



Three

Lisa Andel, TA Chase, Bonnie Dee

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Tia's Leash

Lisa Andel

Dedication

To Bonnie Dee for inviting me to join her in this endeavor. And to T.A. Chase for agreeing to complete our ... threesome.

Prologue

I was the runt of the litter.

Worse yet, I was a freaking throwback. More human than wolf. A hundred years ago the pack would have killed me at birth. These days, at least in my neck of the woods, there was a movement to blend better with the human society and take on a more human culture, so they allowed me to live.

Old prejudices and lifestyles die hard, though, and I can guarantee it took every ounce of cunning I had to keep that life.

Especially once I started coming into season. Every month.

All the males feared accidentally mating with me, but wanted to fuck me anyway.

All the females hated me. They just wanted me dead.

* * * *

“What am I going to do with you?” Mason, my alpha, paced impatiently across the breadth of his office.

I swung my legs over the arm of the chair I was sitting in. We’d had this conversation before. Several times. I thought Mason needed to lighten up some.

“Can I say something?” I tilted my head, looking up at him through my eyelashes. A silly, submissive tradition I firmly believed should be pitched.

“What?” he bit out at me.

“Why is it such a problem when you live among humans?” This was a point that I’d never been able to get across to the pack before. “How is dealing with *me* any different from dealing with *them*?”

Mason came to a halt in front of me, hands fisted at his sides. “I’ve told you before. You’re one of ours. We expect to treat you differently than we would a human.”

Well, he was right about that. Werewolves were a randy, chauvinistic bunch. I didn’t think there was an unrelated male over the age of consent who hadn’t mounted me. Then again, the animal inside of me was always ready, always willing. I’d never heard that humans participated in the activity nearly as much as we did. Their loss.

I rolled my eyes. “I still don’t get it. You guys are always fucking humans. Aren’t you afraid of mating with them when you do?”

His shocked expression said it all. “We’d never confuse a human for a wolf.”

I couldn’t help myself. I jumped to my feet, coming dangerously close to butting my chest against his. “All of you remind me often enough that I am not much of a wolf. How could you possibly be confused about *me*?”

“Your scent,” he growled, his arm coming around my back, as he inhaled deeply. “You smell of wolf.” His eyes widened, darkened. “And you’ve come into season.”

I watched as his eyelids lowered partially, desire flaming to life across his face. “Take your pants off and bend over the side of the chair.”

My wolf flared with arousal, rising closer to the surface. I stripped, dropped my forearms onto the seat, the arm of the chair tight against my thighs. Looking over my shoulder at Mason, my mouth went dry as he freed his erection.

“Spread your legs wider,” he rasped, moving into position behind me.

I complied, lowering my forehead onto my arms, my breathing quickening as I braced myself for his entry.

It was swift and hard. The rigid flesh of his shaft cleaved its way between my inner muscles, boring nearly to my womb. He flexed his fingers around my hips, gripped them tighter, then set up a fast, relentless rhythm.

“Christ, woman, why, of all my wolves, do you have to be so fucking tight?” His voice rumbled in his chest. “So soft,” he groaned, grinding his pelvis against my ass. “Why do you have to feel so fucking good?” he nearly bellowed, digging into me harder.

The slap of his flesh against mine was loud in the confines of his office. I felt my groin tensing, the muscles drawing tighter.

His thrusts turned suddenly wilder, his cock swelling as his wolf surged through his blood shattering his control. I came, bucking back against him, my vagina clenching, gripping his cock, then releasing only to grip again.

He roared, slamming himself against my cervix, his balls slapping my clit, sparking jolts of pleasure even as the waves of my orgasm continued to rip through me.

Then I felt the rich, hot wash of his semen as his cock pulsed his release.

He stood behind me, his fingers lessening their hold, his cock buried, his breathing heavy. I panted against the seat of the chair, waiting for him to back away from me.

A knock sounded at his door, and the alpha shouted over his shoulder, “Come on in.”

I levered myself up far enough to see who had arrived, but Mason placed a palm in the center of my back and pushed me down.

“It’s getting worse,” I heard Kyle, his second, say to him. “Several of the pack are already gathered outside, waiting for her to come out.”

Mason withdrew, and again I tried to stand, but another hand held me in place.

“I know. I was talking to Tia about it when I scented her season.”

Different hands grasped my hips, and I knew that Kyle was behind me. I felt the blunt head of his cock probe my opening, then he speared his way in.

“Fuck.” Kyle drew himself partway out, then impaled me again. “Did you feel this Mason? She’s vibrating. Damn, this is the sweetest pussy I’ve ever fucked.”

“I know,” Mason agreed, his voice moving away from us.

“There’s no other way?” Kyle asked, just before setting a brutal pace.

“Not that we’ve been able to come up with,” the alpha said.

I rolled my head to the side and saw Mason leaning back against his desk, his eyes riveted to the spot where Kyle and I were joined.

The were inside me twisted his hips, driving the head of his cock across the bundle of nerves outside my womb. My body jerked in response, while a low moan escaped me.

I heard the door open again, then Aaron, Kyle’s brother, spoke. “Have you told her, yet?”

“No,” Mason replied.

“Good. I think I might have a solution.” Aaron rested his hip against the desk next to Mason, his eyes automatically going to my ass. He ran his tongue over his lower lip as he watched his brother fuck me.

Kyle growled, his cock rapidly enlarging, sending me over the edge. I cried out, my body wracked with spasms as the orgasm tore through me. The wolf joined me in climax, his cock spewing thick jets of cum into my core.

When I came back into my head, I saw Aaron shift away from the desk, his hands working his zipper as he crossed the room. His brother pulled out of me with a wet slurp of sound, and a moment later, Aaron was thrusting inside.

Three more men took me before I was finally allowed to leave.

Mason never did get around to telling me why he'd called me to his office. I was just glad to be going home and looking forward to a shower. I waved off the wolves gathered outside Mason's office as I wended down the path towards my house. Don't get me wrong, I like sex as much as the next wolf, but six male weres pack a lot of cum, and I was swimming in the stuff.

I swung through the front door of my house and grinned as I turned the security system off, knowing I wasn't going to need to turn it on again until the end of my season. Then I headed straight up the stairs, down the hall and into the master bathroom.

I stepped out of the shower to find Reston Kay and Bryce Grogan, two of the sexiest men on Mason's security team, waiting for me in my bed. Both men were exceedingly handsome, even by werewolf standards.

"Ya-hoo!" I yipped and dove onto the mattress between them.

* * * *

Fortunately, or unfortunately, my time in season lasts for seven to ten days a month, as opposed to a full werebitch, who only comes into season four times a year. During that time, I get very little done, but I get a whole lot of sex.

The attempts on my life usually start right after the men quit coming around.

Mason had declared it illegal to challenge me the usual way since I was so much smaller than the other females *and* I couldn't shift. That didn't stop them from trying to kill me anyway. They just used different methods—sneak attacks, ambushes. They'd break into my house while I was sleeping and try to take me unawares.

Me? I learned through hard-won experience how to fight with knives; I'd even sent away for a custom set. I also had an advanced security system that ran throughout my house. And if I couldn't avoid pack gatherings, and I wasn't in heat at the time, I'd stick close to Mason, Kyle, or one of the other security team members.

I was sitting out back at my patio table with a jeweler's file, working on a chunk of wax for Anton. It was my job, for the pack, to design wax sculptures used to create the molds for the jewelry, his to spin cast them and rough them out, then Beck would finish them off. The finished pieces were sold from one of the pack-owned stores in town, the profits used for the good of our community.

I held the tip of the file over the small butane torch I had set to one side, then I traced a delicate swirl across the face of what was eventually going to become a bracelet.

I was focusing so hard on the intricate pattern that I almost missed the slight rustle, the faint scent of hate that tinged the air. Gripping my tool tighter, I waited, senses strained, for the sounds to move within striking distance. There was a second disturbance off to my right, a third to the left front.

I fingered the blade release with my free hand, wondering if I should drop the implement now, or continue to appear unaware.

The noise behind me made my decision for me. I spun, bringing the pointed tool up in an underhanded stab. Its tip sank through flesh, then glanced off bone as I hit a rib. The female's eyes widened in surprise, then her lips curled as she snarled and swung a clawed

hand at me.

I rolled off the bench, triggering the blades on my right hand, taking the time to activate the left set before slapping the Velcro closures across my palms. Keeping my hands fisted, the three-inch blades took the place of my fingers—four blades on each hand now rigidly locked into place. My own set of claws.

I scooted under the table and crawled out from one end, slashing wildly as I rose to my feet. The two other weres moved into the yard, their eyes glowing with intent.

I didn't wait for them to take the offensive; I knew better, what with the smallest female present easily six inches taller than I was and fifty pounds heavier. I tightened my muscles, then twisted to the side and went after the largest of the three, slashing at her face as I sprinted past her. I pulled up short, turned, then dropped to the ground, drawing my arm back across my body to the right, raking the backs of her ankles with the knives.

She howled, moved to come at me, and toppled to the ground when her damaged tendons failed to hold.

Jumping to my feet again, I chose the next, nearest female and went for her. She launched herself at me when I was still a few feet away, her arms coming around my shoulders, her fangs bared. I tucked my chin to my chest and fell straight down out of her grasp before she could tighten her hold.

"Hey, what the fuck is going on here?" Ian Price, another member of Mason's security team, barked.

The female weres exchanged glances, the two who remained standing taking off through the hedge. Ian crouched down by the one on the ground.

"Deanne," he rumbled, "don't even think about getting up."

The female were growled low in her throat, but she dropped her eyes. I knew it would only be a matter of minutes until her ankles were healed, so I kept an eye on her while Ian called the incident in to Kyle.

When he pocketed his phone, he turned to me, his expression unreadable. "Mason wants to see you in his office. Now."

"Okay," I grumbled, thinking I was going to get a lecture for fighting with the females.

I entered the alpha's office and sprawled across the same chair I'd sat in the last time.

"This situation has gotten too far out of hand," Mason began, coming around the desk. "I think I have a solution." He grimaced, then hunched down in front of me and inhaled. "Oh, for the love of God," he muttered, his hands going to his waist, "get your pants off."

"What?" I blinked at him. "I'm not in heat."

He grabbed my arm and yanked me out of the chair. "I know." His expression was fierce as he popped the button open on my jeans. "That's part of the problem. There's been a change in your scent, in the energy coming off you. It's not as strong now as when you're in season, but it's definitely increased in potency. And you're twice as compelling when you're in heat compared to before."

He tugged my pants and undies down to my ankles, so I stepped out of them and my shoes at the same time. When I looked back at him, his cock was out, pointing straight at me like a divining rod.

"Oh," was all I got out before he launched himself at me, and I found myself pinned

to the floor.

“Wrap your legs around me,” he hissed.

As soon as I raised my knees, he thrust his hips forward, spearing me. Locking his arms around my shoulders, he rolled his groin, furiously grinding through flesh barely damp with arousal.

“You’re a fucking hazard, you know that, Tia?” Mason grunted.

“Ah, but what would you do without me?” I gasped back at him.

He delivered a couple of especially hard strokes, then smiled this sexy half smile that went straight to my heart. “I’d be hard pressed to find a woman who felt so good beneath me.”

My vagina clenched, then convulsed. I creamed over his cock, my back arching as my inner muscles clutched desperately at him.

He threw his head back, the cords of his neck standing out in harsh relief. His strokes grew shorter, deeper, then his body bucked, and the liquid heat of his seed burst into me. He kept me pinned to the floor for several minutes afterwards, his chest heaving against mine.

Then he rolled off, yanked his pants up, and put himself together before he rose to his feet. I just lay there, wondering if he was going to send me packing now. You know, *Thanks for the fuck. By the way, you’ve been ostracized from the pack.*

I jerked when he stood over me, a cold beer in his hand. “You okay?”

No. “Yeah.” I rolled onto my side, then worked my way to my feet. Snagging my pants off the floor, I looked around for my undies. Couldn’t find them. I shook the jeans, figuring they’d gone down a leg. “You see my panties anywhere?”

He scanned the floor, not really looking at it. “Does it really matter?”

“I guess not.” Unless I caught my pubic hair in my zipper.

Dressed, I plopped down on the chair and turned a smile in his direction. “You were saying?” *Here it comes.*

He ran a hand through his hair. “Don’t think we came by this decision easily,” he started, resting his hip on the edge of his desk. “As your alpha, I’m telling you that you’re a member of this pack. You always will be. But I’ve got to think of the other members. Almost half this pack is female, and they’re getting more ... upset with you as your chemistry gets stronger.” He looked me straight in the eyes, and I dropped mine right away, even though I wanted to see his when he said ... whatever it was he intended to say. “With this steady increase in your ... attraction,” he shuddered, his eyes flashing wolf and back, “especially with that vibration thing you’ve started doing, it’s going to be more difficult for the males to keep from mating you.”

He took a swallow of his beer, and I found myself wanting one. “You want another beer?” I asked him, jumping to my feet and heading towards the fridge before he responded.

“Yeah,” he called after me, so I grabbed two.

Our fingers brushed when I handed him his bottle. My eyes shot to his face as awareness washed over me. “You’re going to kill me.” It came out on a breath of air, my lungs too tight, my heart squeezed painfully in my chest.

Mason snorted, beer spraying out of his mouth, misting over the front of my shirt. “Good God, no. I’m not going to kill you.” He wrapped his arms around me, pulling me into the shelter of his body. I felt his chest rise and fall with a sigh. “Tia, there isn’t a

male here who could cause you harm.”

