Yes. Whit." He leaned forward, pushing harder, deeper, more. "Whit."

"Grey." Whit panted his name, smiling up at him, eyes a little dark, a little wild.

"Beautiful." He leaned in and took a hard kiss, sobbing into Whit's lips.

Whit's cry pushed into his mouth, his lover shuddering beneath him, come spreading between them. The scent of Whit hit him, rich and sweet, and he came, crying out his pleasure in his lover's mouth.

Whit kissed him through his orgasm, mouth soft and warm and giving. He eased Whit's legs down, snuggling close, lips never leaving his lover's.

Whit just kept holding on.

"You taste even better than chocolate mousse cake."

He smiled, cheeks heating. "Thank you for coming over, Whit. For being with me."

"Thank you for letting me." Whit's own cheeks were heating. "I didn't want to spend the weekend on my own. I've gotten used to being with you and ... Raine."

"Yes." He stroked Whit's cheek and jaw. "I would miss you even as I missed him."

Whit nuzzled into the touches. "Now we can miss him together."

He nodded. "And learn each other."

Whit's hand slid along his cheek, the brown eyes soft. "Yes."

His cock slipped from Whit's body and they both moaned. He curled close, snuggling. "Yes."

"I want to know all about Grey Holstein -- in Grey words -- I already know about him in Raine words."

"Oh..." He nuzzled Whit's shoulder, pleased down past his bones. No one but Raine ever wanted to hear and Raine knew everything. "I... Whatever you want to know. Anything."

"Not anything, Grey -- everything."

"Oh. Whit." He beamed, tongue-tied and unsure, but so honored.

Whit chuckled. "No, not Whit -- I already know all about me."

Whit rubbed their noses together and gave him a soft kiss.

He blinked and licked along Whit's bottom lip. "What should I tell you? Where do I start?"

"Tell me about the things you love."

"Things?" He settled his head on Whit's shoulder. "Black and white photographs, 17th Century woodworking, books, plums. What about you?"

"You already know about the things I love," Whit told him with a small laugh. "This is a time for you, Grey. Tell me about the photographs. About taking them. About loving them. Tell me why plums and not strawberries."

They curled together beneath the covers, talking as the storm built outside and then faded, leaving them loving and learning in the dark. Grey told Whit how he liked the smooth skin of purple plums, why he never wore yellow, that he was allergic to penicillin, dandelions and cashews. They talked about growing up, about breaking apart, about falling in love. They talked about work and life and where they wanted to go on vacation and whether they were going to hide chocolate eggs at Easter.

They talked until Grey fell asleep, still whispering against Whit's shoulder, warm and loved and at peace. He dreamed that his Raine was there with them.

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MAY

## CHAPTER ONE

Looking at the pictures taken when Grey and Raine were "playing" always made him hard. Raine stretched out, tied up, blindfolded, gagged. Raine with his ass in the air, filled with a plug, the end clearly visible in the pictures, Raine on his back, arched, cock dark red, wet, tied with black leather, held in abeyance. Raine's face in orgasm. Raine's cock in orgasm.

Grey knew how to capture the nuances, the things that made the pictures more than just pornographic. At the same time, they were very, very sexy and sometimes, when he was alone in the loft apartment, Whit would walk along the wall, looking at the pictures, and get hard.

Today he was focused on one of Raine tied spread eagle on his back, cock bound, mouth gagged. Whit rubbed at his cock through his cargo pants, moaning softly. It wasn't the muscles or cock or toys that made this picture hot. It was the look in Raine's eyes.

Want. Need. Submission. Patience.

Love.

He slid his free hand up the front of his t-shirt, finding his own nipples and pinching them lightly. He moaned.

"Beautiful." Grey's voice was low, firm, and the familiar click-whir of the camera shutter sounded. "Don't stop, Whit. Show me."

A shudder went through him and he licked his lips. He took a deep breath and let the sound of the camera fade into the background, went back to looking at the picture of Raine that had him so hard and wanting.

He opened his pants, unzipping them but not taking them off, just giving himself better access. He moaned again as he took his cock in his hand, fist moving up and down along the hot, hard

flesh. He'd never worn a cock-ring, wondered how it felt, would wearing it hurt, feel strange, or would it put that same look as Raine wore into his own eyes?

He bit his lip, fingers sliding across his chest to pinch at his other nipple.

Grey's breath was harsh and Whit could feel his eyes, his hunger. Those eyes were so like the pair in the picture, looking out at him. They were mirrors of each other and yet so different.

His own eyes closed, pleasure making his lids heavy.

"So beautiful, my Whit." Raine's voice slid around him, slid beneath his skin. "Oh Grey, will there be pictures of our Whit to match mine?"

"Yes, Raine." Needy. Low. Growling.

"All of them. Will we discover the texture of leather against that skin?"

"Silk, Raine. Cream and blood-colored silk."

Whimpering, he came, body arching, seed spreading over his hand. That was the one thing the pictures could not capture -- those silk and sandpaper voices.

Raine's mouth appeared from nowhere, tasting and feeding from his cock -- he knew it was Raine. Only Raine started licking before sucking. Only Raine wore his hair down during the day. Only Raine made soft, needy, whimpering noises.

He could see Raine in his mind's eye, saw him as he was in the picture, tied up, bound, gagged, eyes so expressive, so full of everything he was. His hand slid over Raine's face, stroking the smooth cheeks.

Raine nuzzled into his hand, lips sliding over his cock, cleaning him, tasting him, loving him.

All the while, the shutter clicked, Grey watching, recording.

He let his eyes open slowly, seeing first the picture of Raine on the wall and then looking down

into the real thing, Raine's eyes dark and passionate and full of love. That look was a physical touch, making him shudder and moan, cock twitching.

Raine purred, the vibrations moving through him. Those eyes were smiling at him, warm and happy. Hungry.

He shrugged off his shirt and slid his hands down along his own body, preening for Raine, for Grey with his camera, who he still hadn't seen.

He hadn't ever believed he was beautiful -- not until he'd seen Grey's photographs of him and Raine together, loving each other. Coffee and cream. Contrasts and planes and angles and passion captured.

He had learned himself in through Grey's eyes, in Grey's pictures.

The sound of the camera stopped, Raine stood, and Grey moved into their embrace. The kiss was hot, flavored by him and coffee and passion and love. Two tongues played with his, two flavors, two men, to wrap his tongue around, his arms around, his life around. And that put him right where he wanted to be.

## CHAPTER TWO

He was sleeping, sound asleep, happy asleep. Really, really, really asleep.

Really asleep except there was somebody's tongue trying really, really hard to wake him up.

"Sleeping." He growled, or tried to, but it came out as a purr, soft and warm and sleepy.

"Dreaming," said a voice, soft and sweet against his ear, and then that tongue was back, circling his ear and sliding down his neck.

"Mm... good." He stretched and hummed, shivering as a warm hand slid over his belly. He loved this part -- where he didn't know if it was Monday or Saturday or morning or evening. All he knew was pleasure and love and warm relaxation.

Hand and lips slowly moved toward each other, meeting at his nipples.

"So sweet, so warm, my Grey. Those waking kisses are magic and we needed them." Raine's voice always looked like flashes of blue behind his eyes.

"Them?"

"Yes, my heart. One for me and one for our sweet Whit." A tongue swiped over his nipple. "Will you share your kisses with us, our love?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," that voice was Whit's, rich green, and it was Whit's lips that covered his, warm and soft and tasting of sweet wine.

Oh... not morning then. He purred, turning towards Whit and wrapping around the warm, soft body. His Raine snuggled against his back and licked his ear, whispering delicious perversions as his lips opened for Whit.

Whit's tongue slid between his lips, moving through his mouth in a thorough exploration. The warm body pressed and wriggled against him.

"Mm... naked. Like naked." He pushed into the kiss again, hands wrapping around Whit's ass and pulling the sweet body tight. Whit chuckled, legs wrapping around him. Whit curled and Grey found his cock rubbing against a slick crack.

"Need you," whispered Whit.

"Oh." His hips pressed forward, hands moving to pull Whit's tight, slick heat onto his cock. "Ready for me..."

Whit's moan met his penetration. "Yes... oh Grey... so full."

"I did that, slid my fingers inside him while he sucked me. He was so tight, so needy, but I made him wait for you, sweet Grey, for your strength, your cock." Raine's voice made him groan, Whit's tongue made his toes curl.

He started moving, pushing deep and strong, filling Whit deep, making his lover feel.

Gasping and whimpering, Whit pushed sweet sounds of need and want into his mouth, hands sliding over his skin, over Raine behind him.

Oh, so sweet. Grapes and chocolate and Raine and laughter and...

Raine's voice slid up his spine. "Take him hard, my Grey, make our sweet Whit scream."

Grey groaned and rolled, pinning Whit to the mattress, catching his lover behind the knees and slammed in hard, their balls pressing together and their lips locked.

Whit's whimpers grew louder, constant, sweet; hot moans that carried his name began to fill the air. Raine's hands were everywhere, voice driving him on, throbbing inside him, promises and praises and perversions living deep in his bones. He shifted slightly and Whit jerked, arching hard against him, soft gasps turning into wails, whimpers becoming screams. Liquid splashed



between them, hot and fragrant, the smell of Whit's come wrapping around his senses.

"Whit! Raine!" He arched, groaning as he pushed deep, coming hard, lights flashing behind his eyes. Whit was panting loudly, hands stroking through his hair, heels rubbing along the backs of his thighs.

He opened his eyes, purring softly, and took a long kiss from Whit's swollen lips. Debauched. Beautiful. Perfect.

Green eyes gazed up at him, happy and sated and sexy. "Love you, Grey," Whit said softly, lips curling into a warm smile.

"Mm... love you." He stole one more kiss from his center and reached for his heartbeat. "Your turn."

Raine kissed him for a moment and then turned their faces back toward Whit, silently inviting the third mouth into their kiss.

Warm, soft, but insistent and necessary, the kiss went on and on until he wasn't even sure where he ended and they began.

He closed his eyes, sinking into it, lost.

His favourite part.

## CHAPTER THREE

It was a long, hard week. They all seemed to fall into that category since he'd met Grey and Raine.

Long weeks by himself. Too short weekends with the two of them, exploring and loving and making each other feel so good.

Usually Raine would come pick him up sometimes around ten on Friday nights, but he couldn't wait today. Homework and tests be damned -- he could mark them on Sunday night.

A glance through the gallery window proved the place to be busy so he let himself into the antique shop, eyes searching for Grey. There didn't seem to be any customers. He wondered if his lover would object to closing a little early, or hell, just taking a fifteen-minute break. He wasn't fussy, just horny.

"Grey?"

The dark eyes lifted from the book they had been fastened on. Worry flared in them, then pleasure. Grey stood with a smile, holding out a hand. "Whit."

He took Grey's hand, bringing it up to his mouth, nibbling on the fleshy mound beneath Grey's thumb. "I was hungry. I couldn't wait. I hope you don't mind."

Grey groaned, free hand tracing his cheek. "Did you lock the door?"

He shook his head and nuzzled into the touch. "Wasn't sure if you were alone."

"We are." Grey tilted his head, leaning down to take a long, hard, coffee-flavored kiss, making his head spin.

Moaning, he wrapped his arms around Grey's neck, holding on and letting the kiss take him away. He was hard and whimpering, just from a single kiss -- he needed this, needed it so badly.

Grey's hands found his ass, pulling him close, pulling their bodies tight together. Grey's cock was thick, hard, ready for him, pushing against the thin cotton slacks.

Oh yes, this was why he'd come. He rubbed against Grey, his urgency increasing. Too long, it had been five whole days since he'd touched his lovers. Too long.

If anything Grey was as hungry, pushing harder, closer, tongue thrusting deep. They took a few steps, ending at the wall, Grey pressed hard against him, hips grinding, fingers gripping tight. Whimpering, he ran his hands down the long back, grabbing Grey's ass and pulling him closer, tighter. He wanted to crawl right out of his skin and into Grey's.

Grey was groaning now, low, hungry sounds that meant his lover was close, desperate, needy. He insinuated his hand between them, pulling at Grey's belt as he hooked one leg up over the back of Grey's thigh. Grey started pulling at his shirt, tugging it out of his waistband, fingers sliding over his skin, stroking his belly.

He gasped, fingers slowing for just a moment and then he was tearing apart the top button of Grey's pants and pulling down the zipper. His hands found the long, thick cock and circled it as he moaned.

"Yours, too." Grey's fingers found his slacks and tugged them open, grunting as their cocks met between their hands, hot and hard together.

"Oh God, oh Grey!" He gasped again, trying to find his breath, trying to slow down, but he couldn't so he just wrapped his hand around their cocks and pushed with his hips.

"Yes." Grey's hands were hard on his ass, driving them together, rutting against the wall, intensity blazing.

He moaned loudly, head lifting for a kiss. Grey's lips crashed down onto his, opening him, tasting him, taking him.

It was all he needed. Feeding his cries into Grey, he came, body shuddering hard. It wasn't long -- not even long enough for his aftershocks to fade before Grey's heat splashed against him, Grey calling out with a low, husky cry.

He shuddered again, tongue sweeping through Grey's mouth, his skin all shivery and sensitive. Grey's kiss eased, but didn't fade, stayed deep and intimate, not letting their hunger fade. He wrapped his other leg around Grey's leg, trusting his lover to keep them upright as he climbed.

Grey's hands held him up, hooking under his ass, those full lips smiling against him, the scent of Grey's hair increasing as it fell around his hands.

"I miss you so much," he murmured against Grey's lips. "You and Raine. During the week its like a part of me is missing."

"Yes. We set your place at the table at night, hoping you'll come."

"Oh..." He buried his face in Grey's neck. The scent there distracted him and he started to lick, murmuring absently. "What are you going to do today, Grey? I already came."

"He's going to take you upstairs and give you a nice long, hot bath, our sweet Whit. Then you both can either dress for the opening tonight or you can make love until I'm done and then I'll join you." Raine's voice was warm, happy. "You look beautiful together, but you should have locked the door, Grey. It might not have been me."

Grey chuckled against his lips, fingers squeezing. "That was my fault -- I distracted him."

"Mm... I can see why." Raine moved up behind Grey, kissing the strong jaw before taking Whit's lips in a happy, welcoming kiss. "Our sweet Whit. We missed you."

"I missed you, too," he answered rather breathlessly, after their kiss. He was hard again, need still driving him. "Need you. Need both of you," he murmured, rubbing against Grey.

"Is he hard, my Grey? Does he want more?" Raine's lips tickled Grey's dark skin, the older twin flushing, pushing Whit against the wall. "I can smell you two, sweet and strong. I opened the door and knew what I'd find. My lovers, hot and hard, covered in come, sensual and lovely and mine."

"Oh. Raine. Yes." Grey was shivering, a low growl sounding.

Whit found himself moaning, holding tight to Grey. He slid his hand through Grey's hair and then through Raine's, loving the heavy silk.

"Love how he touches us, Grey. Love the need in his eyes when he sees you." Raine licked his ear, hands sliding down to support some of his weight.

"And you," whispered Whit. "Need you, too, Raine." He chuckled, the sound strange in his own ears, it was so wanton. "I had to pass the gallery to get here, but there were people inside."

"Yes. Our sweet Whit, our lover, our heart." Raine was rocking against Grey, looking at Whit. "Live for the weekends. Need your smile to make it home here, Whit."

He nodded. "Couldn't wait 'til tonight, had to come now."

He giggled at his own pun. "Did you lock the door, Raine?"

"Oh, yes. There were two older gentlemen headed this way who would've been very surprised." Grey snorted and the sound of their laughter sounded so good together.

"You never know, they might have appreciated the show."

"Who knows. I did." Another round of laughter and then Raine took his lips in a kiss. "Upstairs? Come home?"

"Oh yes. Yes, please."

Two sets of the darkest, warmest eyes shone at him. He knew them apart now -- could never confuse water for earth -- but they were one heart, wanting him with them so much it ached.

Which worked out well because he wanted them, more than he wanted another breath most days.

He stroked twin cheeks, happy down to his bones.

The weeks were long, the weekends short, but the love went on forever.

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JUNE

## CHAPTER ONE

He and Whit had finished their coffee, finished their bagels.

Finished their early morning lovemaking and their showers and even their quiet first morning chat that defined Sunday morning for him.

Raine smiled over at Whit, leaning over to take a warm, coffee and cream-flavored kiss. "You ready to awaken Sleeping Beauty or should we let him sleep?"

Whit grinned at him and took a kiss of his own. "We should probably let him sleep, but let's wake him anyway."

"Yes. I love watching you wake him, watching how loose and open he is." Raine grinned, cock firming, belly fluttering. "Making love to him when he's waking is... it's like magic, like a fairytale, you know?"

Whit's hand slid over his knee and oh so slowly up along his thigh. "I know."

He let his legs part, moaning just so soft. "It's my kink. So trusting, just right then. He's ours and no one else's. Our Grey. More, Whit. Touch me, love."

"Keep talking," Whit said softly, dropping down in front of him. Whit's other hand slid slowly up his other leg.

Raine shivered, licking his lips. "The... first time I fucked him, he'd been sleeping. We'd been making love for a long time, but I'd never... I'd never tried. But he's so gentle, so responsive and he just let me in, moaning and moving on me. Oh, Whit... Love..." He was breathing faster, words just low, needy whispers, secrets shared between lovers. Whit's eyes were shining up at him, a soft smile on red lips swollen from earlier kisses. His lover's hands were teasing the skin inside his thighs, occasionally brushing across his balls. "I didn't think anything could be better,

but... Oh, my Whit, then we found you and I can watch him wake, watch you make love with him, taste him in your mouth." He groaned, head falling forward, hands gripping the chair arms. Whit whimpered and bent, mouth surrounding his cock, eyes still gleaming, full of heat and happiness.

"Whit... Oh! Oh, love..." He pushed up, eyes locked on the pleasure in his lover's face. Whit went down on him slowly, tongue sliding over his cock, cheeks hollowing as Whit sucked hard.

"Silk. It's so hot, so perfect." Raine stretched, balls aching. "Love you."

Whit nodded, grinning around his shaft as the motion slid Whit's head up and down along his cock. Warm fingers slid along his balls, cupped them, rolled them. He started moving with Whit, fingers wanting to touch but not quite able to remember how to release the chair. Raine was burning, slow, deep, aching.

Whit released his cock long enough to murmur "You were telling me about our Sleeping Beauty," and then his cock was engulfed again, Whit taking him all in and swallowing around the tip of his cock before pulling back up and sucking on just the tip.

"Our... oh, our sweet Grey..." He closed his eyes, rocking up into that mouth. "His mouth is so... so gentle, so soft. He tastes young, innocent. I can't remember him when he was innocent, but those kisses, those first kisses, remind me he was once. It's heady."

He wasn't even sure if he was making sense, if Whit understood his passion-drugged rambling, but he kept talking, kept telling, kept wanting. Whit was humming around his cock now, pulling and sucking and humming, making his words sing.

"He makes me so hard and together you make me ache inside. Love you both so much. Want you. Oh... Whit. Love. Soon. I need... Oh, your eyes. Your beautiful eyes!" He came with a soft cry, spending himself into that sucking heat, head spinning.

Whit sucked him until the shudders had stopped and then his lover pulled away, smiling up at him. "I love you, too, Raine."

Raine reached out with one shaking hand. "Whit... Oh..."

Whit nuzzled into his hand, eyes closing, a soft humming sound of pleasure filling the space between them.

He leaned down, kissed the top of his lover's head, snuggling close for a moment, holding on until he heard Grey shift, snuffling softly. "Come on, Prince Charming, someone's waiting for us."

Whit's laughter was gentle and fond and full of love.



## CHAPTER TWO

He'd been sick all week -- not dying, but miserable and hot, aching and coughing, sniffing and wheezing.

His Grey had been... Grey. He'd been kept in bed, under the covers. Copious amounts of tea and toast, garlic chicken soup and orange juice had been poured into him. He'd been rocked and coddled, sponge bathed and held. His favorite movies played on the television and one evening he'd received a long, lovely massage.

His fever had broken on Wednesday, his sinuses had cleared by last night and he'd had a good day, finally feeling well and stable.

And his twin -- his growling, grumpy, worrying, overprotecting, overbearing, pain in the ass, beautiful twin -- and decided he still wasn't well enough to go out.

And it was Friday. Whit's Friday and Grey had gone to retrieve their lover and supper which was his job, his joy.

So he'd gotten up, taken a long, hot shower, straightened the loft -- not much, just a little bit. Enough for Grey to notice his rebellion, but not enough to make the tiredness he was feeling exhaustion -- and was sitting and reading on the sofa. Not in the bed.

The smell of chicken warned him they were coming, soft voices reaching him before the door opened and there was Whit, coming toward him, arms open wide. "Oh, you're up! Grey said you were still sick enough to be in bed."

He pushed into the embrace, meeting Grey's warning glare with a wide-eyed look of his own. "I'm much better. Grey's being silly. I missed you, my Whit."

He ignored Grey's rumble altogether.

Whit hugged him hard, pulling back to look into his face, hands moving over his cheeks and his

forehead. "You look tired," Whit told him softly.

He was given a soft kiss. "And I missed you, too. Both of you. The weeks seem so long."

"This week especially." He pressed close, ignoring Grey as his brother moved around, opening take out dishes and spooning them into plates. "I've been lonely for you."

He got another soft kiss, Whit moving him to the couch. "You've had Grey though." Whit gave his twin an admiring look. "We should all have one when we're sick." He was pushed onto the couch. "Or a Raine."

Raine laughed as he bounced, pulling Whit down atop him and hugging tight. "You have a Grey and a Raine, Whit, whenever you need one."

Whit kissed him hard. "I'm finding that I need one, well two really, more and more."

He melted, lips parting, hungry for the kiss. He needed, needed Whit's skin sliding against him, smooth and cool, needed these breathless kisses, needed to move and explore and feel sexy and sleek instead of scratchy and sick. Whit's fingers slid through his hair, over his cheeks, stroking gently as one kiss moved into another. Melting and happy, Raine purred, whispering how happy he was into Whit's lips, fingers sliding over Whit's stomach to tease open the fly.

Whit broke their kiss only long enough to look over at his twin. "Grey? I need a Raine and a Grey. "

Grey looked over, eyes shadowed and just a little haunted. Oh... Oh, his Grey. His Grey who had missed work and lunches and fun to pet and coddle and love. His Grey who loved him like no one else ever could. He nodded, holding out a hand. "Need you, my Grey. Not whole without you."

Grey made a soft noise and put down the bowl of rolls he held in those strong, sure hands, joining them. Whit beamed, one arm staying around him, the other going around Grey and their kisses were now between three. Raine reached out, cupped Grey's cheek as they kissed, offering apology in the touch and receiving forgiveness in the resulting nuzzle, evening the score between them yet again.

Whit's hands moved between them, their lover pushing up shirts and sweaters, fingertips sliding over skin. Grey moaned into his mouth and he added his own need and fed it to their Whit, bodies beginning to move, to rock together. Whit made a soft, sweet sound and pressed back against him and Grey, hands moving randomly.

Raine floated, warm and relaxed, cock full and throbbing. He loved this -- riding the waves of passion, feeling the build-up, the climb towards orgasm. Whit was making more of his sweet noises, fingers working on his button and zipper. Grey's fingers were hot against the small of his back, pushing up his spine. Whit finally got his pants open and warm fingers slid across the tip of his cock, teasing, spreading his pre-come.

His gasped, groaned, eyes flying open. "Oh... Please."

Whit smiled at him and then slid down onto the floor between his legs, tongue licking the tip of his cock, hand sliding down into his pants to cup his balls.

