



ANNE DOUGLAS

THE MCCABES

PERSUADING JO

Loose Id

Praise for the writing of Anne Douglas

The McCabes 1: Persuading Jo

I absolutely loved *Persuading Jo*! I stepped into Jo's shoes easily, identified with her, and cheered for her. Every woman's fantasy come true - two gorgeous men who love her, want her, and try to persuade her to spend their lives with her. The menage scenes steamed up my monitor, while the loving made my heart thump. Bravo, Anne!

-- Beth Williamson, author of *The Perfect Score 1: One Night Stand* (Loose Id)

Persuading Jo is a fun, sexy read. Each character is unique, and they all bring something wonderful to this menage. Don't miss this one.

-- Kit Tunstall, author of *The Second Kiss* (coming soon from Loose Id)

Anne Douglas has written a unique tale of modern love between two seemingly gay men and the one woman they both love. Matt and Brian have given their best friend Jo eight years to find true love and to have what the world would consider a normal life. But after her latest relationship implodes they decide it's time to persuade Jo to accept them and their lifestyle. The love demonstrated among these three characters is both believable and poignant and I am looking forward to more stories from this talented new author.

-- Liz Andrews, author of *Redemption: Helen's Release* with Lena Matthews (Loose Id)

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Anne Douglas

LooseId
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Warning

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This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable (ménage, homoerotic sex).

The McCabes 1: Persuading Jo

Anne Douglas

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Prologue

Wild Blue was the local bi/gay dance club -- a place where she felt right at home since her two best friends, who happened to be men, were also lovers. It was also the perfect place for the second-date litmus test, as the three of them coined it. After a wonderful first date, Jo met them next at Wild Blue. If they survived an hour or so there, they moved on to another location and, with any luck, the elusive third date a few days later. Basically, the club produced one of three responses, just like a litmus test: acid, neutral or alkaline.

The guys who tested acid usually managed to escape the horror of being in a gay bar by offering to get a drink from the bar ... via the front door and a bus, train, or car in the first ten minutes. That was okay in her book. Matthew and Brian were her family, and she wasn't interested in a third date with anyone who wasn't gay-tolerant.

Alkaline guys disappeared, too; it just took a little longer. The lure of barely clad, well-built men on the dance floor was too much to resist. These she didn't mind so much -- most of the time she ended up with a new friend, some good investment tips, and the knowledge that she had helped someone out of the closet. Why it had to be the closet in *her* bedroom she had no clue.

Now, that left the neutral guys. They admired both the men and the women on the dance floor, came back from the bar -- with drinks, not a man in tow -- and paid attention to her until it was time to head on to dinner. So far there had been only a handful of these men ... okay, two or three! Bloody hell! All right, she admitted to herself, only one!

Jo sighed and whispered to herself, "Pity he was married -- JERK!"

Looking over at her best friends a couple of tables away, she sighed in frustration. "Oh, well, at least Matt and Brian are enjoying the music."

"That's another one down, Matt. Jesus! She has no gaydar whatsoever, does she?"

Both men were looking covertly in Jo's direction

Brian grimaced, "Crap! She's doing that 'another one bites the dust' face again. Isn't this enough, Matt? We've given all these other guys a chance. I want to settle down, kids, dogs, all of us under one roof. I've had enough of giving her room."

Matt turned toward Brian so Jo couldn't see his face. "We talked long and hard about this, Brian. We knew she was ours, but we had to give her time to help her heal, and part of that was a chance at a normal lifestyle." Matt's voice dipped low. "Normal is one guy and one girl, not *two* guys and a girl, no matter how much we know we're the right ones for her."

A quiet "humph" came from Brian as he sat back, drink in hand, watching Jo over Matt's shoulder. "Well, normal isn't working, Matt. You can't tell me that you're not tired of the club scene. We need her, Matt; she needs us. It's time for our turn. I don't want to be her best friend anymore. I want more. I want her the same way I want you -- best friend and lover in one."

Matt had something he needed to get off his chest. He had done something Brian needed to know about. He looked steadily into Brian eyes, watching him leaning back on the chair, "I lied about last weekend, Brian; I didn't go see my sister."

Brian slammed all four chair legs down onto the floor, hurt flashing in his eyes.

“I went to look at that property we saw when we were out driving last month, the one that would suit your house design so well.”

Brian’s face turned from hurt to puzzlement. “But why?”

“I bought it, Brian.”

“Okay, but again with the why?”

“Because tonight was her last chance at normal.”

Brian’s smile changed from perplexed to predatory in an instant.

Chapter One

Matt had gone over to offer Jo a ride home after dropping his bombshell announcement. She sat in the front seat with Matt while Brian sat in the back, watching Jo. Jo really had no concept of how wonderful a person she was.

They had learned that her teens had been tough; she'd been left at the mercy of a nasty cousin after her parents had died when she was thirteen. To cope, she had turned to study. Already an A student, she had progressed in leaps and bounds and ended up in her first year at college at seventeen -- brilliant, shy, complex, and totally insecure about who she was. To top it all off, she had received a huge inheritance that her cousin, who was her legal guardian, kept trying to tap into. As irritating as the cousin was, having to counter him at every turn wasn't the final straw for her. Rather, it was the fact that she was plus-sized.

Brian remembered the day he and Matt had met Jo. Neither he nor Brian had been in or even wanted a same-sex relationship, but in their own first year of college, they had discovered there was more to life than just being roommates and friends. They had both dated women -- enjoyed more than their fair share, in fact. They were athletic, tall, and good-looking. But something kept drawing them back to each other and eventually led them

to experiment. And while they occasionally saw women on the side through that first and second year, by their third year they decided to move off campus, together.

But, of course, off campus meant more cost, and more cost meant a roommate. Neither of them had anticipated someone as young as Jo replying to the advertisement; most freshmen didn't have that kind of cash.

Standing in the hallway, in the midst of a heavy-duty make-out session, they almost hadn't heard the soft knock on the front door. God! He had been on his knees, lips wrapped around Matt's cock, so into it that Matt had almost had to rip his hair out to get his attention. The look on her face when they had opened the door, she had to have known what was happening on the other side of that door. But, cheeks flaming, she had quietly stared at their feet.

"I'm ... um, here about the ad for a room."

They each had only enough of a chance to get a glimpse of her face before her chin had hit her chest in embarrassment. Remembering back to that day, Brian had no idea how they had managed to stay upright and not end up sprawled at her feet, begging for any attention she might throw their way. It had been one of those moments read about in romance novels -- lightning bolts and epiphanies ... soul mates.

From that moment on it had been the three of them against the world. No pretense about three people in a two-room apartment. Right from the start they'd been upfront with her regarding their reasons for renting the room, and in return she'd never given them a moment of judgment. She just accepted. Matt had thought that since the past four years had been such a mess for her, for Jo, what Matt and Brian had was as close to normal as she had known in a long, long time.

Neither man had ever brought up the subject of a previous lover, or a future one for that matter, while in the bedroom. But it only took two weeks for Matt to bring up his feelings about Jo.

“Brian, we need to talk about Jo.” Matt had gotten out of bed to sit on the armchair that took the place of a table beside the bed, “I have been watching the both of you.” Matt couldn’t meet his eyes. “I need to know, Brian, do you feel it, too?”

“Like she’s the missing part of you, you mean?”

“Yeah ... that’s exactly it.”

Matt had looked almost ready to cry -- not a good look on the strong, manly man type. Matt, while in no way submissive in the relationship, had been ready to step away from him to make way for Jo.

Naked and surprisingly half-hard even after the great sex they’d just had, Brian had risen from the bed and stalked over to the chair to pull Matt up roughly, a strong hand behind his neck and fingers caught in the dark, wavy hair.

“She’s the missing part of *us*, you idiot! Not me or you -- us!” he had rasped out before bringing his lips to Matt’s, gentling what had started as a hard, harsh kiss to one showing how much Matt meant to him, how much he needed him, how much his admission that he would stand aside affected him.

“Jo is ours; maybe not right now, but eventually she will be ours.”

Brian shifted uncomfortably in the back seat of the car as he remembered what had come after. He had pushed Matt back into the armchair roughly, standing over him, palming his own hard cock as he slowly sank to his knees between Matt’s open legs, taking half of Matt’s considerable length in his mouth at once. Matt’s head had fallen back until it was resting on the armchair behind him.

“Fuck! The only thing better than your mouth, Brian, is your ass ... damn!” Matt’s hand had come up to the back of his head. “Take it all. I know you can.”

Brian had popped Matt's cock from his mouth. "Off course I can. Then you are going to take every single inch till I come in that sweet, tight ass of yours."

He was harder than rock remembering what came after those revelations that night. He couldn't wait to get home and inside Matt.

Later that night so many years ago, they had made decisions that would take them through the next eight years. Jo was just seventeen when they met, and emotionally young despite her world-weary attitude. At just twenty-two, the two men knew they were not in a position in their life to offer a solid relationship. They all had been just too young. Jo needed time to find her place in the world.

Jo had needed help, badly. The three of them combined had managed to have her cousin, Jason, convicted and jailed for his crimes against a minor. Then he and Matt had set out to show Jo she wasn't the person her cousin had belittled her into being -- that, in fact, she was an amazing woman.

It hadn't mattered to them that she was a size 18; she had grown a few inches taller in that first year to become very much the tall, Rubenesque woman. She was a perfect foil to his and Matt's six-foot-three and six-foot-four solid-built frames. They had both made a conscious decision to bring Jo out of her shell and give the schmucks who wanted to date her a chance, but really it was to give Jo an opportunity to find love outside the two of them. An openly bi relationship wasn't for everyone, a ménage even more socially unacceptable, and they had wanted to give Jo the world. Now it was time to find out if Jo was willing to accept the world on a different level.

To love *them*. To make a family, with *them*.

Leaning back into the seat, Brian watched the streetlights pass overhead. Tonight, he and Matt would set in motion actions that would either win them everything they wanted in life, or lose them both one of the most important parts of it.

Just the idea of Jo finally between him and Matt was making him even harder. He hoped Matt was prepared to be fucked hard and fast tonight; there wasn't going to be much finesse involved. Jo was going to get a hard and sharp look at her two best friends.

* * * * *

Matt and Brian had walked her to her door, one of the bonuses of renting the other half of the duplex from Matt. It wasn't that she couldn't have bought her own place, but she had been through so much with Matt and Brian that it just felt right to live right next door to them.

Once she had made the choice to live there, they had knocked down the privacy wall in the garden and made one amazing outdoor living space. Brian was a talented architect and, as it turned out, an amazing landscape designer, a little tidbit they had discovered while renovating the backyard.

He had created a special scent garden just for her. A quiet, private place filled with scents from herbs, flowers, and shrubs. She had found some wonderful vintage outdoor furniture and had made up some cushions to use in the summer months. She spent many hours relaxing in the haven the boys had created for her.

She snorted at her reminiscing. Boys ... yeah sure ... men, every last hunky, solid foot of them screamed man. As she thumped back in the settee she snorted again. And wouldn't she just love even the tiniest inch in her bed. Either of them; she had no favorite. Hell ... *both* of them! Wouldn't that make a few late-night fantasies come true!

She had known right from the beginning that they were bi. From the first day, when she had knocked on their apartment door and seen the flush in their faces and the bulges in their jeans -- quite considerable bulges, at that -- she had known exactly what had been

going on behind that door. The sounds of the two men's voices, the harsh tones of sex. Though she was not in the least experienced, it was obvious, and the blush on her cheeks hadn't been only from the embarrassment of interrupting them, but of arousal for wishing she could have opened the door and watched them.

The boys hadn't realized that she had done her homework before knocking on their door. She had learned the hard way with her cousin. *Don't take anything at face value.* So she had spied on them around campus. She hadn't so much as stalked them as just taken notice.

And what a lot to take notice of. They were every girl's dream. One, tall dark and handsome, and the other even taller, blonde and handsome. But unlike the other girls, who had paid her, the chubby nerd girl, no attention, she had noticed there was more between the men. Something that, despite their girlfriends, could only be sex.

Damn good sex, based on the times she had almost interrupted them, heard them, or caught them making out over the years. Who was she kidding? Great sex ... amazing sex ... hot sex she wished she was a part of.

All those years ago she had sensed something in them that she knew she needed. She didn't know how, but for some reason she was sure they would protect her. And they had. From Matt being able to use his already considerable skills in the law to have her cousin convicted of child abuse, among other things, to Brian being the rock for her to lean on when times got tough.

Being a very young university student was not easy. Somehow, over all those years, they had helped to pull what she could now see in herself -- as a reasonably confident woman -- from the shy, scared girl she had been at seventeen. It had been on the instinct that they wouldn't hurt her that had led her to their door. Two guys living off campus so they could fuck each other without censure, for some reason, reassured her in the same way that the thought of living with a group of girls scared her. Eight years later she knew she had made the right choice.

Chapter Two

She heard voices coming toward her and sat up. Her mind went into overdrive. Matt and Brian, and there was no mistaking the tone in their voices. Having lived with them and around them for so long, she knew exactly what it meant.

Sex. Sex that didn't involve her, unfortunately.

They didn't know she was sitting in her garden. What they *really* didn't know was that earlier that day she had rearranged some furniture. From her lounge she now had a clear view to where they stood.

"Down on your knees, Matt." Brian's voice was hoarse as he pushed Matt down forcefully in front of him.

Jo heard the distinctive sound of a zipper and decided not to make her presence known. Tonight, she wanted to know it all. She wanted to watch the people she loved most in this world share themselves with each other. Who was she kidding ... share? She wanted to watch two gorgeous men -- that she just so happened to love -- get down and dirty and fuck!

"Damn it, Brian, what's got into you tonight?"

"More mouth, less talk, Matt." Brian's voice was husky.

Jo watched as Matt reached inside Brian's jeans and pulled out his cock. Jo's gasp was covered by Brian's hum of pleasure. Jesus! He was huge! Jo bit her lip between her teeth, holding in a moan and wishing it was her hand around the hard cock jutting out of Brian's jeans.

Brian's hands fisted in Matt's hair, drawing his face closer to his dick.

"You want to know what got into me tonight, Matt? Remember that night not long after Jo came to live with us? How deep I took you after our discussion that night? I've been thinking about it -- a lot." Brian used the hand curled in Matt's hair to pull him in a little closer on one of his down strokes, forcing his cock deeper, but not choking his lover. "Actually, it's on my mind all the time, even at the club tonight, wanting to watch your lips around my dick as you take all of me in, Matt. Then I want to fuck you hard like I did that night." Matt motioned his agreement by opening his mouth wider and slowly sinking further down onto Brian's cock.