I let myself melt into his warmth. “So what are you going to do with me, Mason?”

He brushed his lips against the top of my head and spoke into my hair. “We’re going to set you up in a house in town. Provide you with a trust fund so that you don’t ever have to worry about money. We’re going to take care of you.”

I tensed. He was ostracizing me from the pack. I was losing my home, my family. Tears burned at the backs of my eyes, and I struggled to keep them from falling. “I don’t know anyone in town.”

“I know, baby. I’ve got a feeling you’re not going to be lonely, though. We all plan on visiting you.”

“And how is *that* going to keep them from mating me?”

“They won’t be exposed to you every day. It will keep them from getting all worked up before they fuck you. I also don’t plan on letting anyone visit you alone.”

The tears did come then. As much as I wanted to believe what he was saying, believe that the men would visit, that things wouldn’t get out of hand, I just knew it wasn’t going to happen.

He didn’t say anything, just rubbed his large hands over my back as I sobbed into his chest.

“When?” I finally managed to spit the question out.

“Tomorrow,” he said, and my heart crashed through the floor.

Chapter One

The pack had purchased a cottage for me on the outskirts of town, opposite where their lands ranged. They'd done a great job getting the place ready for me in such a short time, because the house and grounds were immaculate, up-to-date, and secure.

I stood in the front yard as the men moved my meager belongings in, along with dozens of boxes and bags that they'd brought as well. Besides the cottage, there was a small guest house closer to the road, an outbuilding that had been used as a workshop by the previous owner, and sixty acres of land.

With a sigh, I made my way into my new home. The men had been busy, I noted, as I took in all the little touches they'd added since I'd been inside earlier.

I found the master bedroom and grinned at the king-sized bed they'd provided for me. Arms came around my waist, and a firm chest pressed into my back. "Want to try it out?" Reston whispered into my ear.

"Why not?" I wiggled my ass against his thighs before eagerly shedding my clothes.

He picked me up and tossed me onto the mattress, following me down a moment later. His mouth captured mine, and I froze.

They never kissed me. At least, they never had before.

His lips were mobile as he seduced mine, parted them. He thrust his tongue into the moist depths of my mouth, stroking erotically against my tongue, causing fires to break out across my body. I started kissing him back, and he pulled away.

Dark eyes sparkling with lust gazed into my own, while his hand worked its way between our bodies to free his cock.

His eyes slid shut as he pushed his way inside of me. "Christ, Tia, you feel better every time."

I wrapped my legs around his back, willing him to pick up the pace. Unable to wait for him to take the hint. "Come on, Rest, fuck me."

Squinting at me, his lips curved in a grin. "Fuck me?' You want it hard, baby?"

"And how." I felt my cheek dimple as I smiled back at him.

Tucking his hands under my ass, he tilted my hips and began shafting in and out of me in long, powerful strokes. "Like this?"

"Ohhhhh," was all I could get out, my mind fogging with desire.

He pistoned his hips, driving slightly side-to-side on his inward thrusts. I shot over the edge, jolting against him as shocks of pleasure strafed through me.

"God, that's good," he hissed, picking up the speed and depth of his strokes. Then he was rolling with me, onto his back, holding me pinned to his chest.

"Wha—?" I focused on his face right before I felt the movement behind me.

"Bear down," Mason's deep voice instructed.

I did, and he slid into my back passage in one long, smooth glide.

They worked in counterpoint after that: Reston filling my vagina in such a way that he rubbed along all my nerve endings, Mason doing the same in my ass.

"That feels soooo good," I breathed, my inner muscles starting to tighten.

Mason's cock twitched, swelled, a low growl vibrating in his chest. "You have no idea."

“Christ, I’m going to come,” Reston barked, his hips jerking as his thrusts turned erratic.

My inner muscles clenched, then shattered. I screamed as my orgasm raged through me, shudders wracking my body. Reston followed me over, the pulse of his cock as he spewed his seed driving my climax higher.

Mason slammed into me several times, then stopped. His body twitched, then the heat of his cum warmed my rectum. He slumped over my back, pinning me to Reston’s chest, his breathing harsh in my ear.

“You guys about done?” Darren Boyles asked from the side of the bed, his cock in his fist as he idly stroked its length while he watched.

“Yeah, yeah,” Mason grumbled, as he levered himself off me.

I flopped over onto my side next to Reston. He bent and kissed me once again. “I’ll see you later.” With a wink, he rolled out of bed.

I think they all fucked me before they left. It seemed that way as I drifted off to sleep, thoroughly, numbingly sated.

* * * *

I didn’t wake up until the following day, shortly before dusk. Guess the guys had really, *really* taken care of me. Stretching, I felt the familiar ache of well-used muscles, and a warmth spread through me.

I roused myself enough to jump in the shower, cleaning all the wonderful excess off my skin. Thank heavens we had a resident witch who liked me, the only female who did. It was because of Nadja’s gift that I didn’t have to waste time ridding myself of body hair. I wasn’t clear on how the pack had first hooked up with Nadja’s family. For some reason the witches had been with us, a part of us, as far back as anyone could remember. While she couldn’t help me shift, she did cast a few minor spells for me. Permanent body hair removal was my favorite.

The other spell that I was thinking might come in handy, now that I was living away from the pack, was to keep me from getting pregnant until I was ready. It didn’t matter with the wolves—they could only impregnate me if they mated me—but I’d had my concerns, what with all the human in me. Nadja and I had talked about the possibility of my having sex outside the pack. We didn’t know if other males could knock me up, mated or not, so she took precautions.

Clean, I focused on my stomach. I didn’t feel like cooking, but I was hungry and anxious to check out the town, only having been there a couple of times in the past for supplies.

After looking over my wardrobe, I picked out a short denim skirt and a snug, feminine T-shirt, then slipped on some clunky heels. I had yet to find my knives even though I’d packed them myself. I suddenly felt ... vulnerable without them. Mason had assured me that the pack females wouldn’t bother themselves now that I was all the way across town. When I thought about it, I figured he had it right; they hadn’t entered my mind at all since I arrived here. Until now.

I trotted outside and belatedly realized that I didn’t know how I was going to get to town. The men had left me a car, but they hadn’t taught me how to drive it, yet. With a shrug, I set off down the driveway, figuring it couldn’t be more than a mile to the business district.

* * * *

I was wrong.

By the time my tired, achy feet managed to drag my worthless ass into town, a couple of hours had passed. Don't get me wrong, I've got the stamina of a wolf and extra muscle to back it up, but the shoes were not made for this kind of hike.

Most of the businesses were locked up for the evening, but the scent of beef led me to a pub called the Oak Barrel. Contemporary rock music drifted in the air, and I figured this was as good a place as any. I shuffled inside, a smile working its way onto my face as I saw the cozy wood and leather interior. The bartender waved me over, and I hopped up onto a stool to talk to him.

"Drinks or dinner?" he asked with a light Irish brogue.

"Dinner," I responded, taking in his craggy, comfortable face.

"Hang on," he told me, then motioned to someone behind my back. "Conner, find Miss..."

"West," I provided for him. "Tia West."

He smiled. "Find Miss West a table. She's here for a bite to eat."

A lean, handsome man nodded his head to me. "I'm Conner O'Rourke. That," he said, pointing at the bartender, "is my father, Paddy, and the owner of this fine establishment."

I glanced back at Paddy. "Nice to meet you."

"The pleasure's all mine." He bowed, and it did something to me. Made me feel ... welcome.

"If you'll come with me?" Conner waited patiently while I climbed down off the stool. Then he took my arm and led me to the back corner of the bar to an unoccupied booth.

"I'll send my sister Eileen out here with a menu. Can I get you a drink?"

I scooted into the booth and asked him for a beer. When he asked me what kind, I just stared blankly at him until I caught myself and dropped my eyes. Then kicked myself for doing so since it wasn't a human reaction. "What do you mean?"

"What brand of beer would you like?" He tipped his head to the side as he watched me with a heightened interest.

"I didn't know it came in different kinds," I admitted, risking a full look at his face. "Would you pick one for me?"

"Gladly." The side of his mouth curved in a grin before he headed off.

Moments later, a sprightly woman with big boobs and a wild mane of light brown hair bounced up to my table. "Hiya. I'm Eileen, Miss West, and here's a menu for you."

"Call me Tia." I reached for the folder, liking the vivacious woman immediately. Surprised that I did.

"Tia it is, then. I'll be back in a minute for your order." She bounded away to a table across the room.

"Here you go. It's a Harps." Conner set the bottle on the table, next to a frosty mug.

"Thanks." Picking up the beer, I poured it into the glass before opening the menu.

"Hey, this is good," I told him, after I'd taken a sip.

"Are you new in town? I don't remember seeing you around before." He rested on a hip, tucking his thumbs in the pockets of his jeans.

"Moved in yesterday," I supplied, focused more on trying to decide what I was going

to order than on the bulge his fingers framed.

"I could..."

"Conner, get yer ass over to that table over there and quit bothering the lady," Eileen said as she neared, a twinkle in her eye.

"Right away, ma'am." He bowed to his sister, gave me an intense look, and hurried off in the direction she'd indicated.

"Don't mind him, he hits on all the new girls in town." Eileen's lips twitched in an effort not to laugh.

"Ah, but what kind of reviews does he get from them afterwards?" I raised an eyebrow at her.

She snorted. "I think I like you." She dug a pad out of her pocket. "Have you decided, yet?"

"I don't know. Should I get the burger or the stew?" I blinked at her, wondering what she'd think if I ordered both.

"Definitely the stew. The burgers here are great, but the stew is much more filling, and you get our homemade sourdough with it."

"I'll have that, then." I wasn't much for bread, or vegetables for that matter, but if it was all coated in gravy, it would work for me.

I was handing her the menu when my eyes caught sight of the most darkly erotic male I'd ever seen.

"Who's that?" I asked, not even aware I'd spoken out loud until Eileen glanced over her shoulder, then quickly back.

"Oh, man. That's Risk Boudreaux. You don't want to be looking at him like that." She stepped in front of me, blocking my view.

"Why not? He just reeks of sex," I breathed, my nipples tightening at the thought.

"Tia," Eileen said harshly enough to get my attention, "he's dangerous, and he plays rough."

I canted my head, looking up at her. "Rough, how?"

"This is just what I've heard, right?" I nodded at her. "He's big, you know?" She waved her hand vaguely in front of her groin. "He's insatiable, and he, well, he's not a tender, gentle lover."

She was blushing, and I thought it was sweet, but she had no idea what I'd been raised on. "I'll keep that in mind," I assured her, suddenly wanting her to leave so I could get another look at the guy.

"Good. I'll go get your food for you then." She flashed a beautiful set of white teeth and trotted away.

I breathed a sigh of relief and let my eyes wander around the bar. *Shit*. He was sitting with a busty blonde in a booth at the front of the pub. Since he was looking at her, I took a moment to check him out.

Black hair, worn decadently long. Dark eyes, straight nose, angular jaw. Broad shoulders. Warmth invaded the space between my legs, and I shifted uncomfortably on the bench. Lifting my gaze back to his face, I found him staring at me.

Our eyes met and locked.

The distance between us narrowed as I became lost in those dark, dark eyes of his. Unable to drop my gaze. Then he smiled this sinful half smile, and my vagina clenched. Swallowing hard, my mouth suddenly dry, I reached for my beer. Adrenaline pumped

into my system as I struggled to lower my gaze and couldn't.

Conner made his way back to my table just then, his crotch breaking the hold Risk's eyes had on mine. Taking a deep breath, I looked up into Conner's safe face.

"So why don't you let me show you around the town tomorrow night?" He leaned against the table, waiting for my answer.

"I'd like that," I told him, taking a long drink of the frosty brew, thinking the man I was looking at would be an easy way for me to find out what it was like to fuck someone outside of my pack.

"Great. I'll stop back later, and we can firm up the details then." With a glitter in his eye, he headed off to the bar.

Taking a shaky breath, I risked another look at where the dark man was sitting and found he was gone.

* * * *

The food was wonderful and more than enough to fill my belly.

I gave Conner my address, and he set the time at six o'clock to pick me up for dinner and a night on the town. I breezed out of the place, full and warm and happy, having totally forgotten about the fucking walk home I'd be facing.

I took half a dozen steps, then wondered if one of the O'Rourkes would mind giving me a lift. I turned back towards the pub, but before I'd moved more than a foot, Risk Boudreaux stepped out of the shadows at the side of the building and prowled in my direction. Looking dark and powerful, with a wicked grin teasing his lips.

"What have we here?" His voice was deep and rich and flowed over my skin in a warm caress.

"Huh?" My mind was somewhere south of my waist, and I was having trouble forming words.

He didn't stop until he was standing right in front of me, so close to me that if I took a large breath, our bodies would touch. Tipping my head back so I could see his face, I was once again taken with his dangerous good looks. Once again thrilled when our eyes met, and I couldn't look away.

"You wouldn't happen to need a ride home, would you?" He lowered his face slightly towards mine, and my breath caught in my lungs.

"As a matter of fact, I would." My voice came out barely above a whisper.

His grin widened as he slid an arm around my back. "I'd be happy to see you home."

"Thank you." I think I said it out loud, though I wasn't sure.

Before my brain could catch up, he was leading me to a car in the parking lot. He opened the passenger door, and I slipped into the seat, only then becoming truly aware of what I was doing.

Not that it mattered. But I was slightly disturbed by the fact that my lust for the man was clouding my mind. He dropped into the driver's seat, and I caught sight of the bulge in the front of his pants. It was huge.