Grey's hand slid around his scalp, tilting his head for more of those toe-curling kisses. Whit tortured him with that warm, wet tongue, licking and taking his sweet time exploring. He parted his legs, fingers tangling in Whit's hair, wanting more. Whit hummed, lips circling his cock, sucking softly.

Grey's lips slid away as his heartbeat knelt behind Whit, pushing the opened jeans down, two fingers slicked with spit before disappearing. Whit gasped around his cock, taking him suddenly deep.

"You're going to fuck him, Grey? Make him come while he has me in his mouth, sucks me in deep?" He knew the answer, they all knew the answer, but the words set their Whit aflame.

"Yes, my Raine." It took very little for Grey's thick shaft to be exposed, slicked and rubbed against their lover.

Whit whimpered around his cock, hands sliding to his hips and holding on so tight. Raine stroked Whit's face, his neck, soothing him as Grey filled him, stretched him wide. Whit managed to nuzzle his hand, mouth working hard around his cock.

Grey draped over Whit's back, growling low. "Tell me when I can move."

Raine reached out, stroked over Grey's tattoo, moaning, waiting. Whit nodded, mouth moving along his cock.

Raine groaned in concert with Grey as they began to move together, all heat and wet and right. "Oh... oh, my Whit. Our Grey... so deep inside you."

Whit purred and moaned, the sound vibrating along his cock, the suction growing tighter. His hips started moving in time, his moans and words telling his lovers how good it was, how much he wanted them both. Whit was bobbing up and down on his cock, ass moving back to meet each of Grey's thrusts.

Grey's eyes met his, hot and needy, cheeks flushed. "Soon, Raine."

He nodded. "Yes. Yes, soon, Whit."

Whit whimpered around his cock, which he took to mean yes.

It made him grin, they made him happy, so full that he couldn't hold it and he came, his cry joining with Grey's low roar. The scent of Whit's come joined their pleasure.

Raine sighed, leaned back against the sofa. "Oh... Oh, my loves. I needed that."

Grey chuckled, nuzzling Whit's neck. "Hedonist."

Whit slowly pulled off his cock, nuzzling his belly. "And you're not, Grey?"

"Not at all." Grey's eyes gleamed, wicked, playful, warm. Whit chuckled, looking back at Grey, arm tugging him in for a kiss. Grey settled close, nuzzling his belly while taking Whit's lips, black hair tangling with brown. So beautiful, the way Whit melted into Grey, gave himself up.

He slid down, joining them, melding himself with them, loving them.

Whit purred, hands moving through their hair, eyes soft, happy. "Oh, I love you, my Grey, my Raine. It's been such a long week without you."

"Yes, but it's over now and we're all together." He stroked Grey's cheek, Whit's. "And we can play."

Whit beamed at him, their lover so happy. "Yes. Let's play."

"After supper." Grey's voice was warm, amused. "Raine needs to eat."

Raine started to protest, then just gave Grey a warm kiss. "Yes, dinner, then playing. So good to me, my Grey."

"I love you both," Whit told them, reaching for a plate.

"We love you, Whit." Grey handed Raine a cup of tea, even as Whit filled his plate.

They were taking care of him. Suddenly it didn't seem so restrictive after all.

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JULY

## CHAPTER ONE

It was Friday night.

Whit loved Friday nights.

Friday nights he would do his grading and get his lessons prepared for the following week of summer school and then, usually around ten o'clock, Raine would come pick him up and take him to the twins' loft.

On the Harley.

He loved the Harley. He loved the way it vibrated his ass and his balls and his cock. He loved the way he had to sit snuggled up close to Raine and hold him tight.

He was ready and waiting when the Harley pulled up.

Raine's knock was familiar and welcome and his lover was lounging against the doorframe, dressed in tight riding leathers. "Hey stranger."

Raine wore the same thing every Friday night and it never failed to make him hard.

"Hey," he answered softly, grabbing Raine's arm and pulling him in.

Raine grinned, pushing him up against the wall beside the door, hips pushing close. "How was your week, love?"

"Long..." He gave Raine quick kiss on his lips.

"Hard..." He kissed again.

"Mm..." Raine's hand cupped his balls. "Long and hard could be promising."

He gasped, pressing into the touch.

"Grey is heating massage oil for us, Whit, and there is chilled wine and baklava waiting." Raine nibbled against his lips, chuckling. "Roman bath night, lover."

"Complete with milk?" he asked with a grin, hands sliding over all that leather and cupping Raine's ass.

"Not tonight. Tonight is Grey in a tiny little loincloth slathering oil on all the skin he can reach." Raine giggled, hips pushing into his hands. "Then, when he's done, we get to touch him."

"Oh... that sounds good, Raine."

"Yes." Raine buried his fingers in Whit's hair, taking a long, deep kiss, sharing the flavors of berries and grapes and melon with him.

"Take me to him," he murmured when the kiss finally ended.

"Yes, lover. Come home with me." Raine grinned, the words familiar and full of sweet laughter.

"Are we going to take the long way?" he asked.

Sometimes Raine would drive them around until the vibrations and the rubbing made him come.

"Yes. Gonna drive until you come against my back. Then I'll bring you home, all loose and boneless and ready to play." He whimpered, knees all but giving out on him. "You bringing a bag, Whit? Or do you have enough at the loft to last you?"

"What? Oh. No. No bag." He blushed. "Everything I need's at the loft," he said softly.

"Soon everything we need will be too."

Oh...

Raine could make him come just with his words, too.

"Let's go," he said before he could embarrass himself by doing just that.

Raine nodded, leading the way out the door, leather-clad hips swaying just for his eyes. He moaned softly. He wanted to drag Raine back inside and fuck him in the hallway, take that ass and make it his own. But the Harley waited.

More importantly, Grey waited.

Raine was settled on the Harley by the time he had the door locked, the engine roaring to life underneath that sweet body. Dark eyes watched him walk down to the driveway, gaze clinging to every step. It kept him hard, made him conscious of every movement he made, made his steps flow. Nothing made him feel sexier than a pair of dark brown eyes watching him, unless it was two pair.

"Beautiful man. Come home so I can taste you like I need to." Raine revved the engine, eyes blazing at him. "Come home and you can fuck my mouth while Grey oils you down."

He nearly tripped over his own feet. Fuck, but Raine said the most amazing things. He swung his leg over the Harley and put on the helmet before pressing close, arms wrapping around Raine's waist and holding on tight. His cock was snug against Raine's ass, the vibrations of the bike making his balls ache, spine tingling.

Raine backed out of the driveway and drove them off, heading for the highway. They rode fast and steady, the vibrations constant. He closed his eyes, face buried in Raine's back, nose full of the scent of leather. His hands slowly moved down to hold the tops of Raine's thighs, his own hips moving slowly against Raine's ass. He couldn't hear Raine's moan, but he could feel it rumbling. He wrapped one arm back around Raine's waist, hugging the bike hard with his legs as he brought the other hand around and worked open his jeans.

He'd wanted to do this since the first time Raine had made him come on the bike. He moaned as the cool air hit his cock and then the warm, smooth rub of leather. Raine pressed backwards, the leather sliding over his cock. Grey had made love to him once fully dressed in leather, hands in



leather gloves, driving him crazy. The kiss of leather and wind against his cock was like that. He moved against Raine, breath catching in his throat at the feel of it. Raine pulled off the highway, bike slowing, the vibrations increasing. He took a sobbing breath, holding on tight as everything fell away but the sensation of leather and wind on his skin, the vibrations of the bike and the smell of leather and of Raine.

They stopped at a stoplight, the night quiet and dark. Raine started rocking against him, strong and steady, sliding that sweet ass over his cock.

"Oh, God." He held on tighter, fuck it was good.

"Close to home, lover. Come for me." Raine revved the engine, pushing back against him hard as they started off again. He cried out, coming hard.

Raine pulled into the garage, as he was still shuddering, riding the sweet aftershocks. He slid his hands from around Raine's waist down to his thighs and then back up to his groin, still rubbing his own cock against Raine's ass.

"Mm... you are temptation made flesh." Raine leaned back, hips pushing up into his hands.

He giggled and moved his hands back down to Raine's thighs. "I don't know if I should let you come... one of us has to be able to get the other one up the stairs."

"And someone is waiting all alone for us." The words didn't stop Raine's body from moving.

"We shouldn't keep him waiting any longer -- he's got the oil." He slid his hands up and down Raine's thighs.

"Mm... yes. And the wine and the bubble bath and the pastries and those hands."

"And those eyes... watching."

"Yes. And the weight of his need, hot and heavy." He turned Raine's head and kissed him, his other hand sliding teasingly over the bulge of Raine's cock straining against the leather pants.

"Whit..." Raine shifted, lips open and so hungry for him. Every Friday his lovers were aching for him, one melting and seductive, the other growling and aggressive.

His cock was hard again, sliding slickly against Raine's leathers. "I'll have to clean this for you," he murmured against Raine's mouth. Clean and work some cream into them, immerse himself in the scents of leather and Raine...

"Oh... yes." Raine shivered in his arms, tongue sliding against his. "Want you. So hard. He's waiting, lover. Waiting for us. You know he heard us."

"Then take me to him, Raine. What was it you said? All loose and boneless and ready to play."

Raine chuckled into his lips, then slid off the bike and out of his arms. The hard cock was outlined in the leather and those black eyes were sparkling. "Come on, then. Let's see if you're ready to play, my Whit. Catch me if you can."

He groaned. Catch Raine? He shook his head and tucked his cock back into his jeans, pulling up the zipper and then bounded up the stairs after his lover.

The stairs were dark and he ran smack into a hard body. His head was still swimming when he was spun and pressed against the wall. Lips covered his, hard and hot and insistent.

Grey.

Moaning, he wriggled his ass back against Grey, heart thumping with excitement. His pants were unfastened, pushed down with no ceremony, and fingers pushed into his body. He was finger fucked with steady strokes, forcing him higher and higher. He clawed at the wall, whimpering into the mouth that held his captive. So different from Raine, but just as necessary.

"Tell me what you need." The order was gruff, raw with need.

"You Grey, I need you." He pushed back, letting his urgency show.

"Yes." Grey's cock pushed inside him, strong and steady. Insistent. Hot. Hard. Grey.

He reached back with one arm, hand sliding over Grey's ass, pulling him closer, tighter. "Hard, Grey. Need to feel you."

"So deep you'll never forget."

With that, Grey's arms wrapped around him and held him tight as those strong hips started thrusting in fierce, bone-rattling motions. There was nothing to do but hold on and feel it.

It was like being on the motorcycle only in reverse -- with Raine he rode the motorcycle, with Grey he was ridden.

Grey's mouth fastened onto his shoulder, pulling hard as they moved together. He sobbed, body growing tight. In no time at all he was shuddering, so close to coming. Lips found his ear and a hot hand found his cock. "Missed you. Love Fridays."

The sound of the low, rough voice pushed him over the edge and he came with a sharp cry.

A few more desperate thrusts and heat filled him, Grey shuddering behind him. Soft, open-mouthed kisses dropped on his shoulders, his neck.

He was panting, soft shivers passing through him still, holding tightly onto Grey. They stood together, quiet and still, bodies melted into one another. Grey kept tasting him, holding him, steady heart beating against his back. "I missed you too, Grey. It seems like the weeks just keep getting longer and longer."

"Yes. I want you here." Grey's voice was serious, quiet, sure.

Whit stilled. Could Grey mean what he wanted Grey to mean? "I'm here now," he said quietly, cautiously.

"Yes." Grey kissed the soft hollow beneath his ear. "I want you here always."

"Are you..." Whit swallowed and did what he always did with the twins, spoke his heart. "Are you asking me to move in here? Full time?"

A second set of hands joined Grey's and Raine's voice sounded, speaking for them both. "That's what we're asking, Whit. You don't have to, you don't have to decide now. Grey and me, we've talked and... we love you, Whit. Come be with us. Be our family. Be our center."

He closed his eyes, body shaking, Grey still buried balls deep inside him. "Oh..." Reaching back, he grabbed their hands, managing to get one of Raine's and one of Grey's. "Yes. I want to be here with you, I want to belong with you. Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Good." Grey's forehead rested against him. "Good."

"Yes. Very good. Come home, you two. The stairs are draughty and the bathwater's warm."

"Home... I've thought of the loft as home for a while now. No." He shook his head suddenly.

"I've thought of the two of you as home."

"Yes. Our Whit. Our love. Our family." Grey's arms tightened around him again, holding so tight, the strong muscles trembling as he slipped out, and Raine's eyes were bright with tears as they worked their way upstairs.

It was warmer inside, candlelight flickering everywhere, shining in the dark eyes. He stopped as soon as the door was closed behind them, pulling Raine into the embrace he shared with Grey, holding his lovers, his twins, his Grey and Raine, close. The kiss was sweet and familiar and warm and right and so good. They surrounded him, held him, curled around him. Loved him.

They spent a long time kissing and then just pressing their foreheads together, breathing the same air. At length he whispered. "Let's go bathe, lovers. Let's wash away the rest of the world."

"Mmmmm... yes." Raine began to strip him as Grey's heat disappeared, his lover slinking silently through the room to pick something up off a low end table. His shirt came off, then his jeans and then Grey was back, pushing something metallic and smooth into his hand.

He recognized the bracelet right away, both his lovers wore one. This one was different. It had Grey and Raine's names on it.

"Oh..." He looked from one to the other and then back to the bracelet, biting his lip.

Grey held out his wrist, as did Raine, showing his name twice over, the etching still new enough to be bright.

"Oh..." He traced the letters, the tears he was fighting slowly filling his eyes. He held out his own wrist and held out the bracelet his with his other hand -- he wanted them to put it on him.

Grey took the chain, holding it as Raine fastened the clasp. The copper warmed quickly, heavy and right on his skin. Grey looked up at him, nodding. "Welcome home, Whit."

"Thank you." He slid the bracelet around his wrist, getting used to the feel of it, the weight of it. Then he grinned. "Come on, let's go have some fun."

They nodded at him, smiling as they meandered towards the bath, stopping for kisses and touches and long, happy strokes of acres of skin.

Finally they were in the bathroom. Whit loved it here. Grey settled in the huge copper tub, candles burning on every available surface. The steam and scent of herbs and flowers made the room seem otherworldly and magical. Whit let Raine get in next, facing Grey, room left for him in between them.

It was almost a ritual, one he'd learned to follow. The water was hot, silky and scented, the huge tub holding them perfectly.

He sat with his head against Raine's shoulder, feet sliding to either side of Grey. He wanted to see Grey: Raine would talk about how both twins were feeling, Grey wouldn't, so he wanted to see for himself.

Grey's hands moved immediately to his thighs, Raine's arms circled his waist. "Mm... you feel so good, lover. So good."

"You make me feel that way," he told them. "You make me feel like the center of the universe."

Dark eyes shone at him, fingers playing with his balls, as Raine gave a sweet, pleased noise against his neck.

"You see?" he murmured, body reacting predictably to the caresses. "Just like that."

"Our beautiful Whit." Raine suckled at his neck, lips hot. "You are our heart."

"No," he whispered, arching back into Raine. "I live in your heart."

Grey's fingers cupped his balls, pushing behind to massage the sensitive skin hidden there.

"Whit."

He made a soft sound, one that meant pleasure and please. Raine wrapped long fingers around his cock, pumping slowly in the oiled water, moving with the slow, steady rhythm of Grey's breath. He lay there and let them love him, knowing, having come to know, that they took pleasure in doing this, in making him feel so, so good.

"Do you feel it, my Grey? How relaxed he is? How his body knows he's home and loved and needed?"

"Yes."

"So hard for us. So happy. Our Whit."

Grey's lips brushed over his hand on the lip of the tub. "Ours."

"Yours," he agreed, adding his voice to theirs, the tiles in the room echoing the sounds, building them into a soft song.

Magic. Being here, loving these men, being touched and needed and stroked, it was utter magic.

He was floating, buoyed by the water and their touch, and by their love. Grey's fingers slid, slick and smooth, into his body as Raine slipped one finger over the slit of his cock, teasing him. He whimpered, hands sliding to Raine's legs, holding on as he rode Grey's fingers. When the long fingers found his gland he cried out, arching and pushing, searching for more.

"Oh, yes. Grey, touch him there again, my love. Make him scream for me, make him need."

Raine's voice was almost harsh, broken and hungry, hard cock insistent against the small of his back.

Grey nodded, dark head bending to fasten sharp teeth over one of his nipples as his gland was nudged again and again. He slid one hand into Grey's hair, fingers tangling in the black silk strands. He kept hold of Raine's leg with the other. He needed that, needed to touch them both as they touched him.

His eyes closed as they sent him flying.

Raine was moving with him, gasping and tugging and thrusting and moaning. All the while Grey's fingers pushed him, teeth sending bright sparks up his spine. He didn't want it to ever end, but as always, it was too much, too good, and with a cry, he came.

"Beautiful man. Beautiful Whit. Oh, Grey!" Raine's voice filled the room, a hawk's cry as he shuddered against his back. It was like his own climax was extended, Raine's shudders and heat almost his own.

Grey's lips covered his, hot and insistent, eyes flashing.

He opened his mouth with a moan, spreading his legs wider, waiting and wanting Grey's heat to fill him.

"Whit. Want you." Grey's cock nudged at his balls, teeth nipping at his bottom lip.

He nodded. "Yes."

Opening his mouth wide, he pulled Grey back in for another long kiss. Heat filled him, pushing deep as Grey's tongue thrust into his mouth.

Grey pushed him back against Raine, sandwiching him in between the two of them. He was filled and surrounded by them. Raine's fingers found his nipples, mouth fastening around his shoulder with a cry. There was no way he could get it up again. No way. He'd come three times already. Grey's thrusts pegged his gland over and over again and he groaned, body starting to shake as his cock proved that oh yeah, with these two, anything was possible.

His twins moved against him, water splashing, bodies sliding and needy and oh... Raine's hands found his cock, tugging and petting and bringing it back to life. His hands slid over Grey's water and oil slicked skin, cries leaving him as they all rocked together.

"Coming. Whit. Our Whit. Our love. Our home. Whit!" Raine's voice whispered, ached, rang in his ears. Grey's low growl answered, eyes wild and needy.

He nodded. "Oh yes. Please." Together, let them come altogether this time.

The motions rose to a fever pitch, heat climbing higher and higher, desperation visible in the curve of Grey's spine. His own body grew taut against Raine and he shook so hard, fingers digging into the skin of Grey's back. Heat filled him, splashed against him, two voices filling the air with cries.

His own joined them as his cock throbbed.

Gasping, limp and boneless, he lay against Raine, holding Grey close. His twins purred around him, floating and lazy, periodically, someone's hand would touch his bracelet, bump it.

It felt solid but not heavy. Good. And it meant he really was theirs.

It made him smile.

The heartbeats cradled him between them, though. Those meant he was home.



## CHAPTER TWO

It wasn't so hard getting up out of their bed Monday morning. It wasn't so hard leaning over and giving them each a soft kiss and then heading to the shower to start getting ready for work.

It wasn't so hard because this morning he wasn't just getting out of their bed; he was getting out of his bed too. He lived here now. He was really a part of them now. Not that he hadn't been last week or the week before that, but now it was official. Now they'd acknowledged it. All of them had voiced that truth.

He stepped into the shower, hot spray waking him slowly, hitting his face and his chest and his stomach and his thighs and his cock. It felt good, sensuous, and for a while he just enjoyed it, let it make him hard. Then he wrapped his hand around his cock.

The copper bracelet slid down his wrist to land heavily at the top of his hand. He was hyperaware of each shift that it made as he pumped his cock. His bracelet. Their bracelet on his wrist. Proof of the truth of his place in their life.

He was so focused on the way the bracelet moved on him that his own orgasm almost took him by surprise, starting in his balls and shooting up and out through his cock.

The evidence of his pleasure disappeared quickly, washed away by the flow of water.

The evidence of his love and belonging, of his place, remained, solid and real and beautiful around his wrist.

## CHAPTER THREE

"I want to get the upstairs dusted, Grey. The new bookshelves are here and there's nowhere to put them until the dust is gone." Raine bounced happily. Whit was coming with more boxes soon, and they'd been saving the upstairs office as a surprise.

So exciting.

Grey grunted, moving the heavy wardrobe against the wall, the piece complementing their furniture perfectly, tucking Whit into their home, their life.

"And there are no curtains up there, Grey. There should be curtains. Did you move the desk up there? And the nice chair, the one that matches his eyes? Is that one up there?"

"Yes, Raine."

"And the boxes of books? Are they up there too?"

"Yes, Raine."

"Don't forget we have to dust, Grey."

"Raine."

He looked over at his Grey, red-faced and sweating, breathing hard, frustration and exhaustion written in the familiar face. "Yes, Grey?"

"Relax."

"Yes, Grey."

He grabbed the dust rag and hurried up the stairs, stroking the beautiful banister. Whit was going to love this new room. Whit's room. He dusted furiously and then vacuumed, calling down as

soon as he was done. "Bring the bookshelves up, Grey? I'm done!"

Grey's sigh was long-suffering and Raine made a mental note to offer his twin a backrub tonight. Sweet Grey, moving the heavy furniture. So good to him. "Yes, Raine."

The bookcase was barely in place when the doorbell rang, Whit still not using his key.

"I'll go stall him downstairs. You bring the last bookcase and then it'll be done." He kissed Grey's nose and ran down to meet their lover.

Whit had two boxes in his arms and another four around his feet. "This is the last of them, Raine."

"Have you found someone to lease the house?" He bent and picked up two of the boxes, putting them inside the outer door and then grabbing the final two. "You know, this is your home. You don't have to knock."

"Yeah, we signed the papers this morning -- they've got the key and everything." Whit was standing just inside the door, boxes still in his arms, looking just a little lost. "And I know I don't have to knock, I just..." Whit shrugged. "It's new."

He smiled and leaned in for a long, soft kiss. "I know. You know we love you, right? We would have come to you, if you'd wanted."

Whit's lips clung to his and then pressed close for another, longer kiss. "I love you, too, Raine. You and Grey. And I can't imagine you two living anywhere else, especially my little house. It was nice but it wasn't mine the way this place is yours. You know?"

"Ours. This place is ours." They shared yet another kiss, Raine losing himself in the milk and honey sweetness of their lover. Oh, he loved this man -- loved his lips, his eyes, his mind. "Come home, Whit. Grey's waiting."

"Don't want to make Grey wait," Whit said with a soft grin. "Where do you want these? Those four should get stacked with the book boxes in the other room, these two are my blankets and pillows, my sweats, toothbrush and bathroom stuff -- the everyday stuff, you know?"

"The everyday stuff can go wherever you'd like. Grey bought that dark wardrobe for you and there's a cabinet in the bathroom cleared off for you." He was bouncing again. He knew the office would make Whit understand that this was home now. He knew it. "But for right now, help me carry these books upstairs? Get them out of the way?"

"Yeah, okay." Whit put the everyday boxes down and picked up two of the remaining four. "They're heavier than they look."

Raine nodded and picked up the other two. "Books always are. Grey, lover, Whit's home!"

Grey's voice floated down, warm and welcoming. "Tell him to come on up. Those books will fit up here."

Whit smiled over at him and then led the way upstairs.

He followed closely, wanting to see Whit's face when he saw the new office. He and Grey had painted the large, open room a soft blue, added a huge desk for Whit's computer, bookshelves along the walls, a tiny stereo system, and then the photographs. Beautiful images of Whit and Raine making love. One of Grey leaning against Whit in the kitchen. One of the three of them, curled together on the sofa. Some of the little, personal pieces of Whit's were there too, scattered about on tiny shelves and niches.