Jo had never seen anything as blatantly sexual as Matt's face lit by the garden lights as he looked up to Brian -- feral and predatory even in a supposedly submissive position! She was a bit confused as to what she had to do with the memory that stirred them so, but the thought flew out of her head as she watched Matt moving his head and hands. She watched Brian reach up and start removing his shirt, one button at a time. Jo was ready to jump up and rip the shirt open herself.

As it dropped to the ground behind Brian she gulped silently. The picture of Matt on his knees worshipping Brian with his mouth, Brian standing tall, fist in Matt's hair, chest bare, jeans slung low and sliding down. Could anything be hotter?

"Enough!" Brian pulled Matt up to a standing position by the back of his hair. Reaching forward to take Matt's lips with his own, he ground his own mouth down on them.

Apparently, Matt wasn't going to take Brian's domination easily. He wrenched away from Brian with a growl. "Fuck you, Brian! I was enjoying that!"

"So was I -- too much. I need to fuck you, Matt, because no matter how sublimely you suck me, it's not like fucking you."

Matt brought his head close again, and, bringing his hands up to Brian's face, he took his turn at his lover's lips. Jo watched as Brian's hands went to Matt's belt, making quick work of that and the zipper before pushing his jeans down over his hips. He jerked his head back. "Step out, Matt, now!"

Matt pulled away and stripped off his T-shirt, lifting his bare feet out of his jeans, and then leaned down to pull a tube out of his pocket. This done, he slapped it into Brian's hand.

"Hard and fast, you said -- make good on it, Brian!"

Brian pushed Matt over to the rock formation in the center of the courtyard. Jo hadn't realized before that it was the perfect height to lay a body over so you could fuck, but as Brian put his hand to the middle of Matt's back and forced him down over the rock, the whole garden took on a new and interesting light. The placement of rock formations, built-in chairs, and the areas around the hot tub took on a new life. Even sitting in her scented garden took new meaning with lust in the air. It became a heady aphrodisiac while she watched the two men.

Brian squeezed the contents of the tube into his hand, palmed his cock, and then thumbed Matt's ass. Jo wished she could be standing behind Brian's shoulder watching his thumb sink into that puckered hole. As Brian moved over Matt he let out a groan. Obviously, watching Matt spread out over rock was as exciting for Brian as it was for her.

"Fuck, Brian ... Jesus ... you're big, but not usually this big! You can't wait either, can you?"

“I’m not stopping, Matt; you are going to take it all, just like you did before.”

“Did you hear me say stop? It feels fucking amazing!”

Brian tried to agree, but could only grunt. The fact that they knew Jo was out there had him on a high that fucking Matt would lessen only slightly. Until they had Jo between them, both he and Matt would be feeling the effects. He was pretty sure he would be on the receiving end of the same feeling Matt was experiencing by the end of tomorrow.

He slid in an extra inch. “Hell, Matt ... you feel so tight.” The exquisite feel of Matt’s body sucking him deeper was too much to hold off. With one powerful thrust he sank deeper into his companion.

“Aw, fuck! More, Brian, I want all of it.” Brian thrust again as he felt Matt relax to take more of him. He could feel Jo’s eyes on them as he leaned over Matt’s back to murmur into his ear.

“Just imagine, Matt. Soon it won’t be just you and me. Jo will be with us. We can eat that sweet pussy of hers till she comes, then fuck her till she comes again, and then take her ass till she comes again. Have you dreamed of it, Matt?” As he spoke he gave several short, hard thrusts with his cock. “Dreamed that one day she will let us take her together? One in that sweet pussy and one in that tight ass of hers? I want her ass first, Matt. I want you to watch me be the first to take that virgin ass of hers. I want to watch her take your cock in her mouth. I’m going to teach her to deep-throat you the same way I do. I want to watch her face as she watches you fuck me, and I want to watch her face as you make her come.” He felt Matt’s ass start to constrict around his cock

“Not fucking yet, Matt, you don’t get off that easy.” Brian pulled out, leaving just the head of his cock to tease Matt’s hole. As he leaned over again, he started the slow, easy slide down deep. Matt groaned underneath him. He could feel Matt’s legs start to quiver. A quick stroke of Matt’s cock showed how close he was, slick with pre-cum.

“I have dark urges, too.” Brian’s voice was husky. “I want to see her tied to our bed, shaved for us, pierced and tattooed in places only we can see. I want to see her helpless and I want to show her that we are the ones she can trust, with everything. I want us both to take her somewhere she hasn’t been before. I want to break her, Matt, and then I want to bring her back, knowing that out of everything in this world we are the only two who will make her whole.”

“Shit,” Matt whimpered. He could feel the twitch in both his legs now. His cock was on fire. All he could think of was calling out to Jo and begging her to ease the pleasure/pain that was his cock.

Brian murmured in his ear again. “What did *you* fantasize, Matt? Did she keep you awake at nights with a stiff prick? How many times did you fuck me, Matt, wishing it was her?”

He was having a hard time concentrating on Brian’s words. Brian had always been able to mind-fuck him; adding Jo into the equation was taking it to a new level.

“Yes, God damn you! I fucked you wishing it was her and you reveled in every second of it, you bastard!” Matt’s voice was strained. “Everything you dreamed about is what I want, but there was one more thing I wanted, Brian ... fuck ... faster, Brian. You promised me hard and fast ...!”

“I lied.”

Matt knew if he turned, Brian’s face would look hard and ruthless. There wasn’t a genuine top in their relationship, but Brian liked the darker side of sex. He had once read an erotic novel that described a switch. It had reminded him a lot of Brian -- he liked control, but he was equally able to relinquish it to his partner.

Matt could feel each ridge on Brian’s cock as he made the slow controlled glide down deep again. Neither man was small. They both enjoyed the pleasure they gave each other,

but Brian had never been this huge. Knowing Jo was watching had made his cock swell harder and faster than ever before. And listening to Brian talk about that night after they had talked about Jo had his balls swollen and aching.

“Tell me, Matt, what did you imagine?” Brian punctuated his words with more short, hard thrusts, his fingers digging into Matt’s hips, holding him steady.

Matt felt himself groan loudly, hoping that Jo heard him loud and clear. After all, it was *his* thoughts of her that made him want to scream aloud to Brian to let him come.

“I want to lay her in our bed.” Matt pushed back onto one of Brian’s hard thrusts. “You on one side, me on the other.” He felt Brian’s grunt as the verbal picture formed in his mind. “I want to see her lying between us swollen with our child, Brian, no one else’s -- ours!” Matt felt Brian pull out and slam back with a loudly growled, “Fuck!”

Jo watched Brian lean over to whisper something into Matt’s ear. Judging by Matt’s reactions, Brian was able to turn that gift of gab into something new when it came to sex. She had never seen anything as sexy as watching Brian’s ass flex as he pumped his cock into Matt. The heat in her cheeks had spread throughout her body, making her breasts ache and her pussy throb. She could see the hardness of Brian’s face as he murmured words she couldn’t hear, but the roughness was tempered by the way he held Matt’s hips; secure and tight, ensuring Matt’s pleasure along with his own. It was more than just sex, despite the outward appearance.

As she watched, Brian pulled back from Matt and changed his speed. She snaked a hand over her stomach and down under her loose pajama pants. She had never been so wet. She was certain they would hear the wet, sucking sounds of her fingers slipping down over her clit and into her pussy. She matched Brian’s slow glides into Matt’s ass with her fingers, her other hand creeping up to her breasts. As she plucked at a nipple she saw Brian lean over Matt’s back with another change in pace. It looked like he was goading Matt on -- to what

was obvious -- but the words he had used had her mystified. She could see their effect on Matt as his groan came clearly to her ears.

"Damn!" Jo was nearing her own orgasm and having a hard time keeping quiet; hearing Matt's groans of ecstasy made it worse. Three strokes later she saw Matt turn his head so Brian could hear him. She only clearly heard one word -- "ours" -- then everything went to hell.

"Fuck!" Brian couldn't control it any longer. "Forgive me," he heard himself whimper as he let loose his control, pounding into Matt as hard as he could. He felt the force of his thrusts trigger Matt's orgasm, which clenched the tight muscles of Matt's ass around his cock. He couldn't hold back any longer.

Finally, he was experiencing the hard and fast pounding he had wanted all night. Matt felt his face light up with an unholy grin as he steadied himself against Brian's thrusts, then started to push back.

"Fuck ... yes!" Then he felt the tingle in his spine, felt Brian tense as his ass clenched, and together they came with a shout that faded away to a groan as they collapsed against the rock.

Jo couldn't believe what she had just seen. Of course, taking the pillow she had been biting out of her mouth so she wouldn't scream out loud when she came might make things a tad more believable. No porn movie had ever looked like that. It was *beyond* hot.

As she watched the men, now lying one on top of the other, she saw Brian start to straighten and pull Matt up with him. Matt's face glowed with triumph; Brian's eyes seemed to glisten with tears as he pulled Matt into his arms and stroked him with his hands.

She would eat glass to know what Matt had said that pushed Brian over the edge so fiercely, and she'd give her firstborn to know what Brian had whispered to Matt that had

made him take Brian's face in his hands and drop the sweetest kiss she had ever had the privilege of seeing on his lips.

Sighing quietly, she wished she could be a part of it.

"I want to hold our children too, Matt, watch her breastfeed them and hold them in her arms."

It echoed in Matt's brain as he scooped up their clothes and then followed Brian inside their house. He shut the door firmly behind them, but each took a sentry position on either side of the door and watched the garden, looking for Jo. They never left her alone in the garden at night. One of them always stayed awake the nights she spent in contemplation of the stars. It was her wind down time, her way of meditating.

She had shouldered a lot, more than they had ever guessed at first. They knew that this was Jo's way of sorting it out and coping with her life. Though she may not have known it, she was never alone; one of them was only a moment away, waiting to help her before she even needed it. Tonight was doubly important; they both needed to see her reaction to what had just happened.

The first step of a carefully orchestrated seduction.

They both pulled back into the shadows as they saw her start toward her own back door. She stopped at the rock Brian had laid Matt over. One of her hands reached out to stroke the rock gently, and then Jo turned to look at their back door. Brian's sigh of relief said it all. Her face glowed, her eyes glazed in a post-orgasmic haze, but she looked wistful, almost sad as her hand touched the rock.

"She wishes she had been part of it, Matt, she liked watching us."

"Yes, but see that look, Brian? She doesn't think she's good enough. She doesn't think we would want her."

“Shit.” Matt could feel the tension in Brian. He understood. He wanted to rush out and take her in his arms, grovel at her feet, *anything* to make her realize she was the only thing they wanted.

“We have our work cut out for us, don’t we?” The rhetorical question needed no answer.

Chapter Three

Mmm ... yum! Bacon!

Pox on the person who was up early cooking bacon! The smell drifting through her window was divine!

“Juju Bean,” the voice lilting up and down, sang.

“Juju Bean,” a second voice echoed.

“Humph!” Jo grunted as she turned over. *I’m dreaming of the boys again.* But for some reason, digging her head under her pillow to cut out the light brought about a laugh from one of her dream men.

“You’re just like a little piglet, Juju Bean. Hiding away from the sunlight under the covers.”

Hmmm ... now this wasn’t a nice dream at all. Stupid “dream Brian.” Doesn’t he know never to call a woman a piglet? He should, since he was in her imagination.

Jo bolted upright in bed, head whipping from side to side as she took in the men sitting on either side of her.

“Arghh!”

“And good morning to you, too, Miss Sunshine!” The words came from Matt’s smiling mouth, while from the other side of the bed, laughter came from Brian’s.

Brian’s laughter came to a halt, though, as he took in her night gown. She had succumbed to her “impractical” lingerie drawer last night. The shell-pink and grey baby doll was exquisite. But it hadn’t seen the light of day since it was purchased. It had been one of those “finds.” Everyone has them, even big girls -- that “hidden away on a rack, fits perfectly, on sale for half price” finds, that “no matter how much is on your credit card you manage to squeeze that one last purchase in anyway” finds.

She had been feeling so turned on last night after seeing the two men currently sitting on her bed fuck each other, that she had come in, remade the bed with satin sheets, and opened the box the nightie had come in and sinfully wore it to bed.

Okay ... what’s that look in Brian’s eye? And as she looked over to Matt she could swear there had been a leer in place of his normal good-looking smile.

“We decided that after your date last night failed your little litmus test, you might like a little pampering this morning, so we made all your favorites.” Matt rose as he spoke to grab the tray that had been left on her dresser.

“Well, Matt did anyway ... I just stuck with the OJ and coffee making, since I’m sure all of us would prefer to eat this morning and not spend the rest of the afternoon in various states of sickness.”

Jo laughed at Brian’s statement as she flopped back onto the bed. He couldn’t cook worth a damn. For some reason, the gene that rendered him able to design and build houses so well did not translate into food construction.

Okay ... again with the funny looks!

As she looked up from her “flop,” both men’s heads almost flew off, they whirled round to face her so fast! Jo pulled up the sheets as she spoke.

“Can one of you get my robe off the hook? It’s embarrassing enough having you guys see me in the morning, let alone wearing this.” Both men looked at each other with a little frown, but Brian’s eyebrow quirked up as he rose. “I’ll get it.”

“It’s on the bathroom door.” But Brian didn’t make it that far. He had spied the open lingerie box. The teddy was a four-piece set: baby doll top, bikini, garter belt, and robe. He pushed the top all the way off and lifted out the garter belt on one finger.

“Vee-ry nice, Jo! Do you have the stockings to go with it?” There it was, that leer again, but on Brian’s face this time!

Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! She could feel her cheeks redden even more. Hell, even her toes felt like they were blushing!

“Umm, no.” She could only mumble in her shock at being asked that question by Brian. “I haven’t ever worn any of it. Well, other than this last night.” She gestured towards her sheet-covered torso.

“Hmmm ... you should, Jo. Call me old-fashioned, but garters are just plain hot on a woman, and this color is perfect for you.” He scooped out the robe and handed it over to her with a pleased smile.

Okay ... back up the bus! What the hell! What did he mean by that?

“There’s no point when there’s no one to wear it for.” Oh, God, that hurt to say, but there shouldn’t be the need to state the obvious with these guys. What were they up to?

“It’s not about having someone to wear it for, Jo. It’s about everyone else knowing you’re wearing it, and making yourself feel sexy. Seeing the telltale lines under a woman’s skirt makes me hot every time. Doesn’t matter if I know her or not, I still spend the rest of the day fantasizing over her.” Matt’s statement met with a hum of approval from Brian, who was walking over with the juice.