My eyes flicked to his face. He was watching me eyeball his groin. "You need to tell me where you live."

"Oh." I had expected him to say something else, and it took me a moment to marshal my thoughts and give him my new address. Noting the amusement that sparked in his eyes at my difficulties.

Minutes later, he pulled into my drive and parked beside my garage. He came around the car and opened my door for me, giving me a hand out. Then he moved his hand to the middle of my back.

I glanced up at him, wondering at his actions.

"I'm coming inside with you," he stated.

"Really?" I tipped my head and studied his expression. "Why?"

He shook his head. "I think we both know why."

I thought I did—even though he wasn't a wolf, he was acting the same way. "I'd like to hear you say it," I told him.

He started moving me towards the door. "You want me to tell you that I plan to fuck you all night long?"

"Sure, why not?" I stumbled as he ground to a halt next to me.

"And what if I tell you I'm going to take you every way a man can take a woman?" He narrowed his eyes at me.

"Are you any good?" My voice held a breathless quality I'd never heard before.

Disbelief flashed across his face before he answered. Grabbing me by the back of the head, he dropped his mouth to mine. His lips fairly danced over my mouth, setting fire to my blood, and when I opened to him and he thrust his tongue inside, his spicy hot flavor nearly made me come.

"Let's move this inside." His voice came out low and husky, flaming my desire even higher.

"Okay." I turned away from him and led him into my house.

"Bedroom?" he raised an eyebrow at me when I glanced over my shoulder at him.

A shiver shot down my spine as I led him down the hall and into the master suite. Here he was, my first non-wolf.

He came up behind me and rocked his erection against my back. "So what's your name?"

"Tia." I moved his hands from my waist upward so they'd cup my breasts.

He squeezed them, a low groan rasping out of him. "Call me Risk." He removed his hands and stepped back. "Now take off your clothes."

So I did. Dropping the items onto a chair next to the dresser, I turned to find he'd shed his own garments. *Oh my.* I didn't think I'd ever seen a finer body. He motioned me to the bed, and I climbed on top of it, unable to take my eyes off his physique. Wide shoulders, his chest sculpted with muscles and a light dusting of dark hair. A flat, ripped stomach, lean hips, and the largest, widest cock I'd ever seen.

He crawled over me, forcing me onto my back. "What would you say if I told you I wanted to fuck you so hard you saw stars?"

Goosebumps broke out over my body. "What are you waiting for?"

He fluttered a hand down my abdomen to the apex of my thighs. I spread my legs wider, and he palmed my sex. "Fuck me, you're wet." He stroked a finger through my cream, then dipped inside my vagina.

I ground my crotch against his hand, the first shudders of an orgasm teasing me.

"Christ," he breathed, then he jammed his legs between mine and replaced his finger with the thick head of his cock.

Shoving one of my legs up and out, he blasted his way into my core.

"Holy shit!" I yelped as his cock stretched me to my limits. "That's a hell of a cock

you've got there."

He smiled at me and started driving his shaft in and out. "I did warn you."

I threw my head back as my body arched, a climax tearing through me with devastating effect. His warm breath heated my throat, then he nipped me. The pinch of pain and the draw of his mouth on my flesh wrenched my orgasm to a higher, hotter level.

"Risk!" I shouted as my vagina spasmed around his flesh.

He altered his angle, letting go of my neck. "You're a fucking werewolf." My eyes flew to his face at the tone of his voice.

"Sort of," I said, confused. "How'd you know?"

"Your blood," he stated, licking his lips, allowing his fangs to show. He angled his hips again, and I almost lost the thread of the conversation.

"Hey, you're a vampire." I wondered if any of the mind-numbing lust was a direct result of what he was.

"Right the first time," he said, changing the speed of his thrusts. "And you, my little one, are like fine wine."

He ran his tongue down the side of my neck, then settled his lips over my pulse point.

"I thought you were going to make me see stars," I challenged, trying to distract him from his preoccupation with my blood.

I felt his lips curve into a smile against my flesh, then he bit me at the same time he slammed his cock against my womb.

I exploded, screaming his name as he powered his dick into my depths. A hot line of fire shot from my shoulder to my cunt, adding fuel to the ecstasy blasting through me. He ripped his fangs from me, tipped his head back, and roared as he reached his own crisis, his cock throbbing, then pulsing out warm bursts of cum.

Then he collapsed on my chest, pinning me to the bed.

"Not bad," I mumbled into his chest.

He levered his upper body off me and glared down into my eyes. "Not bad?"

"Well..." I gave him a saucy smile. "I guess you're just going to have to try harder."

Heat flared in his eyes, amusement close on its heels. He barked a laugh, rolling off to my side, urging me over onto my stomach. "Perhaps you're right."

He spent the rest of the night proving to me that, for all the sex I'd had, I'd never had a great fuck before.

Chapter Two

I woke up the next afternoon alone. I was used to that. Then I remembered that Risk was a vampire, and I assumed he'd left so he didn't burst into flames with the rising of the sun. Wouldn't that suck?

Then again, I had only a limited knowledge of vampires. I couldn't remember ever meeting any of them before. To my knowledge, Mason didn't allow any other supernaturals entry to the compound, and I'd never left the compound enough to meet very many of the others out there. There were the warlocks who ran the store where the pack purchased my wax. And I still say the tall blond guy that Mason bought the Land Rover from was a fairy. Mason wouldn't let me meet him. Hell, he wouldn't even talk about the guy after we'd driven away. I'd heard stories about vampires, seen the movies, though I didn't place a lot of faith in their accuracy.

After my shower, I stripped the bed and made it with clean sheets I found in the closet. I didn't know for sure that Conner was going to spend the night, but I didn't want to offend him if he did.

I spent some time checking out my new home and seeing what all the guys had left for me. Pretty nice set up, all things considered.

Then I got ready for my date, choosing to wear a flirty skirt with a diaphanous layered top.

Conner was right on time.

"Hi," I grinned at him as he stood on the stoop.

"Ready?"

He has a nice smile, I thought, before I let my eyes take a trip down his body to see what else he offered.

Not as much as Risk. He was more along the lines of my wolves. Not that they were lacking in any department, but Risk was ... exceptional.

With a hand on my waist, he guided me out to his car. Then he drove us to the other side of town, awfully close to pack territory, to a restaurant that I knew some of the pack members frequented.

I breathed a sigh of relief when we were seated in a booth and I hadn't seen or scented any of them.

Conner sat across from me and asked if I'd like to share a bottle of wine with him. "Sounds good." I didn't often drink wine, but I liked it.

"The steak is their specialty here," he offered, and it made sense to me then why the wolves would come here.

We placed our order, and he poured me a glass of Chablis.

I tasted it. "This is good," I smiled at him.

"What have we here?" The next thing I knew, Mason was sliding into the booth beside me.

He leaned over and kissed me on the mouth.

"Do you know this guy?" Conner's voice was low, his expression tense.

I blinked in surprise at Mason. "What are you doing k..."

He kissed me again, then whispered in my ear. "Do you know what that man is

you're here with?"

"Nice?" I whispered back, then spoke louder. "Conner, this is Mason, an old friend of mine. Mason, that's Conner, my *date*." I stressed the last word, letting him know I wanted to be here with the man. Breaking a few pack rules while I was at it.

"You'll excuse us a minute," Mason said to him as he dragged me out of the booth.

I shot a look at Conner and shrugged, then stumbled after Mason as he hauled me out the front door. He pinned me to the wall next to the entryway, ignoring the looks his actions garnered from the people who were arriving.

"What are you doing, Mason?" I pushed on him, trying to get him to back off.

"That guy's a panther," he said, forcing his leg between my thighs, stopping my struggle. "And why do I catch the scent of vampire on you?"

I'd had enough. The man may be my alpha, but my life was my own since they'd thrown me out of the pack compound. "Get off me, Mason."

"I don't think so. Not until you give me some answers." He ground his erection against my hip.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. "Just because you guys don't think I'm fit to be a mate doesn't mean nobody will. Maybe I want what everyone else gets to have. Did you ever think of that?"

"You'd mate a panther, or a vampire?" The look of disgust on his face nearly had me laughing.

"If he'd have me," I spat back instead.

"We give you everything you need." Mason narrowed his eyes at me, anger evident in the harsh line of his jaw.

"Everything but love, affection. Hell, in there was the first time you've ever kissed me, and you're only the third man who ever has." I was practically growling at him.

"I've kissed you before," he insisted.

"No. No, you've never kissed me, you've never played with my breasts, you've never gone down on me. You fuck me, Mason." It had never crossed my mind before I'd spent the night with Risk. Now it consumed my thoughts.

He was quiet a long time. I risked looking at him through my eyelashes, and I saw a puzzled expression on his face that didn't help me keep my anger burning at all.

"You're right." He backed away from me, raking a hand through his hair. "Don't think I'm done with you, though."

Instead of arguing, I just nodded and escaped back inside.

Conner was halfway to the door, so I placed my hand on his arm, turning him around, taking him back to our booth. I made him sit next to me, mostly because I didn't want any more surprises.

"You okay?" Conner grasped my chin lightly with his fingers, turning my face in his direction.

I felt tears of anger swimming in my eyes, but I was already calming down. "Yeah, I'm fine. Sometimes he just pisses me off."

He bent forward and brushed his lips across mine. "Just let me know if you want me to beat him up."

I laughed at that, oddly feeling better. "Thanks, I will."

The waitress brought our food, and I dug in. Conner spent the time while we ate telling me about his childhood, funny stories about his family.

When the meal was over, we went for a walk along a path through the trees. I sensed the movement of wolves around us, not knowing if the men were keeping an eye on me or the women were waiting for an opening.

Finally, my nerves couldn't take it anymore, and I urged him back to the car. Once we were safely inside, I breathed easier.

"Would you like to go dancing, Tia?" Conner asked me.

I twisted in my seat, grinning like an idiot. "So you're really a panther?" I blurted, unable to keep quiet about it anymore.

He blinked at me, one of those long slow blinks. "What did you say?"

"Mason told me you were a panther. It's part of what pissed him off so."

"Why would Mason care?" I noticed a tic had started in Conner's jaw, and I didn't think that was a good sign.

"Because I'm a wolf." I watched the muscle jumping, waiting to see if it got worse.

"Really?"

"Really. Don't I smell like a wolf to you?" No change in the tic. Huh.

"Earthy, sexual, maybe a little wolf, but not enough to say you're a were. Who's Mason to you?"

"My alpha."

There it was. His jaw clenched and the jumping got worse. In my peripheral vision, I caught movement outside the car. "Can we go somewhere else?"

"Where would you suggest?" he gritted out between clenched teeth.

"Your place?" I scanned the area and didn't see anything to account for my earlier impression. But that didn't mean they weren't there.

"Sure." He started the car and pulled out of the lot.

* * * *

Conner lived in a sort of contained subdivision, similar to the wolf one but on the south side of town. His house was set back from the main road, nestled among the trees, and felt a lot like home.

"Nice place." I smiled as I ogled the area.

He parked in the drive, got out, then leaned on the fender of his vehicle, waiting for me. His body language was much more relaxed now that we were here.

"Looking good, O'Rourke." A darkly handsome man prowled across the lawn, his eyes skimming my form.

"Biggs, what brings you to our neck of the woods?"

"I'm on vacation. Rainth mated an elf, and he gave the entire team a month off." He circled behind me, taking in my scent. "Fuck, you smell good." He stopped at my back, captured my hips with his hands, and took a deeper breath. "Wolf, huh?" He spoke under his breath, sounding amazed.

Conner looked over my head, and I figured he was watching his friend. His lips split in a broad smile, his eyes dropping to mine as he moved closer. "I think it's a great idea." He traced a line down the side of my face, stopping when the tip of his finger reached the hollow of my throat. "Biggs here is a ranger. His compound is southwest of Brookmoor." He wagged his eyebrows at me like I'd know what he was talking about.

I just figured I'd missed some part of the conversation. I waited for him to enlighten me, but he turned towards the house and started walking in that direction. With a shrug, I

followed him inside, noting the comfortable interior.

“Umph,” shot out of me as he stopped suddenly, Biggs nearly slamming into my back.

Conner spun, grabbed my upper arms tightly, lust rolling off him in waves. His eyes had gone a deep mellow gold.

“All I can think about is getting you under me.” He pressed his lips to mine, his hands going to my ass, his fingers kneading the flesh there before skimming higher to play with the back of my neck, my hair.

“Conner,” I breathed when he let me up for air.

Biggs moved closer to my back, his hands sliding around to cup my breasts as he rocked his erection against my ass. In a practiced move, they maneuvered me over to the couch, Conner dropping down onto it and pulling me onto his lap.

I wound my arms around his neck, bringing my face to his, my heart racing as I placed my mouth on him. He went wild, his hands roaming over my body, working to get inside my clothes. With a frustrated growl, he tore through my top, sighing when he cupped my breasts, his fingers circling my nipples. Turning, he lowered me to my back, a wicked smile playing across his mouth as he rose to his knees and tugged his shirt over his head.

“Got a preference?” He glanced at the other man, and I felt a thrill run through me as I followed his gaze.

“No.” Biggs’ voice came out a husky rasp, his eyes burning into mine while he lowered his zipper.

I swallowed and returned my eyes to Conner. I couldn’t help but notice how much sexier he appeared when he was nearing the edge of his control. His panther riding close to the surface. With swift movements, he opened his pants and lowered them to his knees, then he reached for my skirt, and stripped it and my panties from my body.