It was a beautiful space. Perfect for their center.

"Oh..." Whit stopped just inside the doorway, slowly turning around, boxes forgotten in his arms. "Oh Raine... Grey... it's beautiful."

"It's yours." Grey took the boxes from Whit's hands and kissed their lover gently. "Your office."

"Oh..." Whit slid his hand along Grey's cheek and then walked over to the first of the photographs. It was the first time he'd seen them and judging by his expression, he liked them a lot. "It's so beautiful. These are so ... you make magic, Grey."

Grey blushed and came over to take the boxes from him and Raine thanked his beloved with a

soft kiss. "He does, doesn't he? Such beautiful work."

Whit nodded turning again, taking in the whole room. "This is..." Whit's arm spread, indicating the whole room. "Thank you. So very much."

"Welcome home, our Whit!" Raine moved into those open arms, taking a long, happy kiss. Pleasure filled him, down to his toes, making him hard and hungry. "Our Grey did the hard work. I dusted."

Whit laughed softly, eyes shining with happiness.

They all stood together, quiet and still, looking at each other with matching expressions of joy, pleasure, and hope.

Finally Grey nodded. "Pizza for dinner. Then lazing. I'm tired."

Whit gave Grey a warm kiss. "I need to give you a proper thank you for all this. After pizza -- instead of lazing?"

Grey answered Whit with a soft, purring sound. "Instead of lazing?"

Raine laughed softly and moved into their embrace, the scent of earth and wind strong between his loves.

"Yes, instead of lazing." Whit rubbed noses with them both. "Maybe you have some oil -- something that smells nice. And Raine and I could make you feel... not tired."

"Oh... I like that. Peppermint oil. Raine found it downtown."

Raine kissed Grey, then Whit. Then Grey again. "Come downstairs, my loves. The sofa is soft and warm."

Whit took his hand and Grey's. "Lead the way, Raine. I'm ready to relax in my new home."

They wandered downstairs, curling together on the big sofa. He reached for the phone while

Whit tugged at Grey's t-shirt. Grey was already resting in his lap, cheek rubbing against his stomach.

Whit pushed the t-shirt up as far as he could, nuzzling at Grey's flat belly, murmuring, purring, soft happy noises.

He reached down and pulled Grey's shirt the rest of the way off. "Yours, too, my beautiful Whit. I want to touch your skin, taste you both."

The phone was set aside with a thump. The pizza could wait.

Whit pulled off his shirt and went back to nuzzling Grey's belly, sweet tongue sliding into Grey's navel.

Grey nudged him gently, dark eyes flashing. "Yours too."

He smiled, tracing the lines of his beloved's face. "Yes, my sweet Grey. Yes." He pulled his own t-shirt off, gasping as Grey's lips immediately brushed against his belly. One of Whit's hands slid up over his ribs, stroking gently.

He leaned over for a kiss, lost in Whit's eyes. "Love you, Whit. So glad you're home. Needed you here, love."

"Yes, Raine. I belong here." Whit's eyes were warm and soft and full of him and Grey.

Grey nodded against his belly and he grinned. "Yes, Whit. Here, with your lovers, with your heart."

"I want to climb into the two of you and never come out."

"You are ours, Whit. Ours." He took another kiss and another, groaning as Grey's fingers unfastened his jeans and lips brushed the shaft of his cock.

Whit's hand slid down his chest and played with the base of his cock, fingers stroking up along it occasionally to tease along the places where Grey's mouth met his skin.

"Even when I can't see it with my eyes you two are beautiful together," Whit whispered into his mouth.

"Oh, Whit. Love you." He pushed into Whit's mouth with a sob as Grey shifted, mouth dropping over his cock. One of Whit's fingers was caught inside Grey's mouth, tight against the side of his cock. His hips shifted, pressing up into Grey's mouth. His head was filled with his lovers, his men, his family.

Whit's mouth left his, traveling down his neck, tongue teasing his skin.

"Whit... love." He leaned back, hand sliding down Whit's back, the other petting Grey's head.

"Tell me," Whit asked, words whispering over his nipple. "How does his mouth feel? Talk to me, Raine."

"Hot. Oh, Whit. His tongue is the softest thing I know, so gentle, so warm. He makes me ache inside. Can... oh, my Grey, my love, I can feel you pulling me inside. Deep inside." He gasped as his words made Grey moan.

Whit was moaning, too, the sound vibrating against his nipple. Whit started pulling on his skin, tugging him between soft lips.

"Oh! Whit! Grey! So good. You make me ache, make me need. My loves. My loves." He was babbling, purring and moving against his men's bodies.

It was Whit's hands that slid down and finished the job of tugging off his jeans. Whit's fingers were so warm as they slid beneath his buttocks, pulling him up, pulling his cock deeper into Grey's mouth.

"Oh..." Grey swallowed hard and he came with a sob, breath catching in his chest.

Whit's mouth closed over his again, stealing that breath from him and then feeding it back to him, colored with the taste of his lover. "So beautiful," Whit whispered.

"Feels so good, my Whit." He reached down, stroked Grey's hair. "My Grey."

Whit gave him another kiss and then moved, going back to nuzzling Grey's stomach. Grey settled into his lap, moaning softly as Whit tasted the ripples in that beautiful belly.

"He likes that Whit. He looks so peaceful, so happy."

Whit chuckled against Grey's skin, the sound sending more ripples through the muscles. "I'm not sure peaceful is quite what I was hoping for..."

"No? He does, though. He looks like he's happy right where he is. Content. In love."

Grey's cheeks heated, eyes closed. Whit smiled up at him and then started to lick at Grey's belly some more, hips rubbing against Grey's leg. "In love is good. Happy is good."

Whit's mouth moved down, teasing along the waistband of Grey's pants. "What about aroused? Does he look like he wants me, Raine?"

"Always, Whit. Our Grey longs for your touch." It was true, too. His Grey, his ground, his heartbeat, had fallen in love. It was beautiful and rich, wrapping them all together in webs of silk.

Whit moaned softly, tongue making the skin near Grey's waistband shine. He could see Whit's fingers trying to undo the button of Grey's pants. He reached down with the ease of years of practice and popped the button, running his hands back up Grey's skin that was so much cooler than his own, softer.

Whit gasped and his open mouth closed over the tip of Grey's cock.

"Oh, Whit, you should see him. Lips open, lost in your mouth..." Grey was moaning, body rocking slow and easy into Whit's mouth.

Brown eyes looked up at him, glittering. One of Whit's hands slid along his thigh, the other found one of Grey's nipples. Grey reached up, tugging on his pierced nipple, completing their circle of pleasure. It was Whit's voice that called out, brown eyes fastened on him.



He gasped as Grey pulled again, Whit's eyes flashing. "Need... need to get yours done, Whit. You could feel... feel this."

Whit whimpered around Grey's cock and started to hump against Grey's legs, hand opening and closing on his thigh.

"Oh... that makes him hot, my Grey. The thought of your ring piercing him, buried in his flesh."

"Yes. Beautiful." Grey growled low, pushing into Whit's mouth.

Whit's head started to bob up and down, his eyes dropping closed as he worked Grey's cock hard.

"Whit." Grey groaned, neck arching, shudders rocking the long body.

It was beautiful, so sweet. So right. Them. Together. Whit made a sound, soft and rumbling around Grey's cock, his fingers plucking at Grey's nipple.

Grey groaned and Raine smiled, fingers moving alongside Whit's. "Maybe one for you too, Grey? A barbell for this sweet nipple?"

Whit gasped, mouth going slack as he called out, ass moving up and down quickly as he rubbed frantically against Grey's legs.

Grey jerked, coming with a groan, seed spilling from the corner of Whit's lips. Whit sucked a moment longer and then let Grey slip from his mouth, lapping and cleaning Grey's cock with his tongue, body otherwise boneless and lax against Grey.

Raine sighed, happy and sated, stroking Whit and Grey slow and easy, petting them both. "I love you."

"Yes," Whit said softly, resting his head against Grey's belly. "I love you."

Grey's kiss was soft. "So good. Welcome home, Whit."

A soft shudder went through Whit, his eyes closing for a moment. When they opened again they were bright with unshed tears. "Home."

"Yes, my love. Home."

He held on tight. His Grey was home. His Whit was home. He was home.

Bookshelves and dusting and wardrobes and their own spaces, that was good. This... the three of them wrapped up together, this was everything.

Their everything.

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AUGUST

## CHAPTER ONE

He stretched out on the bed and unzipped his fly, wrapping one hand around his aching cock and pulling in a strong, steady rhythm guaranteed to get him off.

Thank God for lunch hours.

Raine was usually ready and willing to come upstairs for a lunchtime quickie -- hell, it happened four or five times a week. Not today, though. Today his twin had a lunch appointment and he was at loose ends, left high and dry, so to speak.

Raine would have to pay for that, of course. Tonight. They needed to test out the new wrist restraints they'd had delivered anyway, but right now? Right now Grey just needed a nice orgasm.

Or two.

He pushed his pants farther down, kicking them off.

There was a noise, it sounded maybe like the stairs and then the loud thump of books and paper hitting the floor. "Oh!"

The gasp was unmistakably Whit's, the man himself standing, open-mouthed and red-cheeked, at the foot of the stairs to his office.

"Oh. Hey, love." Grey's voice was already lower, harsh. He couldn't help it, he was so hard.

"Didn't know you were home."

His hand never stopped moving, hips rocking steadily.

"Summer hours. Wanted to make sure my key worked and to pick up some stuff I...", Whit answered faintly, eyes glued to his cock. Whit licked his lips. "You need any help with that?"

He nodded, thighs parting, offering Whit a good, long look. "You interested?"

Whit whimpered and came forward, half tripping over the books he'd dropped, but not letting that slow him down. "God, you're gorgeous."

Grey rumbled, bending his knees and spreading them wide, exposing more. Wanting more. Needing more. "Whit."

Whit came to stand at the bottom of the bed, eyes hot and hungry. "Do you want me, Grey?"

"Yes." He was getting closer now, hips starting to jerk, cock leaking, making his hand slick.

"Show me," whispered Whit, the color in his cheeks high. "Show me how much you want me."

Grey nodded, sucked two fingers into his mouth and pulled in time with the tugs of his hand. As Whit watched, he wet both digits thoroughly and then traced a long line down his stomach. He slid his fingers behind his balls, pushing deep into his body, letting Whit see everything.

"Oh, God." Whit's hands went to his belt, pulling it off with little finesse, just as quickly as he could. Button and zipper were next and then the pants were pulled down, kicked off.

Oh, yeah. God, Whit looked good. Hard. Just as needy and wanting as he was. "Hurry."

Whit didn't bother with the buttons on his shirt; just pulling the material over his head instead and then his lover was climbing onto the bed, eyes intent.

"So fucking sexy. Love you." Both his hands were moving, pushing and pulling and sending pleasure everywhere. "Whit."

Whit's eyes met his for a moment. "Love you, too, Grey."

Smiling, Whit looked back down. Fingers traced his ass, moved along his own fingers as they

slid in and out of his body. Then one of Whit's slid in alongside his own.

He jerked, lips parting on a gasping groan, entire body convulsing. "Yes."

"Yes," Whit agreed quietly, finger moving with his own, finding his rhythm. Whit's other hand slid along his balls and then up, fingers twining with his own as he worked his cock.

"Oh..." It was perfect. It was sweet and hot and too fucking much to contain and he came with a sob that was meant to be Whit's name.

When he came back to himself it was to feel Whit's tongue lapping at his belly, their fingers still inside his body.

The sensation was enough to make his cock throb, make him moan. Oh, he loved this man.

Grey reached out, stroked Whit's hair as his hips began to rock again, riding their fingers.

Whit looked up at him, eyes shinning as the warm tongue continued to slide over his skin. Once his belly was cleaned, Whit moved on to his cock, making a thorough job of it.

"Oh... Whit..." He was shivering, gasping for air. "Good."

He could feel Whit's smile against his skin and then, just as that sweet tongue slid across his slit, Whit added another finger to the three pushing inside him.

His cry, hoarse and raw, echoed through the room, his body arched with sensation.

"Wait for me," murmured Whit, the words soft and warm against his skin.

Grey whimpered, lost in his lover, lost in pleasure. "'Kay. Oh, shit. Whit. So fucking hot."

"Yes, you are, my love." Whit's fingers slid from his body, grabbed his hand and pulled his fingers out as well. "Ready for me, Grey?"

He nodded, eyes feeling like coals burning in his head. "Please."

Whit knelt between his legs, eyes on his as heat nudged at his opening.

Grey lifted his knees, holding himself open. "Please, Whit."

"Yes, my love." Whit pressed inside him, slow and sure, steady.

He sighed, groaning, pressing down against that sweet cock, desperation easing at the heat and stretch and pleasure. "Good."

"Oh, Grey. Yes. Good." Whit was whimpering, babbling, pushing and pushing and then in and still whimpering.

"Beautiful. More. Need you." He grabbed his knees, clenched his ass around Whit's cock and squeezed.

Whit's eyes closed, his hips shoving forward, pressing that sweet cock even deeper. Eyes opening slowly, Whit gazed down at him. "I love you."

Then Whit began to fuck him.

Grey's world dimmed, narrowing to Whit's cock slamming him deep, pleasure rocking him, making him buck and sob and arch. He reached out, hands sliding over smooth skin, utterly undone. Whit's mouth caught his fingers, sucked them in.

"Whit. Close, so close."

Whit didn't answer him, just moved harder, faster, teeth biting the tips of his fingers. Those strong teeth scraped along the pad of his index finger, leaving a burn, and he came, seed spraying over his belly. Whit continued to push into him, moving gracelessly before crying out and shooting deep inside him.

He wrapped his legs around Whit's waist, tugging his lover down into his arms and holding on, breathing in the smell of them, all wrapped together. Whit was breathing hard, hands sliding over his skin.

"Thank you." He nuzzled, moaning softly. "So good."

"No, thank you, Grey. Thank you." A soft kiss slid over his skin.

"You home all afternoon?" They could nap, rest, bathe, then start again when their Raine came home.

"I am. Is the store closed for the day?" He could hear the grin in his lover's voice.

"It is now." He grabbed the blankets, covering them both. "Sleep with me, love."

"Only if we can do that again when we wake up."

"Yes. God, yes." He took a long kiss, settling into the pillows. "Love you."

Whit curled close. "I love you, too, Grey. So very much."

He nodded, sinking into dreams, completely sated. They would sleep and dream and then they would play again. Love again. Come again.

## CHAPTER TWO

He was bent over the sofa back buried balls deep into Raine when Whit walked in, hands wrapped around dark wrists, mouth fastened on the soft nape of his twins neck as they made love.

Whit's briefcase hit the floor with a thud.

"You two are slowly fulfilling every one of my fantasies," Whit said faintly, hand sliding across the front of his pants.

"Wel...welcome home, Whit." Raine's voice was hungry, sharp-edged and Grey slammed in deep, keeping his heartbeat focused on what he was doing to that fine ass. "Grey! There!"

Better.

Whit undressed slowly, moaning and whimpering as if he were the one being fucked. Finally naked, Whit leaned against the wall and began to stroke himself, eyes hot, like a caress, over their skin.

Grey smiled over at him, rising up a little to peg Raine's gland again and again, pushing them hard and fast. "Hey."

Whit just whimpered, hand moving faster on his cock, finding their rhythm. He watched one lover, fucked the other, rumbling as they all tumbled toward climax. Raine's head lifted and his twin cried out, jerking on his cock, coming hard. Whit was right behind Raine, gasping, eyes widening as he spurted into the air.

The combined scent of their come sent him flying, grunting as he filled Raine with his seed. "Welcome home."

"Yes, our Whit." Raine looked over, cheeks flushed. "Welcome home."



Whit stayed where he was, blinking over at them, a stunned, blissful smile on his face. "I am, aren't I? Home I mean. Here with the two of you making all my fantasies come true."

"You are." Grey grinned, slowing straightening up, still buried in Raine's tight ass. "We are."

"The two of you are so beautiful together. You make me so hard -- make me stay that way." Whit started stroking his cock again.

Raine moaned softly, bucking and rubbing back against him. He pushed back, then pulled out of Raine's heat. "Bathtub. Together. There are bubbles."

Raine chuckled. "Fantasy Number Eight, right?"

Whit nodded, coming toward them, eyes hot and half glazed.

They shared a kiss, then moved towards the bathroom, leaving briefcases and phones and doorbells and stores and reality behind, each in search of a good fantasy.

## CHAPTER THREE

Whit wrapped up his paperwork and put the test into his bag along with the rest of the stuff he needed to bring in to school tomorrow to get ready for the new year. He slid his hands along the edge of the desk, smiling at the smoothness. It was as beautiful as everything else in this room. The twins couldn't have made him more welcome.

Even though it had been weeks, it still seemed strange, to be here with them on a weeknight. Not because it was a special day, but because he lived here now.

He lived here now.

It bore repeating. Aloud.

"I live here now."

"Yes." Grey stood, quiet and still at the top of the stairs, eyes warm and heavy upon him. "Raine wants to know if you want to go out for dinner or order in."

"Oh! Grey!" He smiled and got up, going over to his lover. "I don't want to go out -- not yet -- it's too new, being here."

Grey opened his arms, moving to press their lips together in a sweet, coffee and cream-flavored kiss. "I like you here. Weekday kisses."

"Yes." He took another kiss, letting his hands stroke along Grey's sides. "I like being here."

Grey started unbuttoning his shirt, fingers tracing around his nipples. "Thought about you today. Had to close the store, come up to our bed."

He gasped, pushing into Grey's touches. "You... you were thinking of me while..."

"I was. In our bed. I wanted." Grey nibbled along his jaw, silky black hair sliding over him.

"And you closed the store just to..." It made his knees wobbly, thinking of it.

"Yes. I needed." Fingers brushed against the tips of his nipples.

He whimpered, shivering as his body tightened. "What did you... imagine?"

"You, hard in our bed, cock trapped in tight leather. Jewels on your nipples, plug deep inside you. Raine sucking you, trying to make you come while I shot you, captured you."

"Oh, God!" He shuddered again, cock pushing against his jeans, straining against the denim.

"Tell me more," he begged, Grey's voice so good, like a shock of pleasure along his skin.

Grey's lips were hot against his skin, then hands removed his shirt, heat blazing against his back.

"Oh, is Grey telling us a story, sweet Whit?"

"Oh, Raine!" He was cradled between them, moving between them. "Yes. Such a sexy story, too."

"Oh... tell us, my Grey. Tell us your story." Raine's hands slid around his waist, working open his slacks.

"You... you were moaning, Whit. Every move pulled your nipples, made you harder, hungrier. Raine bent over you, sucking hard, fast. Deep."

He was shaking now, body reacting to Grey's words, to his mouth, and to Raine's hands, sliding over his body, wrapping around his cock. Grey took his lips in a hard kiss, tongue pushing deep. He cried out, pleasure snapping through him, making him come. Grey groaned, kiss deepening, fingers sliding down to twine with Raine's so many fingers sliding slick over him.

He didn't even have time to grow soft -- they were keeping him hard, bringing him back up to a peak just like that.

Someone's fingers pushed into their kiss, his come flavoring everything. Grey's moan was deep,

tongue sliding and tasting. Feeding. It was the sexiest thing he'd ever been involved in -- and they were all still more or less dressed. He sucked hard at the fingers in his mouth, tongue moving with Grey's.

Raine's mouth slid down his spine, pushing his slacks down and off, tongue tickling at the top of his cleft. Oh god -- he was definitely less dressed now. Whimpering, he pushed back, searching for more contact. Grey swallowed his noises, Raine's tongue pushing against him, opening him, pressing into him.

He held on tight to Grey's shoulders, spreading his legs for Raine. If they didn't tumble down the stairs, it was going to be a miracle. Grey's hands moved to his hips, spreading his ass for Raine's tongue. "Beautiful Whit."

He could only gasp in response, Raine's tongue making him shiver and shake.

Together, they sent him flying. Raine's tongue and Grey's tongue and their hands -- Oh, God. He felt like he was going to shatter into a million pieces.

Raine pushed into him again and then stood, hard cock nudging his hole. "Let me in, Whit? Want to feel you all around me."

"Oh, Raine..." He nodded, pushing back.

They were standing. In the stairway. Fucking. It seemed naughty and sexy and desperately needy. It was wonderful. Grey's cock rubbed against his, the strong body keeping him upright and close.

"Hold him for me, Grey." With that, Raine pushed inside, slow and steady. "Oh, Whit. Hot..."

He was breathless and trembling, hands sliding up to hold Grey's shoulders. "God, Raine... so good."

"Yes. So tight. So hot. So good, Whit." Raine's voice was husky, unfocused. "Oh, my Grey... he's squeezing my cock, I can feel him everywhere. Feel everything."

He loved that, loved the way Raine would be making love to him with his body and making love to Grey with his voice, telling Grey everything Raine was doing to him.

Grey whimpered, licking his lips. Grey was beginning to move against him faster, matching Raine's rhythm.

"Like being wrapped in silk, Grey. Like being held inside love."

"I love you, Raine. I love you, Grey." He managed to say the words, breathless and shaking as he was. The only thing holding him together was Grey's hands and Grey's eyes and Grey's lips and Raine's words.

"We love you, Whit." Two husky, need-laced voices answered him, one tenor, one bass.

With a soft sob, he came, body tightening on Raine's cock. Grey's seed splashed against his belly a split second before Raine cried out and pumped heat into him.

He leaned heavily against Grey, panting and trying to catch his breath. His legs were shaking, ready to give out at any moment.

"Need to put a sofa up here, Grey."

Grey grinned against him. "Yes, Raine."

"Can it wait until tomorrow, Raine?" he asked, teasing.

"I suppose." Raine's voice was warm, the pout almost completely false.

He laughed, clinging to Grey's shoulders. "I do need to sit though. Or lie down. You two have made pudding out of me."

"Downstairs. Shower. Then Thai for supper. Then we do it again." Grey kissed his nose, eyes warm and shining.

"Maybe we can make your fantasy come true," he suggested quietly. He could feel the blood

warming his cheeks.

"Mm... I would like that."

Raine purred, hot and silky against his back. "Do you have film, my sweet Grey?"

"Yes, Raine."

He blushed harder, but he met Grey's eyes, excitement flaring at the look in the dark eyes.

"My Whit. It will be beautiful. Come and shower." Grey drew them downstairs, down towards the shower and the big bed and the magic they all made together.

He was home.

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SEPTEMBER

## CHAPTER ONE

Whit was cooking dinner. He'd moved in with Grey and Raine over a month ago and he'd let Raine take care of all their meals, even after he'd promised them, and himself, that he would do his share around the place. No one had said anything, neither Grey nor Raine seemed particularly bothered by his lack of assistance in the kitchen, but he felt bad about it.

He'd gone shopping earlier and picked up fresh meat and vegetables and a nice crusty loaf of bread and then he'd come home and shooed Raine out of the kitchen so that he could make a special dinner.

That was three hours ago.

He'd used every pot in the place, he was covered from head to toe with half the ingredients, but a beautifully cooked roast with Yorkshire pudding and fresh vegetables and English trifle were all but served up.

He, on the other hand was hot and bothered and wishing he'd just let Raine take care of supper one of the two times the twin had popped his head in to the kitchen and offered. Neither time had been unprovoked, and Whit had been very, very apologetic about the serving platter, especially when he'd learned it was an antique.

Grabbing the plates, he headed out into the main room, intent on setting the table and hoping he didn't look too bad. He came out to two beautiful, naked men laughing -- Raine putting plates on the table, Grey lighting candles. They were both half-hard, both beautiful, both with their hair loose and their skin shining.