“Hand squeezed. Just for you, mademoiselle.” He handed it to her with a flourish.

Curiouser and curiouser, Jo thought.

“Here, honey, move up so we can put the tray over your lap. Then we can all reach. We brought ours up so we could eat with you, too.” Matt looked down at the bed. “But we will have to be careful of the sheets; satin stains easily.” He looked up with a knowing grin.

Brian ran his hand over the top sheet, which happened to be resting over her stomach.

“I think our Juju Bean’s a secret sensualist. Who knew?” He scooted up so he rested against the headboard to her right. The tray got plopped down on her lap after she moved herself back to the headboard. The robe hadn’t covered up much more than the baby doll had, but she felt less exposed as she sat up beside Brian. Matt wiggled the tray down securely, and then moved to her left and sat back just like Brian.

Oh Great. Hunky, stud muffin bookends for plump, looks-like-a-muffin Jo.

Then the torture started.

Poor Jo. She really had no clue what a sexy siren she made. Sitting all rumped in her bed, sexy satin sheets, and that classy, sexy as hell baby doll on.

Buying some bad-girl lingerie to go with that sex kitten outfit was definitely being added to Brian’s list of things to do this week. Hell, maybe a whole wardrobe of it! He and Matt could just keep her locked in the house in skimpy leather and lace, and silks and satin. Impractical, of course, but oh, so rewarding!

Last night, they had worked out a game plan. One of the main things missing in Jo’s life was touch. Finding Jo asleep, on pearl-pink satin sheets wearing that nightie, had been quite a pleasant surprise. It showed them that although she wasn’t a touchy-feely person physically, she still enjoyed pampering her senses.

Her cousin had been pretty hands-on when he had been her guardian; he had liked reinforcing his “parental” demands with a slap. Neither he nor Matt had been able to break her from the habit of shying away a little when someone tried to touch her. They had

learned other ways of sharing similar comfort with her, and even though that shyness had departed somewhat, they had stayed with the hands-off policy.

But not anymore.

Between them they figured the best way of heightening Jo's awareness of them was to start subtly touching her. Baby steps in the courting game, but a very important one for Jo. Despite all her strength and confidence toward everything else, her body image still ate away at her. She had faced everything else that her cousin had thrown at her and won. Except this one thing. She still looked in the mirror and saw a pudgy girl, not the tall, vibrant, and oh-so-curvy woman she had become.

The second step was to show Jo that she interested them sexually, through touch and other verbal and physical cues. This afternoon, Matt had made plans take her out to the piece of land he had just bought for a romantic picnic. Brian was going to meet them both there after the picnic so they could both surprise her with who actually owned the property. The plans, already drawn up for the most part, would give her a clue that she was included in their future in a large way.

They had tossed around whether to individually approach her -- one man on some form of date one day, the other man the next date. But they decided they wanted no possible confusion about who wanted Jo. Not which man, but both men, crystal clear in her mind.

The third step would be making the physical step to showing Jo that together they wanted her in their bed. That would be the tricky part. Making sure she knew that she wasn't just one of Matt's and Brian's occasional bi flings, but that she was there to stay.

Jo had known that the relationship between the men was a hiccup. Neither man had ever been interested in other men. Hanging out at gay clubs was really just a way they could have fun together without getting hassled. But when Jo had come into their lives, they had the thought that maybe their relationship existed because they would both fall in love with

the same woman. Some big Karma, pattern-of-fate deal. Jo needed so much love, but had so much to give in return that she needed two men to do the job.

He and Matt were more than happy to fill the role in the journey fate had sent them on.

Every time Brian reached across Jo, he brushed her arm and breast. Nothing too obvious. But every time he did, Jo did a little jig that brought her up against Matt's shoulder. Then as Matt in turn reached over to the tray, she went the other way into Brian's arm. Matt grinned over her head at Brian.

"Jo? What'cha doing?"

"Eating my breakfast. What does it look like I'm doing?" Jo looked up at Matt like he was some demented fool.

"The side-to-side bit, not the eating bit. You're going to be black and blue if you keep carrying on like that." From the corner of his eye he could see Brian biting his lip trying not to laugh.

"Relax, Jo; enjoy your Saturday off. I'm going to take you out driving after breakfast. I thought we could make a day of it and pack a picnic. I have something very special to show you."

Jo's face lit up. "Surprises? Only the good kind, I hope!?" The little notch in the middle of her forehead quirked. "I'm not much fond of the bad ones ... had enough of those to last a lifetime," she finished off with a sigh.

Matt laughed, while Brian slung an arm around her shoulder and gave her a hug.

"Definitely the good kind. Matt's got to pick up a few papers from the office, and I have to go pack your picnic basket." Brian laughed out loud at her worried look. "Don't worry, love, I'm picking up from the deli on the corner." As he left the room Brian called out a goodbye, leaving Matt alone with Jo.

“I better head off as well; I want to get those papers before we leave. I should be back in an hour, maybe an hour and a half.” As he rose from the bed, he turned and dropped a soft kiss to Jo’s lips. “Wear jeans and your hiking boots. Oh, and bring a sweater.” He walked to the bedroom doorway and turned back to Jo, watching as her jaw dropped as he made his last remark.

“Make sure you wear some of that pretty lingerie!”

Chapter Four

Kisses on the lips, lingerie advice, breakfast in bed, and picnic lunches? What on this God's green earth where they up to? As she scootched back into the car seat, Jo snuck a sly look at Matt.

"So ... where are we off to?"

"Somewhere special." Matt had this grin on his face that she was having a hard job making out. Part excitement, part satisfaction, and part ... umm ... jungle cat. Jo felt a little like rubbing up and down on Matt to scratch her own fur. There was a definite itch making its presence known that was going to be a long time in getting scratched.

"Brian was a little upset when he heard I lied to him about being away last weekend, but the surprise sure made up for it."

"You lied to Brian?" She sat up straighter in the seat and turned toward Matt. "You never lie to Brian. It's like one of those macho honor codes men have ... well, the good ones, at least." She slumped back in her seat at her last words.

Jo thought back to Mick. God, she should have known a guy called Mick couldn't have been on the up and up. Stupid, adulterous son of a bitch! He'd never thought she would have the gumption to actually tell his wife he was cheating on her. She was a very nice woman.

They had emailed a couple of times when she needed a bit of support to carry on with getting rid of his two-timing ass. Not every wife took it as well when the “other woman” showed up to let her in on her husband’s dirty little secrets.

Personally, she thought it was the fact she had approached it with the view of “let’s go kick his ass” rather than “move on, old timer, the new gal is in town” that had won her over.

Matt had seen that face before -- Mick the Prick.

“He was a dumb SOB, Jo; forget all about him. You have Brian and me. Who else do you need, huh?”

Mick had seemed to be the end of their dreams -- until a will had passed over his desk for notarizing. The usual notary was away on leave, so Matt had dusted off his stamp and filled in for the urgent important papers as needed. The will wasn’t an urgent matter but had been mistakenly put in the pile. Matt always made sure he understood what he was signing, and seeing the name Mick Jameson at the top of the page threw him for a loop. But seeing the recipient of the will, “my wife, Susan Jameson,” had floored him. He and Brian decided to do a little knocking of their own once all the details came out. The son of a bitch had deserved every stitch and loose tooth for messing with both Jo, his wife, and who knows how many others.

“You know, you’re right!” Jo said. “I think I might just live next to you and Brian for the rest of my life and collect cats -- maybe weird, exotic birds too -- and become the weird and smelly fat cat lady with the loud birds the neighborhood kids cross the other side of the street to get away from.” Chuckling she carried on. “I can see it now. Halloween will be a blast ... seeing which kids have the balls to knock on the cat lady’s door.”

Okay, the maniacal little laugh Jo finished that statement off with was a bit spooky.

“Well, you might have some problems there, honey. Cats and birds usually don’t mix too well.”

“Crap!” With a sparkle in her eye she looked up at Matt. “Snakes and cats then? They would have fun chasing each other ... till one bit back at least.”

Matt shuddered, “Okay, okay, rub it in to the guy who hates snakes but loves the outdoors.” Yuck! Slithery scaly ... it wigged him out just to think about them.

Matt pulled the car off the road and into a graveled entrance and came to a stop.

“Oh, Matt! It’s ... beautiful!” Jo said on a sigh as she wound down the window. “What a lovely view! So many trees -- and is that a lake?” She inhaled deeply. “It even smells as good as the view!”

“So you like it?” He jumped out of the car and moved around to open her door to help her out.

“Like it? Love it is more like!” Getting out of the car, she opened her arms wide and took a great big breath of clean country air. “How did you know about this, Matt? Is it for sale? Or a client’s?” Jo turned expectantly to him.

Matt wanted to draw it out a little longer; she was going to feel pretty odd when she found out who really owned the property. He wasn’t sure if it would be hurt or excitement. It was going to mean a big change in her life. For now, she would think that it would mean them moving away. The next few weeks were going to be all about working her around to the fact she was coming with them.

“Umm ... something like that.” Turning her back around to admire the view, he sidestepped her question. “I’m starving. Want to choose a spot for our picnic?”

Making him lug the picnic basket all the way over to the grassy clearing by the lake seemed a just reward in her book for all this suspenseful behavior.

It was a beautiful spot. Tall trees, beautiful lake edge, a slight breeze and warm sun to take the edge off the early autumn coolness. She would dearly like to know who owned it.

“I could so live here! It’s like a little slice of heaven.”

Matt had a “funny you should say that” look on his face as she spoke. He had been pulling out treat after treat from the basket, along with bottles of her favorite sweet cider, and laying them out in front of them.

“Try this, Jo.” He placed a baby quiche in her mouth. “It’s something new the deli decided to try. They’re pretty good.”

Mmm. Buttery cheesy goodness!

Okay ... something’s up here. Cider, French flaky pastry treats, and the location, location, location! The gorgeous hunk serving them wasn’t half bad either.

“Another?” Matt had sneaked another treat up to her mouth while she had been basking in the flavors of the first.

“You’re kidding me, right?” Eyes wide, she continued. “Tell me there’s more than two in that basket of yours.”

Matt chuckled. “More of those and some of those strawberry mini custard flans you like so much.”

“Oh lordie. The view, the sun, the food -- could I ask for a better Saturday?” She flung her head back to bask in the sun.

“Sheesh, don’t I even get a mention in there?” Matt was grinning ear to ear, watching her exuberance.

Slyly looking over, she leaned toward him and indulged in a little something else for a wonderful day. “Of course!” she said, before popping a kiss to his cheek.

Mmm ... mm! He tasted as good as the pastries!

Well, this was progressing better than expected.

He had started to grin like a loon back at Jo after she kissed him, so he had done a quick grab into the basket for something to drink. He wanted to loosen Jo up just a little so his

planned opening bid of seduction went a little easier. Well, not seduction so much as a little make-out session. The real seduction would be part of next week's plan.

He was feeling a bit like he was seventeen again, quivery on the inside and palms itching to touch the tempting flesh all around him. Horribly nervous that some teenage girl would reject him for doing something outrageously stupid and he would end up being disappointed in love. Turned out that despite his nervousness the girls had thrown themselves at him, which, in turn, had made his anxiety worse because he wasn't attracted to the skinny, pert cheerleaders at all. The curvy, intelligent girls always drew his eye.

Matt shifted just a little to ease his jeans over his cock; even the thought of just making out with Jo had him more than half hard. Brian was going to get one good workout later that night to ease the pain he would be in after this afternoon.

The sun and the cider had reddened her cheeks a little. Watching her enjoy the sinfully good pastries was definitely an experience of the sexy kind. Jo enjoyed her food; no half salads with dressing on the side for her. She watched what she ate and exercised, but didn't starve herself of nice things, either. Watching her lick flakes of pastry from her plump lips was enough to make him sweat, but the groan of pleasure at the first bite of one of the custard flans was enough to have him drooling and begging.

Time for some action, Matt thought.

He started packing up some of the empty containers, putting aside a tart and two more ciders; he had plans for them. Feeling pretty pleased with his picnic plans so far, he turned to Jo.

"Here, honey. This is the last one. Open up."

Jo looked up at him, a little puzzled.

Matt dropped a soft kiss to her lips, and when her jaw dropped in surprise, he nudged the sweet treat into her mouth so she had no choice but to open wider.

Watching her mouth open so she could take the pastry had him jumping to a visual of his cock replacing the pastry. Dreaming of her mouth sucking his hard cock was going beyond sin. The thought of having both Jo and Brian together ...

Okay. Time to think of cold. Ice ... frozen tundra wastelands. Aunt Gertie ... Aunt Gertie's deformed cat, George.

Nope, nothing worked.

He pushed the last bite of the tasty morsel into her mouth and brushed the few remaining flakes of pastry from her lips with his thumb.

“Oops, missed one.” He swiped across her lower lip with his tongue. Before she had realized what he had done he was sitting behind her, pulling her back into the cradle of his thighs, his erection rubbing against the small of her back. Torturing himself even more with the sensation of being close to Jo.

Hoping she would feel how hard he was, he snuggled himself closer to her. Every opportunity to show how much she tempted them sexually couldn't go to waste.

Arm raised, he pointed to the geese on the lake. “Hey, look, we have a few visitors on their way south to the sunny climes of Florida.” Jo gave a small laugh at his comments. He had a feeling she was a little stunned about the kisses.

“Just sit back and relax, Jo, it's too nice a day to head home yet. You can use me as a pillow if you want to take a nap.”

Relax? Relax, the man says. Relax after he just did two things she had least expected in the world, feed her then kiss away the crumbs? What planet does he think he's from?

Geese? Who gives a shit about the geese when I can feel your cock in the small of my back, and you have snuggled up closer than a baby to his teddy bear?

Huh? Huh? Huh?

“I wouldn’t mind a nap. You guys had me up early, and this was supposed to be my sleep-in morning.” Take that, Mr. Kiss Me and Cuddle Me. Ms. Fat Lump in your lap for an hour should teach you a lesson.

Wiggling her bottom a little and falling back onto his oh so firm and warm body, smelling of Matt, outdoors, and a little touch of sandalwood -- oops bad, bad thoughts. She sank back into Matt and closed her eyes.

The minx!

A little butt wiggle here, a little ass jiggle there, and he was harder than the rocks down by the lake. He wanted to pull down his zipper, take out his cock, and rub it against the soft, silky small of her back. Matt knew it was soft and silky, because her shirt had ridden up when she had moved back into his embrace, and he had given in to the temptation to stroke it with his fingers when she had drifted off. He decided to give in to a lot more temptation to wake his sleeping beauty, as it was getting towards time to head back to the car.