With the palms of his hands flat on my inner thighs, he shoved my legs apart as he dipped his face between them. I bucked as he ran his wet, rough tongue the length of my slit.

“Fuck, you taste good,” he rumbled against my flesh as he lapped and nipped his way between my vagina and my clit. When he ran his tongue up inside of me, I came off the couch.

“Holy shit,” I gasped.

He chuckled. “Like that, do you?” He did it again, then swirled it around inside my sheath. I was jerking and twitching by the time he returned to my clit and sucked it into his mouth. He slid two fingers into my cunt, and I shattered, my cream washing over his hand as he brought me release. He kept me riding the wave until I started to shudder, then he lapped up my cum.

He rose over me, placed my legs around his waist, and was poised at my entrance before I came fully back into my head. I grinned up at him, my cheeks dimpling as I wrapped my arms around his back, my hands up over his shoulder blades.

He flexed his hips and impaled me. A jolt of pleasure ripped through my groin, causing my inner muscles to contract around his cock. He groaned, his eyes flashing, the only warning I got before he went berserk.

“Christ, you’re right.” He fucked me in a frenzy of motion, a muted rumbling coming from his chest. Then he locked me in his arms and rolled off the couch with me, dropping

onto his back on the floor with me straddling his hips.

Biggs knelt behind me, his breath heavy in his chest, heat pouring off his body, warming my back. He pressed my upper body closer to Conner, then jammed the lubed head of his cock past the tight muscles that ringed my rear entrance.

He paused, then with one long, slow thrust, he buried himself to the hilt, groaning. Then he started to move. Shallow drags and digs of his cock at first, turning into longer, harder strokes as my muscles relaxed around him.

Conner began stroking in opposition, and I felt myself nearing the promised land.

"I'm almost there." I clutched his shoulders, rotating my hips, trying to hit the spot that would send me over. Both men adjusted their grips, and Biggs' next inward thrust sent me flying.

"Conner ... Biggs!" My scream was accompanied by Conner's roar and Biggs' grunt as they emptied themselves inside of me.

I fell forward onto Conner's chest, Biggs squashing me as he dropped onto my back. Both men purred their satisfaction.

"Well," Conner said, "not bad for a wolf."

Biggs snorted a laugh and lifted his weight off my body. Backed himself out of my rectum.

I smacked Conner on the shoulder without any power behind it. "Thanks a lot, cat."

He grinned, then grimaced as I raised myself off his cock.

With more energy than I was feeling at the moment, he jumped up and headed for the kitchen. "Want a beer?"

"Sure," Biggs and I called after him. I struggled to sit up, Biggs watching me for a moment before he bent down, lifted me and set me on my feet. I pulled my skirt on but not my shirt. I stared at it stupidly, not remembering how it had gotten torn.

"Impatience," Biggs said, as he sat on the couch and pulled me down next to him.

Conner gave me a look when he handed me a bottle. "Guess I owe you a shirt." He slouched down at my other side, propping his feet on the coffee table. "So tell me about yourself."

"Not much to tell." There was a low-level current radiating off Biggs, drawing my attention, causing my skin to tingle.

"I find that hard to believe," Biggs stated.

"I figure you're from around here if that wolf earlier was your pack leader." Conner rumbled my hair with his free hand.

"Yeah, they have a compound a lot like this one on the east side of town. Not far from that restaurant you took me to."

"I'd heard about that, but it was never important before. How come you live on the west side?"

"Now that's a story for another time," I told them, not wanting to get into it right now. "What about you two?"

I was looking at Conner, so he answered me first. "The O'Rourkes have been part of this pack for over two centuries. We all live here in the compound. But we've learned to blend in with the humans. Well enough that there haven't been any *incidents* for the last few decades, at least."

"Does your whole family work at the pub?" I took another swig of beer and snuggled closer to Biggs. His ... emanations were setting off flares of interest along my flesh.

Working their way under my skin.

“Yeah, it’s nice that way. We’re a tight family. What about your parents?”

“Gone. They died when I was six.”

“That’s rough. No brothers or sisters?” Biggs smoothed a hand down my arm, twining his fingers with mine when he reached them.

“Two brothers. They went east though, both of them too alpha to stick around here. But I’ve got cousins, and uncles and aunts.”

“So what’s the deal with you being a ranger from south of Brookmoor?” I tipped my head back to look up at Biggs.

Conner snorted. “Rumors—very popular rumors.”

“They’d only be rumors if they weren’t true,” the larger man countered, grinning down at me.

“Spill.” I nudged Conner with my foot, and he pulled my leg across his lap, his hand warming the inside of my thigh.

“Rangers are supposed to be insatiable lovers.” His eyes twinkled at me. “And the ones from southwest of Brookmoor are supposed to be the worst of the lot.”

My entire groin clenched.

Biggs swept the palm of his hand over a nipple. Rumbled deep in his throat, then sat back, dragging me with him.

We finished our beer in companionable silence.

“Well, I should be getting you home.” Conner rose and helped me to my feet. Taking another look at my ruined shirt where I’d dropped it on the floor, he told me to wait, then disappeared down the hall.

He came back and handed me one of his T-shirts. “Keep it.”

“I can take her home.” Biggs watched me with blatant hunger as I pulled the shirt over my head, and moisture washed out of my core.

Conner gathered me into his arms and bent close to my face. “Do you mind?”

“Not at all. Thanks for dinner and a wonderful fuck.” I winked at the panther just before he crushed my lips with his.

When he let me go, Biggs wrapped a large hand around my arm, dragged me out of the house, and started hauling me across the yard. “I’m parked over this way.”

“Okay.” I made it into the line of trees that bordered Conner’s property before I stumbled.

Biggs simply bent and threw me over his shoulder. I admired his ass for the short time it took him to get to his vehicle. He set me down next to the passenger door, opened it, then gave me a hand into the seat. “Wolf, huh?”

I shrugged. “Half wolf. Technically three quarters, but my brothers got more than their share, so I got less. How very alpha of them.”

He shot me an evil grin before shutting the door.

He pulled into my driveway several minutes later, put his car in park, but didn’t turn off the engine. Shifting to face me, his expression softened.

“Tia,” he brushed a lock of my hair over my shoulder, then traced the side of my face with his finger, “there’s just something about you that gets to me. I’d like to see you again.”

“Definitely.” I leaned towards him, hoping he’d kiss me.

“You want to give me your number, or should I just drop by?” He edged closer, and

my breath hitched in my throat.

“Damn. I don’t know my number.” I inched nearer. “Drop by, but keep an eye out for the other wolves. They won’t like the idea I’m seeing you.”

He raised an eyebrow at me, but that was it. Then his mouth was on mine, and nothing else mattered.

I staggered out of the car, his eyes hot on my back as I made my way to the door.

He didn’t drive away until I’d shut it behind me.

* * * *

Risk was leaning against the doorjamb when I got out of the shower. His eyes made a leisurely stroll down my body before he moved from his position.

“You are a busy woman,” he said, as he grasped the towel from my hand and started drying my hair.

“Hey, Risk. Did I know you were stopping by tonight?”

“No. I happened to see you come home.” He rubbed the towel over my body, then threw it aside. Taking my hand, he led me to the bed.

He drew me down onto the mattress, then rolled with me until I was pinned beneath him, his hips between my legs.

“How do you want me to take you tonight?” he asked, a wicked gleam in his eye.

“Help me out here. I don’t understand the question.”

“Do you want me hard and fast, or slow and easy?” He nipped my lower lip.

“Hard and fast,” I breathed.

Risk adjusted his hips, nestling himself more firmly between my thighs. He lowered his face until his lips just touched mine. He stared into my eyes, and I felt the anticipation building. Then he captured my mouth, sweeping his tongue inside, rubbing it along the length of my own.

“Good,” he said when he let me up for air, then shed his clothes faster than anyone I’d ever seen.

For the rest of the night, he simply blew me away.

Chapter Three

I was sitting on my back deck the next afternoon trying to figure out what I wanted to do with my time when I wasn't fucking somebody.

I jumped when Mason came around the side of the house, since I wasn't expecting to see any of the pack for another week. He strolled over to where I sat and slouched down beside me.

"Nadja told me she cast a spell on you to keep you from getting pregnant." He flicked a glance at me, then looked away.

"So?" I drew my knees up to my chest and wrapped my arms around them.

"That she stopped you from bleeding as well." He gazed out into my backyard.

"Again, what of it?" I dropped my head to my knees, turned so that I could see him.

"I think that's why your scent is out of whack, why you send out such a strong sexual energy." His jaw clenched, the skin drawing tight over his cheekbones.

"What difference does it make?" I was beginning to wonder if he had changed his mind about killing me.

"When I saw you with that panther last night, I wanted to tear his head off, and that bothered me."

"You'll get over it." I buried my face against my legs.

Next thing I knew, Mason was tugging at my arm. "Come on."

I looked up at him. "What?"

"Inside, unless you'd rather I take you out here."

"Either way is fine with me," I shrugged. He pulled me to my feet and hauled me into the living room. Stopping, he let his gaze roam over my body as his hands went to the front of his pants.

I undid mine and stepped out of them. A look I didn't understand passed through his eyes, then he was bending me over the side of the couch, positioning himself behind me.

He buried himself in my sex, then lowered his chest over my back, grasping the nape of my neck between his teeth. I tensed, knowing he'd never forgive himself, or me, if he continued what he was doing.

"Part of me wants to make you mine, another part wants to put an end to you," he said in a low, lethal tone.

"I'll settle for a fuck, thank you." I squeezed my inner muscles, trying to shake him out of his mood.

Thank God, it worked, and before long he had me screaming as he brought me to completion. He grunted, then spurted his semen into me in short, hard bursts. After he'd pulled himself together, he wrenched me around to face him.

"I don't like you seeing men outside of the pack." He moved closer, his eyes searching my face.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," I said to his chest, thinking of how differently I was treated by Risk and the panthers. How much I wanted to keep seeing them.

"The pack gives you more than any other member." He gestured to the house and property, no doubt meaning the trust fund as well. "We've made more allowances for you than anyone. What else could you possibly ask for?" His eyes were starting to change as

anger washed over his features.

“Love?” I threw in his face, daring to make eye contact. “A family of my own?”

“Love?” he practically screamed at me. “You should be grateful for *life*. If my father were still alpha, you would have been killed at birth.”

Okay, that shut me up.

“I’m sorry, Mason. I know that. I don’t know what’s gotten into me.” I slumped down onto the couch. Confused.

“Try to keep that in mind,” he snarled, then stormed out of the house.

* * * *

I’d managed to get a good night’s sleep, and here I was awake at eight o’clock in the morning, staring into my coffee and wondering what the hell I was going to do with myself all day. My thoughts kept turning to Risk and the panthers. No, not the panthers, but Biggs. Risk and Biggs. I thought about the two men and realized that my heart ached when I thought of them. And that, of the two, the vampire had worked his way further under my skin.

God, I needed a hobby. Or a job.

No, a job was out. Not unless I worked for myself. I knew enough about human culture to fit in, sort of, but I didn’t really have any skills for a job. Wasn’t sure I wanted to try to play at being human long enough to learn any.

I wondered how hard it would be to learn the work that Anton and Beck did to finish off the jewelry. I should have paid more attention to what they were doing, but it hadn’t seemed important at the time.

There was a store in town that the pack bought our supplies from. It stood to reason that they could offer me advice, or even guidance. With that goal in mind, I grabbed the credit card Mason had given me and trotted out of the house. I glanced briefly at the garage and wondered if I should try driving the car.

Probably not.

I jogged into town and found the store that Darren had named when he’d come around asking me what materials I’d be needing. I talked to the man behind the counter, telling him what I was interested in, and he led me around the room as he gathered everything he thought I’d need to get started. There was a lot more stuff than I had imagined, including a large drum that housed the spin caster.

“I’m walking,” I sighed, looking at the numerous bundles, glaring at the drum. “I’ll need to make a few trips to get this all home.”

“I’d be happy to give you a lift,” a deep male voice spoke behind me.

I spun around and found myself looking at a man I’d never seen before, but I liked what I saw. He was taller than Mason, maybe six-four, with a full head of wild dark brown hair, and brown eyes that were shot with gold. He sauntered towards me with a fluid animal grace that quickened my heart.

His scent reached me, and I almost groaned. He smelled of wolf, and loam, and sex.

“Thank you.” I couldn’t take my eyes off him. Didn’t want to.

“My pleasure.” Hungry eyes burned back at me.

He palmed his keys then grabbed the handles of the spin caster. I grabbed some bags then preceded him to the door, holding it open for him. He barked out a laugh as he passed me, like I’d done something funny.

He gestured to a black Pathfinder, while he used a device on his keychain to unlock the doors. Then he loaded my packages and equipment in the back. He opened the passenger door for me, standing close enough that when I brushed past him to get in, his body heat and his scent hit me, causing a flush of desire to wash through my groin.

He went back inside, returning shortly with the rest of the packages. I watched him, out the side of my eye, as he swung into the driver's seat and slid the key into the ignition. He flicked a glance in my direction as he shifted into drive, shaking his head slightly. "You live in the compound on the east side?"

"No." I gave him directions to my house and was rewarded with a sexy smile and a raised eyebrow.

"Sorry," his grin broadened, "you act pack raised."

"Really?" I had no idea what that meant. "Is that a bad thing?"

He laughed, his hair shifting with the movement, feathering over his eyes. "Only to my way of thinking."

The vehicle rocked as he braked in front of my garage. I jumped out and met him at the tailgate. We gathered the bags, then he followed me to the workshop.