Oh...

He very nearly dropped the plates. Instead he clutched them tightly and just watched the twins, his twins, move, still amazed and grateful that he was a part of their lives.

They were teasing each other. Grey wanted them all three on one side of the long table, whereas Raine wanted them grouped on one end. The plates slid, flatware following just behind as soft kisses and tempting touches were used to try and sway the argument.

"I could dish up in the kitchen and we could eat on the floor in front of the fire," he suggested softly when watching for much longer was threatening to make the inside of his jeans as messy as the outside.

"Whit! It smells delectable! Oh, that sounds perfect!" Raine hurried over to free his hands, handing the plates to Grey with a mischievous grin, and then took a kiss. "I hope you don't mind us making this a dress-optional dinner."

With his twins, many dinners were dress-optional.

"I only mind that I'm overdressed." He began to undo his buttons. Four hands worked to help, Grey pulled him in for a long kiss as Raine dropped before him, nuzzling his cock as his jeans were removed.

He moaned into Grey's mouth, cock going from interested to wanting in seconds. Grey's tongue pushed deep in his mouth, tasting him with a groan, hand hard on his neck. He felt as if he were being devoured, Raine's mouth finding his cock added to that sensation. It wouldn't be the first time he was the appetizer to one of their meals. Raine moaned around his cock, hands hard on his hips. One of Grey's fingers, having had slid into Raine's mouth, brushed along his crease, warm and wet.

Those warm, deep, dark eyes were so hungry, so focused.

He shuddered and pressed back against Grey's finger before pushing forward into Raine's mouth.

"Yes." Grey mouthed the word against his lips as Raine whimpered against his cock. "Good."

He nodded. Oh, yes. It was good, it was so very good. Grey and Raine made him feel so much. Grey's tongue pressed deep again as Raine's mouth began to move, sucking hard, hands rolling his balls, fingers pressing deep.



His hands slid through hair, one hand per twin. He always intended to reciprocate and the two of them always conspired to make him forget his own name, let alone how to touch back.

The touch of his hand earned him two moans -- one high, one low, both happy and needy. He pushed his fingers through their hair, loving the feeling of the silk; it was two extra caresses to his own skin.

Grey purred into his mouth, fingers sliding over his face. "Love you."

"Yes," he murmured, hips moving him between the sensations of sucking and penetration.

One finger became two, suction became deep-throating pulls, his twins sending him higher and higher. He gasped and whimpered, soft moans pulled from him as they moved together. Grey's lips wrapped around his tongue, pulling in time with the pulls of Raine's sweet lips on his cock.

Oh, they could make him tremble and come like a virgin in no time at all, even after so much time together. He didn't care; he just went with it, screaming into Grey's mouth as he came into Raine's. They drank him down -- cock and mouth and need and love.

He held on tightly to them, counting on them to hold him up, or not, as needed.

Raine's chuckles floated up. "Excellent appetizers, my lovely Whit. Are you dessert too?"

"Oh, I hope so..."

"Yes. After dinner. It smells good, Whit." Grey nuzzled him, eyes dancing.

He slid his hand along Grey's cheek. "I love you," he said softly.

He looked down and slid his other hand along a matching cheek. "And you, Raine, I love you, too."

"Yes, my Whit. I know." Soft kisses brushed against his groin, cheek nuzzling his shaft. "Thank you for cooking for us."

"I'm sorry it took me so long," he murmured, distracted by the soft touches.

"You can feed us and we'll forgive you." Raine's chuckle was soft, happy.

"We'll forgive him regardless." Grey's answer was flat and simple.

"Shh, Grey! I want him to feed us!"

"Sorry." A soft kiss brushed his temple. "I'd still forgive you."

He chuckled, tongue sliding briefly into Grey's mouth. "Thank you, my love."

"Always." The word was whispered and serious and so warm.

Raine stood, eyes not as serious, but as true. "Yes, our Whit. Always."

One arm wrapped around each of them, he fed them kisses. First Grey and then Raine and then Grey again. The kisses lengthened until the kisses were joining them all, three tongues sliding and tasting together. Better than any meal, than any dessert or snack or treat, the flavor of the three of them together filled him like nothing else could.

Of course, when Grey's stomach rumbled and his ass was quite definitely pinched, Whit decided maybe serving dinner would be a good idea.

There would be time to satisfy their other hungers again later.

## CHAPTER TWO

Whit paid the taxi driver and dragged his weary butt up the stairs.

It was almost 8pm, which wasn't really late, except that he'd been up since 5am and at the school since 6:30. Parent teacher interviews. He loved and hated them. It all depended on how the students were doing and how much their parents cared.

The two weeks leading up to them were full of working late into the night, getting the progress reports ready and out and setting up interview times, trying desperately to pull in the parents of this or that child who really needed some help, etc.

He used to sleep the entire weekend through, but he suspected Raine would have something else in mind now that he was living with the twins. He chuckled. Probably something that involved pasta and wine and two pairs of sweet, warm lips.

He got out his keys and opened the door.

Warm arms wrapped around him, even as other hands took his briefcase, slid off his coat. The smells were heavenly -- wine and garlic and cream and cheese and balsamic vinegar -- and the fire was blazing. He was walked over to the low pillows piled on the floor without a word, Grey hot against his back, Raine pulling and kissing and nuzzling

Grey's hands slid over his belly, unbuttoning his shirt, even as Raine's eyes twinkled and a marinated pepper was rubbed against his bottom lip. "Hello, our love."

He relaxed back against Grey's warmth and strength, even as he licked at his lips and lazily tried to capture the pepper. This was far better than sleeping.

"Hello, my loves," he murmured, smiling at Raine. Grey rumbled softly, fingers stroking his skin, sending sparkles through him. He was fed the pepper in slow bites, stripped of his clothing just as slowly. Wrapped in arms and warmth and care, he could just relax and be pampered and loved. "This is nice, so very nice."

Almost perfect, in fact. He reached out, fingers sliding over Raine's features and then cupped Raine's chin and encouraged him forward for a kiss. Raine smiled and snuggled up close, hands reaching up to drape Grey's soft, sweet-smelling hair around them both as their lips met. His eyes closed and he breathed in deeply as his mouth opened, taking the scent and taste of Raine and Grey into his mouth, for Raine had obviously been kissing Grey, the taste of them combined slowly fading the longer he took it into himself.

Grey groaned, lips hot beneath his ear, hands opening his slacks, pushing them down and away. "My Whit. My Raine."

He whimpered, shivering beneath the words, beneath the gentle, sure care. They could make him forget the world, his twins, make him forget everything but the way they tasted and smelled and felt against him.

Raine's lips kept him distracted, Grey's fingers kept him loose and relaxed as they sank to the huge pillows on the floor. The silk of Grey's pants felt wonderful against his legs, Raine's linen sliding along his cock. He rubbed slowly between the two sensations, back and forth, filling Raine's mouth with soft, needy noises.

Raine's tongue slid into his mouth, Grey's teeth testing the skin of his shoulder. He could feel Grey, hard and thick and needy against him, rubbing along the crease of his ass. A shudder went through him and gentle need blossomed into urgent heat. He whimpered, his movements becoming more frantic as he writhed between them.

"Whit..." Grey's growl rippled down his spine, hands spreading his thighs, cupping his balls. "Love you. Want you."

Raine's eyes gleamed, teeth nipping at his lips. "Yes. Yes, my Grey, my Whit, my Loves. Want you both."

A shudder moved through him. "Yes. Yes. Need that. Need you both."

Raine chuckled, drawing Whit's hands around to his waist. "You're sure, love? You want to make love with us, want to fuck my mouth while Grey takes your ass? You don't want to eat first? There's pasta..."

Grey's laughter was husky and low and tickled his back.

He could only moan, body jerking hard at Raine's words, at Grey's warm laughter. Oh, he loved these men, his men, his twins. He grasped at Raine's skin, pulling him close and letting the desperation of his kiss be his answer.

Grey's fingers, slick and hot, slid into his crease, teasing and pushing just inside for only a moment before the wide heat of a needy cock bumped against his hole. "Let me in."

Spreading his legs, he bent forward, letting Raine take his weight, trusting his lover to hold him. He whimpered and pressed his ass back. "Yes, Grey. Please."

Raine held him, eyes hot. "Oh... Oh, Whit. My Grey, his eyes... You should see how beautiful you make him look, how hungry your cock makes him."

Him, beautiful. He shook his head, and then cried out as Grey's heat pushed inside him. How could he deny Raine's words when Grey made him want so, when they both made him want and full?

"Yes. Yes, Whit. So hungry." Raine's hand wrapped around his cock, lips parted and wet. "Make him scream for me, my Grey. Make him come on me."

A soft moan sounded and Grey's thumb brushed over Raine's bottom lips. "Yes, Raine. Yes."

Then Grey began to move, strong, perfect strokes deep into his body.

He cried out, body shaking, Raine's words, the look in Raine's eyes sending him flying just as much as Grey's cock inside him, together they made him soar, made him go higher than he had ever dreamed possible. The pleasure grew, spiking as Grey's cock nudged his prostate, Raine's thumb pressed hard against the slit of his cock.

His eyes widened, looking deep into Raine's where he could see Raine's heart, himself and Grey reflected back at him. His mouth opened, but he made no sound as he came, body shaking hard. Raine's mouth took his, tongue pushing deep as heat splashed over his belly, filled him inside.

Grey's roar of climax shook him, pushed out one last pulse of pleasure from him.

He clung to Raine, warm and right between them.

They relaxed together, breath slowing. Raine pulled away, returning with a warm, wet cloth to clean them all even as Grey pressed a crystal glass of ruby wine to his lips. "Welcome home."

He took a sip of the wine, eyes on his lovers. "Thank you. I needed that."

Grey licked his bottom lip, eyes warm. Then Raine's tongue followed close behind, chasing its mate, the game turning into a wine and honey flavored three-way kiss.

He slid his hands through their hair, wrapping his fingers in the silken strands, holding them both close as the kiss continued.

The room grew dark, lit only by the fire and the flicker of a few candles, one kiss melting into another and another, some flavored with wine or berry or honey or balsamic vinegar.

He couldn't think of a better way to unwind -- sleep was for teachers who weren't lovers with his twins.

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OCTOBER

## CHAPTER ONE

He'd not gone upstairs after the store closed. Grey had slipped on his black coat and started walking. He'd walked down one street after another, watching the day get darker, letting the storm take him, drench him. Soak him through.

He and Raine had... not argued. They never argued, but they didn't agree and nothing -- not discussion after discussion, not harsh words, not tears -- nothing solved things. Finally, Raine had given him an ultimatum -- either discuss the games that they played with Whit together or Raine would do it alone.

It wasn't that he was ashamed of the games. No. But... Always in the back of his mind lived the ghost of a dancer in San Francisco. A dancer who had convinced Raine that what they did was wrong.

This time he had more to lose than just his Raine.

At first he had been angry that Raine would do this, then hurt. Then he just decided to let it go. What did it matter? If he were there or not? Raine spoke for him. That was what Raine did. So, instead of going upstairs to their warm place and napping and waking to kisses and supper and laughter, he was cold and wet and... He looked around. Outside a liquor store about three miles away.

Grey shook his head. At least he wasn't home. He stepped in, bought a fifth of good scotch and a 6-pack of soda and headed back the way he came.

He'd made it about seven steps when his cell rang. It was home. "I'm fine."

"Grey..." It was Whit. "Come home and talk to him. He's beside himself."

"Tell him I'm fine." His words were curt, but his heart ached, feet already speeding towards his

Raine, his heartbeat. "Are you with him?"

"Yes, but it isn't me he wants, Grey, it isn't me he fought with." Whit sighed. "He looks as miserable as you sound and you're both breaking my heart."

"That's cheating." He finally stopped and flagged down a cab. Home. He needed to be home.

"I don't care."

He shook his head. "Whit..."

"I don't care, Grey. All's fair in love and war, right? And I love you both. Come home."

"I'm coming. I need a towel." He hung up the phone with a growl and within breaths, he was home. Once his stiff fingers got the outside door unlocked, he took the stairs two at a time. He wouldn't pretend nonchalance. Raine would know.

Whit met him at the upstairs door with a towel, hands peeling away his wet coat. "Oh, Grey..."

"Is he okay?" He wrung out his hair, wiping his face after putting the booze on the side table.

"He's dry and home. But that's all he's got on you."

"I'm fine." He took a deep breath and forced himself to look at Whit, smile. "We fought. We're brothers. It happens. Thank you for calling."

"I can see you're fine. So fine you were out in the rain getting soaked." Whit shook his head and took his arm, pulling him toward the fire. Whit slid the towel through his hair, taking away the worst of the wet. "Raine, he's home, come and make up now."

He heard a soft sob, Raine's eyes set in a look that he knew better than anyone. "You left."

"Don't pout." Not now, Raine. I wasn't going anywhere. I always come home.

"I'm not pouting! I was worried. You left! I was scared! What if something had happened to



you!" Don't leave me alone here, Grey. Please, my Grey, my heart. Please, I was so scared.

He almost melted, pulling Raine close, but he held up his cell phone instead. I was close by. I am not the one who leaves. You were not alone, Raine. You could have called.

Big tears gathered in Raine's eyes. "I shouldn't have to. You should be where you belong. Where we belong. You should not disappear." My Grey, I was scared. I need you here. We are three now. Three. Not two. Not one of us and Whit. Never. One heart, my Grey.

He sighed, shook his head. "I am here, Raine." I am where I belong, brother. I am. I could not leave you. I have only breathed alone without you for six minutes. Six.

Whit was watching them, looking from one to the other, obviously following the conversation, even if he could not hear it and did not know the exact words. "Would this be easier for you both if I went to my office for awhile?"

"No." One word -- two voices.

"We have to settle this together, Whit. Talk together. Be together. We are family, yes, Grey? Isn't Whit our family?" Raine was shaking, nerves shattered.

He nodded. "Yes. Yes, Raine."

Raine was right. They needed to talk. Together. Be together. Family.

Whit smiled and nodded. "Yes."

Then Whit sat down on the bear rug in front of the fire and held out his hands. "Sit with me, please?"

"I'm wet, Whit." Two sets of upset eyes looked at him and he sighed, starting to strip out of his clothes.

Raine walked over to the bed and brought his robe over, holding it open. When he was naked, Grey shrugged on the warm cloth and then turned, offering Raine a soft kiss. "Thank you."

"Grey..." The cry was soft and sad and Grey pulled Raine close, walking with him so they could sit with Whit, near the fire.

Whit touched them both, a hand on each of their legs, rubbing gently. "It feels so wrong -- the two of you being at odds like this."

He nodded and sighed. "It is hard, but all families fight."

Raine curled up in his lap, stroking his arm. "But not all families hurt as much, my Grey. And it was my fault, the fight."

He blinked. Raine's fault?

"What happened?" Whit looked as if he would sit there with them forever if that were how long it took them to resolve this.

Grey looked at Raine. He didn't want to do this. He loved Whit. Loved him. Didn't want to lose those eyes, that laugh.

Raine turned to look at Whit. "We disagreed about telling you things about our past. About the way we made love. Grey was scared and I pushed too hard. Threatened to speak to you without him here." Raine looked back at him. "I'm sorry, my Grey. I should not have."

"You fought because of me?" Whit sounded horrified.

Grey looked up. "No. We disagreed about how you would feel about our past."

Whit frowned. "Why didn't you just ask me?"

Grey sighed and rested his forehead on Raine's shoulder, Raine's hand in his hair. "Because Grey is in love with you, Whit. Because he doesn't want you to leave, to be angry with him, to be frightened of him." A soft chuckle sounded. "I told him you wouldn't, but he's in love. He doesn't listen."

Grey just closed his eyes and let Raine speak for him.

Whit's fingers were warm and gentle against his face. "I don't understand, I'm not going anywhere. Why would I... why would I be angry?"

Raine held him close. "Whit... You've seen the pictures, the photographs, the way we played. The leather, the toys, the whole thing. Have you ever wondered about them? Why we did it? Why we don't now?"

Whit blushed and looked away for a moment. He looked back at them both. "You know I like the photographs. Of course I've wondered."

"I need that. Not often. But sometimes I need it -- need Grey to make me fly, make me scream, make me come. I need him to bind me, touch me. See me." Raine's shiver transmitted itself to Grey, making them both moan softly.

Whit licked his lips, a soft sigh blowing across them. "You glow together."

"We do." Raine's voice was relaxed, warm, hand still stroking his hair. "Grey is scared, our Whit. Grey is scared to lose you, so he shows himself so slowly. He hides his hunger. He hides his need, so he won't scare you."

Whit's hand slid up along his leg, pushing into his robe to stroke his stomach. "I think I'm missing something -- I still don't understand."

Raine sighed softly. "Grey. My Love. Talk to Whit."

"Raine..."

"Do you want to tie me up, too and are afraid of my reaction? Or do you not want to tie me up and are afraid I'll feel left out, hurt?"

Grey opened his eyes, looked at Whit. "I want you to see. I want you to play. I want you and I don't want to hide. I don't want to lose you."

Whit's eyes grew dark. "You won't lose me."

"I love you." He relaxed back into the comfort of Raine's arms. There was something laughable about the fact that they were discussing his tendency to dominate and he was resting, shattered and protected within his gentle brother's arms, needing to be loved.

"I love you, too, Grey." Whit leaned forward, bringing their lips together in a soft kiss. "You and Raine, always."

Raine's hand stroked Whit's hair as Grey watched Whit's beautiful eyes. "It will be fine, Grey. Now that there are no secrets. If we want to play, if we decide not to. It's us. Our decision. Our family. Sweet, dear Grey."

Whit nodded. "I can't promise it's something I'll want to do. I won't know until... I've tried it. I know I like the pictures -- they turn me on, so I'm pretty sure I want to watch, if nothing else. But no matter what, Grey, I won't leave because of it. Not unless you make me go."

"Never." Grey shook his head, twining his fingers around Whit's, Raine's sliding atop. "One family."

"Are you feeling better, Grey? Raine? Is everything okay?"

Grey nodded, slid down to rest his cheek against Raine's thighs. "Better."

Raine's fingers combed through his hair. "Yes, lovely Whit. Everything will be fine. Kiss me."

Whit did, hand sliding along his face as Whit kissed Raine, long and slow. He turned his lips into Whit's palm, kissing softly, breathing in the sweetness of Whit's skin.

"Now, my loves, what do you need?" Whit sounded as if he would give it to them, no matter what they asked for.

"Come here. My turn." Grey held open his arm, robe falling open with the motion, searching for his own taste of Whit's mouth. Whit bent, other hand going to Raine's face as he kissed Grey. He could taste Whit's love and his eagerness to be a part of them.

They kissed, sweet and easy and long, until he needed more. Then he felt Raine shift, his brother's hands easing Whit down into his arms, stretched against him. Then Raine pressed against his back, warm and fluid. Just what he needed then and Raine knew. Raine always knew. Whit's arms went around him, one sliding back to stroke Raine, the other warm and gentle along his own skin.

He wasn't even aroused, just basking. Floating and holding and being held and breathing in Whit's air, feeling Raine close behind him, listening to his lovers speak periodically -- not trying to understand the words, just loving the sounds of ease and peace and sweet laughter.

Whit disappeared at one point, almost bringing him out of the place he'd slipped into, but then the sweet man was back, a blanket draping over them as Whit pushed back into his arms. He wrapped around Whit with a rumbling noise and heard Raine's soft laughter at his shoulder, hands stroking and soothing all his skin. Whit rubbed against him, skin soft, warm, smooth up top and hairier below the heat at Whit's middle.

He rubbed back, humming happily. He hadn't slept, but he felt rested, warm and relaxed. Then Grey heard Raine's whispered, "oh, our Grey's waking... so sweet, so soft and lovely," so maybe he had.

Then Raine's lips trailed over his jaw, Whit's over his forehead, and it didn't matter.

Fingers, Raine's longer, Whit's warmer, trailed over his skin, touching him along his back, sides, arms, chest, belly, hips, thighs. His cock was ignored, Whit and his twin teasing him.

He rumbled softly, lips finding Whit's shoulder, hand molding around Whit's fine ass. He kept his eyes closed, kept rubbing between them and on the rug and enjoying the safety and dream-like quality of the air. Whit whimpered, hips pressing close, hot cock sliding along his stomach, leaving a burning trail along in its wake.

Oh, he liked that... the sound, the touch, the smell. He pressed against Whit, only to be distracted by the soft licks between his shoulder blades, his Raine's hum against his back. Whit's hands grasped his hips, encouraging him to match Whit's movements. As his lips covered Whit's, Raine picked up their rhythm, rubbing against his ass, leg sliding atop his. The motions started slow,

but began to speed as hunger flared between them, making them rock together before the fire.

"Oh Grey!" Whit's voice was full of passion and need.

He groaned, almost growling against Whit's lips. "Love you."

"Yes! Yes!" Whit called out and pushed harder against him.

Raine's sweet cry pierced the air seconds before heat hit his back, pushing his body over the edge. "Yes!"

Whit's heat spread across his belly. He drank the pleasure from Whit's lips, licking and shuddering as they rode their aftershocks.

"So good," murmured Whit. "Love you so."

"Yes. Love you." He sighed into Whit's lips, smiling.

Whit smiled back, licking at his lips.

"So... when do you want to tie me up?"

He blinked and laughed, rolling atop of Whit and kissing him hard. "I think we should tie Raine up together first."

Raine chuckled. "But not tonight. Tonight we need soup and a bath and cuddling in the covers for Grey."

Whit looked disappointed. "Not tonight?"

Raine's head peered over his shoulder. "Not tonight. Grey catches colds. And his head got wet."

Grey grinned at Whit. "I'm fine, Raine."

"Until tomorrow morning when there are sniffles and a sore throat."

"Raine."

"And then you start coughing and running fever."

"Raine..."

Whit chuckled, hand reaching up to cover Raine's mouth. "Stop fussing. I don't want to do it if you don't want it, Raine."

Grey chuckled as Raine gasped. "Fussing? Grey? Did you hear that? Whit said I was fussing!"

Grey leaned forward and kissed Whit, whispering. "Tomorrow. It's Saturday, the shops will be closed on Sunday so the marks will have faded by Monday."

He made a mental note that they would have to play with Whit on Friday, because that milk white skin would show his marks beautifully.

"I'm hard just thinking of it," Whit whispered back. "I keep seeing that look in his eyes, the one in the picture by your side of the bed."

Grey and Raine shuddered as one, crying out together, Raine's face burying in his hair.

He reached back, twining his fingers with Raine's, feeling the promises that beat between them, inside them.

Whit's hands slid over his face, over Raine's face, eyes full of want and need and love. Their Whit.

"Love you." Their twined hands reached out, wrapped around Whit's waist. "Our Whit."

"Yes, loves. Yours." Whit nuzzled against him. "Always."

They nodded, together, hearts beating. "Yes. Always."

## CHAPTER TWO

Raine was already up when Whit woke, Grey curled around him, holding him tight.

There was a tray of food on the bedside table, along with a tall, thin vase containing two red roses.

There was a note and he reached for it, smiling at Raine's fancy writing. "My loves, I am getting ready for you. Enjoy your breakfast. I love you, Raine."

Anticipation was licking through him, excitement and nervousness making butterflies flutter in his belly. He was hard, too. Harder than just the usual morning wood. Turning back to Grey, he kissed his lover softly, and then again and again, each kiss longer, deeper. Grey purred into his kiss, lips soft and open, body so warm. Raine was right, there was something about just-awake Grey that was special.