“Wake up, sleepyhead.” He whispered into her neck, not really wanting to wake her till he had his fill of tasting her. The smell and taste of her thrilled his senses as he tongued her nape, running up to the back of her ear. He carried on by nibbling on her lobe. She tasted sweet, of sun and fresh breezes. Matt carried on round her jaw, making his way to her lips.

“Rise and shine, sleeping beauty,” he murmured into her lips before pressing his own firmly to hers, hands coming up to gently caress her breasts as she arched into the kiss. She wasn’t entirely awake yet so he decided to try his luck and ran his hand under her shirt to take the fullness of her breast in his hand. Plucking at the nipple through the lace, he felt her gasp, and Jo opened to him, pressing her lips to his.

Matt knew she was more than half asleep, but he couldn’t help himself and ran his other hand over her stomach and jeans to cup her pussy. She felt hot even through the

denim. He pushed down on the seam as Jo groaned into his mouth and her body pushed up into his hands. He desperately wanted to release her zipper and plunge his hand into the heat he could feel burning through the thick denim.

“Baby, can I touch you?” A small groan he decided to take as acceptance to his whispered question came from Jo.

He knew he shouldn't, but damn, it had been years of waiting, and after seeing her, rumpled and sexy in her bed that morning he was due a little bit of the gold at the end of the rainbow. Releasing the button and pulling down the zip, he slowly slid his hand into her jeans.

“Ah. Jo. Satin and lace. You're too tempting!”

She was slick and hot, nipples taut under his hand, mouth gasping as he brushed his fingers over her clit. He looked up into Brian's eyes. He had arrived at the property about half an hour before with the plans for the house Matt had collected earlier that day. But on seeing Jo curled up in Matt's lap, he had put aside the papers and sat and watched them, his eyes glazing over with lust the more Matt kissed her. Matt could see the bulge in Brian's jeans and watched as he stroked himself over the denim.

Oh yes ... even in her dreams the guys made her hot and wet, wanting just a small taste of both of them. Her dreams had gotten so real she could swear she could taste Matt on her lips and feel gentle, knowing fingers in her pussy. Her breasts ached from her wanting more than any dream could give her. Wet dreams were definitely not the exclusive domain of males. Her fantasies and her dreams made her ache, made her wake wanting to come hard and fast, or alternatively, have a “still on the verge of sleep' slow, rolling, golden orgasm.

Jo opened her eyes, confused to not be in her bed, instead seeing Brian in front of her, pupils darkened with lust, feeling Matt at her back, his mouth at her neck, and realizing it

was *his* talented fingers in her pussy just as he gave her an orgasm like she had never felt before -- just before she blacked out.

“Jo? Good God, Jo! Please wake up. Talk to us!” Brian’s voice sounded panicked as she felt herself plucked out of Matt’s arms.

So, that had been a first; a momentary blackout after an orgasm. A mighty fine one, too.

“Oh, Lord ... I’m not dreaming.” Her eyes opened slowly to see two worried male faces beside her laid out on the blanket. “Am I?”

Pushing herself up, she tried to take account of the situation.

“When I went to sleep, there was a lake, a blanket, and Matt. When I woke up ...” A blush rose to her cheeks, “there was a lake, a blanket, a man watching me intently while another had his mouth on my neck, one of his hands on my breast, while his other gave me an orgasm to end all orgasms.”

She took a deep breath. “What the fuck were you two doing?” She knew she was verging on the hysterical, tears and all. Instantly she was clasped between two warm bodies as they comforted her, soothing hands running through her hair.

“I’m sorry, Jo, we didn’t mean for anything to happen that way. Brian arrived while you were sleeping with something to show you, and I got carried away when I tried to wake you up. You were just too warm and sexy. I couldn’t make myself stop.”

Feeling puzzled and troubled, she asked, “What do you mean, “to happen that way?” Was this some whole set-up so you two could get your jollies at the expense of the Duff or something?” She pushed away from both men, the anger lingering from last night’s failed date at Wild Blue forcing her to rise.

Looking down, she saw two bewildered and confused male faces. “Big joke is it? Poor old Jo ...” she taunted, “can’t manage to get a real date on her own. Let’s take her out to the

countryside and give her a little something to make her feel better.” She slid her feet back into her boots, hopping backwards away from the picnic blanket.

“After all we have been through -- I can’t believe you guys would do this! It’s just not fair!” Turning with a sob, Jo ran back to Matt’s car, jumped in, and sped off down the road.

Matt looked at Brian, who looked back at him, staggered by her reaction.

“Houston, we have a problem,” said Matt.

Brian, frantically scrambling to pick up the blanket and basket, had only one thing to say. “Ya think?”

Chapter Five

“There’s the car.” Matt followed the direction of Brian’s pointed finger to the area off to the side of the road. “I’m guessing she got too upset and pulled off.”

“Hell, Brian, how are we going to fix this one? That whole dumb ugly fat friend thing totally threw me. Where the hell did she come up with the idea she was our Duff?” Matt couldn’t keep the anger and bewilderment out of his voice.

“Got me beat, but this one is going to take some swift talking.” Brian pulled in behind the BMW so that there was no way she could run from them again.

“I wish we could get this part over with and get her in our bed. She’s driving me nuts!”

Matt agreed with Brian wholeheartedly, especially with the smell of her release still on his fingers.

Jo heard the truck pull up and both doors slam as the men got out.

So, this is what being prey felt like. Both men stalked toward her with what she could only think of as a predatory aura rolling off both of them. That and what she could only guess was a healthy dose of anger. They stopped behind her, one man on either side.

“We’re glad you stopped, Jo.” Brian’s voice was husky with emotion that sounded like hurt and anger. “Don’t ever run from us again. The thought of you in an accident scares us shitless.”

“Shitless doesn’t even half cover it! Not only was it stupid, Jo, but you put yourself in danger for some half-baked idea that jumped in your head.” Matt’s voice was harder, colored with anger. As he spoke he turned her toward them.

Tears ran down her cheeks; her eyes were puffy, her nose red.

“Oh, Jo.” His voiced softened. “We hate it when you cry; it cuts us to pieces. And today is not a day for crying, baby.”

“Yeah ... that’s what you think.” Another tear ran down her cheek. Brian leaned into her and did the most unusual thing. His tongue scooped up her tear and he gave her cheek a soft kiss. Jo gasped, hand flying to her face.

“Why did you do that?” Her voice was just a whisper.

“So I could taste you.” He moved in closer, tilting her chin up and using his thumb to wipe away the tear on her other cheek.

“Matt already had his taste, now it’s my turn.”

Jo felt the warmth of Brian’s soft breath on her lips just moments before he touched his lips to hers. Oh God! It was such sweet heaven!

He tasted warm, musky ... like sex on a stick! Heat rampaged through her body like nothing she had felt before.

Why were they doing this to her? It wasn’t fair! Without them she was nothing, so alone.

She wrenched away from Brian, gasping for air, only to step back into a solid body. Whipping her head round she looked up into Matt’s face.

“Going somewhere?”

No! She couldn’t do this again! She couldn’t lose everything!

“Why are you doing this to me? Please ... please don’t! I can’t do this again. Oh, God, I can’t lose you too!” She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Both men looked at each other over Jo’s head, realizing she was much shakier about losing her family than they had thought. They knew she missed them dearly and was upset that instead of being the last remainder of her family to love, her cousin was a thieving crook, out to take her for all she was worth.

Brian lifted her face up with his fingertip again. “Jo, Matt and I aren’t going anywhere. But we need to talk to you. We have a lot to tell you about what you saw today. About us, and about you and what just happened with Matt, and we aren’t going to do it here in a picnic area.” He sighed, feeling emotions of every sort flying around them. “I know you might not be feeling wonderful about sitting in the car with Matt for the drive home, but, baby, you aren’t driving yourself. So I’m going to take you in the truck. Matt will come in the car, and once we get home you are going to sit down and listen to what we have to ask you.”

Looking over Jo’s head, Brian could see in Matt’s face that he was having a hard time controlling his anger. Brian wasn’t quite sure who Matt was angry at -- himself for getting carried away or at Jo for getting the wrong idea and running away from them while upset. Brian was mighty angry at the idea of Jo hurt from taking a silly chance in the car. An injury was just not a tolerable outcome for them. She mattered too much. She carried their future in her hands. While they could survive without her, they would never be complete.

“Baby, you need to listen to Matt for a second. He is very angry and needs to tell you why, and it can’t wait. Okay?” Brian’s voice was a soft caress trying to calm her. He turned her toward Matt, who had been pressed to her back, hands gripping her hips.

“Be gentle, Matt,” he said when he saw Matt take her chin in his hand to bring her eyes to his. Jo was delicate at the moment, such a change from the playful woman of that

morning. More of the scared girl who had knocked on their apartment door all those years ago was coming through.

“If I ever hear you talk about yourself as being our ‘dumb ugly fat friend’ again, Brian will see to it that you won’t be able to sit down for a week.” Matt’s face was rigid with anger. “You have never ... you will never *ever* be anything so trivial in our lives.” Matt pulled her chin up again, forcing her to look in his eyes. “Believe me, Jo, and don’t test me. If I ever hear you belittle yourself that way, or run away from us ever again, be prepared to suffer the consequences!” Furious, Matt took the keys that Jo clutched in her hand and stalked back to the car, leaving her slumped in Brian’s arms, unsure whether to stay or go after him.

Brian knew Matt was serious. Brian had always been Jo’s ego booster, as it had cut Matt too deeply every time she had made light of herself. It made him angry as hell. Brian might have his darker side, but easy-going Matt, when angered, was a force to be reckoned with. It was part of what made him such a good lawyer. There were added bonuses to an angry Matt. The hot, hard, angry sex had been some of the best. He couldn’t help grinning on the inside about what might be in store for tonight. But Jo was who mattered most right now. Who knew; maybe she would be on the receiving end tonight ... definitely an idea to be considered. An all-out seduction might be what they needed, not a gentle wooing.

He pulled Jo back into his chest, wanting to comfort her. “Just let him go for now, Jo. He’s angry and needs to burn off a little of his worry over you while driving home alone. We do worry about you Jo, every moment of every day.”

Brian started moving toward the truck. Dazed, her eyes watery, Jo following him meekly as he led her by the hand to the truck and let herself be lifted up into the cab. He leaned over for another kiss to her mouth, intending it to be soft and gentle but finding himself wanting to spark her alive instead with a swift hard kiss before shutting the truck door.

As he made his way round to the driver's side he watched her through the windshield. Head up, eyes wide, cheeks flushed, fingers resting on her open lips. Oh yes, disaster though the afternoon may have been, their Jo was curious about all those kisses.

Chapter Six

She had felt a little weird -- okay, a lot weird -- the whole drive home. She was so confused over what was happening. Kisses, touching, words she didn't really understand in relation to her two best friends and her. And this morning's trip -- where did that come into it all?

She could now remember seeing rolled-up plans lying beside Brian when she had awakened. Brian's words about the three of them and what she saw today ... what on earth did that mean? A little voice in the back of her brain reminded her that the three of them, together was just what she wanted. Wasn't it? Both men, her, hot sex all tied up with love -- the forever kind. The chances of that were ... oh ... about zero to none. Rubbing her forehead with her fingers to ease the tension, she just felt more confused.

Brian had calmly walked around the truck, lifted her down and told her to go wait on the couch in their living room. He was going to find Matt, and then they would both be in to talk things over with her.

Yeah. Like she was going to calmly wait, like some sacrificial chicken, for them to come "explain" *anything* to her.

A bottle of scotch and a box of tissues or two sounded more her style at that moment, Jo decided, as she headed toward her bedroom, mail from the slot at the front door clutched in her hand. She didn't drink much at home so the scotch was out, and they'd finished the wine last night. The tissues were beside the bed, so she was heading to bury her head under the pillows before the stupid chicken that she was lost it and ended up a sniveling mess on the hallway floor.

Running. Yup, that's what she was doing. She had run for so long, trying to get away from her cousin Jason, but with Matt and Brian's help she had turned and fought. Today seemed like a good day to start running again. Well, running as far as the king-sized bed she had just thrown herself across, anyway.

"Jo! Get your ass down here, girl!" Matt bellowed from her front entrance hall. Oh, hell, she had forgotten to deadbolt the front door!

Headless chickens always seemed to run fast in those bad sci-fi movies, but she had forgotten they tended to get caught for the cooking pot pretty quickly too.

She wasn't where she was supposed to be, damn it! He had gotten home half an hour before Brian and Jo. Brian had given him a chance to calm down and think by taking the long way home. He had decided he and Brian were going to have to lay it on the line and hope eight years of friendship and unconditional love would pave the way. A gentle wooing was not going to work after the morning's slip-up.

"Jo! Remember those consequences I told you about. You're getting pretty damned close to finding out just what I meant, honey!" Matt yelled as he stomped up the stairs. Brian followed with a Cheshire cat grin on his face, commenting darkly, "Oh, I like consequences! Consequences are such fun!"

Matt wasn't so far gone that he couldn't chuckle at Brian's comments. Brian quite liked a bit of pain with his pleasure, both in the giving and receiving.

“Baby, you’re only making it harder on yourself! Get your sweet fanny out here!”

Both men came to a stop at the top of the stairs as they heard the slam of a door and the hiss of water running through the pipes.

“She thinks a bathroom door is going to stop us?” Matt looked so confused, yet so pure Alpha male that Brian could only laugh.

“She’s forgotten I did the alterations to the house, hasn’t she?” Brian gloated. “The door handles are specifically designed to be unlocked from the outside in an emergency, errant toddlers, angry teens, and all that. It seems Jo is a bit of both today.”

Both men moved into Jo’s room to stand in front of the bathroom door. It took Brian moments to release the lock.

Brian turned back to Matt. “How are we going to handle this?” He crossed his arms over his wide chest. “She can’t stay in there forever. I had a silent, tense car ride back here to think over things. I think we should just come out with it. Let the chips fall where they may and hope like hell our bet wins.”

“My thoughts exactly.”

Brian looked at Matt for a moment. “Shower?”

“Yup!” Matt agreed, breaking out in a lecherous smirk.

Brian nodded, stripped his shirt over his head, and reached for the buttons on his jeans as Matt shucked his jeans and boxers.

“A shower sounds just dandy right about now.”

* * * * *

They could see Jo huddled against the wall under the spray of the shower. Heart-wrenching sobs echoed in the shower stall. Suddenly a hand flew out to slap against the wall. “The Bastard! Fucking! Asshole! Dick-faced Bastard!” Each word punctuated with a slap.

“First Matt and Brian, now this! It can’t be happening again!” Jo’s words ended on a hiccupping sob.