I hadn't been inside the building, yet, and was surprised to see equipment of some sort already set up about the large main room. He disappeared, returning with the spin caster, which he placed away from the other machinery.

I lost myself investigating the place, the were giving me strange looks as I peeked into corners and opened doors.

"I've never been in here before," I told him, letting out a yip when I found a small kitchen with an attached full bath. "Hey, look at this."

He trailed after me as I stuck my head in the fridge, coming out with a couple of beers. I handed one to him, then started poking around in the drawers. He leaned back against the counter, his eyes tracking down my body, lingering on my mouth, my breasts, my groin. I found myself next to him, my heartbeat kicking up a notch at his heated perusal.

I wanted him to touch me, fuck me. I leaned into his chest, drawing his scent into my head, tasting his desire. I tipped my head back so I could see his face, and flinched. His brows were drawn downwards, his eyes darkened with the beginnings of an anger I didn't understand.

Stepping back, I dropped my gaze. "Sorry, I..." What? What was I supposed to say? That I thought he wanted to fuck me, and I wanted that, too?

Shaking my head, I turned around and headed for the main room, ignoring the beer I'd only taken a sip of before I'd set it down.

His arms came around me without warning. I went rigid in his embrace, waiting for the punishment I was sure was coming. Jerking when his warm breath feathered over my neck, followed by the touch of his lips and tongue.

"I do want you," he rasped, his hands drifting to my abdomen, then holding me tight while he dug his erection into my back. "But I don't fuck a woman just because I want to."

"I don't understand." My voice came out embarrassingly soft. What kind of wolf didn't fuck a woman he wanted?

"Fuck," he uttered under his breath. "Take me to your bedroom, and I'll show you what I mean."

Thoroughly confused, I led him to the house and into my room. I looked between him and the bed and wondered what, exactly, he had in mind.

He started stripping out of his clothes, and I couldn't help but admire the flesh he was revealing. But it was mixing me up even more. "If you're not going to fuck me, why are you taking off your clothes?"

"First, my name is Reed Pitre. You should know that before anything else happens. Now you tell me your name." He'd stopped with his hands on the front of his jeans, the button undone, the zipper tab trapped between his fingers.

"Tia West." I tipped my head to the side and studied him.

"Tia," he said, then resumed undressing. "We're people first, then animals. Remember that."

"Okay." I had no idea where this was going. Or what his point really was.

"Go ahead and take your clothes off, and get on the bed on your hands and knees." He'd bent to take off his boots, but he looked up at me through a curtain of hair until I started slipping off my shirt.

Naked, I crawled to the center of the bed and stopped. He moved to kneel behind me. I felt my juices flow, coating my passage and leaking out to wet my lips.

"I *am* going to fuck you," he rumbled. "But I'm also going to teach you something about sex you seem to have missed."

I glanced over my shoulder at him and raised my eyebrows. "Wow, I didn't know there was more." Thrilled at the idea of something new, I wiggled my ass at him, urging him to get on with it.

His hands came around my waist as he prodded my opening with his cock then drove himself in to the hilt.

"Ohhh." I dropped down onto my forearms and tangled my hands in the comforter for support.

He set up a hard, steady drive that quickly had the familiar tension coiling in my groin. I rocked back at him, moaning when his cock swelled further. He adjusted his grip on my hips, then pounded into me, slamming all the way to the end of my cunt with every thrust.

I blew, my orgasm ripping through me as he powered on, my pussy grasping his shaft. He stilled, then speared me a few more times as his semen blasted into my depths.

Then he withdrew and walked out of the room. Curious, I padded after him and found him in my kitchen staring into the fridge, his well-muscled body highlighted by a ray of sunshine coming through the window over the sink.

"How about grabbing me a beer while you're in there?" I hopped up on top of the table and swung my legs while I ogled his ass.

He turned from the fridge with two bottles in his hand, then held one out in my direction.

"Enjoy the fuck?" he asked after he'd taken a long swallow of his beer.

"Yes," I smiled at him. "But I'm still waiting for this new thing you're going to show me."

He just grinned at me before he tipped his bottle up for another drink. "As soon as you finish your beer." His smile turned wicked, my body responding immediately to the lust that flared in his eyes.

I slugged the rest of the bottle, then hopped off the table. "Where?" I couldn't help

the broad smile that took over my face.

“Eager little thing, aren’t you?” He prowled over to my side, then set me back up on the table, moving his hips between my legs.

I scooted closer to the edge to help him reach my pussy.

Instead of touching me there, he placed one hand in the center of my back while he fisted the other in my hair. Then he tipped my head and brought his mouth to mine.

Our lips met. His were firm but mobile, skimming over mine, then pressing harder. He slid his tongue along the seam between my lips, and I parted them for him. Adjusting the angle of my head, he drove his tongue into my mouth, circled mine, then rubbed his along the side until I was actively stroking back.

He deepened the kiss, devouring my mouth with a hunger that drove straight through my body. My vagina clenched, and a groan worked its way out of my chest. He growled his approval as he traced down my back to my ass with his free hand.

By the time he broke the kiss, I was practically senseless. My lungs heaving for air, I stared blearily at his face. He was grinning at me with a thoroughly pleased, masculine expression.

Then he gathered me into his arms and carried me back to the bedroom. After he’d laid me down on the bed, he stretched out on the other side of my body and started a slow trail with his hand over my collarbone, around my breast, down my abdomen, then back up again.

“Feel free to run your hands over me as well,” he murmured, his eyelids drooping sexily over his eyes.

I reached for his arm and let my fingers trace the contours of his biceps. It flexed beneath my touch, and my vagina twinged at the sensation.

He bent further over me, his lips meeting my flesh on the underside of my jaw, then brushing downwards from there. Heat flared wherever he passed, and my nipples tightened, ached. I ran my fingers into his hair and tried to drag his face over to my breast. He let me, circling the sensitive bud with his tongue before sucking it between his lips.

He teased that nipple with his teeth and tongue until I was shoving on him, trying to get him to move to the other breast, enthralled with the sensations that shot through my body. With a whisper of a chuckle, he licked a path across my chest, then drew the neglected nipple into his mouth.

Something fierce was building inside me, but his current actions weren’t going to let it loose. I was just about to scream at him to pay attention to my crotch when he let go of me with a popping sound and levered himself over my body. He dove on my face, capturing my mouth with his in a savage kiss that took my breath and fired my blood to boiling.

I clawed his back and thrust my hips against the thigh he’d planted between my legs. When he broke away from me to catch his breath, I screamed. “For the love of God, Reed, fuck me now!”

Instead of moving to do so, he trapped my mouth again in a wild, erotic tangle of tongues and teeth that drove all thoughts out of my head. The next time he backed off my face, he’d shifted between my legs, had one hand under my ass, and was poised to enter me.

His lips curved in that sexy smile of his as I watched, then he jerked his hips forward

and speared straight into my core. With a twist of his hips, he buried himself further before he dragged his shaft outwards from my depths. He plunged back in, twisted, then withdrew. As his pace picked up, he dug his fingers into the soft globe of my buttock and locked the other arm around my shoulders to pin me in place.

I curled my hips towards his, lost in the pleasure that was bursting along the nerves inside my sheath. I couldn't stop moaning as he continued to power his cock in and out of me. His shaft was so hard that I could feel the contours of the flared head as it moved through my flesh. His breath washed over my neck, closely followed by his lips. He licked down the length to my shoulder, then sucked the tender section of my flesh where the two met and held it between his teeth.

I froze. My internal alarms blared a warning through my head that my body could not ignore. "Don't, Reed. Oh, God, don't do that." My voice shook as I struggled to remain absolutely still.

He dropped my flesh, but didn't move away from the spot. "Why not?"

"You don't want to accidentally mate me. You'll regret it." I was shaking, terrified at how close he'd come to fucking up.

"Not that that would happen, but why would I regret mating you?"

He still hadn't moved, and I could feel his lips brush over my neck, sending shivers through my body of both desire and fear.

"I can't shift. I'm not were enough. I'll pollute your bloodline."

He laughed. He tipped his head back and laughed.

"What are you laughing about? This is serious business," I snapped at him, not getting his reaction at all.

His eyes found mine, the amusement sparkling in his, even though he'd schooled his face into more serious lines. "You can't mate someone accidentally. You have to both be of the same mind with the same intentions to mate. I can bite you during sex from here till hell freezes over and I won't end up mated to you unless we both want it to happen."

"What?!?" Without thinking, I jerked upward, smacking him in the face with my head.

He dropped on top of me, forcing me back to the mattress. He waited a moment, then levered his chest off mine. "Ow." His eyes glittered, though, when he said it.

"Sorry. You just took me by surprise." I cupped his cheek with my hand. "Are you sure about this? I can't imagine Mason lying to me about something this important."

His expression softened. "Mason is your alpha now? Old Elkan's son?"

"Yeah."

"That explains everything." He started gliding his cock in and out of me absently. "Elkan and Foster went way back. Hell, Elkan was over a hundred and twenty when his mate, Libby, gave birth to Mason. Anyway, Foster's first mate was a human. One he *chose* to mate. But you know how the pack is about weakening the bloodline, so Elkan and Foster started the myth that weres could be so caught up during sex they could accidentally mate."

"Foster was my grandfather."

"Ah. Well, his human only bore one daughter to him before she was taken by pneumonia. She refused to be turned. I take it that daughter was your mother?"

I nodded, overwhelmed with the information he was giving me.

He picked the speed of his strokes up, and I felt the fire flaring to life again in my

groin.

“Oh, God. I want you to bite me.” I felt my face color with the heat of a blush. But my curiosity was stronger. I wanted to know what it would be like to have a wolf bite me during sex.

“My pleasure.” He assaulted my mouth with his, sending me right over the edge of arousal into a frenzied drive that had us slamming our hips together as we sought the ultimate pleasure of release.

I burned when he moved his mouth to my neck and sucked the same section of flesh between his teeth.

We pounded against each other, my fingernails digging into the muscles in his back as my entire body coiled with tension. His cock thickened, dragging a scream from my throat, teasing both bundles of nerves inside my channel.

Then he bit me. His teeth bore down on my skin, the scent of my blood tinged the air, then he sucked.

I detonated, sobbing his name as my body shattered into a million pieces. Lights flashed inside my head as I bucked and jerked, and my vagina squeezed and clenched his cock.

He swiped his tongue over the wound, nipped his way a few inches up, then bit me again.

A second, harder orgasm rocked through me. I couldn't catch my breath. I couldn't do anything but let the intense sensations consume me. Then I felt the heat of his seed blast across my womb as his hips continued to pump, his mouth continued to suck.

“Reed,” I gasped, the shudders slowly riding down to tremors.

“Tia,” he whispered in a hoarse voice as he stiffened and shot the last of his cum into me.

Then he dropped on top of me, his breath sawing in his lungs, his heart beating wildly against my chest. I let my legs fall away from him, but kept him wrapped in my arms as my world realigned.

“I don't feel mated.” I couldn't help the awe that colored my voice.

“That's because you're not,” Reed grunted as he rolled off to my side.

“Well, doesn't that just beat all?” I wiggled around until I could see his face better. “Tell me, Reed,” he'd known about the biting, he must surely know more, “why doesn't anyone ever kiss me?”

I watched as several emotions flitted behind his eyes, ending up with a look of irritation. “Because you're a female pack member. As you well know, all weres have a high libido.” His grin flickered back in place. “There's nothing wrong with fucking, and I can't really fault them for their beliefs since they really do believe they'll mate you if they bite you during the act. But to answer your question, they only let things get more personal, allow themselves to take the sex to another level, if they *have* to, which is mostly with humans or when they find the one they want to mate.”

“You kissed me.” I dropped my eyes and peeked at him through my lashes. Caught myself and raised my head.

“Most men would.” He placed a kiss on the tip of my nose. “At least those of us who weren't raised in your pack and don't fear intimacy. Kissing, fondling, playing are all part of sex. Parts I enjoy, just like biting.”

“You do it well.” I toyed with a strand of his hair.

“Mmmm,” he grumbled. “I’m definitely going to fuck you again. But why don’t we take a breather and get something to eat?”

“Let’s go see what’s in the fridge.”

He kissed me again before he jumped out of the bed and yanked me to my feet.

“Meat,” he said, as he cupped my buttock and shoved me towards the door. “Lots of meat.”

* * * *

We were sitting at the kitchen table, in the buff, eating pot roast and sliced chicken.

“So,” I took a moment to lick the juice off my thumb, “do you make jewelry?”

“I’ve been known to work with it.” He cut off another slab of the roast and dropped it onto his plate.

“You gonna help me get started?”

“From what I saw, you look like you’ve got the basics down.”

“Yeah, but I never learned the whole process. I just did the wax work.”

Reed was quiet for a while, his expression way too serious for the question I’d asked. “I’ll help you. But not until after your season.” He leveled a steady gaze on me. “I’m not sure your pack would appreciate our ... involvement.”

I snorted and a chunk of beef flew out onto the table. “That’s an understatement.”

He snagged my projectile and popped it into his mouth, lust flashing to life in his eyes.

We finished the rest of the meal quickly. Then we returned to the bedroom where Reed showed me a whole other side to sex that I’d only gotten a taste of from Risk.

He didn’t leave until late the following afternoon.

Chapter Four

I'd changed the bedding and showered. Now I was deciding what to wear. I figured I'd go to the Oak Barrel for dinner and see what Conner was up to. Really, I was hoping to run into Biggs. I kept thinking about the three of us together, but Conner faded into the background. It was Biggs who heated my blood, gave me a charge.