"Can we make love?" he asked, rubbing against Grey, letting his lover know just how much he wanted.

"Mmm...mmhmmm." Grey rolled until he was atop that warm body, Grey's hips rolling against him, slow and easy.

"Oh good." He kept moving, rubbing and stroking and kissing Grey. Grey's hands fell to his ass, pulling him closer, thighs parting and cradling him.

"Do you know what we're going to do yet?" he asked, a shudder running through him at Grey's touch.

"We're going to make love to him, make him fly."

Grey's eyes opened, slowly, dark eyes sleepy and warm.



He chuckled, gazing down. "We always do that."

"Yes." Grey stretched, rubbing lazily. "Which one do you like best? The photos?"

He nodded, eyes going automatically to the photograph on the wall next to what he thought of as Grey's side of the bed. "The one where he's got come on his face, the rope crisscrossing his body, cock bound, hard and dripping. He should look shattered in that picture, but he doesn't, his eyes..." A shudder went through him. "He looks whole."

Grey shivered and nodded. "Yes. My sweet Raine." Grey rolled them again, looking down at him, hips rocking. "You will help me?"

He spread his legs, cradling Grey just like Grey had cradled him. "I'm not sure you need me, but yes, I will help you. I want to."

"I need you."

His lips were taken in a deep, hungry kiss, one hand sliding beneath his hips to pull him closer.

Oh. Oh, he could live with that. He wrapped his legs around Grey's back, pushing as close as he could, letting Grey set the rhythm, the speed and tempo between them. They rocked together, motions hard and quick, Grey's tongue pushing into his lips, hungry. He opened wide to Grey, mouth and legs and heart.

It didn't take long, Grey's body driving him higher and higher, deep growls vibrating through him, before Grey jerked, stiffening against him. The heat that spread between them and the scent of Grey's pleasure combined, spurring his own orgasm and he came, his cry pushed into Grey's mouth.

Grey rocked gently for a few more moments and then relaxed against him, humming softly. "Morning."

"Yes, it is." He smiled up into Grey's dark eyes. "A good one, even."

"Mm... yes. Raine?"

He nodded, excitement returning. "How do you usually start?"

"Coffee." Grey winked at him, eyes twinkling. "And a shower. Hate mornings."

He laughed, leaning up to kiss Grey's smiling mouth.

Grey kissed him easily. "He's at the gym. We should get ready."

He watched as Grey stood, grabbed a plum and headed for the bathroom, humming low and growly. He could smell the coffee Raine had left percolating and he followed Grey. They could shower together and then eat. Or just drink coffee -- he was buzzing a little, butterflies of anticipation dancing in his stomach.

The water started, Grey relaxed and easy, slowly shaking that long hair out. "You okay, Whit? Nervous?"

He stepped in with Grey, hands automatically going to the long hair and helping Grey wet it down. "A little. Excited, too."

"Yeah? Raine's going to be working out, steaming, meditating." Grey's voice was a low purr, rumbling. "Getting clean inside and out."

His breath caught in his throat. "Oh... And you usually just shower and have coffee? What else?"

"I plan, get out the equipment, get the apartment ready." Dark eyes smiled at him. "I get things ready for after, when we're tired and just wanting to relax."

"Do you want me to wash your hair?" he asked, reaching for the shampoo when Grey nodded. "So what would you like me to do to help? Or am I supposed to just watch this time?"

"We should decide what we want, exactly. Then we'll plan. We've got to go buy food, too." Grey knelt in the tub, giving him easier access.

He worked the shampoo into Grey's hair, loving the familiar motions. "So what do we want?"

"We don't like hitting. He loves to be bound, to be filled, to be brought to the edge over and over." Grey shivered. "I love seeing him spread wide and needing."

A shiver of his own went through his body. "It sounds wicked and wonderful."

Grey leaned forward, rinsed out his hair. "What would you like to see?"

He closed his eyes, imagining Raine laid out on the big bed. "White rope against his skin, binding his cock. Not gagged, I can't imagine not hearing him. Hair spread out around him, not braided."

Another shiver went through him, his cock beginning to fill again, making him whimper.

"Shall we fill him?" Grey leaned forward, lips sliding along his shaft in a caress.

He moaned. "Yes? He looks so beautiful writhing on a plug."

"Mmm... yes. We will bind him, fill him, and then make him watch as you take me." A soft kiss fell on the tip of his cock. "That's his reward, you know? Sinking into me."

"Oh..." he gasped, breathless. "And what did I do to deserve it?"

"You love me just because I'm Grey." Quiet, serious -- Whit met those eyes and got a clear glimpse into that quiet soul.

He slid his hand along Grey's cheek, his love for this man filling him, so strong. Stronger than the excitement and the nerves and the anticipation. Bending, he brought their mouths together. "I do."

Warm arms wrapped around him, the kiss quiet, but deep -- one silent promise after another.

The water finally began to run cold and he reluctantly pulled away. "We have a lover to prepare for," he said softly.

## CHAPTER THREE

He came home right at five, loose and relaxed, empty and waiting for his lovers to fill him. He stripped before he opened the door at the top of the stairs, putting his t-shirt and sweats in his duffle. He dropped his duffle by the door and waited, watching the light fade in the stained glass, smelling the delicious scents of cinnamon and honey, nutmeg and citrus.

He smelled his heartbeat before he saw him, naked except for a pair of black leather pants, laced fly open to expose that dark need. He was given a single, soft kiss, welcoming him home, and then he was taken to the bed, where Whit waited.

Whit was naked, stroking the black silk sheets, smoothing them out. His lover looked up as he approached, eyes hot and eager. Oh... Oh, how much more delicious to do this with them all here, all here together. "Whit..."

"Hi Raine," Whit said softly. "We're ready for you. Aren't we, Grey?"

"We are. Kiss him hello, Whit, and then we'll play." Raine shivered, crawled onto the bed for his kiss, humming at the touch of soft lips. Whit's mouth opened, that sweet tongue coming out to taste him. For a moment he thought Whit might deepen the kiss, but then his lover pulled back and stroked his cheek, before backing off the bed. He whimpered softly and then Grey was there, turning him, stretching him out. "Patience."

"Grey says the waiting makes it better," Whit told him as he began to tie a rope around his wrist.

"Oh... Oh, yes. It... it's so much, so deep." He started to twist, but Grey took his other wrist, binding it. "So good."

Together, Grey and Whit moved down to his feet, spreading him wide before securing his ankles.

He moaned, cock full, balls tight just from this -- just from them both being here.

Whit leaned over him, hand so warm as it circled his cock, stroking him lightly. "Grey is going to bind you now and you aren't allowed to come until we say you can."

Whimpering, his hips pushed up against the touch. "I can't come first? One nice long orgasm? An appetizer?"

Grey chuckled and shook his head.

Whit's hand left his cock to stroke his belly and then slide down to his balls and slowly beyond. "I know you're clean -- are you also ready?"

Oh, yes. Oh God, yes. He nodded, leg muscles trembling, fighting the bonds. "I am."

"Oh, good." Whit's finger slid slowly into his body. "Once Grey has your cock bound, I'm going to fill you."

"Oh... Oh, God. Grey... It... It's so big, so huge with both of you." His eyes felt hot, cock huge where it bounced off his belly.

"Yes, Raine. It's good with him here." Cool leather twined around his cock, separating his balls, tight and squeezing.

Whit's finger kept sliding in and out of his body, keeping him off balance. "It's so good to be here, Raine. I'm so pleased you invited me into this part of your life."

"He's bound Whit. See?" Grey's lips surrounded the tip of his cock, pulling hard, teasing the slit mercilessly.

"Oh, God, so beautiful. So wanton." Whit's mouth pressed a warm kiss against his balls. "The big plug, Grey? Or the curved one?"

"The curved one first, Whit." Grey lifted his head, eyes flashing. "Then the big one, when he begs for it."

Raine's moan sounded desperate, even to his own ears. Whit's next kiss landed on his hole and

then he was being stretched, the curved dildo sliding into his body.

"Whit!" His legs pulled against the bonds, wanting to take more, take the hardness deeper into his body.

"Grey! Look at him! Oh, Raine, you're so beautiful. The pictures... they don't do you justice." Whit sounded amazed, dazed, reverent.

Grey's lips smiled against the thin skin of his wrist. "He is stunning, my Raine."

"For you. For you both. Oh... my loves..." He could feel his heartbeat pulsing through him, in time with Grey, in harmony with Whit.

Whit played with the plug a little, pulling it partway out and letting his body slowly pull it in again. Then Whit let it slip all the way in and contented himself with jostling it, just little movements that nudged the plug against his gland again and again.

"Oh... Oh, Whit... Love. I need. More. Give me more." He was babbling softly, Grey's sharp teeth heading towards his nipple to tease, passion arcing through him. Whit bent and nibbled at him, tongue sliding along the edge of the plug where it met his skin. He swallowed his cry only until Grey's teeth closed around the metal piercing his hard nipple, then it rang through the loft.

He felt Whit's gasp as a puff of air along his inner thighs, against his filled hole. Then Whit turned, teeth grazing over the sensitive skin where his leg joined his torso.

"Oh!" His head lifted, body shuddering violently. "Yes, love. Oh, yes."

"I think he likes this, Grey," murmured Whit, teeth returning to his skin.

"He does. Greedy, needy man." Grey chuckled, eyes dancing in a way that promised trouble.

"I'm greedy too," Whit whispered, a hint of mischief in that sweet voice.

"Are you? Tell Raine what you're greedy for, Whit." Grey's teeth played his skin, sharp and sweet.

"I'm greedy to be inside you, Grey. To feel your body rippling around me, wanting me." Whit's voice was husky, full of need. Inside.... Oh...

"Cheating. That's cheating. Grey... Whit... Oh, God..." He twisted, cock throbbing so hard, body needing.

"You're going to watch, right Raine?" Whit's hands slid up along his skin, moving beside his cock, not touching it though, staying just out of range of the flesh that needed Whit's touch the most. Gentle pressure was applied to his nipples, Whit's eyes so hot as his lover gazed down at him. "I'm very very greedy and I want to feel your eyes on me as I fuck Grey into oblivion."

"Oh... Oh, God. Kiss me, love. Please. Yes. Whit. Oh..." He cried out, arching up toward Whit, babbling now, needing. Whit bent until he was just out of reach and then looked up at Grey.

Grey nodded. "He tastes so good like this, Whit. Rich."

Whit looked back at him, smiling down, making them both wait and then those sweet lips were on his own, kissing him hard. If he could have, he would have come at the touch of Whit's tongue. As it was, he jerked and moaned, body desperate for contact. Whit kissed him for a long time, exploring his mouth thoroughly before pulling away, his lover's attention turning away from him to his twin.

"Oh, Grey, I need you now. So very badly." Whit's cock was hard, the tip so dark and dripping.

"Yes, Whit." As Raine watched in passion-threaded disbelief, Grey stripped off his leathers and draped himself over Raine's belly, firm ass high. "Take me."

"Are you ready for me, Grey?" Whit settled between Grey's legs, knees against Raine's side.

He moaned, whimpered softly. That was his reward, his heat, his Grey. His. Tears began to fill his eyes when his Grey looked over, smile warm. "Just think, when you take me, you'll feel his seed around you, too. Hot as you fuck me."

Oh... He nodded, biting his bottom lip. "Yes, love. God, yes."

"We're good?" Whit asked softly.

He met Whit's eyes, nodding, licking his lips. "Yeah. We're good. So good, Whit."

"Good." Whit was all but purring. Those sweet brown eyes left his, Whit turning his attention back to Grey, back to Grey's sweet ass. Grey's cock slid over his belly, hot and wet, drawing on him. He'd never seen this... not from this angle.

Whit sank slowly into Grey, moaning as his cock was engulfed. Grey purred, head bowing, dark body rippling. "Oh..."

"Oh so good. So hot. So tight. Oh, Raine, you should feel." Whit was moving slowly, rocking in and out of Grey's body.

His arms jerked, hands reaching for his men, his heart, his center. "Oh... Oh, I want to... So badly."

"Patience," said Whit, smiling, chuckling, teasing him.

Grey moaned, hair brushing over his skin, body rippling. "Oh, Whit. Harder, love. More."

"Yes, Grey, anything you want." Whit moved faster, harder, rocking Grey against him.

His mouth was dry, hips rocking the plug inside him, entire focus on the sight before him. Whit's fingers grasped Grey's hips, knuckles growing white as they moved together, sweet gasps flowing. He saw Grey arch, heard the low cry as his heartbeat spent himself, seed spraying over his belly, hot and heady. Whit continued to move, four more thrusts and then he cried out as well, shaking as he came into Grey's body.

Raine took a sobbing breath, shifting. "Oh! Oh, please! I need... Grey! Love!"

Whit kissed Grey's spine. "Grey, love? What do you want me to do?"

"Mmm... The little plug, Whit, for me. Then the big one for Raine."



Oh, God.

Whit pulled out and reached over to the side table, showing him the small plug that was going to go into his Grey, that was going to keep Whit's seed inside his twin. Whit oiled it up and slipped it into Grey, purring. "Oh, Raine. Have you ever seen him with a plug inside him?"

"No... not like this. Not like this, love. Please."

"You next, Raine." Whit's kiss was light and soft and then he was being tortured, Whit's fingers jostling the plug inside him before pulling it out. Grey stretched out beside him, stroking his belly, rubbing the come into his skin, purring softly. Whit showed him the large plug. "You're going to have it in you while you fuck Grey."

"Oh! Oh, God. You... You're not going to let me come first? Oh..."

Grey's eyes flashed at him. "Be good, Raine, or we'll not let you come in my ass. You'll have to wait to come until morning."

He settled with a soft whimper.

Whit's fingers slid over his skin, soothing, stroking. Then that thick, wide plug began to push into him. A low, desperate sound was pushed from him, his eyes closing as he stretched. Grey's lips brushed his ear. "So good, so lovely. My Raine."

"Oh Raine..." Whit's voice was soft. "So unbelievably beautiful."

The plug went in slowly, but without teasing, filling him so deep. He couldn't speak, couldn't see, could do nothing but breathe and shift and feel. All the while, Grey's heart pounded against him. Whit jostled the plug once it was in, moving it so that it made him spark inside. His cock throbbed, liquid heat sliding, dripping onto his belly. Whit bent and licked the pre-come from his belly, hair brushing his cock like a thousand tiny fingers.

"Now what, Grey? Do we untie him and let him fuck you? Or are you going to ride him?"

"Going to let him loose, Whit. Going to reward him for being so good." Grey growled low, rubbing along his side. "You're going to move that plug and release his cock when it's time."

Whit moaned, mouth moving over his belly and then up along his cock to suck briefly at the tip. "Did you hear that, Raine. You're going to get to take him in a moment."

Raine nodded, whimpered, unable to do anything but focus on that sweet mouth. Whit kissed his skin, taking a long, slow path down to his right ankle and undoing the binding. Then Whit followed the same path back up to his cock, kissing the tip again before heading down his other leg.

He was sobbing into Grey's mouth, words sliding out in random patterns that just meant please. Whit was moving so slowly, absolutely torturing him with that hot mouth, taking such pleasure in doing it too if those noises were anything to go by. Finally, he simply melted, gave in to the bonds and the sensation and the need and floated, soft moans filling the air.

Grey let Whit undo each limb, moving slowly against him as Whit made love to his skin, turned the unbinding process into an experience all its own. He was settled on his side, spooned behind Grey's warmth, fingers removing the plug within and guiding him into perfect heat, the purest joy sliding through him.

Whit lay behind him, body molding to his. Sweet words were whispered into his ear, Whit's fingers moving against the plug inside him, making him shudder. He kept moving, kept soaring higher and higher. He only just managed to lift his head, beg. "Please, Whit. Love. Inside me. Please."

He felt Whit nod against his back, warm fingers grabbing at the base of the plug. Raine stilled, shaking and moaning. "Oh... oh, yes. Please love."

"Unsnap his cock, love. We'll all come together." Grey's voice soothed and comforted him, eased him.

"Yes, Grey." The plug came out first, Whit's cock pushing in before he could even miss being filled. Then Whit's fingers, trembling and warm slid to undo the leather that held him tight.

"Oh..." He rippled, rocking between them. "Now. Love you both. Just love you."

Grey nodded. "Yes, my Raine. No more games. Just love us."

The binding around his cock slid away, Whit's hand moving to hold Grey's hip, the three of them moving together, bodies pushing and pulling. Everything in his universe snapped into place, his sight clear, his joy complete.

"Love you, Raine. Love you, Grey." Whit's whisper slid along his skin. It was so small, that whisper, but huge enough to dissolve him, his body releasing all his passion into Grey, bones and will and sense melting.

Even as he filled Grey with himself, Whit filled him with love.

Raine simply melted, dissolving between his lovers. "Love you."

Whit shifted away and then his heat returned, the comforter covering them all.

"Thank you my loves," murmured Whit. "Thank you."

Grey shifted, a straw brought to his lips, cool apple juice filling his mouth. "We'll rest, Raine, then there is fruit and juice waiting, bath oils. Everything."

Tears slid from his eyes as he nodded, swallowed. "Yes. Love. Thank you."

Whit's hands slid along his skin, and along Grey's, touching them, loving them. Together they rested, his shattered and rebuilt soul cradled between heart and home.

## CHAPTER FOUR

"Is the popcorn ready, Grey?" He carried the bowl of candy and the plate of candied apples over to the bed. The bed was piled high with pillows and blankets, Whit rolling the TV and VCR over, scary movies in a stack by the foot.

Whit looked adorable, wearing silk boxers covered in candy corns and an orange jack-o-lantern pumpkin t-shirt, hair still damp and askew.

"Almost, Raine." Grey's voice was happy, the smell of popcorn and butter filling the apartment.

Raine put his burdens down and straightened his white t-shirt, almost covering the bunny tail sewn on his boxers. He bounced over to take a long kiss from Whit. "Happy Halloween, Whit!"

So he'd said it thirty seven times, each time came with a kiss.

Whit gave him a warm smile, arm sliding around his back, fingers tugging at his tail. "Happy Halloween, dear Raine."

He chuckled, nestling closer. "Are you ready for our fright night? Ready to huddle under the covers with us and eat?"

Grey came sauntering out with the bowl of popcorn, wearing only a pair of black silk pajama pants, hair loose and shining. "He means hide under the cover and scream like a girl, Whit."

Whit chuckled and squeezed him tight, offering another sweet kiss. "The screaming part sounds fun," Whit said with a wink.

"It is. We've done this since we were ten years old -- Grey and me, hidden under the covers, daring each other to watch the gory parts." Raine grinned, reaching out to steal a piece of popcorn. "And now you and I can eat popcorn off Grey's belly."

"Do we get to dare each other?" Whit asked, stealing a piece of popcorn for himself, as well as a soft stroke across Grey's belly.

"Oooh! Truth or dare!" Raine nodded as Grey rolled his eyes.

"No mooning the neighbors, Raine."

"Grey..."

"No."

Whit laughed, the sweet sound filling the apartment.

"I get Whit on my team, then." Raine ducked the swat that was headed for his ass.

"No teams, Raine. That's cheating." Grey moved the popcorn out of Raine's reach and took the good spot on the bed, holding open his arms with a wicked grin. "Come sit, Whit, and leave the cheater in the cold."

Whit chuckled and gave him a quick peck on the lips. "Happy Halloween, Raine."

Then that candy corn covered ass was climbing into bed and into Grey's arms. Grey's eyes were positively twinkling, and he'd be mad if Grey wasn't so beautiful and if he didn't know without a shadow of a doubt that those arms had a place for him, too. Whit made a show of settling in and then smiled over at him. "Come on, Raine -- we're lopsided without you."

Grey's free arm opened and he crawled in, legs tangling with Grey's and Whit's. He grabbed the remote control, snuggling on Grey's shoulder, and pushed play. "The Haunting first. It shouldn't be too scary."

Grey nodded, settling Whit on his other shoulder and putting the popcorn between them. "Sounds good. Cool special effects."

"I thought scary was the idea?" Whit fed them each some popcorn.

"The idea is to eat and snuggle and tease and play and scream and laugh and then make love, our beautiful lover." Raine leaned forward to kiss Whit. "The movies are just an excuse."

Whit chuckled and winked. "You mean like everything else?"

"Exactly." Grey opened his mouth for another bite of popcorn.

Whit fed him a kiss instead, his lovers' lips moving together with heat. Grey's hand cupped Whit's neck, tilting his head, deepening the kiss with the single-minded need that was Grey's alone.

"So lovely. So..." He reached up, daring Grey's growl without much worry. "Too soon. We need to watch the movies!"

Whit's face turned to him, full of laughter and happiness. "I thought you said they were only an excuse?"

Grey chuckled and tugged him up for a kiss of his own, long and hot and buttery. Salty. His Grey. Raine melted, forgetting all about the movie as Grey tasted his mouth, opened him, took him. He could feel Whit's fingers along his back, tugging on his tail, sliding beneath his shorts.

Raine whimpered, arching back into Whit's touch, Grey's mouth. Grey's fingers were hard on his neck, free hand sliding beneath his shirt to twist the bar in his nipple, making him shudder and cry out. Whit pushed the back of his t-shirt up, mouth following the line of his spine, exploring the nerves that lived there with lips and tongue and teeth.

Oh! Oh! Waiting was overrated and please don't let Grey be teasing and please don't stop my Whit, my Grey! He forced his eyes open, forced himself to look. Grey's dark, hungry eyes glittered at him, wanted him. Shone for him and he could see Whit, deep inside.

He sobbed and Grey tugged and Whit bit and he came with a cry, shuddering in Grey's arms.

Grey lifted his head, arching an eyebrow. "Don't tell me it's too soon, my Raine."

He could feel Whit's laughter against his back, Whit still teasing at his skin, bringing soft shudders to the surface. He nodded, offering Grey a soft kiss -- apology and pleasure all at once.

Grey took it, licking at his lips. "I love you, my Raine."

"Oh, Grey. Yes. Love you." He grinned at Grey, then turned to kiss Whit. "And you."

Whit smiled into their kiss and rubbed against his back. He could feel the heat of Whit's need, his want and desire hard and insistent.

"So hungry. So lovely. My Whit." Grey moved the popcorn and began tugging at their clothes, square hands searching for flesh.

Whit helped Grey, removing his shirt and then his bethailed underwear. Whit's own clothing melted away beneath the combined assault of his and Grey's fingers.

Whit turned to him then and leaned up to whisper in his ear. "Grey's pants must go."

He nodded, fingers sliding down Grey's belly, searching for Grey's waistband. Grey didn't speak, just chuckled and arched that dark eyebrow, watching them. Whit's fingers joined his, pulling the black silk away with him. It was Whit who moaned first, bending to kiss the sweet tip of Grey's cock, tongue coming out to lick at the moisture there.

"Oh..." Grey groaned, legs parting, and Raine bent down to lick at Grey's belly, Whit's neck.

Raine whimpered at the tastes and scents filling him. "Oh, Whit. You smell so good together -- coffee and cream at the beach -- so rich, so sweet, but salty. Addictive."

Whit hummed at him, mouth full of Grey's cock. Raine crawled down, turning Whit so he could get at the sweet cock, tongue searching out Whit's pleasure. He got another smothered sound as response, one of Whit's hands sliding along his cheek and then back into his hair.

He purred, one of Grey's legs rubbing against his back, Whit's cock sliding over his tongue. The sounds of the movie went on behind them, creaking and groaning and moaning and sucking...

Whit's hips began to move, sliding Whit's sweet cock in and out of his mouth. His legs were grabbed, moved, and suddenly they all shifted. Grey's lips pushed over his cock, sucking him down. His gasp mingled with Whit's and they began moving.