Matt and Brian looked at each other, shrugged, and mouthed at each other, “Now this?”

Both men moved with quiet grace to the shower door and stepped into the shower stall behind Jo. Each reaching out with a hand, they ran it up over her backside and up her back and felt her go still.

Hands!

Hands in her shower!

Oh God! Jo turned, eyes closed, not wanting to see who was behind her. *Please, please let it be a homicidal psycho killer!*

She opened her eyes to see a pair of warm brown eyes beside a pair of jade green. “Oh!” Even in her mind it was a whisper.

“Consequences are a bitch, Jo,” Brian rasped out as he swept her into his arms and gave her a harsh, proprietary kiss.

She felt another body come up behind her, pulling closer to fit her back snugly to his front.

Brian’s lips brushed her neck as he murmured, “Don’t worry, Jo. My punishments always end up very satisfactory for both parties.” He turned her around and lifted her arms up around Matt’s neck, forcing her into him with a nudge of his hips.

She had seen how big both men were in the garden last night, but the feel of one large cock pressed against her belly while the other was against her back only enhanced the visual she hadn’t been able to get out of her head.

Wait! Mentally trying to shake her mind clear, she tried to think. Thinking was proving a hard task with her two best friends doing their best to fry her brain.

Why were they doing this? They had never touched her before with any sort of sexual intent till this morning. What had changed? Why now? She felt Matt deepen the kiss, plunging his tongue further into her mouth.

Who the hell cared? She was in the middle of her hottest fantasy; she was going to play it out till whatever end came.

Jo was beautiful. Full, rounded curves that filled his hands, smooth skin that slid against his, and her scent ... her usual light, fruity fragrance had deepened into a heady, musky aphrodisiac. Brian moved away from her neck to watch Matt kiss Jo.

Kiss was too tame a word. Claiming her with his was a better description. His erection was hard as rock, but watching his lover and his soon-to-be lover together was taking *aroused* to a new level. Brian felt Jo's body relax, her neck and shoulders release, and saw her arms tighten around Matt's neck. He couldn't help but smile. Their Juju Bean had decided to enjoy herself.

"Since Matt's a little occupied at the moment, Jo, I want to you listen as best you can. I know it won't be easy since I know exactly how Matt tastes." He slid his hand up to Jo's shoulders then around and down under her arms, lifting her generous breasts up, bringing his thumbs over her nipples. She groaned around Matt's tongue. Brian nudged her torso forward so her breasts pressed up against Matt's chest and were held high by Matt pressing into her from the front.

He swept his hands down her belly. "God, Jo, you feel just the way a woman should. Round and soft in all the right places, not all hard and bony angles." His hands kept moving lower, finding by touch the long, hard length of Matt's cock pressing into her stomach. He wrapped his hands around Matt's length and pressed him harder into Jo's belly. "I think by the feel of this Matt agrees with me, Jo."

Brian gave his lover a few leisurely pumps with his fist as his other hand moved lower, finding the trimmed curls of Jo's pussy.

"We have been waiting eight years for this, Jo. From that first day when we opened the door to find a renaissance beauty on our doorstep, all curves and curls and big eyes." His fingers slipped lower, opening her, sliding into her heat with a groan. "She's so hot and wet, Matt, everything we ever dreamed." His fingers circled her clit, barely touching, making Jo whimper into the kiss.

"Eight years ago we wanted you. Right now we want you, and it won't stop, Jo. God knows we tried." He flicked his thumb while plunging his finger deeper, penetrating, withdrawing, setting a slow, straining tempo. "We spent eight years behind you, fighting for you. But standing back when the time came to let you find your own life; to date all those useless idiots who couldn't see the real, beautiful, generous you."

He could feel Jo starting to strain against his hand and Matt pumping his cock against her belly then pulling away from the kiss with a growled, "More!" Brian knew what his lover needed. Moving his hands to Jo's waist he lifted her so Matt could take her ass in his hands, pulling her legs around his hips.

He couldn't get enough. Matt knew Brian was as desperate for her as he, but he couldn't let her go. They had waited eight long years. Thousands of nights spent torturing themselves with images of Jo. Nothing could come close to the reality of her. Jo slumped back against Brian's chest while her legs locked around his waist. Matt pushed her arms up and back around Brian's neck, linking her to both of them, exposing her fully to Matt.

"Eight years of torture, Jo," Matt rasped out. God, even his voice couldn't get over the beauty of Jo aroused almost beyond caring, willing them to take what they needed of her. His hands stroked up her belly to her breasts, his cock notched into the sweet heat of her pussy, sliding over her pussy and clit with each nudge of his hips.

“Open your eyes, Jo. We want you to know exactly who it is making love to you. There won’t be anyone else from now on, baby.” Jo looked shocked at Matt’s growled statement, but it seemed she couldn’t help herself and tightened her thighs around him, pushing his cock harder against her.

“I don’t want anyone else ... I’ve always wanted you both,” she whispered.

“Look at Brian, honey. Does he look like he wants to be anywhere else?” He watched her turn her face up to Brian’s, seeing his eyes firm with intensity as he began to speak.

“You’re ours, Jo. Fate brought us all together, but we have fought destiny for eight years. Now it’s fighting back and we are giving in. You aren’t going on any more of those stupid dates with stupid men who are too dumb to know you’re the best thing to have come into their life.” Matt ran his hands down her sides, cupping her hips, grinding himself tighter against her pussy as Brian carried on, “You are ours, Jo, and we are yours, and we will say it over and over again till you get it through your head.”

Brian had always had the gift of pretty words. Matt could take words and twist them, fight with them and for them, but Brian made words into meaningful sentences. Matt breathed hard as he watched Brian claim her mouth.

“We need you, Jo. You give our lives meaning.” Matt heard his voice crack. Brian and Jo broke their kiss and turned toward him. “I need you both.”

Matt pushed forward, causing Jo to gasp and tighten her arms and legs around him. He took Brian’s mouth with his own then shifted to Jo’s mouth while he caressed Brian’s face with his hand. He pulled back, his face as hard as his voice. “But what I need right now is to fuck you both. Hard!” With one smooth move he drew back, rubbing his hardness over Jo’s clit, and then sank his cock to the hilt inside her.

Dropping his head with a groan to Jo’s chest, he gasped out, “Oh Christ!”

He finally felt whole.

Full.

Possessed.

Wanting more.

She wanted so much more. She could only groan, when she wanted to yell out the words.

“If you don’t move soon, I’m going to kill you, Matt!” Friction -- that’s what she needed.

“Brian!” She squirmed in his arms. “Please! Make him fuck me!” Her hips tried frantically to move on Matt’s cock, trying to encourage him to move.

“Give him a moment, love.” She could feel Brian pumping his cock against her back. “This has been a long time coming, baby.” She felt him shift his cock lower, riding the crack of her ass. “Let the man have his moment.”

Brian’s cock was huge behind her, pushing her ass cheeks apart. She could feel the heat and the blood throbbing through his member as he sought his own release.

She had never thought about her ass and sex before. Obviously, it was a fact of life for the two men. Now, all she could think of was Brian riding her ass the same way she had watched him take Matt in the garden the night before. Putting Matt’s cock into the mix in her little fantasy made her gasp at the thought of taking both men. Together.

Matt’s head lifted. She had to make him move. *Now!*

“You want me to fuck you, baby?” A hitch of his hips sent him just a little bit deeper. “I’m sure I can oblige you.”

With a hard smile on his face, he withdrew, then slammed back. Withdrawing slowly, taunting her, only to slam back catching her clit each time, making her whimper. Pleasure rolled over her in waves each time he thrust.

Over and over again.

She felt so hot, like there was a fire burning inside her to which she couldn't get close enough. Sex had never felt like this before. If they stopped now, surely she would die of frustration.

Her pussy felt stretched; she wanted to clamp down tightly on him for more of that wonderful heat-generating friction. Every time he thrust so deeply it sent her body colliding back into Brian. Never again would an ordinary old wall suffice.

"He has a wonderful cock, doesn't he, honey?" Brian's voice was a ruthless whisper in her ear. "When he fucks me I never want it to end." He slid a hand down to stroke her clit. "Watching him fuck you makes me want to explode."

Jo felt like she was on the edge of the Grand Canyon, ready to jump with no parachute. "I'm looking forward to feasting on this sweet little pussy of yours, Jo." She felt the sharp bite of his teeth on her neck, the mark then soothed by his tongue. "I'm going to enjoy lapping at your clit while Matt fucks you. How many times do you think you will come, Jo?" His words were enough to send her toppling over the edge with a scream, pulsing around the shaft in her cunt and taking Matt with her.

"Oh, God, Matt!" Her scream echoed in the shower stall. "Brian!" The edges of her vision sparkled with the strength of her orgasm, but she managed to hold off the faint, going limp in Brian's arms and feeling tired to the bone. Yet that fire still held a small spark already waiting to be fanned to life again.

Chapter Seven

They had soaped Jo down quickly, then caressed her with her hands as they dried her while she stood there, overcome, unable to stop watching them. Watching their hands as they stroked her, as if she was surprised to find them there.

She was beautiful. Brian kept waiting for her to purr, as she was enjoying the caresses like a lap cat, a bemused smile on her face. He knew there were hurdles in their future. The first one would be finding out what had caused her to lash out at the shower wall before she had known they were standing there. But first, he wanted his chance to feast on her.

“To the bedroom, Jo.” He turned her toward the door. “We haven’t finished with you yet. I want a taste of that sweet pussy of yours.” Brian scooped her up in his arms when she looked at him blankly instead of moving. She squeaked and grabbed him around his neck.

“More?” he felt her murmur into his chest.

“Oh yes, baby. A lot more!” He nuzzled her wet hair, smelling her earthy fragrance. All of her soaps and shampoos were herbal types, and mixed with her own smell, was intoxicating. “That was only a taste of what we have planned for you.”

He felt her blush before he saw it, felt it while her skin in his arms and her hands against his chest heated. Brian looked across at Matt, who was watching them with a big

grin, chuckling at her reaction. Brian wondered how she would react when she first saw the ropes he liked to tie Matt with. He had developed an interest in Shibari bondage that he wanted to explore further with both of them.

Matt had pulled back the covers on the bed, laying bare enough space for them all. Brian laid her out across the bed, leaving her legs dangling over the edge, kissing her deeply as he lay over her.

“Arms up, baby. I want to look at every inch of you spread out on that bed for me.” Matt held Jo’s hands above her head at Brian’s direction while maneuvering around to her side so he could use his other hand and mouth on her when the time came. “Do you have any idea how sexy that is, Jo? You’re stretched out and open for me, Matt beside you just waiting to please you.”

He moved up and away from Jo, watching his hands move over her body till they reached the juncture of her thighs, which were still pinned to the edge of the bed with his hips where her legs had splayed open when he laid her down. He used his thumbs to gently open her, running down each side of her labia, spreading her open for both he and Matt to admire. She jerked at his intimate touch, her pussy glossy with her arousal.

“Hold her still, Matt.” Brian slowly dropped to his knees between her legs, not taking his eyes from Jo’s for one minute.

“Just a little taste, Jo.” He watched her eyes go wide as she followed him down, watching his tongue take a strong, leisurely path from her hot little hole to curl around her clit, and then press down hard with the flat of his tongue. Brian reveled in her sweet taste, so slippery and wet, with just a hint of the flavor he knew all too well belonged to Matt.

He closed his eyes, memorizing her taste. “Beautiful, Jo. You look, feel, and taste beautiful.” He opened his eyes to see warring emotions flicker over her face. Shock, need, lust, and even greed for more. Then her head dropped back to the bed with a purely feminine cry. “Please ... don’t stop.”

“Never, baby. Never.” He lowered his head once again to show her.

She was in heaven.

Or it might just be hell, because Brian’s tongue was evil and wicked. A torture device only the devil could have devised.

She felt him swirl around her clit, sucking it into his mouth only to quickly release and plunge his tongue back into her pussy. He only stopped and let his fingers take over when he gave instructions to Matt to pull or suck on her nipples, or to bite gently on the soft tissues of her breasts or to kiss her mouth.

“Are you feeling a little strung out, Jo?” She could hear lusty laughter in his voice. Brian stood up, leaning over to suck on the nipple that Matt didn’t have in his mouth. Both men pulled away at the same time only to turn and kiss each other.

Good Lord, could there be anything hotter than having two sexy men pinning her to the bed? Ah ... yes! The two sexy men kissing right in front of her!

Matt pulled away, running his tongue along his bottom lip with a little hum of appreciation before turning to her. “I agree, Brian, she does taste sweet, like honey.” She only had time for a surprised gasp before Matt dropped his lips to hers in a breath-stealing kiss. She could smell and taste herself on his lips.

“Has she waited long enough, do you think, Matt?” She felt Brian’s tongue in her navel, then kisses running up her stomach to where he nipped at the skin underneath her breast. “Does she deserve to come again?”

Jo tugged her arms, which were still held firmly in Matt’s grip. “Long enough? You two have to be kidding me!” Her frustration showed in her voice. She had lost count of the times Brian and Matt had taken her to the edge only to back off and start some new torture. It wasn’t a case of deserving to come; she had damn well earned it.

She felt their chuckles against her skin as they both nuzzled her, dragging their prickly five-o'clock shadows over the sensitive spots on her hips and stomach -- another torture devised to keep her strung out on the edge.

"Don't fight, Jo. You're ours now; we won't be letting you go." She felt Brian stand up, then felt him smoothing his hands down her thighs. Matt's body blocked most of her view, but she felt Matt's hand leave her body and watched Brian's body jerk as he hissed in appreciation of his lover's strokes on his cock. She had always imagined being close to her men like this, watching each use the other to give and take their pleasure. She hadn't ever thought it would become a reality.

All those late night dreams didn't come close in comparison with the reality of the warm bodies and hard cocks of these two men.

Matt pulled Brian slightly forward, pulling his hips, still in the cradle of her thighs, to rest closer and heavier over her pussy. The weight and warmth was delicious. Closing her eyes, welcoming the darkness, she could feel herself pulsing against him, as her pussy lips were so plump and engorged from his tongue play. Jo felt Matt reposition himself, and when she opened her eyes it was to see Matt take Brian deep in his mouth.

She looked up, wide eyes filled with desire, to Brian, who was watching her intently, one of his hands entwined in Matt's hair, the other on her hip.

"You like to watch us, don't you, baby?" His green eyes followed the flush of her deepening arousal. "We knew you were in the garden last night. It turned you on to watch us, didn't it? So much so you ended up in bed with satin sheets and a negligee, fantasizing."