I didn't think I was that lost in thought, but the warm male hands that circled my waist took me completely by surprise.

"Eep!" I jumped, but the hands held me in place, slowly gliding up my ribs to cover my breasts.

"The things I go through to get you alone." Lips brushed along the side of my neck while a rock hard erection pressed against the crease of my ass.

"Risk!" My heart flipped over in my chest, and I squirmed until he let me turn around in his arms. "Hey, I missed you."

His laugh was low, slightly evil, and skittered across my skin. "Whenever did you have the time?"

"You mean Reed?"

He nodded, the edges of his lips twitching up into a slight smile.

"He's nice and all, and he gave me some valuable information, and he's going to help with my jewelry making, but..." *But what?*

Risk stared at me, waiting for me to continue, his hands gently kneading the soft flesh of my ass.

"I don't know how to explain it," I grimaced at him. "I get this ... thrill when I see you that I don't get from the other guys. There's like an electrical charge humming off you that ... resonates inside of me."

I canted my head as I squinted up at him. One side of his mouth curved the rest of the way in a wickedly sexy grin.

"You've made it worth the effort I took to get to you." He cupped his hands under my buttocks and lifted me off the floor. His mouth came down on mine in an aggressive kiss, his tongue shoving mine around, then circling, caressing.

I wrapped my legs around his hips, pulling the ridge of his arousal tight to my sex. His entire frame stiffened.

"Fuck, what you do to me," he hissed.

"What's that?" I asked in a hushed voice.

"I find myself craving you, the feel of your cunt, the taste of your blood. You drive me wild with that ... pulsating thing that you do." He closed his eyes a moment, then opened them to study my face. "I want more."

An elation raced through me that I'd never felt before, a warmth, and a quickening of my heart that had nothing to do with arousal. I blinked at the vampire in a kind of awe at these new feelings. "I'd like to give you more."

"Yes." His eyes flared, satisfaction in his expression turning quickly to possession.

He captured my mouth, and I felt a part of my soul reach out to him and grab tight.

"Yes," he murmured against my lips as he lowered me to the bed.

* * * *

Mason was the first one through the door the following afternoon, followed by a handful of his security team. Risk had left after dawn, and I was revising my opinion on the threat that sunlight posed to him. The alpha snagged my wrist and spun me towards the bedroom, shoving me through the door and towards the bed.

“Get your clothes off, then bend over. Brace your arms on the mattress.”

I got into position and glanced back at him. Watched as he freed his cock from his jeans. Aware of the fact that I wasn’t reacting to him as I usually did.

Then I dropped my head to my forearms as he stepped behind me. His fingers clamped down on my hips, and a moment later, he impaled me.

He pumped in and out of me slowly. “A few of us are testing the difference in fucking you today, just before your season goes full, and tomorrow when you’re hot.” He picked up the pace. “If you’ve become too much of a danger, we need to know that.”

Kyle dropped down on the bed next to me. “We’ve got a plan. Sort of.”

I’d rolled my head up so I could see him. “Sort of?” Mason ground against me, a low growl of displeasure rumbling from him for my lack of attention to what he was doing.

“We’ve agreed to wear muzzles if Mason thinks you’ve become too dangerous,” Roberts said from somewhere behind me.

“It would work,” Aaron stated. “Even if it isn’t all that comfortable.”

“Better than the alternative,” Mason snarled, digging his cock into me harder.

I shut out the others as they continued the discussion, and focused on the sensations Mason was sparking along my channel. My pelvic muscles contracted, and I started to shove my hips backwards to meet Mason’s thrusts. I was teetering on the brink of release when Mason cursed and his cum shot into me in a series of hard spurts.

He backed away, and someone stepped in to take his place. My pending orgasm sputtered out, escaping me. One after another they fucked me, but something had changed. I wasn’t sure if it was them or me, but when the last wolf drew his cock out of my body, I was left ... wanting.

And I suspected I knew exactly what it was I wanted.

I heard them leave and turned towards the bathroom, only to find Mason leaning up against the doorjamb.

“Where’d you get all the bites?” he scowled at me.

“I met a wolf who showed me he could bite me without mating me.”

Mason gave me one, slow blink. Then he was on me, his hands grasping my upper arms, his fingers digging painfully into my flesh. “I’ll fucking tear his throat out.”

“Mason!” But he wasn’t listening to me anymore. He was sniffing one of the bites, cursing a blue streak.

He smelled me for a lot longer than I thought necessary, until I looked at his face and saw the raw lust that burned in his eyes, how tight his skin stretched over cheekbones flushed with color.

My season had begun.

* * * *

I was jolted out of sleep when a hard, hot cock speared straight to the back of my vagina.

“Wake the fuck up,” Mason growled, setting a brutal pace before I’d even opened my eyes.

I groaned as his shaft cleaved its way through my swollen tissue.

“Better,” he snapped, grabbing one of my legs and forcing it up towards my chest. Then he grasped the other and did the same with it, pounding ruthlessly against my womb as he rumbled in approval.

I blew. My orgasm wrenched through my inner muscles, both squeezing his cock and making it harder for him to penetrate me.

“So fucking tight.” He braced himself higher, using his weight to power into me.

I was winding down from the climax when I noticed he was glaring at me, his features harsh, teeth bared. I tightened the muscles in my legs, holding my knees between our bodies, as he started lowering his head towards my throat. I shoved against his chest as he hammered away at my sex, the tendons in his neck standing out with the strain of his effort to get his mouth on me.

His body jerked, then the wash of his semen warmed my cervix as he spewed his seed. He threw his head back and howled as he continued to empty his balls, and I breathed a sigh of relief. When he had given me everything he had, he tore his cock out of me and stumbled off the bed.

“That was too fucking close.” His eyes were wild as he put more distance between us. “Way too fucking close.”

I guess the marks on my neck weren’t enough to dispel a lifetime of belief.

He stomped into the bathroom and slammed the door behind him.

* * * *

The rest of the guys started rolling in a couple of hours later.

I had fresh sheets on the bed, a cleanly scrubbed body, but not a whole lot of enthusiasm. Kyle and Aaron were passing out soft nylon muzzles to every man who walked in. Mason was sitting as far away from me as he could get, twisting his guard in his hands as he glared about the room.

I wandered into the kitchen and poured myself another mug of coffee. The tension in the air was getting on my nerves. Bryce came sniffing up behind me, rubbing his erection against my back until Mason shouted for him to get his ass back with the rest of them.

When I made my way out there myself, about half of the men had shifted, the other half working on strapping the muzzles over their snouts.

Mason came up to me, his gait stiff, beads of sweat dotting his hairline. “You’re responsible for putting this on me. If you fuck up, I *will* kill you.” Then he started to shift before I could even come up with a reaction.

I didn’t waste any time putting the device on him as soon as he was fully wolf. I know he’d said that none of the men could ever hurt me, but the look in his eyes told me differently.

He narrowed those eyes further, then nosed open my robe, so I slipped it off and threw it over the back of a chair. Several of the wolves yipped their excitement and milled about the room full of restless energy. The scent of their arousal flooded the air, making me twitchy, too.

I watched Mason as he swiveled his head, studying his members, then he started towards the kitchen, glancing back at me, jerking his head to let me know he wanted me

to follow. He led me through the house and thumped against the back door until I opened it. I held it while they all filed out into the backyard, then joined them there. The wolves ranged in a loose circle around me, Mason butting up against the backs of my legs, telling me to kneel.

It wasn't the first time I'd ever been with a were in his natural form, but it was the first time I'd been with the entire group of them that way. I nearly laughed at the thought that their fear was so great they'd gone to this length. Then I saw the blatant hunger in their eyes. A chill went over me at how worked up they were. I'd never seen them this intense.

I dropped to my hands and knees, then lowered my head submissively. Mason settled himself over my back. His head wedged against my shoulder, his front legs tight along my sides.

He poked at me a few times with the head of his cock until it was seated at my opening. Then he drove himself in. The fur on his stomach and haunches tickled the skin on my back and ass as he hunched his entire length into me.

He was bigger as a wolf. His cock stretched the tender walls of my sex. His strokes came faster, harder, in this form as well, so I locked my elbows and braced myself for his assault.

He tightened his hold with his chin, his legs digging into my sides as he humped his cock in and out of me. My climax slashed through me, my pussy spasming around his shaft, eliciting a growl out of him as his thrusts turned jerky, less controlled.

Then his dick swelled further, throwing me into another orgasm. He ground his pelvis against my ass, then started spurting. His cum burst from him, then a pause before he shot another blast of semen. This continued for a couple of minutes, his seed filling me, before he stopped.

His fur was warm against my back as he rested there for a moment. Then he rubbed his head against the side of my face and dismounted.

The next wolf approached, and the thought popped into my head that it was going to be a very long day.

* * * *

The days passed in a blur of angry animal sex, mostly on their part, and dissatisfaction, mostly mine. I was more than happy to see the last of them go when my season ended. I peeled myself off the ottoman I was draped over and headed towards the bathroom, only to come up short when I found Mason leaning against the wall.

"We've got a problem."

Oh goody, I thought and almost said, until I noticed his forehead was creased with a frown.

"You're getting more potent all the time." With a heavy sigh, he grabbed my arm and led me to the bed. "There were several other shifters we had to run off that were drawn to you this time."

I hadn't known that.

He urged me onto the bed. "You're going to have to have the spells taken off you. None of us can get you pregnant anyway. There's no reason for you to keep them on."

He jammed his hips between my legs and plowed his way in.

"Mason..." I didn't want the spells taken off. I had lovers outside of the pack now,

and I wanted to keep them. "Wait, you're not protected."

"Easy. I'll kill you if you let anything happen. I'm mad enough at you as it is. I've told you before, and I won't tell you again. You are not to fuck anybody outside of the pack." He emphasized his words with sharp stabs of his cock.

"You can't do that to me, Mason." I'd meant to put force behind my words, but they ended up coming out breathy.

"I just did." He lowered his chest to mine, resting most of his weight on my body, making it hard for me to breathe let alone talk.

Resigned, I threw myself into the sex, hoping to get it out of the way quickly.

I should have known better. He fucked me well into the early hours of the morning. Until I couldn't move anymore, couldn't think.

"I'll send Nadja to you later today," he said as I was drifting off to sleep.

When I woke up that evening, he was long gone.

* * * *

The house was comfortably silent around me for the first time in days.

I took a plate of beef and cheese cubes out to the back porch and tucked my feet up under my thighs on the glider at the far end. A gentle breeze lifted my hair, bringing with it the scent of freshly mown grass.

The low rumble of an engine as it neared caught my attention but didn't motivate me to get up from my perch to investigate. The dull thunk of a door shutting reached me, followed by the sound of footsteps as they padded around the side of the house to the rear.

"Hello." Biggs' large frame ambled towards me, a thrill at the sight of him shooting straight to my core.

I barely hit the end table with my plate as I jumped up to greet him. "Hi."

He stopped a foot away from me, his eyes roaming down the length of my body, then back up to my face. "I thought those wolves would never leave." Then he bent, wrapped his arms around me, and lifted me off my feet.

"I wish they'd never come back," I said on a breath of air as he lowered his lips to mine.

Lust blazed through me when our mouths met, followed closely by something I couldn't quite name. I wanted this man, but I wanted something more from him, something different.

He set me back on my feet and cupped the side of my face in his palm. "Do you have any idea how special you are?"

A laugh shot out of me. "I'm not special. I'm a freak."

"You look so delicate. Your skin is so soft, but underneath you're tough." He traced his way down to my neck, toyed with the fine hairs on my nape. "There's an electricity, an energy that radiates off you and grabs me right by the balls." He bent and nuzzled the top of my head. "And you smell like heaven."

"You say that to all the half wolves you know?" I thought I might melt right on the spot.

He tipped my face up and stared hard at me, "No".

"Oh, my."

Then he carried me into the house and to the bed.

* * * *

Biggs only stayed a couple of hours, but those two hours meant more to me, felt better to me, than all the days of my recent season. I don't know exactly what he did that made being with him better than being with the pack males, but I felt it in his touch, in the way he looked at me.

I was back in place on the glider, furiously trying to think of a way that I could have Risk and Biggs without having the pack. Nothing was coming to me, though.

I heard the crunch of gravel and looked eagerly in the direction of the drive, hoping Biggs had come back, or better yet, Risk.

"There you are." Nadja, wearing a bright yellow sundress with orange and pink flowers, and an infectious grin, skipped up onto the porch and trotted in my direction. "What'd you do to piss Mason off?" She plopped down on the other end of the glider and eyed my coffee.

"Coffee's in the kitchen. If you bring me a refill, I'll tell you." I tamped down the disappointment I felt that it was only *her*, berating myself for feeling that way about one of my few real friends.

With a knowing twinkle in her eyes, she sprang from her seat and disappeared into the house.

I finished the snack I'd abandoned earlier and was thinking about heading after her to get my own refill when she clattered out the door, carrying a tray laden with plates and mugs.

"Cookies!" I beamed at her as I snagged two before she'd even set her burden down.

"So give. Mason actually growled at me when he ordered me over here to 'fix' you."

"He almost bit me," I admitted.

Nadja huffed at the statement.

"And he doesn't like the fact that I'm sleeping with males outside of the pack," I added.

"Ah." She took a sip of coffee. "Are any of these men ... potentials?"