They made an endless circle of pleasure, sucking and being sucked, thrusting and being thrust into. Whit's hips moved so sweetly into his mouth. Raine's fingers twined with Whit's, Grey's hands on his ass. He took Whit deep, hips jerking into his Grey's throat.

Whit's fingers suddenly squeezed hard and his throat was filled with the bitter salt and sugar taste of Whit's pleasure. He tumbled after as soon as Grey's blunt fingers rubbed behind his balls, jostling his gland, demanding response with a long, happy cry. Whit was making sweet, happy noises, licking at Grey's cock and balls, fingers sliding over his face.

Grey groaned against his thighs, nipping and nibbling. "Too fast, my Raine?"

"Yes, far too soon," suggested Whit, soft, sweet laughter in his voice.

He bit Whit's thigh with a chuckle. "We have five movies left."

"Five? We're going to be exhausted!"

"That's the plan, Whit." Grey was tugging them back into his arms.

Whit curled up against Grey, leg thrown over his, hand sliding over his waist. "How come they always go back in to the scariest section of the house they can find in these things?"

"Because they're scared and the psychology..." Grey's finger brushed over his lips.

"It's in the script, Whit."

Whit chuckled, hand moving in slow circles above his hip. "Were those candy apples I saw you bring in?"

Raine nodded and reached over, grabbing an apple with one hand and chocolates with the other. As he handed them over, someone screamed and a head went rolling across the screen. He winced, hiding his head in Grey's shoulder.

Whit snuggled close and pulled up the covers, Raine put the popcorn back between them. The



lights were dimmed; someone opened a soda.

"Happy Halloween," Whit whispered. Thirty-nine times. But each time was accompanied by a kiss, so that was all right.

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NOVEMBER

## CHAPTER ONE

They let him brush their hair.

Whit could do it for hours, sitting on the couch with either Raine or Grey on the floor between his legs as he drew the brush through the long dark hair again and again.

It was mesmerizing. It was arousing.

It was actually maybe a little embarrassing because now all he had to do was pick up the silver backed brush and he'd get hard.

Even if they weren't in the room.

Like now. Raine was shopping and Grey had gone to guard against too many extravagances. He was at loose ends, so he was wandering aimlessly. At least he had been until he picked up the brush and now he was hard and on his own. He brought the bristles to his nose breathing in the earth and rain scent of their hair. The brush was an old-fashioned one with soft bristles and they tickled his cheek as he breathed his lovers' scent in.

Oh, it gave him wicked ideas and, on a whim, he decided to indulge himself. He stripped quickly and lay in the bed, bringing the brush with him. Slowly, he dragged the bristled side along his skin, starting at his neck, brushing over his nipples and his belly and his cock, oh and his balls and he could reach the skin beyond if he spread his legs very wide.

Moaning, he started the circuit again.

He heard the door open a second before the bags hit the floor, Raine's moan loud. "Oh... Grey. Grey, look."

He jerked, feeling the blush cover his entire body. Sliding the brush into the sheets, he turned to

them, mouth open but he had no words.

Grey's eyes were burning, dark and hot. "Don't stop."

Oh... He held the brush tight and returned it to his skin, crying out as the bristles slid over his nipple. Before it had been arousing, but now, with them watching, it was almost unbearably so.

Raine wrapped his arms around Grey's waist, fingers stroking the bulge in Grey's jeans. "Oh... oh my Grey... He glows, so fine, nipples so tight..."

Between Raine's words and Grey's eyes, he was flying, the brush almost superfluous now. He stroked it down across his belly and over his cock, shuddering and crying out, so very close now.

He glanced over, Grey's cock was dark, thick in Raine's hand, Raine undulating against Grey's ass. Four dark eyes were fastened on him. He swallowed hard and spread his legs again, moving the brush over the skin behind his balls and just barely stroking across his ass.

"Whit..." His name was growled, moaned, whimpered, and the scent of his twins' pleasure hit the air. He jerked again, bristles sliding hard over his cock and he came, seed spraying onto the brush. Before he stopped jerking, two hard bodies were against him, two tongues sliding into his mouth, hair falling into his face. He whimpered into their mouths, shivering at the sensation of their hair against his skin, the scent of them strong and true now.

The bags of groceries waited on the floor, joined soon by the brush, shoved aside in favor of lips and tongues and hands.

## CHAPTER TWO

He loaded the film, settling on the stool and focusing on the sight before him. Whit's pale skin beside Raine's darker, both spread out upon the midnight black sheets. Four hungry eyes staring at him. Four sliding, busy hands. Two cocks -- one bound in white, the other in black.

Delicious.

They had played and teased, cuddled and relived Raine's need for days. Whit had come to him, whispering promises that went beyond petty worries about what was acceptable and what was not. In the end, he had promised not to lie, not to hide. To trust in them both.

And now... Now they were playing again, the camera capturing the laughter and need and love.

Perfect.

The air thrummed with Whit and Raine's anticipation, his two beautiful lovers waiting on his words to do more than they were.

He made them wait, just shooting pictures of them relaxed and sensual, wanton and waiting.

Whit broke first, as he would have guessed, their lover not as used to such games as his Raine. "Grey... please. Please."

He chuckled, eyes meeting Raine's. "His nipples, Raine. I want them hard and aching. I want to see you make him need."

Raine's eyes were alight, hungry mouth already open and moving before his words were finished. Whit arched up into Raine's mouth, eyes closing as pleasure painted the beloved face.

He zoomed in, watching Whit's face, then that hard, wet flesh stretching between Raine's white teeth.

"Oh! Raine... Grey... love." Whit was babbling, calling out words as he writhed and twisted beneath Raine's mouth. He moaned softly, set the camera aside, unable to resist their beauty. He slid behind Whit, holding his lover's arms up and out, keeping Whit still so Raine could play.

"Grey!" Whit shuddered, soft noises coming from between his lips.

"Mm... yes, Whit. So sensitive there, so hungry." He shifted, rubbing against the sheets. "One day we will get you a ring like our Raine. One little nipple, always hard for me."

"Oh..." Whit's whole body rippled against him, the black ribbon bound cock jerked hard.

Raine lifted his head, licking his lips like the cat who caught the canary. "Oh... Oh, Grey... He would be so lovely."

Grey nodded. "His cock now, love. I wish to see you take him in."

Whit whimpered, drops forming at the tip of his cock, waiting for Raine's mouth. Grey released Whit's hands, fingers beginning to work those now-sensitive nipples while Raine's lips sank over the throbbing cock.

Whit called out, saying their names over and over. They kept the rhythm up, fingers and mouth working together as only they could, and then Grey stopped Raine with a hand. "Turn him. I want his mouth. I want to see you take him."

"Oh, Grey. Yes. And Raine. Oh." Whit was turned, completely malleable in their hands.

He stroked Whit's hair, smiling at his lover, legs spread wide. "Make me come, Whit."

Whit's eyes shone up at him. "Yes, Grey."

Raine's eyes were hot and hungry, slicked fingers pressing deep into Whit's body. Whit groaned, pushing back against Raine before his lover focused, mouth sliding over his cock and slowly sucking him in.

"Oh..." His lips parted, thighs spreading even farther, hips rolling up. Oh, yes. Almost perfect.

Then he saw the bliss on Raine's face as his heart pushed into Whit's body. There. Yes. There. Whit's sounds of pleasure vibrated around his cock, Raine and Whit finding the same rhythm as they began to move.

His hands settled on Whit's head, moving with them, rocking up into that wet heat. Whit's hands slid along his thighs, wrapping around his hips and holding. Raine's sounds were beautiful, filling the air, arching as he drove them faster and harder. His cock was pulled all the way into Whit's throat, that sweet mouth taking everything he had to give.

"Soon. Together. Oh... Yes, soon." He cupped Whit's cheek, balls growing tight, toes curling.

Whit's eyes communicated everything his mouth was too full to say, "I love you. I want you. Yes, Grey." He arched, heat sparking along his spine, spending himself and shooting down Whit's throat even as Raine's cry bounced off the ceiling. Whit shuddered between them, heat splashing against Grey's legs.

They collapsed together in a heap, panting and moaning, sweat-slick skin rubbing together. Whit's head lay on his hip, breath soft and sweet against his skin.

"Was it good? Did you like?" He brushed the soft hair back from Whit's face.

Whit nuzzled his hand. "Yes, Grey. It was good. I liked it. You and Raine... you make me fly. Always."

"Good." He relaxed back, eyes drooping. "Love you."

"Mm. Yes, I love you, Grey. You too, Raine."

Raine's soft hum and warm answer was fuzzy, distant as Grey relaxed into sleep, sated and relaxed.

### CHAPTER THREE

He could hear Whit typing upstairs, see Grey's chest rising and falling as his heart napped.

Bored.

He was bored.

Raine pondered food, walking, shopping, surfing, reading -- nothing sounded good.

There was nothing on TV.

No good movies on pay-per-view.

It was snowing and he didn't want to go out.

Finally he just got naked and headed for the shower. Naked, wet and slick could lead to orgasm whether or not anyone came in. Orgasms led to naps, or getting to play with naked, happy lovers in the bed, both of which worked.

He turned the water on hot and then opened some aromatic oils, spilling some on the counter, hoping the scent would spread. Candles, music, even a loud trip to the kitchen for an ice bucket and champagne -- Grey was beginning to shift, the typing upstairs stuttering. When he entered the steam-filled shower, rubbing oils over his body, he'd heard the mattress creak, the sound of feet upon the stairs. It was simply a matter of time.

They came in together, wrapped in a kiss, Grey pushing Whit up against the wall next to the shower, one of Whit's ankles hooking around his heart's thigh.

He groaned, leaning into the spray. So fucking beautiful, his men, his loves, his life. Grey was pushing in the sweet, lazy, newly awoken way that was his addiction. Sleepy, needing, soft and purring Grey was the stuff of fantasies.

Add that to Whit's passion and oh...

To give them credit, they were trying to take off each other's clothes, but their fingers were stumbling and passion-clumsy, their focus on rocking together.

He leaned against the tiles, hand dropping to slide over his cock. No wonder Grey liked to watch. They were lovely and hungry. Whit's shirt tore as Grey's back muscles flexed, the need covering Grey like a second skin. Whit's moan was heartfelt, his hands opening and closing on Grey's hips.

Whit was going to need easy-open post-nap clothes or a bigger budget. Raine chuckled, stroking himself in time with the show he was being offered. He'd remember to tell Whit. Later.

Grey's motions were becoming more desperate, hand cupping Whit's balls for a moment before spinning Whit to face the wall. "Take them off."

Grey looked over at him and smiled, the look wolfish and awake and so not post-napping Grey. Oh, evil teasing beautiful horny man!

Whit's heavy breathing was loud, even above the sound of the shower and his hands were shaking as he pulled down his jeans, kicking them away. "Hurry, Grey. Please."

"Yes." Grey slicked his cock quick, not even undressed, and pushed into Whit with a strong, powerful thrust.

Raine shuddered, balls tightening as Grey fucked Whit hard, giving no quarter, just insisting Whit take him.

Whit was gasping and sobbing, pushing back, meeting every thrust.

Grey was growling, fingers twining with Whit's, teeth closed upon Whit's nape, dark eyes -- oh, fuck. Dark eyes staring at him. Offering this to him.

"My Grey."



Grey blinked and then those dark eyes closed. Grey's possession of Whit was beautiful. Whit was oblivious to all but the hard cock pushing into him, Raine could tell by the look on Whit's face.

They were all moving, together, even if he wasn't touching them.

Whit's fingers were trying to scratch through the tile and suddenly they clenched tight as Whit screamed, his musk joining the scents on the air. Grey growled and arched and he cried out, sobbing as he came, eyes full. Whit leaned against the tile, panting heavily. His eyes blinked open and he gazed at Raine, a small smile gracing his lips.

"Hello my loves." Raine turned up the heat, grinning as the steam billowed.

Whit's smile turned into a grin that finished up on a gasp as Grey's lips found the nape of his neck again.

Oh, lovely. His cock twitched, trying to come back to life.

Whit was boneless and leaning hard against the wall, looking like he had every intention of begging Grey to do it all over again.

That would, besides being beautiful and sexy and erotic as fuck, assure that he wasn't bored.

## CHAPTER FOUR

He wanted.

Raine had called from the conference, whispering wicked things to him, knowing that Whit was at school, that the store was open and the lunch hour was over and that he would get no relief for hours.

Grey was going to kill his brother.

As soon as 5 o'clock came and he finished fucking Whit through the floor, getting a shower, a plane ticket to Miami and finding the evil, conniving, sexy other half of his soul.

Asshole.

At 4:45, he locked the doors with a low growl and headed upstairs towards his poor, unsuspecting Whit.

Whit had an office. They'd worked very hard to make sure he felt welcome and included in their home, but when he could, Whit would spread himself out in front of the fire, papers all around him. Whit said he liked to be close to them.

He was there today, glancing up from his papers with a warm smile. "Grey."

"Whit." He pulled off his sweater, throwing it aside as he toed off his shoes, growling. Whit's eyebrows rose and his jaw dropped a little and then the papers were being gathered and shoved aside.

Grey nodded, cock so hard it ached. He tore open his pants, fisting his shaft roughly, waiting for it to be safe to devour his lover.

Whit made a soft sound and shoved the rest of his stuff haphazardly until the bearskin rug held only Whit.

He growled low, falling upon Whit and taking the hot, sweet, eager mouth. He fucked those open lips with his tongue, hands tearing open Whit's shirt so he could have skin.

Whit's fingers danced over his skin, sliding along his chest and down over his stomach muscles.

"Whit. Need you." Grey tilted Whit's head back, sucking a mark into that fine skin.

Whit's whole body shuddered for him. "You have me."

"Skin, Whit. Now." His fingers found Whit's ass, pulling their hips together, rocking them into each other.

"Yes... yes." Whit's fingers slid down further, brushing against his full cock as Whit worked off his belt and opened his pants.

The touch made him shudder, made him cry out.

Whimpering, Whit worked his pants off, kicking them away with his feet and then pressing close. Grey started moving immediately, cock sliding against cock, kisses sharp and fierce and desperate as he searched for his orgasm. Whit's hands slid around him, grabbing onto his ass and holding tight. He came with a cry, sliding against Whit, head thrown back as he roared.

"Grey!" Whit sounded surprised, almost shocked, heat spraying against him.

Grey panted, still moving, mouth sliding over Whit's skin. "Thank you. Needed so bad."

Whit's hands let go their death grip on his ass and slid slowly up his back. "You're welcome, Grey. Anytime."

He stretched, forehead resting on Whit's shoulder as pleasure arched through his spine. Maybe he'd wait to go kill Raine until tomorrow.

Maybe the day after.

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DECEMBER

## CHAPTER ONE

He wandered around the cabin, hands sliding over the woodwork, eyes returning to the picture windows facing the falls again and again. There was a hint of snow on the ground, flames leaping happily in the fireplace. His Raine and Whit had driven to town for a tree and a turkey and a few last gifts.

Grey stretched out on the long sofa, relaxed and smiling as the snow began to fall again. Yes, this was a good idea -- the holidays in the woods, together for their first Christmas as a real family.

He and Raine had spent Christmases in dozens of places once they'd left home, gone to and given party after party -- caroled and danced and made love and goofed off -- but this time was different, special. This time was with Whit.

He lounged and dozed, waking when he heard Raine's laughter, Whit's muffled curses and the thud as something heavy hit the ground.

"Grey, we need your muscles." Whit's call was cut off and then he could hear Whit complaining to Raine. "We do too need his muscles -- you picked the biggest tree they had. Hell, I think it's the biggest tree ever."

Raine's soft laughter made him smile, made him curious enough to get off the couch and see for himself. "So, what did Raine talk you into, Whit?"

"I think we're going to have to put a hole in the roof, Grey -- this tree has to be at least twelve feet tall. I still can't believe we didn't tip the car."

Grey blinked at the tree. "Raine..."

Raine looked over at him, eyes shining. "It was the prettiest one, my Grey."

"But it..."

"Is beautiful. I know!" Raine bounced over and kissed him. "I bought cider to heat up, just for you."

"Thank you, Raine." He met Whit's eyes and winked. "Did you buy an axe?"

Whit grinned back at him. "Raine kept insisting that there was more than enough wood for the fire, but yes, I did."

"Good." If he cut four feet off the bottom, it might fit. Maybe. If they had a short tree stand.

"You're not ruining this tree, are you, Grey?" Sometimes he could hear Raine at eleven, worrying about their bikes rusting in the storage building.

"We could always put it outside," suggested Whit, with the sound of a man who'd been through all the arguments already.

"I'll cut a bit off the base, then you'll have branches to decorate with."

"Oh! I can deck the halls!" Raine's eyes lit up again and he hurried to carry in armfuls of bags.

Grey just grinned at Whit's stunned expression.

"You'll have to teach me how to do that." Whit came over, standing close and raising his face for a kiss as his arms wound around Grey's waist.

He leaned in, letting his mouth rest against Whit's. "Takes years of practice."

"Good thing I plan to be here long enough to put the practice time in." Whit's lips parted, his lover's breath filling him.

"Absolutely." His tongue pushed into those warm lips, hands wrapping around Whit's waist and pulling him close. Whit made a soft, happy noise and pressed even closer.

He broke the kiss long enough to whisper, "Merry Christmas, lover," and then he dove back in, feeling the tiny snowflakes melting on his cheeks.

Whit held on tight and opened wide, pulling him in eagerly. He could feel Whit's erection growing against his thigh, their lover always so responsive. He slid a hand down the front of Whit's jeans, cupping that sweet, hard cock, fingers rolling the heavy balls. Whit pushed a soft moan into his mouth and hooked a leg around his waist. They started rocking together; kiss growing more desperate, deep and hot and hungry. "Oh, Grey... love you so much."

Whit dove back into the kiss.

He wasn't sure when the soft teasing kiss had become need. He didn't care. He lifted Whit and walked the few steps to pin his lover to a wall of the cabin, thrusts growing stronger, coming faster. Whit slid his other leg around Grey's waist, trusting Grey to keep him up, clinging and whimpering into each desperate kiss. Grey groaned, pushing and grinding into Whit's strength. He was close, needing.

His hair fell around their faces, Whit's hands sliding through it.

Whit broke their kiss, crying out, head hitting the wall as it fell back. The sweet scent of Whit's pleasure rose up between them. He leaned down, biting Whit's throat as his body responded to that scent, that pleasure. Whit jerked against him, body shuddering. "Grey!"

"Whit. Love." He whispered against the warm flesh and then came, shuddering and grunting low.

"Beautiful. My beautiful loves." Raine stood at the door, steaming mug in hand.

Whit's eyes slid open and he smiled, lazy and full of love. One arm dropped from his shoulder, opening up. "Come, Raine."

Raine chuckled, eyes dancing. "I did, watching through the window." He moved into their embrace, snuggling close. "Started up the Jacuzzi in the back, too."

"Hedonist." Grey took a soft kiss. "Love you."

Raine grinned. "As I love you, my sweet Grey. The snow looks magical in your hair."

"And in yours, too," said Whit softly, hand sliding through it. "I can't think of a better Christmas gift than to spend it alone with the two of you."

Whit kissed Raine and then himself softly. "Thank you."

Grey nodded. It was a good idea. Their idea. Their Christmas.

Theirs.

## CHAPTER TWO

Whit snuck out of bed, happy that he'd been able to wake up before Raine. He suspected a long night of loving had something to do with Raine's uncharacteristic lie in. Or perhaps the twins had some sleeping in together ritual he wasn't aware of.

Whatever the reason, it afforded him the time to set up the cabin.

First he built up the fire and set the coffee brewing. Then he set candles around the place, some scented vanilla, some 'stormy', others still just plain. He opened his second suitcase and put all the presents on the coffee table and he spread confetti around, the small glittery paper picking up the light from the candles.

Breakfast came next, homemade waffles a la Whit, complete with fresh whipped cream and strawberries.

As the last one came out of the pan, he wondered if he would need to go wake his lovers. He had hoped the smells would get to them -- the waffles weren't the best reheated and if he got into bed to wake them... well, it would probably be awhile before he got back out of bed.

Warm lips stroked across his shoulder, a low, husky voice rumbling at him. "Waffles. Yum. Love you."

Raine bounced across the room, giving him and Grey soft kisses before pulling out three coffee cups. "And coffee, my Grey! He's so good to us."

He leaned back into Grey's warmth, smiling. "Happy birthday, my loves."

"Mmm... Yes." Hands slid around his stomach, holding and petting, Grey still half-asleep. He tilted his head back, searching for one of those warm, all-consuming kisses that Grey gave when he'd just woken. Grey purred for him, eyes dozy and warm, lips open and so soft as they kissed and cuddled. He ended the kiss reluctantly. "The waffles taste better fresh."



"We eating at the table, Whit-love? Or on the sofa with blankets and the curtains open and watching the snow fall?" Raine's eyes were shining, hands full of coffee cups.

"It's your day -- whatever you want."

Grey grabbed forks and two plates. "Sofa, then. We can snuggle after."

"You're missing a plate," Whit pointed out, reaching for another one. "And we're doing gifts after." He grinned at them, excited about the presents, even though they weren't for him. He always had loved birthdays.

"Presents! For us?" Raine bounced and Grey just pinked and wandered into the living room. Between them all, they got settled, cuddled together, moaning and rumbling over the waffles and watching the snow fall.

"Do you have any birthday traditions?" he asked as the waffles disappeared.

"Christmas sort of always ate it up. We've always spent it together, obviously." Raine smiled and leaned over to kiss Grey gently. "We make something for each other. When we were little, our grandmother made us butter cake with chocolate icing on one side..."

Grey chuckled. "And orange icing on the other."

He chuckled. He could just see them. "I bet you argued over which side was bigger and which had more icing, too."

"Grey's was always bigger."

"Yours had more icing."

"You got the first piece and the first present."

"I'm older."

"Six minutes, Grey."

"Yes. Older."

His chuckles turned to outright laughter. "Well I was going to offer to recreate your butter cake with two different icings, but I'd hate to be the one to keep this going."

"Oh... orange icing? Really?" Grey gave him a long, hard kiss. "I'd let the youngster have the first piece for orange icing."

"Mm..." He pulled Grey's head down for another kiss. "If I have all the ingredients it's a deal."

He'd been planning to make them cake anyway and as long as they'd brought enough butter and had some orange juice...

He heard Raine's happy chuckle as Grey bowled him over, kissing him deeply as his head landed in Raine's lap. He moaned happily, mouth opening wide, inviting Grey in to make the kiss deeper, while he reached up, stroking Raine's thigh. Grey took his invitation and then some, stealing his breath, black hair pouring over him like a shiny curtain. He arched up into Grey's body, whimpering. Who's idea had it been to wear clothes?

"Love you so much." Grey's smile slid on his lips, hand pushing at his t-shirt.

"Bed or presents -- somebody pick or I'll start tickling." Raine's voice was full of teasing amusement.

He arched beneath Grey, stretching beneath that long, lean body. "Your choice," he murmured, head rubbing against Raine's crotch. "It's your birthday."

"If we make love first, it'll take the edge off."

"Presents first and we can snuggle in bed all afternoon."

"So bed no matter what, my Grey?"

"And naked."

"Oh, yes. Naked. I love naked."

Oh, he knew there was a reason he loved them. "How about naked presents in bed?"

That earned him another kiss from Grey and a happy crow from Raine. "Our brilliant love!"

He chuckled, reaching up to slide his fingers along Raine's lips and then Grey's. "I love you both."