There wasn't much she could say but "Yes!" in a husky voice. She looked down to Matt again where all three of them merged in some way or form. "God, yes!"

"Are you going to suck my cock as prettily as Matt is doing now when he is fucking me, Jo?" She watched Brian push further into Matt's greedy mouth. "I'm going to enjoy looking down to watch your pink lips around his dick, making him come as I fuck him."

Matt pulled away and came up over her, covering her, chest to chest. “Last night’s show was the start of making all our fantasies a reality, Jo.”

Matt had let her hands go. She was finally able to touch the two men who were loving her so well. Sinking her hands into Matt’s hair she pulled him down for a hot, tongue-twisting kiss.

Jo wasn’t quite sure what emotions she was feeling, but the second Brian sank his hard cock deep inside her, his first few strokes forcing her into her biggest orgasm yet, she knew she didn’t ever want them to stop.

Matt watched Brian’s face as he came only moments after Jo with a “Holy shit!” Matt knew exactly what Brian was feeling -- like a desperate schoolboy losing his virginity and coming on the third stroke. He wrapped his arms around both Jo and Brian, who was slumped over Jo’s body, pulling them together in a sweaty, sexy heap. It was then he noticed that Jo had blacked out again like she had beside the lake.

“Christ!” He roughly pushed Brian away from Jo to give her space. “She did it again. If this is a regular thing, she’s just going to have to learn to stop it!”

“She blacked out again?” Brian was quick to move to his knees to help straighten her out on the bed.

Matt scooped Jo up into his arms and moved her up to the pillows, then laid her down gently. He nodded toward the duvet at the end of the bed. “Bring those covers back up to keep her warm. After all that exercise,” he broke off with a laugh, “she will get cold quickly, and I want her to wake up nice and cozy with us around her.”

Glancing down at Jo, Brian looked quite pleased with himself. “On the flip side, it’s nice to know we made her come so hard she totally lost it.”

Matt looked over at Brian, who was lifting the covers over him and Jo. “So, how do you think that went? Do you think she got the message?”

“Well, she got the message,” Brian said, “but *which* message remains to be seen. I think once she wakes up there will be lots of questions for us to answer.”

Brian left the covers turned back on his side of the bed after covering Matt and Jo, and walked into the bathroom.

“That bastard!”

At Brian’s shout, Matt sat bolt upright in the bed.

“That son of a bitch is harassing her again!” Brian came from the bathroom and thrust two sheets of paper at him, one on official governmental letterhead, the other ... The contents explained Jo’s outburst in the shower.

One was notice of prisoner early release. Jo had got along well with her caseworker and she wanted to make sure Jo knew what was in the works.

The other letter was from her bastard cousin, telling her the same thing. Any letter that started with “Dear Stupid Bitch,” though, wasn’t going to get any better in the reading.

Matt slumped back to the bed as he took in the contents of both letters. Brian walked around and climbed into the bed. Jo turned toward Brian and snuggled into his chest. It reassured Matt that she was asleep and not unconscious.

Matt put the papers aside with a sigh. “We didn’t need this right now.” Turning back to watch his lovers, he pressed himself to Jo’s back, arm over both her and Brian. “Sleep first, deal with Jo’s questions second, then third, for the last and final time we are going to get rid of that bastard cousin of hers.”

Brian’s affirmative grunt was the last thing he heard as sleep claimed him.

Chapter Eight

It seemed that waking up to new and surprising events was fast becoming a way of life in her bedroom. Yesterday, it was breakfast in bed; today, it was two gorgeous hunks of men curled round either side of her. Matt's head rested on her stomach, arm over her hips hugging her close, while Brian's arm wrapped around her torso under her breasts, head tucked beside hers on the pillow.

What a way to wake up on a lazy Sunday morning.

She felt like a cat that just cleaned up the bowl of cream and now had a sunshiny patch in the window to bask in. Last night had been an eye-opener. What the hell had the few guys she had slept with in the past been doing with her? She had never been as responsive before, even when she was touching herself. With a little internal wail she realized no dildo or vibe was going to cut it ever again.

Putting aside those thoughts she let her logical brain override her emotions to do some reviewing of the past thirty-six hours. Jo remembered the number of times that both men had stated ownership, demanding it in a very proprietary and possessive manner.

It was so confusing.

Moving slightly to take in both tousled heads, seeing the arms holding her to them as if to stop her if she tried to slip free of them, she shook her head in wonderment. Closing her eyes she inhaled deeply the smell of both men, herself, and sex all mixed together, earthy and addictive.

Well, it seemed that there were a few deep and meaningful questions she was going to have to ask this morning. The wrong answers were going to mean a world of heartache. And to top it all off she was going to have to deal with her sick bastard of a cousin. Only the devil knew what was going through that brain -- dollar signs mostly, and the belief he should profit from her parents' death.

Jo knew she should be getting up, showering, and getting on with the chores for the day. It wasn't often she had her whole weekend free. Being a counselor teamed with the special victims' unit of the local police force was a demanding job, emotionally as well as physically. Her experiences as a teen had set her on the psychology path at college, specializing in helping children both abused and physically disabled. Her inheritance meant that she could offer her services cheaply to the department when needed and still operate privately.

With a tentative wiggle she tried to free herself of the men. She really did need to get on with some things that didn't involve a bed, but Brian's arm tightened round her, pulling her closer to him and his morning erection. At her movement, Matt started making little snuffling noises into her tummy. She couldn't help it; she giggled. Two very sleepy heads turned toward her.

"And you two called me a little piglet! What on earth was that, Matt?" She couldn't help the jiggle of her stomach as she tried to hold in her laughter.

"Was Matt doing his little snuffle and snore thing again?" Brian showed his intimate knowledge of his partner as he spoke while nuzzling her hair. He planted a tender kiss behind her ear with a quiet "Morning, baby."

She felt Matt's hand caress her hip as he planted his morning wakeup kiss beside her belly button. "It's nice to wake up to such a nice, soft, warm pillow." Jo ran her hand through Matt's dark hair and moved her neck, trying to get closer to Brian's warm lips.

"Well, this pillow appreciates the cozy morning wakeup call, but she desperately needs coffee -- after a shower, that is." The men slowly released their arms from their hold around her, reclining back on the bed as she sat up and slid to the end of the bed. When she turned round she was greeted with the sight of two prime male specimens with two prime morning hard-ons. Both men's sleepy faces were suffused with sexual hunger. She couldn't help the sexy groan that came from her mouth as she watched them. They pulled the covers back up and turned to spoon each other as if to go back to sleep, Matt curled around Brian's back.

She felt two pairs of eyes burning into her back as they watched her turn and walk to the bathroom door. She turned when she got there, a serious look on her face.

"Don't think it's going to be that easy," she said. "I have lots of questions, and I really hope you have the right answers." Jo shut the door after she entered the bathroom. She needed a little private time to process everything that had happened.

"That went better than I expected," Matt said. "I'm not at all sure how this is going to play out; she is way too calm and accepting. We just have to wait, I guess."

Brian pulled Matt's arm tighter around him, pulling him in closer to his back. "Well, she's learned the worst of it, I guess -- that you snore." His husky laugh croaked off into a strangled moan as Matt's hand slipped down his stomach and grabbed hold of his erection in a tight fist.

"You were saying?" Matt slowly ran his hand down Brian's penis, twisting his hand slightly in the way Matt knew he liked so much before taking his balls in the palm of his hand. He massaged gently, circling back up to rub his thumb over the engorged head and

weeping slit. "I don't think that I'm going to get back to sleep. Care to help me scratch an itch?"

Brian showed his agreement by reaching behind his back to caress Matt's cock lightly with his hand. He hissed his appreciation, along with a nudge to Brian's backside.

"I put lube on the bedside table." Brian reached out at Matt's direction and handed the tube back to him. The gel felt cold as he spread it over his hot skin.

Running his palm along Brian's hip and thigh, Matt bent round him almost protectively, lifting Brian's thigh slightly to be able nudge against the puckered rosette of his anus. Brian pushed back against him, forcing just the tip of Matt's cock into his back passage.

"Slow down, Brian. Let's just enjoy a beautiful Sunday morning while waiting for the woman we love to come back to bed." Matt pushed a little deeper, knowing the slight burn would be pushing Brian closer to the edge. "Sometimes scratching an itch takes a little time."

Brian just groaned, words beyond him, enjoying how slow Matt was going to demand anything more.

Matt slowly worked himself deeper until he was fully seated, then proceeded to torture his lover with easy, shallow thrusts. He closed his eyes, dropped his forehead to Brian's shoulder, and enjoyed the slow, sweet, and easy Sunday morning fuck.

The two of them were perfect -- for her, anyway.

They hadn't heard the shower stop or the bathroom door open. She stood in the doorway, watching them. Both men had pure male rapture written on their faces, hard lines teamed with deep masculine groans. Matt, the joy of feeling his lover clamped around his cock; Brian, happily giving Matt what he needed and in turn receiving great pleasure.

Jo couldn't help herself and moved quietly closer. She had seen the men in the garden, but felt the ultimate Peeping Tom by watching them in close quarters. Who knew that

secretly, deep down, she was turned on by watching, being a voyeur? Brian had been right the night before.

The two of them were a beautiful sight, one that made her pussy throb and her breasts ache. Touching herself gently, she massaged her breasts. They were tender from Matt's attention the night before. But the pain was also a tight pleasure, a nice, biting edge. She closed her eyes, enjoying the touch of her own hands, running one down to press against her mound.

Jo opened her eyes to find hot, jade-green eyes hungrily watching her. Brian held his cock in his fist, matching Matt's slow thrusts with his hand. He held out his other hand to her.

Would she take the chance and accept his offer?

It wasn't like the night before, taken by surprise, overawed by their actions. This morning she had full knowledge of what that hand meant.

Would she fully consent to being the third lover of their ménage?

Taking a deep breath, eyes closed, Jo took Brian's hand and slowly moved onto the bed, kneeling over the two men. Matt's eyes had opened and were filled with desire, watching her, but keeping on with his slow, rhythmic thrusting into Brian's ass.

"Face me, Jo." Brian's words were soft, suiting the temperature of the room, sultry and slow. She ran a hand up each man's leg, both men shivering a little with her strokes, and then she stretched out facing Brian, taking his face in her hands. Jo watched Brian's face intently for a few moments; she then turned to Matt, leaning over Brian's shoulder to kiss him slowly. Thrusting her tongue deeply into his mouth, she learned his flavor over again, and then moved back to Brian, kissing him intensely, tongue plunging and sweeping to Matt's rhythm.

Brian pulled Jo closer to his body; she could feel his body move with Matt's thrusts, gently pushing into her own. Jo felt Matt release Brian's leg, then the warmth of his hand as

it stroked over her hip, down her leg, lifting it over Brian's own, spreading her wide, letting Brian's penis rub intimately along her swollen labia and push down on her clit. Brian's hand joined Matt's on her thigh, lifting her up higher against his body, his cock now nudging at her entrance.

"Jo, you're so wet." Brian quietly groaned as he made use of Matt's thrust to sink shallowly into her channel. Brian lay passive, letting Matt's movements transfer into his own into Jo, barely a movement at all, but hitting a vital spot every time, spiraling Jo upward toward orgasm.

He couldn't hold out much longer. "I'm too close, I'm going to come." Brian could feel his balls climbing higher, tightening painfully.

Jo let out a sob, head dropping to Brian's chest. "Me, too."

Matt just increased his pace as he replied, "Thank god! Hold onto her tight, Brian."

Brian felt Matt's arms tighten round him as his began to thrust hard and deep. The dual sensation of Matt's cock and Jo's hot, grasping pussy was too much to take, and he came with a roar, clinging to Jo while she shook in his arms, having climaxed along with him. Brian felt Matt stiffen and the warmth of his release prolonged the feelings of his own climax.

The three of them lay huddled together gasping for air.

Matt slowly released himself from Brian and rolled to his back. "Christ. You two are going to kill me!"

Chapter Nine

The three of them ended up back in the shower, taking the time to wash each other, but not as foreplay. All three knew there was a lot to talk about. And though Jo didn't know it, Brian and Matt were going to be making plans to take her cousin Jason out of the picture once and for all. They just needed to work on the details.

Matt and Brian went to change into fresh clothes while Jo headed to the kitchen and the coffeepot.

"You know, I just want to go smack that shit's head in, don't you?" Brian pulled a white T-shirt over his head and tucked it into his jeans. Matt had just finished buttoning up his red Hawaiian print shirt.

"We are just going to have to wait and find out what the hell he wants." Matt's eyebrows were drawn into a frown. "I don't much like it, but even though I would like you to fit him with cement shoes, we have to do this by the letter of the law."

Brian knew Matt was right. But he still felt an overpowering urge to grab his dad and brothers and teach the man a lesson once and for all. Gritting his teeth to hold back his growl of displeasure, he reached for his toothbrush.

“So, Mister Lawyer man, first we have to get past this morning’s inquisition. You just *know* Jo is going to be sitting in her kitchen overanalyzing everything. You ready for court?”

Matt laughed at Brian’s comparison, “What does that make you? Opposing counsel?”

“Hell, no! I’m one half of a very determined plaintiff. Seriously, though ... do you think we can get it out in the open without shooting ourselves in the foot first?” Brian was leaning on the bathroom counter looking at Matt in the mirror.

“I hope so. I don’t want to be without her, not after last night. Will it be easy?” He shook his head at Brian’s reflection, “Definitely not.”

Brian turned to grin at Matt. “It was amazing last night, wasn’t it? I have never connected with a woman that way before. It felt like the last piece of a puzzle clicking into place.”

Matt returned his grin, “Oh, yeah!”

Brian followed Matt back into the bedroom and out into the hall, hurrying him down the stairs. “Lets go get started on not mucking up the rest of our lives.”

* * * * *

“So, Jo. No words of welcome for your long-lost cousin?”

She had thrown open the door thinking it was Matt and Brian returning, not sure why they would ring the bell but willing to play along. Instead, there on her doorstep stood her slimy cousin.

“You can’t be here ...” Facing him after all these years was hard, but she was surprised that she didn’t feel the fear she once did. It didn’t mean that her voice didn’t waiver a little bit as she spoke. Old fears were hard to let go of.

“Sorry, little cousin, but you see the protective order expired when I was in prison, and the trespass order was for the old apartment.” Leaning forward, his sallow face looked mean

and narrow. "Which means, you silly bitch, I can do what ever the hell I like, where I like, when I like."