I thought about it for a minute. "There's this vampire, Risk Boudreaux. I think he might be a potential. He's talked about wanting more from me than just sex. I just don't have any experience to figure out where it's going. There's also this werepanther, Biggs. He was here earlier. I don't think he's mate material, but he's more than a casual thing. Does that make sense?"

"Yup," she smiled, "and that settles it then." She nodded her head, having come to some decision that I wasn't in on. I raised an eyebrow at her, wondering if she was going to tell me about it.

She slipped inside and was gone so long I swung my feet to the floor and started to get up to go after her, only to plop back down as she stepped back onto the porch. Her smile was full of mischief.

"What?" I squirmed, knowing she was up to something.

I felt a change in the air pressure, saw her turn in that direction, and watched in amazement as a leanly muscled man with long golden hair and sky blue eyes simply materialized on the porch.

"Tia, I'd like you to meet a mage friend of mine, Vendor Dark." She leaned towards the captivating man. "I'll remove the spells because Mason ordered me to, but Vendor will put different ones in their place, because you deserve them."

The mage's eyes glittered at me as he crossed the distance between us. Taking my hand in his, he bent over it, lightly brushing his lips across my knuckles. "I'll be happy to help you in any way I can."

I felt myself falling into the cool blue depths of his eyes. "Thanks."

* * * *

Nadja and Vendor had done just what they'd said they would do. I had a new anti-pregnancy spell in place, and one that suppressed my bleeding. All I had to do was say the magic words, *solvo mihi ex illa alica*, and the spells would dissolve.

I thought it was great.

I also wondered if Dark would come back sometime to check up on me. Then I wondered what sex with a mage would be like. Then I thought of Mason and how he'd blow a fuse if I started sleeping with yet another man outside of the pack. From there my thoughts went to Risk and Biggs and the elusive thrill that I felt only with those two men. Which brought me to Risk and his telling me he wanted more from me, and what that all might entail.

I continued my pondering as the light faded from the sky and darkness started to settle around me. The evening air was slightly cooler, a light breeze tempting me to move as I nudged the glider in a gentle rocking motion. The sounds of nocturnal creatures increased, and I longed for the ability to shift so I could give chase.

"Why the frown?"

I jumped at the sound of Risk's voice, not having heard him arrive. Glancing around, I couldn't find him. "Risk?"

He appeared out of the darkness farther down the porch.

"That's a neat trick," I smiled at him.

"Very." He came towards me with a loose, easy stride that heated my blood. "What's *that* look for?"

He sat close enough to me on the glider that our legs touched, my shoulder rubbing against his biceps.

"I love the way you walk."

He barked out a laugh while he caught me around the shoulder and held me tight.

"You're always surprising me with the things that you say."

I grinned up at him like an idiot.

He pulled me into his lap for a long, leisurely kiss, his eyes burning with an emotion I'd never seen when he released me.

"I want to make you mine." His voice was gruff, his arms steel bands around my back as he kissed me again, ate at my mouth.

"I almost hate to intrude on this lovely scene."

I jumped again, but Risk didn't, as Mason spoke from the shadows. Then he stalked into view, his wolf so close to the surface the bones of his face stood out in harsh relief.

"That's my woman, vampire," he growled, his muscles rippling as his body grew larger.

Risk turned to look at him, his features blank but with a definite fire flickering in the depths of his eyes. "I'm not sure that Tia shares your opinion on that." His eyes narrowed further. "I know I don't."

Mason took a step closer to the vampire, looming over him in his wolf-man form.

“She knows who she belongs to.”

I wriggled in Risk’s grasp, and he finally let me move off his lap to sit beside him.

“Tell him, Tia,” my alpha growled.

Mason was right. I belonged to the pack. But I wanted Risk, wanted what I felt when I was with him. I opened my mouth to tell him so, but nothing came out. I took a deep breath and tried again, this time only producing a whisper.

“I want Risk.”

“Well, well.” Vendor Dark appeared just beyond Mason, his eyes a much darker blue than they’d been earlier that day.

Mason spun on him, and I held my breath, certain he was going to attack the mage.

“Who the hell are you?”

Dark held up his hand, his fingers tracing a pattern in the air in front of him. “I’m the man who’s going to see to it that Tia gets what she wants.”

Mason stared at the mage, but Dark had turned his attention to Risk, giving him a hard, assessing look. Then he nodded. Just as the alpha leapt at Dark, the mage began to dissolve, and I realized that Risk and I had started fading as well.

Chapter Five

I blinked, my surroundings slowly coming into focus.

“Where are we?” I took in the rustic oak beams that crossed the ceiling, the stone wall that housed an enormous fireplace, and the comfortable overstuffed furniture.

Risk was eyeing Dark, an expression on his face I couldn’t read. “My home.”

The mage shrugged. “I had to take you somewhere, and my place is quite a bit farther away.”

The vampire took a step towards him. “Oh, it’s not coming here that bothers me.”

Dark’s eyes shifted to midnight blue as he focused on Risk. “Were you not paying attention back there, or did you miss the wolves that were gathering in the dark?”

Risk’s eyes widened, then flicked to me. “Did you sense them?”

I shook my head, wondering what it meant.

“Your alpha came to a decision earlier.” The mage turned his gaze on me. “Not long after Nadja and I left you, he called his men together. She ... overheard them. Most of the wolves were unhappy with your involvement with outsiders. They decided it was best for everyone to bring you back to the compound.” He blinked, just once, but I felt the heaviness inside of him for what he was about to say. “They figured they could control you better if they kept you confined.”

“No.” The word came out of me on a breath of air. I stumbled over to the couch and flopped down on it, my legs suddenly too weak to hold me up. Confinement was a punishment. It went against the wild nature of the wolf, our need to run free. Mason only caged or leashed a pack member if they’d done something extremely violent.

“Nadja contacted me and asked me to help.”

“So what is she supposed to do now?” Risk came towards me, his fingers clenching and unclenching.

“I believe that’s up to you.” Dark inclined his head towards the vampire.

Risk slouched down next to me, dropping an arm around my shoulder, drawing me close. “You’ll stay here with me, of course. But we’ll have to figure out a way to defuse your pack.”

I blinked at him stupidly, still not processing Dark’s information very well. Visions of collars and chain-link enclosures crowded my thoughts.

The mage joined us, kneeling in front of me, taking my hands in his. “Just remember, Mason knows that Risk will not be able to help you during the height of the day.”

I blinked at Dark, trying to decipher this statement as well.

“I’ll work something out to keep her safe then.” Risk’s arm tightened around me.

The mage studied him for a moment, then looked back at me. “I have to go. But if you ever need me, just concentrate on my name.”

I gave him a weak smile, then gasped when he captured my mouth in a searing kiss. I was starting to get light-headed when he pulled away. He winked at me, clasped Risk’s free hand briefly, then disappeared.

“You wouldn’t happen to know anyone tough enough to fight several werewolves at one time, would you?”

I don’t think he really expected an answer from me, but the image of Biggs popped

into my head. "Biggs."

"He wouldn't be a werewolf by any chance, would he?"

My brow furrowed as I looked into his eyes. "Oh," understanding suddenly dawned on me, "you're thinking of Reed."

This time, it was his turn to do the frowning.

* * * *

It was dark and warm and cozy. A wonderful lethargy lingered over me, and I wrapped the blanket tightly around my shoulders, knowing I was dreaming and enjoying the dream. Out of the darkness I heard the muffled movement of others, a low murmur of their voices, but I was too warm, too comfortable to get up and investigate. Instead I opened my senses.

"Glad to know you care," the deep velvet sound of Risk's voice drifted to me. "So you're saying that your people's mating ritual is more powerful than the wolves'?"

"Much." I heard another male voice, and a thrill went through me when I identified it as Biggs'. "Because of the bondmate, the link."

"So what do I have to do to mate her?" I heard Risk ask, and it didn't seem at all strange to me that he was doing so. That a vampire would be asking a panther about how to mate a werewolf.

"For us," Biggs rumbled, "there are four steps. In the first one, you claim her as yours. The second one, you place your mark on her. The third, while you're fucking her, you pierce her skin with your bite and drink her blood." He snorted, and I had to agree that was a stupid thing to tell a vampire. "The last step, and the one that binds the two of you as mates, again while you're fucking, you take each other's blood and merge your magics if you can."

"What about you?" My vampire's voice had dropped to a husky low, heavy with desire.

"I fuck her alone first, exchanging blood and merging magics. Establishing the bond. The more times we come together, the tighter the link. The farther away from her I can be and still hear her call." Biggs sounded positively energized.

"Is that all?" I heard the rustle of clothing, then silence.

"Then we have to fuck her together, the two of us taking her blood at the moment of climax." He continued talking, his voice dropping to a murmur as my mind envisioned being with both men at the same time, my heart tripping over itself with the idea.

I drifted through a few scenarios that kept me wrapped in the arms of my two favorite males.

I jerked when a hand came down on my shoulder, amazed at how quickly I'd shifted from the dream to reality.

Naked, Risk crawled onto the bed with me. "Good, you're awake."

"Is Biggs joining us?" I rolled my head to the side and saw the larger man watching us with keen interest. Only a part of me realized that I already knew he was there.

"Not just yet." He worked his hips between my legs, urging me to grasp his waist with my knees.

Then he kissed me, forcefully shoving my tongue around with his, dominating my mouth. He speared his way inside my vagina with comparable strength. His hips powered his cock in a demanding rhythm that challenged me to keep up. His lips trailed along my

cheek then captured my earlobe, his teeth nipping it lightly. He moved to the sensitive spot behind my ear and suckled the flesh there. Brushing his way down my neck, he continued to pause at various locations to suck on me. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever experienced, and before I knew it, I was shattering.

"Risk!" I bucked, my body jolting against his as the pleasure raced through me.

"Mine!" he growled, his hips working furiously, his cock plowing through my inner muscles, dragging out my orgasm. Then he stiffened, cursed, and I felt the hot wash of his cum as he found his release.

He braced himself close to my chest, the fine pelt of hair he sported teasing my nipples as he breathed. Then he started stroking his semi-hard shaft inside of me. It wasn't long before he was fully erect again, his pace increasing. He raised his head from where he'd rested it next to mine, and stared into my eyes.

"You are mine. I will not allow your alpha to lay a hand on you again."

I blinked stupidly at him. "You don't know what you're saying."

He grinned this sinful half grin at me, his fangs showing. "I know exactly what I'm saying: I'm making you mine, I'm taking you as my mate."

"Really?" I blurted before I thought about it.

"Really." His eyes darkened further as he bent towards my neck. "This time, when I bite you, I expect you to bite me back."

He was mating me? He was *mating* me! Maybe it meant something different to vampires than it did to wolves.

He pressed his lips to my neck, and it became difficult to think. Then his thrusts changed as he rotated his hips with every stroke, and I gave up trying to figure the situation out altogether as my pelvic muscles began to coil, tighten. When he sank his fangs into me, I blindly grabbed the skin of his shoulder between my teeth and bit down. I exploded in a flash of light, my climax causing my jaw to clench, followed by the spicy flavor of his blood as it filled my mouth. I swallowed in time with the buck of my hips against his.

Mine! he cried out within my mind.

Yours! I echoed, my magic flaring, reaching out to him.

His own power rose, wrapping around mine, twining with it. I could no longer tell where I ended and he began, until the heat of his seed, as he spewed into my depths, gave me a point of reference.

As I came back into my head, I actually felt him remove his mind from mine, felt his power as it slid away from me, leaving only a trace behind.

"Holy shit," I breathed.

"I'd have to agree." He dropped on top of me, and I felt myself drifting off.

The last thought I had before sleep claimed me was, *What the hell is Biggs here for?*

* * * *

Warm lips pecking at my mouth roused me. I opened my eyes, and Risk deepened the kiss.

"Biggs will be taking over here for a while." He toyed with a lock of my hair, his eyes warm, his expression ... serene.

"Why?" No one had ever explained mating rituals to me outside of the bite. At least, I assumed that's what this was all about.

“He’s to be our bondmate. Our link. He’ll take care of you whenever I’m unable to, or if anything should happen to me.” He looked at me with a soft expression that caused my heart to surge in my chest. “In return, you’ll take care of his sexual and emotional needs until he finds his mate. It both strengthens the bond, the link between the three of us, and reminds him of his obligations to you, to us.”

“Okay.”

He kissed me one last time, then moved off the bed, looking hard at Biggs before he walked away.

“Hey, little one,” the larger man peeled his shirt over his head, a glint in his eye, “it’s an honor to be chosen as your bondmate.”

“Thanks, Biggs.” I smiled at his chest, impressed with the vast amount of muscle there.

“Aden,” he said, bending over to remove his pants. “Call me Aden.”

“Alright.” He had lighter hair than Risk, a deep caramel brown that was long enough to brush his shoulders. Darker at the apex of his thighs.

Beautifully nude, he climbed onto the bed with a powerful ease of movement that surprised me in a man so large. I caught sight of his cock as he hovered above me.

“God, I love that cock.” I hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

He froze, his eyes boring into mine. “Is that so?”

“Yeah.” I couldn’t stop the smile that bloomed across my face, knowing I meant more to him than just a place to park his dick.

“Ahhh.” He kned my legs apart, positioned himself between them, then guided himself to my core. “I love your pussy, too.”

“Good,” I breathed as he flexed his hips and impaled me.

“Very,” he grunted as he lowered his chest over mine and began thrusting.

My inner muscles immediately snapped tight. “Shit, I’m going to come.”

“Even better,” he rumbled, increasing his pace.

He dragged his teeth along the side of my neck, sending a shiver through me, then he found a spot he liked and rested them there, not biting, but definitely getting ready to.