"Mm... our own birthday present." Grey nibbled at his fingers, levering up and then hauling them both to their feet. "Naked. Bed."

Raine nodded. "Presents!"

He laughed. "I think I've finally discovered something Raine likes more than sex."

"Only on birthdays and Christmas, Whit." Grey shrugged out of his sweater and sweatpants, pulling a medium sized box from the closet before settling in the covers. Raine's robe was dropped, a little square boxes fished from its pocket.

He brought his own gifts over to the bed and then climbed out of his clothes on onto the bed.

"Who goes first?" he asked.

Grey handed his gift to Raine. "Raine can."

Raine bounced, opening the brown paper eagerly. The paper concealed a framed photograph of Whit and Raine on the Harley, laughing, both happy and... Beautiful. They were beautiful.

Raine looked up with tears in his eyes. "Oh. Oh, my Grey. It's perfect."

Blushing, Grey handed over two slips of paper. "These are two classes at that chef's school -- pastries and breads. All paid for."

Raine crawled over the mattress to straddle Grey's lap, tears spilling over. "Thirty-three years and you still surprise me, my Grey. You still love me so."

Grey's fingers brushed the tears away. "I do. Always. I cannot do without my heartbeat."

Then Raine brought their lips together in a long, deep kiss.

Whit felt his own eyes fill and he wiped surreptitiously at them. They were so beautiful and loved so well. He was unbelievably grateful to be a part of them.

The kiss lasted an age and then Raine handed Grey his box. Inside was an earring, the match to Raine's -- the stone in it a bit larger, but with the same fire. Grey picked it up. "Father's?"

Raine nodded. "Aunt Kissy found it and sent it." He touched his own ear. "They should be together."

"Yes." Grey moved and slid the earring in the mostly hidden and rarely used hole in his lobe. "Yes, Raine. He and Mama should be together."

He shook his head. "The two of you are absolutely stunning. You make my heart pound."

Two sets of beautiful dark eyes smiled at him, shining. "Love you."

"Yes."

"Our Whit."

"Our love."

"Our center."

"Come closer."

"Come kiss."

"Come..."

"I love you," he whispered, smiling and leaning forward so that they could all kiss together. Oh, their lips were soft and warm and wet and tasted like a beautiful storm.

They melted beneath him, around him, drawing him in their need as they always did, including them at the heart of their love. Before he could become totally lost in them, he pulled back.

"There's still my gifts," he said softly.

"You aren't our gift, love?" Raine kissed him while Grey nipped his wrist.

He blushed and gave them each a tight hug. "Always, Raine. You needed something for your birthdays though. You first this time," he said to Grey, giving him the large box.

Grey smiled at him and gave him a deep, long kiss that made him see stars. "Thank you, Whit."

He laughed, totally delighted. "You're supposed to open it first."

He grinned as Grey carefully unwrapped and opened the box. Inside was an old original camera, complete with tripod. "It's still functional," he said softly, "and Kodak still makes the slate and paper for it."

"Oh..." Grey took the camera out, looking at it closely.

Raine smiled at him, eyes twinkling. "He likes it. He may never put it down again, but he likes it."

"Oh, he'll have to make love to us," he told Raine, winking. He was so pleased that Grey liked the gift. He'd spent months looking for the perfect thing.

"Mine next?" Raine grinned and batted his eyes, flirting shamelessly. He grinned and handed over a smaller package that contained a necklace made of semi-precious stones the color of their eyes and gray and dark blue, storm-colors. Raine made a soft noise and gave him the sweetest smile before squeaking and nudging into Grey's space, showing his present without a word. He could see them as children, laughing and together, one soul in two bodies.

"It reminded me of you both. Of the essence of who you are in my eyes."

The necklace was pressed into his hands. "Put it on me, Whit?"

Raine turned and Grey held up the weight of the dark hair. He did, fingers lingering on the fine skin.

"It looks beautiful." Grey smiled over. "Thank you, Whit."

Raine leaned back into his arms. "Oh, yes. Thank you so much. My Whit. My Love."

"I'm glad you like it." He beamed down at Raine. "Happy birthday, my loves."

"Yes. Very."

"The best."

"Ever."

"And then tomorrow?" Dark eyes twinkled at him as they both cried out. "Christmas!"

He laughed and threw himself in their arms. "Can we make love until then?"

"Yes!" Pillows went flying and he was pounced, lips and hands and tongues thanking and loving him as nothing else could.

## CHAPTER THREE

He was awake at dawn, cooking and whistling Christmas carols and admiring the piles of gifts beneath the tree. Grey wrapped in brown paper. Whit in fun, happy patterns and his were done in jewel-toned foil.

So pretty.

He made cinnamon rolls and coffee, then started a nice, blazing fire. Then he curled up on the sofa and watched his lovers sleeping, giving thanks for them both, for this peace.

Whit stirred first, yawning and stretching and murmuring happily as he burrowed into Grey's chest. Grey purred softly, wrapping Whit in his arms, petting and trying to soothe their lover back into sleep.

He wondered for a moment if it would work, like it often did, but then Whit leaned back and gave Grey a kiss. "Wake up, Grey! It's Christmas!"

Whit turned, smiling warmly as he was spied. "Raine! Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Whit!" He grinned and opened his arms. "Come snuggle! There's coffee and sweet rolls all made."

Grey burrowed under the covers with a soft growl.

"Oh, Grey, come with me -- it's Christmas morning!" Whit turned and squinted at the clock. "It's after 7! I don't think I've ever slept this late Christmas morning."

Grey murmured something soft and then Whit was pulled in for a long, deep, early-morning kiss. Beautiful. Whit melted against Grey, hands sliding through the long, dark hair.

He was drawn to them, moving across the floor and into the warm blankets and two sets of warm eyes. Drawn to Whit's smile and Grey's happy rumble. Drawn to his heart and home.

"Oh," murmured Whit, pulling him close. "This is the best Christmas ever."

"Mm... yes." Grey tucked him into their caress, blanket covering them all so the long, lazy kisses could go on and on. The passion built slowly, Whit beginning to move between them, rubbing and sliding against them. It was like magic, easy and soft, one drugging kiss melting into another and another. Hands and lips, bodies and cocks, they all moved together, rocked together in waves.

"Oh! Grey! Raine!" Whit's words slid together, heralding the splash of heat as their sweet lover came. His higher cry was lost in Grey's mouth, Grey's rumbling growl, one heat answering another.

Whit stretched and made happy noises, hands sliding over his skin, over Grey's. "Merry Christmas my loves."

"Merry Christmas." He nestled in, happy all through. "We should come back here every Christmas. Make love Christmas morning before presents."

Raine couldn't help but vibrate a little bit at the thought of presents.

"Oh, presents!" Whit sat up and tugged on his and Grey's hands. "Come on -- there's presents!"

He chuckled and followed, noting that even Grey came easy, soft laughter filling the cabin. "Did Santa come?"

"Yes," replied Whit, giving them an impish grin. "I did."

Grey tackled Whit, kissing him hard as they bounced on the sofa, all giggles. Such boys.

Whit finally untangled himself long enough to grab two packages, both long and flat, only an inch or so high. "Open these first!"

"You need one too..." Grey reached out, rummaging until he found a smaller, taller box. "Here."



Together they unwrapped, three bright laughs sounding as his and Grey's truffles were opened, along with Whit's chocolate covered cherries.

Whit tore open his box, making ecstatic noises as he popped one of the chocolates into his mouth. The box was held out to them, their Whit ready to share. Grey took one, offering Whit a bite of coconut truffle in exchange. Raine occupied himself with licking melted chocolate off of lips and fingers.

Whit was smiling and laughing, those brown eyes dancing with happiness.

Raine handed over boxes with new bathrobes -- dark blue for Whit, rich cream for Grey, deep green for him. Grey's offerings in the clothes department were silk pajamas -- black, brown and cream -- heavy and rich and decadent. Whit laughed and handed over smaller boxes with slippers in them, in the same three colors.

They dressed in their new clothes, laughing and moaning, fingers stroking a bit. Grey settled up on the sofa, stretched out on his side, smiling.

"Oh, I don't think I've ever slept in anything so decadent," Whit murmured. "No wait. Your skin."

Raine leaned forward and took a kiss, hands sliding over Whit's back. "Love you. Now. Books. Right, Grey?"

Grey nodded. They had explained to Whit that their Christmas had clothes, then books, then something practical, something personal, something sexy. Years of having everything be the same had made the Christmas presents traditional, but still fun. Now with Whit, it was like heaven.

Whit literally bounced. "Books!" He gave them each one. Grey's was a history of bondage through the ages, his was a collection of photographs of motorcycles.

His offering was a collection of Kertesz photos for Grey and a series of light-hearted mysteries for his Whit. Grey gave Whit a primer from the early 1800s and him a first edition of "The Catcher in the Rye".

"Oh, how wonderful." Whit sat back and flipped through the primer before starting to read the blurbs on the backs of the mysteries.

Grey nodded, head already buried in those books, hand tangled in Raine's hair as he looked at the bikes.

They read quietly together until Whit's stomach growled loudly. Whit chuckled. "We should eat. And then there's more presents..."

"There are homemade cinnamon rolls already made." Raine smiled over, waiting for Grey.

"Icing?"

"Yes, my Grey."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, my Grey, in the carafe. And some orange juice, too."

"Love you."

"I know."

Whit beamed at them both. "Stay put," he said, getting up. "I'll bring everything over. You two can make out or something -- give me a show."

Raine chuckled, crawled up onto the sofa with Grey and took a kiss. "Happy?"

Grey nodded. He opened his mouth to ask another question, but Grey just pulled him close, the kiss long and sweet, flavored with happiness and chocolate and them.

"Oh... so beautiful," murmured Whit, the soft touch of their lover's hand sliding against their cheeks. He would have answered, but Grey wasn't quite finished with him, tongue still tasting, hand holding him close.

When the kiss finally ended, he found Whit sitting on the floor, devouring a cinnamon roll and watching them avidly.

"Are they good, love?" His voice was husky, closer to Grey's deep tones than normal, like Grey had crawled inside him.

"Delicious. Would you like a taste?" Whit leaned forward, not offering one of the buns, but his mouth instead.

"Mm... yes, please." He took a long, deep kiss and then Grey's tongue slid into the kiss, hungry and needing its own taste. Whit made a happy noise, the taste of the sound far sweeter than any roll.

Warm fingers slid through his hair, along his cheek and then Whit drew back, brown eyes shining. Whit looked beautiful, surrounded by the shining boxes and the lit up tree coloring his hair.

Yes. Perfect. Happy.

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JANUARY

## CHAPTER ONE

Whit was home alone. Raine and Grey were downstairs at the gallery for a reception. He missed them and it was almost worse because they were so close.

He was curled up on the couch, indulging in a guilty pleasure -- watching Star Trek, saying all of Kirk's lines with him.

He was on his third episode when cold bottle rolled against his neck, startling the Hell out of him. Two sets of dark eyes shone down at him, gleaming. They looked good, wicked, dressed in matching black turtlenecks, Grey's hair braided, Raine's loose.

"We escaped, our Whit. Brought you a beer." Raine was already gasping, Whit could see the tear in the collar of his lover's shirt, dark mark visible. Oh... Grey must be hungry.

He fumbled for the remote and turned the television off, reaching for the beer so he could put it down on the table. "What else did you bring me?"

"Grey." Raine groaned, head falling forward as Grey did something to him on the other side of the couch. Raine started panting, dark eyes dazed, almost drunk.

He climbed up onto his knees on the couch, taking Raine's face in his hands and bringing their mouths together. Raine's kiss was desperate, wild, tongue thrusting deep into his mouth as if driven. Pulling away from the kiss he bit Raine's lower lip. "Tell me. Tell me what he's doing."

"H... he put in a plug be...before the party. Kept... kept making me sit. Now he's... oh! Oh, fuck. Grey, love, please!" Grey's chuckle was pure evil as Raine cried out, pressing his mouth back together with Whit's.

He shuddered, Raine's words making him hard instantly. He reached around Raine's body with his hand, wanting to feel.

Grey had Raine's slacks pushed down, plug pulled out only enough to stretch the little ring of muscles, then slammed back in, twisted and rocked, then pulled out again.

He whimpered, fingers stroking along Grey's, along the skin around Raine's opening. "How big is it?"

Grey smiled at him, feral and hungry. "Tell him."

Raine gasped. "Big enough for me to feel. Big enough to stretch me." Dark eyes gleamed. "Big enough that you could fist me after without tearing me, you could touch me deep inside. He... he cleaned me earlier. Washed me inside. Told me I could be your New Years gift from him."

"Oh God!" He shuddered, nearly coming. Backing off the sofa, he stood and started tearing off his clothes. "Grey I want you to fuck me. I want you to make him sit there and watch you fuck me."

And then he would... and then he would hold Raine in his hand. But not without coming first, not without releasing some of the sudden pressure.

Grey growled, nodded. "Strip and sit, Raine. Leave the bindings on. You can't come."

"Whit... let me come. I ache." Raine stood, the heavy leather cord wrapped around his cock and trapped the heavy balls, keeping him in control.

Whit grabbed his own balls and pulled tight to keep himself from coming. "Ohgodohgodohgod. Hurry, Grey. Please hurry."

Grey walked over, bending Whit over the arm of the sofa., Raine sat gingerly, hips rocking against the leather of the couch. Grey didn't even undress, just pulled out the thick, heavy cock, slicked it and pushed in deep, filling Whit in one stroke. He screamed, somehow holding on, not coming yet. He wanted to feel Grey inside him, wanted his lover to fuck him hard while Raine watched, body writhing, on fire.

Grey's hands landed on his hips and his lover took him, slamming into him and rattling him.

Raine's eyes were coals, hips grinding onto the plug that filled him. "Oh, Whit! Grey! So full. I need... Oh, please, I want to come. I ache lovers. Need so bad."

Grey whispered low, mouth brushing over his shoulder. "Going to touch him deep, Whit. Hold him in your hand."

He howled, body shaking as he came, shooting against the couch. Raine sobbed, moving into Whit's arm, tongue pushing deep into his throat. He was filled from both ends, felt as if his lovers were trying to reach other through him, felt as if they were succeeding, tongue and cock meeting inside him, filling him, making him theirs forever.

Raine's fingers twined with Grey's on his shoulders, holding on tight, holding him.

He squeezed tight around Grey's cock and sucked hard on Raine's tongue, saying, "I love you" without words as best he could. Grey's thrusts increased in speed, low sounds filling the air as he neared orgasm. Raine whimpered into his lips, pleading.

He found Raine's cock with his hand, fingers sliding over the hot, swollen flesh and the leather bindings warmed by Raine's body. He swallowed another whimper and then another before finding the right end and tugging, feeling the leather come away in his hand.

"Please, love! Please!" Raine's cry slid over Grey's growl, Raine's cock pushing up, searching for his touch. He wrapped his hand around Raine's flesh, stroking to the beat of Grey's thrusts inside him. Raine convulsed, sobbing as he arched, coming almost immediately, seed pouring over Whit's hand, even as Grey followed, heat pulsing deep.

Panting, he leaned against the sofa and his lover, holding Grey's weight as well while the twins shook with the power of their pleasure. He was still hard, still hungry, so eager for what the rest of the evening held.

Grey gave the best gifts ever.

Raine's hips were still pulsing, cock still stiff. Little whimpers filled his mouth, Raine's eyes almost black. "Thank you. Needed it. So bad, love. So much."

Grey chuckled. "Spoiled one."

He reached back with his free hand to stroke Grey's flank, his other hand still tight around Raine's hardness. "No Grey, I would be the spoiled one, spoiled by your love and Raine's love."

Grey's teeth scraped gently over his shoulder, not quite hard enough to mark. "I love you. Come to bed and claim our Raine. Let him feel you."

Raine whimpered and jerked into his hands.

He let go of the hot flesh in his hand and slid his fingers along Raine's cheek, looking into the dark eyes. "Do you want that, Raine? Do you want to feel my hand inside your body?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, Whit. I want... Oh I want to feel you deep, love." Lips parted, cheeks flushed, Raine looked beautiful, wanton. Grey was reflected there, so strong, so sure.

He swallowed and then licked his way across Raine's lips, tongue dipping inside for just a moment. "I want to hold you in my hand, Raine. I love you. And you as well, Grey."

Grey's lips stroked beneath his ear for just a moment. "I love you. Come to bed."

He whimpered as Grey slid from his body, moaned as their hands slid over his skin, helping him stand. He took their hands and walked with them, keeping contact, keeping close. Grey settled them on the bed, moving to take Raine's lips in a series of fierce, hungry kisses that left Raine hard as nails, sweating, whimpering into that mouth.

"So beautiful," he murmured, hands sliding along Raine's legs. "I have never seen anything as beautiful as you two when you make love."

Raine arched, purring softly, eyes fastened to Grey's, lips kiss swollen and raw. "Make love to me, Grey."

Grey grinned, hand sliding to cup Raine's ass, jostling the plug and making Raine shudder. "I am, my Raine."

A shiver went through him, echo to the shudder's shaking Raine's body. He danced his fingers along the insides of Raine's thighs, slowly moving toward Grey's hand. Grey's fingers tangled with his and together they teased, moving the plug in random motions. Raine's cries grew more and more hoarse, cock throbbing.

A drop of precum slid from the tip, landing on Raine's belly and Whit bent, licking it, taking the taste into his mouth. He whimpered. So good.

Raine's whimper joined his as Grey slid to the side, one hand tugging Raine's thighs apart.

"He's ours Whit, take him."

"Don't you want to?"

Grey smiled, giving Raine another long, hungry kiss. "Always, but he wants to feel your hand inside him and I want to see, want to see my lovers together."

"Oh! Yes..." He'd been so caught up in seeing them together, in being a part of that that he'd forgotten.

"What do I do?" he asked, looking to Grey for guidance.

"Take it slow and use lots of lube." Grey smiled. "Let Raine's pleasure lead you."

He kissed Grey softly. "Thank you."

Then he turned back to Raine.

Raine's face was relaxed, easy, eager. "Want you to touch me, love. Touch me deep."

"Yes." A shiver went through him and he leaned forward, kissing Raine as softly as he'd kissed Grey, trying to calm himself.

He settled between Raine's legs and took the lube from Grey, using far too much for the single finger he planned to slide into Raine's body.



"Will you take out the plug?" he asked Grey.

"Yes, Whit." Grey stole a fingerful of lube, rubbing it generously over the stretched ring of Raine's body before easing out the toy. Raine was left gasping and groaning, knees splayed wide, body shivering.

"He's empty now, isn't he? So empty, waiting for me to fill him."

"Yes, Whit." Grey gave him a long, slow kiss, fingers trailing along Raine's belly. "Touch him."

He nodded, pressing one finger inside Raine's body. He gasped. Raine was so loose, so open and ready for him.

Raine shifted, body begging for more.

He gave it eagerly, pushing another finger into Raine and then another. So ready, so easy. He had stretched Raine like this before, but never with this need, Raine's body swallowing his fingers as if starving for him. Grey had settled alongside Raine, hand petting and stroking, not interfering or interrupting, just touching.

For a long time he fucked Raine with three fingers, sliding them in and out of the eager body, feeling Raine's heat grasping at him. At last he was ready for more and he added lube, coating his whole hand.

Grey was purring over Raine's skin, so focused, drinking in each moan, each expression in those dark eyes. "He's ready for you, love."

"Yes." Another shudder went through him and he squeezed all the fingers of his hand together, thumb tucked beneath them. Taking a deep breath, he began to push his hand into Raine's body.

Raine's legs parted farther, a soft whimper filling the air. Grey purred, hand dropping to tease the full cock, to distract. "Let him in, Raine. Open to our Whit. Let him in deep, where only I have been before."

"My Grey... My Whit..." The pressure squeezed his hand rhythmically.

He watched as his hand slowly sank into Raine's body, each pulse pulling him a little further, almost as if Raine were pulling him in. He whimpered and moaned, body shaking with the enormity of it. When his hand pushed in, it was fast, Raine's body snapping tight around his wrist, Raine's cry sharp and sweet.

He stared down at where his hand disappeared into Raine's body. "Oh, God. Oh, Raine. Oh, Grey. Oh... Oh..."

He couldn't think, he couldn't speak, he could only look and feel and. Oh.

Grey purred, pouring a stream of oil over the place where his hand met Raine's body. "Breathe. Feel. It is good, tight."

"It is wonderful." He looked up at Grey, voice soft, breathless. "I have never felt anything like it."

Grey stroked his cheek. "Beautiful."

Raine shifted, whimpering softly. "Whit love. So full."

He nuzzled Grey's hand, his own opening and closing back into a fist convulsively.

"Whit!" Raine arched, crying out desperately, so carefully beginning to ride his hand.

He moved his hand carefully, pushing it in farther and then bringing it back down Raine's passage, trusting that Grey would not let him do something wrong that might hurt Raine.

Grey watched them, body relaxed, eyes hot. "Can you feel our heartbeat?"

A shudder moved through him. "I can. Oh, Grey, I can." There were tears in his eyes and he was beginning to shake, quite overwhelmed.

Grey sat up, touching them both, and kissed him. "I'm right here, love. Right here."

He whimpered and took another kiss, letting Grey soothe him. Turning back to Raine, leaning into Grey's strength, he began again to move his hand again.

Raine keened, eyes closed, body so taut, so tight. Soft endearments and pleas poured from him, filled the room, so beautiful, so warm.

He kept moving his hand, feeling Raine's body ripple around him.

Grey's hands pumped his cock, Raine's, touching them together in the slow, careful rhythm of his hand. He whimpered, his own hand speeding within Raine's body as his need increased.

Raine began to buck, crying out as his body tightened. Grey growled, rumbling low. "Make him come for you, Whit. Give him what he needs."

Shuddering, he continued to move his hand inside Raine, faster and faster, letting the motions of Raine's body guide him. He felt Raine's orgasm start around his hand, Raine's body rolling and shaking and squeezing tight before the long strings of come splashed against the flat, dark belly.

He sobbed, his own body giving in to pleasure's hold, coming into Grey's hand.

Grey held them both, so carefully easing his hand out of its tight sheath, cleaning them both. "Beautiful. I love you."

There was no way to know whom Grey was talking to. He was tucked in next to Raine, the covers pulled up over them.

"I love you," he whispered, meaning both of them, his Grey and his Raine, his twins.

Raine's answer was a whisper, Grey's body sliding, bare and warm behind him. "Sleep, Whit. Raine. Rest."

"Thank you," he murmured., warm and safe and good between them.

"Love you." Grey nuzzled, breath slowing into a steady rhythm, Raine already snoring softly,

curled into his arms.

He thought he wouldn't be able to sleep, what they had done buzzing through his brain, but his body had other ideas and his eyelids grew heavy.

Grey's arm slid over his waist, pulling them all together, binding them under that strength.

Held within that strength, in the center of them, he slept.

## CHAPTER TWO

Raine was pacing, worrying, fretting.

Waiting for Whit.

The antique store had been closed for two days. Grey hadn't wanted to eat, hadn't spoken a word, had taken to spending hours staring out the window and pacing.

Growling.

Not sleeping.

It was weird, especially for his Grey. Weird and wrong and made him itchy and sleepless and, damn it, it was time for Whit to come home from his conference and help.

He knocked on the bathroom door. "You okay, Grey? You've been in there..."

"Leave me in peace, Raine."

Oh, yeah. Growling.

There was a noise from the front door and then the sound of the key. A moment later it opened and there was their Whit, looking a little bit tired, but none the worse for wear, suitcase in hand.

"Whit! Love!" Raine hurried over, eyes full of tears as he took a kiss. "You're home. I missed you."