"I don't think so, Jason." The growl came from behind her cousin. Looking over Jason's shoulder, Jo could see Matt and Brian standing like a wall of human flesh. "Your parole officer might have something to say about that. Especially if you have to say why your face looks like it was hit by a Mack truck because you didn't get your nose out of Jo's face fast enough." Matt radiated anger, but Brian looked ... wow. Jo had never seen Brian as dangerous as he did now. To a stranger he looked unruffled, but to a friend and lover he looked like a cobra about to strike.

Turning, Jason took in the united front of the two men. "The Dynamic Duo. How nice to see you again." He sneered at them as he spoke. "Come to protect your fat, fag hag, have you?"

"Considering I can see no fags or a hag, you seem to be a little mistaken, Jason." Brian's voice was icy. "And what is ours, we protect. And Jo is definitely ours." His hands clenched into white-knuckled fists at his side.

The two men parted and turned, leaving an opening for Jason to walk through. They towered over the smaller man. He seemed to shrink from the power emanating from them.

Jason turned back after he passed by the men. "It's not over by a long shot, bitch, no matter what your trained poodles like to think." Jason hadn't stepped back far enough to escape the hand Brian wrapped around his throat. He dragged him closer by his shirt collar and growled into the smaller man's face like no poodle would ever be able to.

Matt's hand quickly covered Brian's bunched fist, stalling him from punching the other man. "Let him go, Brian. If you hit him you go to jail, not him. He's not worth it."

Brian shook Jason loose from his grip, almost throwing him to the ground.

Straightening his shirt, Jason mocked both men as he retreated to the footpath. "Woof!"

Matt and Brian turned at the strange sound coming from Jo, expecting to find a woman on the verge of hysteria needing to be scooped up and comforted.

They found her in hysterics, all right, just not the sort they expected. She had tears rolling down her face, which was red from her trying to hold in her laughter.

“Oh, my God! The Dynamic Duo!” She gasped, leaning over trying to suck air into her lungs. “Trained poodles?” The Dynamic Duo just stood there, heads cocked to the side like curious poodles, and stared, not quite able to resolve what had just happened to Jo’s reaction. Wasn’t she supposed to be scared of the guy?

Managing to control her breathing a little, Jo moved back into the hallway, freeing up the doorway for Matt and Brian to move through. Heading toward the kitchen, she looked back over her shoulder. “Was he always such a slimy little rat? I remembered him being much larger and meaner. I guess time really does heal most fears.”

Slowly following along, Matt commented to Brian, “I guess the boogie monster turned out to be not so scary after all.”

Both men sauntered into her kitchen, dropping kisses to her head as they headed to the coffee machine. Jo could only laugh at Matt’s outfit -- khaki camo skater shorts and a red Hawaiian print button-up shirt, with sandals no less. Both men turned to smile at her laughter.

“Matt.” She shook her head in wonderment. “Are you sure you don’t have a split personality? You go from Armani suits to geek chic in one fell swoop!”

Matt wore beautifully tailored designer suits during the week, then come Friday night some sort of transformation took place on the drive home. He had a wardrobe full of ugly print shirts and equally ugly shorts to match. If he had to come up to scratch during the weekend he raided Brian’s wardrobe. The men had the same waist and inseam, though Brian was a shirt size larger due to his physical job.

Brian looked bad-boy delectable this morning -- form-fitting white cotton tee, straight-legged blue jeans that cupped his ass and thighs to perfection, with his trademark scuffed cowboy boots.

They blushed as she ran her gaze down both men, then slowly back up again, checking out the goods. "You know, I really wish I had a sister or roommate to trade wardrobes with like you guys do. It would be fun." Both men came to sit beside her at the table, cups of coffee in hand.

"Ooh, pancakes -- I didn't realize we had been gone that long." Brian forked four pancakes to his plate and reached for the syrup, "I'm starved!" Matt already had his mouth full.

Time to bring out the big guns, Jo thought. Jason's interruption hadn't been welcome, but last night's activities and possible outcomes took much greater precedence in her mind. Despite Jason's untimely arrival, she had had a good half an hour to think over the past day's revelations and had decided to take a big leap of faith. Either two sets of hands would catch her at the bottom, or there would be a big messy splat made of what would be formerly known as Jo's heart.

While setting the table she had found a rolled set of plans. Curious, she had snuck a look, and their contents had been what finalized her decision. The plans were of a dream home -- not a house, but a home encompassing all the things the three of them had come to like so well over the years. The house was a combination of Matt and Brian -- but, she had realized, of her also. It was a testament to how well both men knew her. Changes she had made in her own house were duplicated in the house plans -- a sunny reading nook and herb garden. A private office/sitting room was easy to spot with the label "Jo's Room."

What had really astounded her, though, were the plans for the grounds, including corrals and a barn for horses, and an office space at one end. The barn was labeled the "therapy barn" and the office "Jo's office/therapy rooms." It appeared the boys had a lot of plans up their sleeve that she'd known nothing about.

She had smiled as she realized that they had planned specifically with her work with disabled and abused children in mind, knowing she would love to use animals as therapy with the children. They were both supportive of her work, both paid with the police force and unpaid at the women's shelter.

They had all donated time and resources to the shelter, Matt with legal advice and Brian with repairs and maintenance of the building and furniture. Brian's family had become involved, as well. His three brothers and his sister were regular faces at the shelter.

It helped the women, too, to realize that not all men were scum and that there were still good people of both genders in the world. Both men were especially good with dealing with the kids at the shelter.

She knew they were expecting tears and recriminations this morning, not happy acceptance. But with her cousin's machinations, she needed the rest of her life as stable as it could possibly be, so she was going to grab for the gold ring with both hands and hope like hell she didn't miss.

Time to shake them up, Jo decided, by dropping a little bombshell.

"So!" she announced with a nice smile on her lips. Ouch! They were a little sore, along with a few muscles she didn't know she had before this morning.

"Am I moving in with you, or are you moving in here? And how long till the house gets built?"

The contents of both men's mouths made a rapid descent to their plates as they both spluttered out a loud, "What?"

"Well, I figured that two houses are a bit impractical if we are all sleeping in one bed. Am I right?" Jo moved away from the table to refill her coffee cup. Looking back over her shoulder, she continued. "And I was thinking three, maybe four ..." Oh, their faces were priceless! What she wouldn't give for a camera right now.

"Three or four what?" Matt managed to sputter around another mouthful of pancake.

“Well, children of course, silly!” She had already turned to lean against the bench. Now, she pushed away and walked back to the table again and sat down. “I was thinking two boys and two girls, though of course it’s the luck of the draw.” She gave a small shrug of her shoulders. “Two with each of you -- even odds, I would think, of getting two girls and two boys. But with Brian’s family history he might be having all the boys.”

Two forks went clattering to the table. Brian dropped his knife on the floor, then banged his head on the table as he bent to retrieve it. Matt just sat mouth agape. Jo reached over to gently push it closed. “You don’t want to catch any flies, do you, honey?” Both men stared at her, stunned, not quite knowing where the conversation was going. But they did notice the serious look that took the sparkling laughter from her face.

“Look, I know you saw the letters. Assface seems to have decided one stint in prison isn’t enough and is looking for round two. And after this morning’s little visit ...” She had been staring at her hands clasped around the coffee mug. She looked up to the two fine-looking men at her table. “I have no family, no one to truly care just about me or for me to love unconditionally, except for the two of you.”

“Last night you handed me the moon on a string. I found it this morning wrapped around a set of house plans.” Quietly she carried on, “Please don’t say the dream was only on loan.”

They said nothing. Jo could feel the silence weighing heavily enough on her heart to start to break it. Gulping she turned her face away to look out the window at Brian’s amazing garden, feeling her eyes start to prickle with unwanted tears. She didn’t know if she had the strength to turn back and find her world changed forever for the worse.

“Jo? Jo, look at us please.” She felt a hand come to rest on each of hers. Matt’s voice had been very soft.

“Please, Jo, look at us!” Brian sounded as if he was crying. That alone was enough to give her the strength to face them. Both men still sat in front of her. Brian was wiping his

cheeks, and Matt wasn't far behind, stoically trying to hold back the puddle of tears in his eyes.

Two grown men crying over her? Never in her wildest dreams.

"We have always wanted you, Jo. This," Brian waved his hand, gesturing in thin air, "isn't any sort of game for us."

"This was a turn about for the books, though. We were all prepared for questions, ranting and raving, even. You have put us square on our asses, Jo. Give us a little time to catch up." Matt started to smile as he continued. "We were prepared for the worst, hoping like hell we wouldn't stick our big feet in it and do something wrong. Now, somehow you have ended up surprising us with the best we could have ever hoped for."

"Not one iota of a struggle, Jo. Why? Why was it so easy?" Brian was earnestly squeezing her hand, "Not that I'm complaining!" A little bit of amusement in his voice.

"It's quite simple, really," she said to the two earnest men in front of her. "I love you. I always have, and I decided that for the first time I would leap before I looked."

Finally, she had managed to get her fantasy words to appear in her real world.

It seemed almost instantaneous, two pairs of arms pulling her up into a possessive hold, surrounding her with passion and love.

"Ah, Juju Bean, you break my heart. Thank you." Brian punctuated his words with kisses and touches to her body. "Thank you for trusting us to catch you, and not let you fall."

"We will always catch you, baby." Matt's voice was gruff with emotion. They stood like that, one entity made of three parts, enjoying the warmth and humility of knowing that come what may they would always be there for each other.

Brian pulled back a moment and looked intently at Jo.

"But Jo, this four kids thing." Brian sounded very perturbed, "It might be a deal breaker." There was a frown on his face.

“What do you mean, a deal breaker? You don’t want kids?” Jo pushed herself back from the two men, face indignant, hands on her hips.

“No, of course we want kids ... but we were planning on six.” Brian shrugged his shoulders at Matt before turning back to her. “Though I guess we can work around four, maybe adopt a couple to make up the difference? What do you think, Matt?”

“Adoption could definitely be the way to go.” Matt nodded in agreement with Brian, and then scooping Jo up in a hug he kissed away the astonishment on her face.

“Six?” It came out as an indignant squeak. Both men laughed, happy that they had finally got one over on Jo on this morning of surprises.

Matt and Brian each took one of her hands and started pulling her toward the lounge. “We have made so many plans, Jo. Come sit with us and let us tell you them all.” Matt paused, “Then we will get onto the matter of your scum-sucking cousin.”

Brian growled at Matt’s mention of her cousin.

“Are you sure Dad and us boys can’t deal with him?” Brian pleaded.

Matt and Jo turned as one. “No!”

Chapter Ten

Ten months later

Jo looked out over the building site with a smile on her face. It was really starting to take shape. The house was at the point of being closed in, with all the internal construction yet to do, and today they were pouring the slab for the barn area.

She couldn't wait to take her first group of kids for animal therapy.

"You wouldn't believe those two horses over there were headed for the glue factory." She felt the warm heat of Matt come up behind her, wrapping her up in his embrace. "They are kicking up their heels like they are ponies."

Jo laughed at Matt's words and the horses' antics. The two gentle old nags had been donated to them by a family who didn't have the space to retire them as they deserved. They had served their family well, but were now beyond the galloping and jumping events the family teens were involved in.

"I think it's because we put the sheep in the paddock with them. They are the kings of the castle again."

"I can't believe I own *one* sheep, let alone three of them." Matt's hair tickled the back of her neck as he shook his head, mystified at the concept.

"All city-boy lawyer types should have a sheep, in my opinion. They should be the new puppy babe magnet!" Jo couldn't help but laugh along with Matt. Their new life was definitely going to be a far cry from their old one.

"Hey, there's Brian." Jo pointed toward the roof of the sprawling ranch style house. "Ooh, no shirt today. Yum!"

Brian's family had accepted the changes in their son's life with open arms. They showed their support by throwing themselves and their family building company into getting the project finished as soon as possible. Both Brian's and David's work teams had been working on the house nonstop for three months. Usually the brothers all worked on separate jobs, so they had been enjoying the friendly rivalry of the teams battling it out to finish first. They hoped to have the entire project finished in another three months. The anticipation was killing her.

"He's a damn fine-looking man, isn't he? I'm glad he's all ours." Matt rested his chin on Jo's shoulder, his arms around her middle. One hand started creeping up and the other sneaking down Jo's stomach.

"Get your greedy little hands out of there, mister!" She pulled Matt's hand out from beneath her jeans. "I told you, no hanky panky till tonight. I have a surprise planned."

"A surprise? Only the good kind, I hope." Matt's words jangled loose a memory in Jo's brain, as if she had heard them before. An image of two men and breakfast in bed popped into her head. That was it, the morning after seeing her boys in the garden. Their plotting all seemed so obvious looking back on it now. The men didn't know it, but their lives were about to be more firmly intertwined.

Pushing out of Matt's hold, she turned to him. "I'm going to head back into town. I have a few things to get ready for tonight." Turning her face up for a goodbye kiss, she

continued. "Remember, no cornering Brian for a quickie this afternoon, and be back at 6:30. Not a moment sooner."

Matt watched Jo walk away with a little sashay, taunting him as usual. He didn't think he would ever get enough of Jo and Brian. The cast of characters in his life finally felt complete.

As he thought back over the happenings of the past year, he couldn't help but let out a laugh at the ridiculousness of it all.

Jason had done a very stupid thing by sending Jo that first letter. It gave them plenty of cause to have his case opened again and have the police tagging his every move. They then found out that the FBI was already tailing him.

They were to discover that Jason had played too deep at the tables in Vegas and owed some shady people a lot of money. His way of getting the cash: computer fraud.

It had all been a bit of an anticlimax. Jo had been furious that he was starting to threaten her for money again, and Brian and his brothers had wanted to teach him a lesson the hard way. While he had been all for Brian's suggestion, Matt knew they needed something permanent and legal.

Instead, Jason had run to somewhere south of the border. He was a fugitive, and, therefore, no longer a threat to Jo.

Once the situation with Jason reached a fairly satisfactory conclusion, they had made some big changes. They had whisked their immediate family off to Vegas, the home of unusual weddings, and in an unusual ceremony the three of them had married. Legally, Matt was Jo's husband. He was an only child, and this way their children would carry down his family name.

There had been some drag-down, knockout fights about Jo's trust fund, though. Brian and Matt made more than enough through their work and investments to support their wife.

Jo, being a modern kind of girl, didn't take too well to that idea. But finally they had come to an agreement. She put in the cash to cover the costs of the areas she would use in her work, and the rest of her money was for her own use, and to put aside for any children they might have. She had pouted for a few days afterward but the men had stood firm.

Focusing back on Brian, he wondered exactly what Jo had planned for them this evening. Both men had been taken aback at Jo's easy acceptance of the situation. Over the next month they had merged their lives totally, not just in the bedroom. The men previously had spent so much time over at Jo's they decided to keep her half of the duplex and rent out the other.

Chuckling, he remembered the day they went to buy a new bed. The saleswoman didn't quite know what to do when the two men each took a side, while Jo clambered up the middle to "test drive" each bed. Though judging by the sparkle in her eye as they left, she was more than a little envious of Jo.

The sex was amazing. There was no jealousy; they would pair off in any number of combinations. Brian and Matt had been pleased that Jo showed no resentment toward the men for still wanting time with each other. In fact, she encouraged them a great deal. It turned out Jo had quite a voyeuristic streak and loved to watch them, sometimes joining in, sometimes gaining pleasure just from watching.

Matt got up from where he was sitting under the tree and ambled over to the house.

"Hey! Lawyer man!" Matt looked up at Brian's shout. One hot, sweaty, shirtless man stood smiling down at him from the roof.

"You bash your thumb again or something?" It was a running joke that Matt, despite how hard he tried, could not keep up with the other builders. More than one icepack had been used in bringing down the swelling in Matt's fingers when he lost concentration and missed the nail he was hammering.

“Yeah, yeah. Keep your shirt on.” Matt was grinning back at Brian while buckling back on his tool apron. “I could kick your ass if you would let me use the nail gun instead of a hammer.”

A resounding chorus of “*NO!*” from all the men echoed out over the job site.

* * * * *

Candles? *Check!*

Lubricant? *Check!*

Mood music? *Check!*

Instructions for the boys left on door? *Check!*

Jo surveyed the exotically made-up bedroom. Everything looked perfect, sort of like a sensual cavern. Sheer fabric hung from the top rails of the four-poster bed, flowing down the sides to pool on the floor. Candles of all sizes clustered on the side tables. The gentle sounds of deep, earthy Middle Eastern music played in the background.

Now, time to get herself ready.

Walking into the bathroom, she picked up the gauzy harem pants she had set aside earlier. They were a green similar to Brian’s eyes. Jo started to slip more into character as she slid into the pants. The legs were split from ankle to waist and the fabric was sheer. She caught glimpses of her pussy in the mirror as she moved.

A couple of months ago, Matt and Brian had surprised her by “kidnapping” her at the front door. They tied her to their bed, then spent hours teasing, taunting, and fucking her. At one point, both men had been running their hands softly over her body, learning every nook and cranny by sight, touch, and taste. While they stroked her, Brian told her about what he would like to do to her body: a tattoo on her waxed bare mound and another across her hip. Maybe a clit ring, he suggested, as they took turns licking her pussy, but no nipple rings, they

both decided as they nipped at her breasts. Jo pressed her legs together as she remembered, still feeling the ghosts of hands and tongues touching her.

The waxing had hurt, but she was sure all of them would enjoy the sensation of smooth skin. Tattooing and piercing were part of the fantasy, and she loved the men enough to decorate her body for them. But she wanted to get going on another part of their lives, and that meant no piercing or tattoos for at least another nine months to be safe.

Determined to still give the men all their desires, she had spent hours the day before having henna tattoos inked over her body. She'd had a time of it trying to come up with a reason for being away for the night, but it had been worth it. The designs looked stunning. While not all were traditional designs or placements, the forms were rife with meaning. Fertility designs adorned her bare mound; protection wards for mother and child ran the length and width of her back. Beautiful knot-work vines surrounded the stylized flowers. Vines and flowers also ran the length of her arms.

The men would be awed. Even she was impressed. Running her hands over her naked breasts and the smooth skin of her pussy, Jo had never felt so womanly and sexy. Looking up, the clock showed 6.25. Almost show time.

Brian felt restless.

He and Matt had spent the rest of the day working on the house, but both of them got more wound up as the day went on. The crews had knocked off at five, which had left Matt and Brian more than an hour to fill and a promise to Jo not touch each other.

Talk about tension.

Jumping out of the cab of his truck, Brian caught up to Matt at the front door. Matt was reading a note that was pinned to the door frame.

Welcome home

You will need to ready yourselves for your surprise.

The bathroom is prepared for you

Shower and dress with haste.

I await you at the top of the stairs.

Brian could feel the burn of Matt's eyes on his face as he finished reading.

"What do you think she has planned?"

"I don't have a clue, Matt, but whatever it is we are sure as hell to enjoy it!"

With those words he pushed open the door and headed to the bathroom. His cock was eager to find out what awaited at the top of the stairs.

"Ah, Brian?"

"Yeah?"

"You feel as odd in these things as I do?"

"Ah ... yeah." Both men looked down at their legs, then at each other in the bathroom mirror and cracked identical boyish grins.

Looking closer at Brian, Matt was impressed with the way the fabric exposed, yet still hid what was beneath. "You know ... Jo is probably wearing a pair of these, too." He watched for a reaction. Brian's cock twitched under the sheer fabric. Looking down at his own erection he thanked the clothing gods for loose pants and drawstrings. He looked back up at Brian.

"And we are standing here ...?"

"Not a clue, Matt, why the fuck are we standing here?" Both men made a break toward the door and the stairs leading to their surprise.

She almost laughed when she heard the rush of feet coming up the stairs. Jo had heard the front door at exactly 6.30. It was now 6.39. Not too shabby!

Jo had set a chaise longue before the bed and lay sprawled out waiting for her men to enter. They hesitated in the doorway as if not knowing what to do.

"Please come in." The two of them strode into the room to stand in front of her, arms across their chests, legs spread. Both sets of eyes hungrily ate up the vision of Jo, her breasts bared, that lay before them.

Bringing her finger to her pursed lips, she shushed both men as they began to talk.

"Keep your eyes front." She rose from the sofa in a fluid motion. Moving around behind them, she trailed a hand over their chests and shoulders. "You both look fantastic." She pressed her breasts to each man's back as she spoke.

"Not that long ago, you both expressed your desire to bare my body, then adorn it as you wished." Her hands stroked down the back of their thighs, sliding over the sheer fabric with ease. "I hadn't forgotten. It just took a little planning to make it a reality." A warm breath over the backs of the men's necks made them shiver as she ran her hands through their hair. "But relationships are all about give and take. So tonight I'm giving you what you wanted, but you have to fulfill my desires in return."

Brian tried to stifle a groan, and she could see Matt's throat work as he gulped. "There's one way which you have yet to make love to me. Tonight, I am the canvas for your darkest desires." She ran her tongue up the center of each man's back. "And tonight I am going to have both of you. Together."

Both men hissed in approval at her statement. Brian's hand reached back to grasp her arm.

"No. Stand still for me; you know how I like to watch." Brian's hand dropped back to his side.

Coming back around from behind the men, she stood and drank them in. Tall, strong, and tanned from their work on the house, and they shook under the strain of standing still for her. She couldn't help but smile and lick her lips, teasing them by taking her breasts in her hands and tugging on her nipples. Two jaws went hard, teeth grinding together.

She turned toward the bed, and the men finally saw her back.

"Wow!"

"God, Jo!"

As Jo approached the edge of the bed, she came to a halt, turning to the men again. With a slow tug the harem pants fell to the floor and bared all of her to the men.

Growls came from them.

"You really are a canvas." Matt's hands were clenched into fists at his side. Brian couldn't get out any words. But the heat and hunger in his eyes said enough.

Jo moved onto the bed, languidly spreading herself to their view.

Two pairs of eyes followed the path of her hand down her body, watched fire in them as she opened her labia and gently stroked around her clit.

She was impressed. She could see every muscle quivering, but they refused to break her command until she gave the order. Both men were equally open to giving her control when she wished to take it. How she loved these two amazing men!

The moment her finger curled upward to beckon to them they broke.

Brian crawled straight up the bed to lick her pussy while Matt kissed her and palmed her breast.

"Are you sure, baby?" Matt's voice was rough with lust.

"Oh, I'm very sure."

Matt slid down to pull her nipple into his mouth. The edges of his teeth scraped against her skin, which drew a moan from Jo. Running a hand down over her mound he drew back to his knees to admire the artwork there.

“Mmm ... bare. You feel so smooth, Jo.” Matt slid his fingers further down, holding Jo open for Brian as he ran the flat of his tongue over Jo’s clit.

Jo cried out as Brian sent her over into her first release. Brian looked up to Matt. “Come feel it for yourself. She is so open and smooth. Her pussy is dripping wet.” Brian sat back to allow Matt space to feast.

She felt hot and tasted spicy. His tongue was free to glide over all her cunt. He could stay here for days, but the insistent nudge of Brian’s cock made him turn his head. He made the transition from licking pussy to sucking cock seamlessly, the tang of Brian’s weeping cock mingling with Jo’s spicy flavor. Brian’s hand was fisted in his hair, pulling and tugging as he bobbed his head on his cock.

Brian was getting too close; Matt could hear it in the rasping breaths Brian took. Matt pulled away from both his lovers with a groan and moved to lie flat on his back. Jo sat up, and at his motion Brian lifted and turned her to lie over his body.

Brian felt as if he would explode.

Seeing Jo with the henna tattoos had his heart screaming “Mine!” She had marked herself just for them, letting her body be their canvas. The markings weren’t permanent, but what they said about Jo’s feeling towards them definitely was. Hearing that she expected them to fulfill their darkest desire of the two of them in her body was mind blowing. The amount of trust she showed them inspired him to swear there and then to do everything in his power to never betray her trust.

Jo was open wide to his gaze as she relaxed over Matt’s body. Matt’s cock was nestled along her pussy, and as rock hard as his own.

“Are you sure you want this, Jo?”

“Please ... please both of you love me.” She whimpered in reply to his questions. Her ass moved to taunt him as she arched her back, pushing her breasts into Matt’s chest.

“Oh, Baby, you have no idea how long we have dreamed of taking you like this.” Brian ran his hands over the design on her back; sweeping down over her cheeks, grazing the puckered rosette of her ass and Matt’s cock with his fingertips.

“Sit up, Jo.” Brian pulled her upright, holding her just above Matt’s cock, and then let her sink down in one long, slow movement. Both cried out as one. He would never tire of watching his lovers joined together. He loved to watch them fuck, and he loved to watch them, bound by ropes and helpless in front of him.

“Hold her tight, Matt. I don’t want to hurt her.” He had already lubed up, so he pressed his cock against her hole. Brian had been the first one to take her anally, and she had loved every moment of it then and since. But this would be another new sensation for them all.

“Relax, baby. Let me in.” He watched as she relaxed at his command, and her ass slowly swallowed his cock.

Jesus, she was tight. He could feel the slight nudges Matt was using to get deeper into her cunt. He groaned at the sensation. Brian didn’t know how long he could hold back.

There was a low, keening wail echoing in the room. Jo realized with a start that it came from her. Brian was torturing her going so slowly. She was stuffed full of cock, and she realized she loved it, from the flame in her ass to where Matt was buried deep inside her cunt. She was hanging on to sanity by a thread; the edges of her vision were sparkling already.

Both men had gone still at her cry.

“Don’t you dare stop!” Throwing her head back, Jo pushed back and both men slid a little deeper. “Please don’t make me beg.” Her voice wavered. “Fuck me like you mean it!”

Brian pulled her up into his arms and held her against his chest.

“Oh, we mean it, baby. Just remember that when you black out because you came so hard.” He held a breast in each hand, pinching her nipples between his thumbs and fingers. She could feel Matt’s fingers stroking her clit as they both thrust into her. Her whole body seemed to throb, but no end seemed in sight.

Her ass burned with the friction of Brian’s cock. She could feel the thrusts made by each man stroking the other through the thin wall separating them. Matt’s fingers played over her clit, circling around, teasing her.

“Please, Brian. Pinch them harder.” She knew she was begging as she arched her back, pushing her breasts into his hands, but she needed that little bit of pain tonight to go with the burning in her ass and pussy. She also knew it was a trigger for Brian.

Jo felt Brian tense behind her. “Christ, I’m going to come!” He roared out his pleasure as she felt the warmth of his come in her ass. Matt tensed below her and thrust hard one final time as he came, flooding her pussy as he pressed down hard on her clit.

Jo screamed. She felt Brian hold her tight as the orgasm took her, her body shaking and jerking in its release. Her vision blurred, and knowing her men would be there to look after her, Jo let go and let her world fade to black.

* * * * *

Jo’s still had one surprise left for her wonderful men. Now it was just a matter of how to tell them.

Brian lay behind her, tracing the intricate designs on her back. “This is beautiful, Jo. Do the symbols have meanings?”

“Yes, they do. The artist worked special charms for fertility and protection for mother and child into the design.”

“Oh.” He sounded a little puzzled. “But why henna? Why not just the small tattoos we suggested?”

“I can’t do the tattoos at the moment, or the piercing, either.” Her head rested on Matt’s shoulder.

“You know you don’t have to do them, don’t you?” Matt was stroking his hand down her hair, not really noticing he was doing it. It made her feel comfortable and loved when they petted her. It was quite a change. She still wasn’t fond of others touching her, but she couldn’t get enough from Matt and Brian.

“Oh, I want to do it. I just can’t do it right now ... maybe in a few months.”

She felt both hands still. Brian’s hand felt like a hot brand on her back.

“The only reasons they won’t ink you is if you have a heart problem, hepatitis, or you’re pregnant.” Matt’s fingers caught in her hair, tugging a little as his fingers clenched.

“My doctor didn’t recommend doing it if you are trying to conceive, either.” Brian had been tracing some of the protection symbols specific to mother and child on her back. His hand had paused as she spoke.

“Jo?” Matt’s voice sounded a little rough.

“Yes?” She felt embarrassed that she could only squeak out the word like a child being reprimanded by her parents.

“What do you mean, Jo?” Brian’s voice was quiet in her ear.

“I am going to ovulate in the next 36 hours. Hopefully, if the symbols are doing their jobs, we should be parents in nine months.” She held her breath, waiting for her men to answer her.

Jo was suddenly flat on her back, staring up into two anxious faces.

“You’re sure?” Brian’s voice broke on the words.

Nodding, Jo caught their hands and joined them together on her stomach, smiling as they looked at her with awe.

“Oh, I’m *very* sure!”

THE END

Anne Douglas

I started writing with the encouragement of my friends (who tell me I always have a tale to tell -- I think that's a good thing) to support my growing Erotica/Erotic Romance habit. Writing, along with the Handcrafted Boutique Children's Clothing business that is my "day job", is what my husband calls my "excuse for not doing housework" -- too right, mate!

I am a transplant New Zealander currently living in Florida, so my American friends get a laugh out of translating "Kiwi-speak" to American for me -- car park...parking lot...elevator...lift...Oy!

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