Whit pressed another kiss on him. "Not half as much as I missed you. Hey -- tears? I haven't been gone that long."

"No. I'm sorry. You haven't. It's not you. Honest." He hugged Whit tight, refusing to dump his paranoia on his lover first thing. "Are you hungry?"

"Starving." Whit grinned at him. "But not for food."

He forced himself to grin back, moving into Whit's arms and holding tight. "Me too. I've been lonely."

One of Whit's eyebrows went up in a look very reminiscent of his Grey. "You have had Grey. I am the one who's been all alone."

Raine shook his head. "Nobody's had Grey. Nobody. Not even Grey."

Whit frowned, hand stroking his cheek and down through his hair. "What do you mean, Raine? What's wrong with our lover?"

"I don't know. He isn't talking and he isn't eating and he isn't sleeping and he won't ever leave the fucking bathroom!" He was getting louder and louder and then stopped as the bathroom door slammed open.

"Get a grip, Raine." Grey snarled and then headed towards the kitchen, nodding to Whit. "Welcome home."

Whit blinked. "Oh. I see what you mean."

He got a sharp look from his lover. "When's the last time you made love?"

Raine shrugged. "I don't know. When was it, Whit love?"

"You didn't make love the entire time I was gone? Well no wonder the man is grumpy! How come you're not more grumpy?" Whit shook his head. "He's fine Raine, he just needs to get laid."

"You didn't get laid either and you're not being an evil prick to your brother." Okay, so he was getting a little shrill. He was worried. Really.

"He's a fucking only child, Raine. I'm going out." Grey threw on his jacket and headed for the

door, face thunderous.

Whit beat him there, standing between Grey and the door. "Raine's right though -- it's been a week since I got laid, too. We can help each other out here."

"Don't, Whit. I'm not in the mood."

Raine saw the hint of hurt in Whit's face, but it was quickly covered up. "Come on, Grey -- you know you want to."

Grey's shoulders slumped and he took Whit's hand for a second and squeezed. "Glad you're home."

Raine sighed, beginning to pace. Whatever it was, it was his fault. Grey wasn't talking to him, wasn't there with him. "Where are you going, love? What are you hiding?"

Grey stiffened up again, shaking his head.

"He's not going anywhere," Whit told him before turning to Grey. "You're not going anywhere, right? I only just got home. I want to make love and listen to Raine chatter and sleep with you and... I just want to be with my lovers."

"I... Raine will chatter. I'm..." Another low growl sounded, then Grey took Whit's arms. "I can't right now, Whit."

"Why not?"

Raine nodded, staying quiet and letting Whit poke and prod. There was something... He knew. Grey just stared, stubborn and silent.

Whit crossed his arms. "Well if you don't have a good reason then I don't see why you can't welcome me home properly."

"Whit..." Grey's ass clenched, the growl filling the room with danger and sex and... Oh, yes, Whit. Keep at him. Raine settled back, watching.

"Yes, lover?" Whit took a step closer, almost touching Grey. "Have you changed your mind? Will you make love with me?"

Grey's head dipped, almost as if he were drawn towards those open lips, heavy braid falling over his shoulder. "My Whit."

Whit's head turned up, mouth open, eyes focused on Grey's. "Yes, Grey, your Whit."

Raine was shivering, aching, hard as nails and near tears. So beautiful, they looked right together. Not complete, but right.

It was Whit who brought their mouths together, a soft whimper leaving him just before his lips pressed against Grey's. Grey's groan was sharp, needy, almost broken as Whit was muscled up against the door, the kiss becoming fierce within heartbeats. Whit wrapped his arms around Grey's neck and held on, one leg sliding up and wrapping around Grey's waist, their Whit taking whatever Grey had to give. Grey's hips began to move, hands hard on Whit's ass. Every little cry was swallowed up, lost to the kiss.

Raine slid off his shirt. He couldn't just watch. Couldn't. "Grey... Whit... I need..."

One of Grey's hands was held out towards him and he sobbed, standing and moving into the embrace. Whit's hand slid into his hair, cupping his head and pulling him into the kiss. He melted, lips parting, tongue sliding in to taste them both, to ease the worry and unhappiness inside him.

Whit was rubbing, against him, against Grey, hand sliding down his back now. "Oh, skin..." murmured Whit. "Need more."

"Shh..." Grey rumbled, deepening the kisses, pushing them together harder.

"Gonna come. Missed this so much." Whit's voice was soft and full of wonder and hunger and need. Grey's hand grabbed Raine's ass, tugging him in hard, squeezing. He cried out, hands reaching to press against his lovers' cocks. Whit gasped and whimpered and jerked as he came.



Grey's body rippled against his, Grey turning to take his mouth in a full, sharp kiss, so familiar, so necessary. They rocked against Whit's body for only a moment before his cry was swallowed by Grey's hungry mouth, the air filling with the scent of Grey's seed.

Whit was leaning heavily against them both, boneless and making soft, happy, sated noises. "Oh, take me to bed and lets do it again."

Raine nodded, nuzzling Grey's jaw. "Yes. Yes, please."

Grey chuckled. "Let me go shower and I'll meet you in bed."

"Oh, we could shower together!" Whit's eyes were shining, like a little boy who'd been let loose in a candy store.

Grey grinned, backed away again and damn it! There it was again. The wrongness.

"Grey?" Whit must have seen it too, their sweet lover's voice concerned.

"What?" Grey turned and Raine grabbed his hand, tugging him close. No retreating. Not this time.

Whit reached up and stroked Grey's face, fingers sliding along the skin by the dark eyes.

"What's wrong, Grey?"

"I... Nothing." Grey met Raine's eyes, shame and worry down deep, scaring him.

"Not nothing, Grey. I know it's not nothing." He took strength from Whit, refusing to back away at all. "I can feel you inside me. I know you. I have your blood. Please."

"Grey, is he right? Tell us, please." Whit's fingers slid along Grey's arm, touching, stroking.

"I..." Grey shook his head. "I didn't want to tell you. Not until I knew."

Whit gave him a look and then turned to Grey. "Until you knew what? Grey -- we love you and we're worried."

Raine set his lips and started unbuttoning Grey's shirt. He wanted to see his heartbeat, needed to see everything. Grey rumbled and reached for his hands, but he just shook his head. "No. You're going to talk and I'm going to look this time."

Whit kissed Grey gently on the cheek and then helped him, going to his knees and working on Grey's pants.

It didn't take him long to find the bandage, the scent of plastic was strong and the white obvious against Grey's dark skin. The entire left armpit was bandaged, covered. "Grey?"

Grey flushed dark. "It's nothing. The doctor did a little surgery on some lymph nodes there. Just in case."

Raine dropped Grey's arm, unsure whether to hold or beat his twin.

Whit sank against Grey, arms going around his middle, burying his face in Grey's chest. "Benign?"

The word was muffled, but the worry clear.

"Yes. They called this morning. Just an infection."

"You bastard." Raine was staring, a rock sitting in his stomach. "You didn't tell me? I would have gone. I would have..." He looked up into eyes that matched his own. "Why?"

"I didn't want you to worry."

"Bullshit." Raine stepped right into Grey's space, pushing one of Grey's shoulders hard enough to dislodge Whit. "You lied to me. We share a fucking heartbeat and you LIED to me! Tell me why."

Whit's hand slid along his arm now. "Raine..."

"No. He lied and snarled and skulked. He hid and I want to know why." He focused on Grey,

fury filling him, fueled by fear. "Did you think I was stupid? I wouldn't notice? I have licked every part of your body. I have touched you since before you were born! Did you think so little of me?"

He was screaming now, shoving Grey back against the wall, Grey simply allowing him to do it, not defending himself in the least.

"Raine! You're going to hurt him."

"Only if I'm really, really, really lucky." He turned and headed for the bathroom. "No wonder you wanted to leave so badly, you... you asshole!" He was not going to cry this time. Not.

"Raine! Grey! Oh!" Whit was torn, needing to be with them both, he could hear it in the soft voice.

"Go with him, he needs you." Grey's voice was quiet, defeated.

Oh, that really pissed him off.

"No." He spun around, pointing at Grey. "You needed us. You needed Whit. You needed me and you didn't trust us. Don't fucking go all martyr on me, god damn it! I'm not the one bandaged. I'm not the one who was cut on. I'm not the one who lied!"

"I didn't lie. You fret. You worry. I was protect..."

"I swear to God, if you start that 'I was protecting you from pain' shit when we both know you were protecting you from having to deal with things, I'm leaving."

The room went dead silent, Grey's face white except for two bright spots of color. Oh. Oh, fuck.

The click as Whit locked the door sounded like a gun going off.

"Nobody is leaving." There was a hard edge to Whit's voice. "And nobody's running into another room to hide. You two are going to talk about this until you're both happy. You can even yell if you want, but you're dealing with it. Don't make me use my Mr. Whittaker voice."

They both just looked at Whit, blinking.

Raine shook his head, wanting to touch and be touched and see the damage under the bandage and... "And what about you, Whit? Is this whole thing okay with you?"

Whit shook his head and Raine suddenly realized that Whit was shaking. "No, it isn't okay -- it isn't okay at all. But he's here and he's fine and more than anything I need that. I need you both here and well and together."

He stumbled over to the couch, curling up in one corner, refusing to even look at Grey and those worried, sorry eyes when Grey sat on the hearth, slowly buttoning up the dark shirt.

Whit sighed and sat in the big chair. "All right then. Grey. You start."

Whit held up his hand. "And I don't mean by making excuses. I mean start at the start. Tell us what happened."

Grey sighed, hands playing the end of his braid in his lap. "There were lumps -- three of them -- and they hurt and didn't get better. I called the doctor, the doctor cut them out. The stitches come out in three days."

Raine whimpered softly. Three. And he'd never said anything.

"Were you scared?" Whit asked quietly.

"Terrified."

Raine looked over, heart breaking.

"Yes, you must have been. I know I was for the few seconds before you told us it was just an infection. I needed to reach out and hold you, touch you, share my worry." Whit cleared his throat. "So why didn't you tell us? Let us share the worry?"

"You didn't need to worry. I didn't want to talk about it. It was nothing -- a few shots, a few

stitches, a little aching."

Raine sat up, eyes filling with tears. "I could have been there. Driven you home. Helped you clean it. Been there, Grey."

Whit nodded. "He's got a point, Grey. We could have made it easier on you. You shut us out. That wasn't fair. Especially to Raine."

"I didn't want to worry him."

Raine shook his head. "You didn't want to deal with it."

"I did deal with it!"

"It's not real until I know!"

"Can you blame him, Raine?" Whit asked. "Given what it was and that it isn't real until you know, can you blame him for not telling you?"

"Yes." Raine nodded. "I can. I love you. I deserve to worry with you, to fret and pray and know." He locked eyes with his twin. "I've never even taken a single breath without knowing your heart. Don't hide from me."

Grey looked over at him, eyes huge, sad, miserable. "Raine."

He nodded. "And Whit too. We love you."

"Yes. We love you. And that means you don't always have to be the strong one."

"I was scared. I thought it was..." Grey shook his head. "I had to know."

"And it's not. For sure. They know?" Raine had to know.

"It's not. For sure." Grey's voice was soft, serious. "They know. I'm sorry."

"Thank God." Whit shuddered. "In the end, that's what matters most, isn't it? Raine? Grey?"

"I want to see. I want to see under the bandage." Raine sat up and wrinkled his nose. "I want to shower, too. I'm sticky."

Grey shook his head, chuckling. "Yes, Whit. Yes, Raine."

Whit took a deep breath. "All right. Let's all shower together. We can all get clean and examine whatever parts of each other we want and then we can go to bed and do it all over again and again and again until we're all satisfied. All right?"

"Whatever you need." Grey nodded, eyes searching him out, quiet and sorry, begging forgiveness.

"I need you, my Grey. Always. For always." Raine nodded and took his heartbeat's hand. He couldn't live, not without his twin. He wouldn't.

Whit slid his hand on top of theirs and squeezed gently. "I'll be waiting for you both in the shower. I love you."

He nodded, waiting until Whit was gone to look into those eyes again. "Tell me again."

"I'm fine, Raine."

"Again." His eyes filled with tears.

"An infection, only that. I swear to you." Grey stroked his hair, breath hitching.

"You cannot leave me here."

"No. No, Raine. I can't. I promise, love. I can't. I'm sorry." They moved into each other's arms, both pretending that wanting and wishing would make Grey's promises true.

The kiss they shared was frantic, deep, edged with a raw need that only belonged between them, only could. They kissed until he couldn't taste Grey's fear anymore, couldn't taste his own.

Then they moved to join Whit in the shower.

## CHAPTER THREE

Whit lay in front of the fire, naked and curled up on the bearskin rug. He adored the way it felt against his skin: so soft and sensuous. And it made him feel just a little naughty to be alone and naked and not in bed.

The loft was nice and warm and the flames were mesmerizing and it wasn't long before his blinking slowed and then stopped, sleep pulling him in.

Warmth surrounded him, heat lapping at him, silk trailing over his skin. "Beautiful Whit... Our love. Our life."

He wasn't sure if he was dreaming or not, but then his life was a dream now, with Grey and Raine, his beautiful twins.

"Love you," he whispered, eyes still closed, sleep still clinging to him.

"Yes, our Whit. Love you." Hands were soft on his inner thighs, his elbows, his nape -- touching and stroking, smoothing the dreams away.

Well if it wasn't a dream, he wanted his eyes open, wanted to look and see his beautiful lovers with their silky long hair and their warm brown eyes and their sharp noses that always made him think of eagles. It was Raine's eyes he saw first, then, on his second blink, Grey's, two sets of warm lips drinking him in.

"I was dreaming of you two," he murmured.

"Was it a good dream? Were we touching, licking? Were we hot?" Tongues slid down his belly, one up, one down.

Half laughing, half moaning, he slid his hands through their hair. "Yes. Yes, yes. And oh, god, yes."



Grey took his mouth with a groan as Raine's tongue slid down his shaft, hands tweaking his nipples, his inner thighs. He whimpered, sucking on Grey's tongue, hands twisting in their hair, holding on as they sent him flying. They were naked, so much skin, muscles laid over with oiled silk, all his, all warm and wanton and wild.

It made him feel wanton and wild himself, made him hungry and needy. He pushed up with his hips, searching for Raine's mouth. Raine chuckled, licked and took him into the tight, wet heat, lips clinging to his shaft, pulling at him.

He shuddered, warmth sweeping through his body, making him moan. Gray swallowed his moan, lips warm and lazy, almost drunk against him -- all wine and honey. He wrapped his hands around Grey's shoulders, body writhing beneath them. Fingers slid behind his balls, circling and teasing him, making him jerk and gasp into Grey's open mouth.

They worked together to send him soaring. Cheaters -- two on one. Beautiful, wonderful, sexy, hot cheaters and he wouldn't have them any different.

It wasn't long before he was shuddering, bucking into Raine's mouth, skin flaming with Grey's touches. So much, so bright and they loved him so much. He fed moan after moan into Grey's mouth, hips busy, pleasure coiling like a snake in his belly, moving slowly up his spine.

"So beautiful. Our Whit." Grey's voice rumbled through him, vibrating and hot and full of need.

He whimpered, body bucking as he came, the sound of those words still echoing as his seed shot down Raine's throat.

Two warm bodies curled with him, rubbing and rocking, touching him and the fur. "Have a nice nap, our Love? Did you sleep well?"

"I was dreaming you were here with me and when I woke up you were." He smiled. "If that's how it works, I'm going to have to dream about you more often."

Grey hummed and Raine chuckled, the sound tickling his skin. "As often as you'd like, love."

"How about at least once a day and twice on Sundays?" he asked, moving between them, loving

the way their skin felt on his.

"Works for me." Grey smiled against his throat, hand reaching out to wrap around Raine's waist, holding them all together.

The bear rug beneath them was soft, the fire was warm and his Grey and Raine were both soft and warm, holding him, holding each other.

He couldn't dream it better than this.

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FEBRUARY

They were back at the bar.

The one where they'd met.

It had been his idea. To come in on their own, him first and then the two of them.

It had been a year since that first night.

Only now he was sitting at the bar, nursing his draught, hard as nails and waiting. He hadn't been that early. They weren't that late. But he knew they were coming, knew he'd soon be seeing the two men who rocked his world harder than he'd have ever thought possible.

A year later and they were not only still together, but he was living with them, a part of them in ways he never could have dreamed of.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to calm down. The plan was not to jump them the minute they showed up and nail them to the bar.

"One vodka and tonic and one scotch on the rocks." Grey's voice slid across the bar, low and rich and right. When he looked, he found them dressed identically -- black leather jackets, black t-shirts, painted on denim.

Two pair of so-dark eyes met his in the mirror behind the bar. Wanting. Waiting.

He licked his lips as everything left his head except the fire that burned between them. They were going to relive that first night, do the little meeting dance and leave together. That was the plan. There was no way he could follow the plan. He couldn't pretend that Grey and Raine were anything but the most important men in his life.

Standing, he threw a ten down on the bar and went over to them. "Take me home," he said softly.

"Yes." Together. In sync. Hungry and wanting and his. The two sleek heads nodded and headed for the door.

The taxi was waiting for them and Raine smiled at his laugh. "The bike is too small and we couldn't wait. We hoped you would..."

"We knew." Grey interrupted.

"Yes, we knew."

He nodded. "Of course you did." He gave them each a soft kiss and climbed into the back of the cab behind Raine, settled between them, hands sliding over skin, unable to help himself.

"You wore the tie." Raine's voice was warm, pleased, fingers sliding over the heavy bracelet on his wrist. "You look so good, my love. You still glow, still make us want you from across the room."

He felt his cheeks heat, they still did even after all this time, Raine's words making him feel good deep inside.

"I want to kiss you," he whispered. "Need to."

Grey leaned forward with a smile, asking the driver something random and distracting, shielding him and Raine from the rearview mirror. Raine brought their lips together, mouth hot and soft, so sweet and familiar.

Oh! It was so right, so good. He reached out with one hand, sliding it beneath Grey's jacket and t-shirt, fingers moving over the hot skin. He came, cry pushing into Raine's mouth, body shaking with passion and love, his pleasure so much deeper than skin.

Raine's eyes were glowing, drinking in his pleasure and hunger and need, swallowing his cries. He could feel Grey's muscles clench, even as the low voice purred on, even and steady. He kissed Raine a moment longer, tongue sliding in to take as much of his lover's flavor into himself as he could. Then he sat back, blinking back tears of joy, one hand on Raine's knee, the other

still stroking Grey's back.

He was too happy to even care about the damp mess in his jeans.

Raine's lips brushed against his ear, voice husky. "So sexy. Thank you. Oh, my Whit. Love you."

Grey rumbled as he sat back, trapping Whit's hand against the smooth skin. Grey's nostrils flared, eyes closing for a moment as a low growl sounded. "Almost home."

A shiver went through him, his cock twitching, already interested again. "Yes. Home. Oh, my Grey, Raine... home."

"Yes." Grey's growl would have sent him over the edge if he hadn't just come and Raine was vibrating beside him, aching to touch, to feel. He squeezed Raine's knee tight, meeting the dark eyes, reading his own want and need and love there.

When the taxi stopped, he and Raine broke for the door, managing to get it unlocked and opened by the time Grey paid. Raine reached for Grey, but Grey just shook his head. "No kissing. Upstairs. We start here, there's no stopping."

Whit grabbed Raine's hand and pulled him up the stairs, running. He knew Grey was following, could feel the dark gaze, heavy and right. It was Grey's heat that turned him, pressed his ass into Raine and Raine into the wall. It was Grey's tongue that pushed deep, Grey's hands that clamped around his wrists, Grey's cock grinding against him.

"Such need. Such hunger. My sweet Grey." Raine's voice was triumphant, gasping.

He would have added his own words of hunger and need and happiness, but his mouth was full of Grey. Raine's tongue slid over his ear, breathing with the same, needy speed as Grey. He had two hard cocks working him, two hard men needing him, touching him, licking him.

His own need rose to meet theirs, necessary and good and so strong.

"My Grey. Please, loves. Whit. My heart. Please. I need." Raine was whimpering and Grey growled low, the sound vibrated through his body. Whit was turned, enough that they could

share a three-way kiss, Grey's fingers hard on Raine's flesh.

Shuddering, taking their flavors, the earth, the storm, sky and ground, into him, he began to pull at their t-shirts and undo buttons. His fingers tangled with Raine's, Grey's buried in his hair, in Raine's, holding them both close.

Together, he and Raine got all their jeans undone, the front's pushed open, three hard, hot cocks, eager and solid, pushing out.

Raine dropped to his knees, mouth surrounding Grey's cock, hot hands pulling at his.

"Oh, God!" Whit moved his hips, sliding through those hot hands, holding onto Grey, keeping himself up as much as supporting Grey.

Grey groaned, head thrown back, hand holding Raine's head as those strong hips pushed into wet, open lips. The sight was one he had seen a lot over the last year. It was one that never failed to make him hard and ache and want and need and come.

He cried out, coming, his seed hitting Raine's face, Grey's cock.

"Oh!" Grey stiffened, eyes flying open, lips parting as he shuddered. Raine pulled hard, throat working as he swallowed.

Oh, it felt so good to watch, it felt even better to be a part of it. Leaning forward, he took Grey's lips, sliding his tongue into that hot mouth. Grey moaned, fastening onto his tongue and sucking, tiny little noises slipping into him.

He slid one hand through Grey's hair, the other through Raine's, the heavy silk like a living thing against his fingers.

Raine stood, traces of his own orgasm shining on that flat belly. "Bed, take me to bed, my heartbeat, my center. Let's make love until the morning comes."

Grey chuckled into Whit's lips, the sound so warm, so sexy. "Greedy."

"Me, too, Grey. Me too."

Another chuckle and Grey nipped his bottom lip. "Love you."

"Love you, too, Grey."

He kissed Grey and then Raine. "And you, Raine."

"Mm... yes." Raine tasted like Grey and him and sex and love. "Our Whit. Our center."

Grey nodded, pushing them towards the big bed, towards their big bed. He slid each arm around a trim waist, between them, surrounded by them, warm and right. It only took another fifteen minutes and a few long, knee-weakening kisses before they made the edge of the bed.

"I want you," Whit said softly.

"We're yours." Raine's words followed him down onto the bed, joined by warm hands, warmer tongues. He let his eyes close, let them love him, hands and mouths merging, losing his focus of who was who. Lips trailed over his skin, his lovers kissing and licking him and each other, soft, sweet moans and whispers raining down on him.

"Here, Grey. Taste here."

"So soft, my Whit, Grey feel."

"Salt and sun and wind."

"Kiss me."

"Love you."

Love. Need. Want. Yes. Please. Whit. Grey.

The words poured out onto his skin.

They slid over him like a real touch, arousing, making him need and want and love as well.

One cock nudged at his entrance, another at his lips -- both insistent, both needy, both hard for him.

"Let us in, Whit."

"Yes. In."

"Open for us, we need you, our beautiful lover."

"Now, love. Now."

He gasped, even as he pushed down onto the cock at his entrance. They filled him together, slow and steady, shafts so hot and full, making him full. They rocked together, surrounding him, taking him, making him float higher and higher as his lovers, his men, loved him.

He couldn't think, he couldn't talk. He couldn't do anything but feel and fly and soar.

Someone's hands slid over his shaft, pumping in time with the slow, easy thrusts, shattering him into a million pieces. He would have screamed if he could have, as it was his body arched off the bed, mouth and ass gripping tightly. Heat filled him, mouth and ass, voices harmonizing on his name.

The perfect circle.

And he was dead center.

Where earth met sky.

End.