I shot over the brink, my vagina clamping down on his shaft as pleasure shot through my groin. He sank his fangs into me, and my magic rose hot and swift as he sucked my blood into his mouth.

Without thinking, I latched onto his flesh and bit down. A sweet, spicy taste invaded my mouth while his magic invaded my soul.

My vagina continued to spasm as he dug his fingers into my ass and held me still against his groin. I shuddered again as hot jets of his cum blasted across my womb, filling me, overflowing me to run in a trail down the crack of my ass.

He let go of my neck, so I released my hold on his, expecting him to pull out of me. He did, but he flipped me over, urging my hips up as he positioned himself to take me from behind. He rubbed the head of his cock around the opening of my sex, then pressed it hard against my anus. He pushed past the tight ring of muscle, burrowing straight into my rectum until his balls slapped against my cunt.

“Oh, God, yes.” I grasped the sheet in my fists and braced myself for what was to come.

He backed partway out, then slammed himself home. He lengthened his stroke, his balls swinging into me, slapping against my clit with every thrust. I shoved myself

backwards at him, felt my wolf rush through my center passing into him where we were joined.

He went berserk.

“You’ve got the tightest ass.” He hammered into me with a wild, erratic pace.

I felt the tension rise, the muscles fist, as I neared release. “*Fuck me.*”

He did, burying himself in my rectum with ever harder, faster strokes.

I screamed his name and kept on screaming as he powered himself to his own completion. Then he collapsed on his side, bringing me with him, his cock still embedded in my ass.

“That was the wickedest fuck I’ve ever had,” he rumbled.

I mumbled something in reply, certain I’d never be able to form a sentence again.

“Don’t plan on getting any sleep, yet.” His breath warmed the top of my head as he shifted closer to my back. “I’m not done with you.”

And he wasn’t.

Chapter Six

The scent of roasting meat greeted me when I opened my eyes. I rolled from the bed, then looked around for something loose to slip into. I found a soft, black cotton button down shirt in the closet, that draped nearly to my knees. Perfect. After a quick trip to the bath, I slipped it on and padded out of the room.

Following the aroma, I found my way to the kitchen, where Biggs was busy at the stove. I hopped up onto a stool at the counter so I could watch him while he worked. He was wearing only jeans that rode low on his hips, leaving a tremendous amount of sculpted muscle for me to admire.

“You just going to ogle me, or are you going to give me a hand?”

“Ogle?”

He laughed softly, shooting me a grin over his shoulder. “Get over here.”

I rolled my eyes, but slid off the stool and started searching the cupboards for plates and silverware.

“Does Risk eat food?” I found three mismatched plates, a fork, two spoons, and four knives. That was the grand total of his service.

“Sometimes.” Biggs motioned for me to hold out two of the plates while he divided the meat between them. “Vampires can live without eating, but it does provide them with fuel.”

He took the plates from me, and I stared at his ass as I followed him around the counter to the table.

“Just what I thought.” He grabbed me and pulled me up against his front. “Can’t keep your eyes off me, huh?”

I would have answered, but his mouth captured mine at that moment.

“Still at it?” Risk’s voice drew closer as he sauntered into the room.

I broke away from Biggs, turning my back to him as I reached for my vampire, idiotically happy to see him even though it had only been a few hours. His fingers tangled in the hair at the back of my head as he lowered his mouth to mine. Biggs pressed closer, warming my back, trapping my hips between his hands as Risk devoured me with his kiss.

“We need to eat,” he murmured against my lips.

“I’ll have to agree with him, Tia. Food first.” Biggs brushed his lips over the top of my head, then stepped away from me.

I waited until Risk had gone to the table before I moved from the spot I’d been standing in, surprised at how strongly I felt about the vampire at that moment. How much I wanted to throw myself on him. I grabbed the last plate, plunked it down between the two men, and helped myself to some of the meat piled on either of theirs. Then I parked my ass on the other side of the table and waited for Risk to eat.

“What are you looking at?” He scowled at me.

Yeah, I was staring. “It just never occurred to me that vampires would eat cooked meat.”

He rolled his eyes, cut a healthy bite from one of his steaks, and popped it into his mouth. “Just the way I like it.” He gave me an evil look. “Body temperature.”

Biggs snorted.

I tried, after that, to ignore the two men as I packed away my own portion of the food. When I was done, I carried my plate to the sink, Risk following. He pressed himself briefly against me. "Leave them."

Okay by me.

Biggs dropped his dinnerware in with ours, then swooped down and tossed me over his shoulder. "We've got better things to do right now," he rumbled as he set off across the kitchen.

It was a little hard to tell, what with being upside down and the view so distracting, but it looked like he was heading for the bedroom. Warmth pooled between my legs. Then I was flying as he tossed me onto the bed.

"Time to do some serious binding." Excitement buzzed through his words as he worked his pants off then sat next to me.

"Binding?" *Binding?* *Confining?* I squeaked, starting to panic at the thought of being tied up. My breath rasped in and out of my lungs as dark spots flickered before my eyes.

"Hey," Biggs grasped my shoulders and shook me, "what's the matter?"

"You're going to tie me up," I gasped between breaths.

"Not at all." Risk dropped down on my other side and wrapped his fingers around my thigh. "We'd never restrain you that way without your permission."

"It's what Mason was going to do to me. Trap me, contain me, keep me on a *leash*." I couldn't help the mix of emotions that were raging through me, causing a fear that I'd never felt before to churn in my gut.

Biggs leaned into me, turning my upper body, cradling my back against his chest. Risk tipped my chin up and stared somberly into my eyes.

"There's nothing to fear, Tia. It's a binding, yes—a binding of souls and a far different kind of leash than you're picturing. There's a sporting term that defines it best." The corners of his eyes turned up as he smiled. "Where a leash ... is simply any group of three."

I closed my eyes and got my breathing under control. When I opened them he captured my mouth in a kiss, pressing me harder into Biggs, the larger man's hands quick to slip around my sides and between our bodies to cup my breasts.

Risk eased away from me so he could undo the buttons on the shirt I was wearing. Biggs slipped it off me and tossed it away to land who knows where, while my vampire undressed. Then Risk centered himself on the mattress behind us.

"Come here, Tia."

My eyes widened as I took in the dark, smiling eyes, the wave of black hair that framed his achingly handsome face, his finely muscled physique, his cock so hard it stood away from his stomach. I scrambled over to him, centering that beautiful shaft between my legs. The bed dipped as Biggs positioned himself behind me.

"Allow me." The panther's breath was hot against my neck as he grasped Risk's cock and drew the head along my slit. When he had it seated at my opening, he released the other man, taking a moment to run his fingers along my labia and flick the tips against my clit.

Risk wrapped his hands around my hips, Biggs moving his to my breasts, where he teased and plucked my nipples. I sank down on my vampire's dick, taking the entire length of him in one long, slow move. He growled, tightened his hold on me, and stroked

me a few hard strokes before he stilled.

“Now.” He looked over my shoulder, and the next thing I knew the thick, greased head of Biggs’ cock was forcing its way past my anus. Stretching the tender flesh of my rectum until I was completely filled.

“Holy shit,” I breathed, afraid to move.

Biggs lowered his chest, forcing me closer to Risk. Then he started to thrust.

My body detonated. Sensation blasted its way from my rectum and vagina throughout my system, all the way to my extremities. Risk thrust in counterpoint, and I shot quickly to the verge. The wolf in me rumbled and rose closer to the surface, calling to Biggs’ panther and Risk’s power. I was lost, consumed with the feel of the larger man’s cock as it cleaved its way through my dark passage, igniting fire in the nerve endings there.

Risk’s shaft rubbed every inch of my sheath, sending my inner muscles into twinges of ecstasy. His magic entered me first, an electric charge that greeted then entwined my wolf. His mind followed, flooding me with the things he was feeling as he moved inside of me.

Biggs’ predator blasted in and wrapped around our two energies. When his mind merged with ours as well, my vagina clenched. Both men groaned and increased the speed of their thrusts.

I came, brutal pleasure rocketing through my groin, taking my breath away.

The men powered on, bringing me through my first orgasm and into my second. Their strokes no longer in perfect opposition. I felt my pelvic muscles constricting again, tensing. The two of them lowered their mouths in unison to either side of my neck and grasped my skin between their teeth. As the first ripples of climax flashed through me, they pierced my flesh with their fangs, slammed their cocks into me at exactly the same time.

I felt a scream building in my throat and tears running down my face as wave after wave of intense pleasure consumed me. They drew my blood into their mouths, and for one eternal moment, time stopped.

Our three entities merged into a single unit, all thoughts, all feelings, all emotions, one. Our hearts beat together, strong and fast.

Then their semen jetted into my depths, and time resumed. Biggs came again, his liquid heat filling my rectum, overflowing, as Risk surged inside my sheath and another burst of seed bathed my womb.

When Biggs had given me every drop of his cum, he collapsed against my back, smashing me into Risk. They both withdrew their fangs and licked the wounds. A gesture so achingly tender, new tears filled my eyes.

We lay that way for a moment, then Biggs moved to our side. “Damn. I never thought it would be like that.”

I didn’t have the energy to move from my position on top of Risk so I reached out to the panther and placed my hand over his heart. “Neither did I.”

He dropped his hand on top of mine and held me there.

“I’m still inside you,” Risk murmured.

I squeezed his shaft with my inner muscles. “So you are”.

“No. My magic and Biggs’—we’re still linked with your wolf inside of you.”

“We’ll get them back,” Biggs rumbled. “Well, most of them, but only when we’re

done.”

My eyes widened. “We’re not done?”

Risk chuckled, the action causing his dick to move in my channel, and I noticed he was hard again.

“I have to take you in my natural form.” Biggs kept our hands clasped as he rolled onto his side.

My eyes flicked to his groin where his arousal was clearly evident.

“Hmm. Sounds like an interesting proposition.” Risk flexed his hips and stroked himself slowly within me.

Then a picture formed in my head of how the three of us would do it. The slanted grin gracing Biggs’ mouth letting me know he’d supplied the imagery.

“Let’s give it a try.” Risk eased himself out of me, and the two of us moved to the foot of the bed.

“Let’s.” Biggs dropped to the floor and let the change take him.

I watched him for a second while Risk positioned himself over the end of the bed. Then he grabbed hold of my hand and tugged me to his face for a kiss.

His tongue danced erotically with mine, while his hands roamed my body. Then he pictured what he wanted me to do, and my vagina flooded with cream.

With less grace than I’d have liked, I stood between his feet and lowered my butt towards his lap, his hand coming up to cup my cheek as he placed the head of his cock against my anus. Then he gripped my waist and pulled me down his shaft until our bodies met. I slung a leg over each one of his and lay back on his chest.

He idly stroked his cock in and out of my rectum while he skimmed his hands over my ribcage to my breasts. He was pinching and twisting my nipples when the biggest panther I’d ever seen reared up over us and planted a massive paw on the bed to either side of me.

Ah, little bondmate, this is going to be so good, he purred in my mind.

Risk spread my legs wider by moving his farther apart, then Biggs adjusted his stance between them, bumping his cock against my sex. My vampire groaned, reached over my mound, and guided the other man’s shaft to my vagina.

I swear, the panther grinned.

Then he hunched his hips and started driving into me. I gasped as my inner muscles stretched to accommodate his size, his cock larger in this form, broader.

Risk moved his hands to my pelvic bones, pressing down while he stroked his shaft in and out of my ass opposite to the panther’s rhythm. With his palms gone from my breasts, the fur on the big cat’s chest tickled my nipples, causing them to harden even further.

I had been with two men at the same time before. Several times. I’d even been with Biggs before—him and Conner. But it had never, ever been like this. These two men filled me, surrounded me, captured my soul. And my body was responding in a way it had never responded to anyone else. I melted. Ecstasy pounded through my system in time with their thrusts.

I tangled my fingers into the fur on Biggs’ sides, a string of unintelligible words of pleasure spilling from my lips. He lowered his head to my shoulder, shifting his paws and arching his back to reach it. Risk levered me partially off his chest and angled his head so he, too, could grasp my flesh with his fangs. As one, they sank their teeth into my skin,

and I flew over the edge into a bright white bliss.

Moments, minutes later, I came back into my head, my body thrumming, my vagina trembling, as the two men shuddered out the last of their completion. They eased their teeth from me, Biggs rising up to stare down into my eyes, a mixture of awe and some other intense emotion in his that I thought just might be love. He seated his semi-hard cock more firmly inside of me, then he shifted back into his human form.

He kissed me, deeply but briefly, then looked over my shoulder. While I watched, he tipped his head to the side, offering the vampire his throat. The two men came together, nearly crushing me between them.

I could feel Risk swallowing the panther's blood. *Such power.* His thoughts flowed through me, along with the spike in energy he experienced from the essence he was consuming. He broke away with a little regret. I took a gulp of air as they parted momentarily, then Risk must have offered his neck in return, for Biggs bent forward and accepted the offering.

Once again, the thrill of power shot through me, along with appreciation.

This time, when Biggs backed away, he rose to his feet, pulling out of me with a sigh.

"Why don't we take a shower?" Risk suggested.

Why don't we take a nap? I hadn't meant to project it, but both men laughed, and I suddenly found myself being plucked off Risk and cradled against the panther's chest.

As Biggs carried me to the bathroom, my vampire at our side, I thanked God that these two men had found their way into my life.

* * * *

I stretched, glancing first one way then the other, noting Biggs wasn't there but Risk was. Rolling onto my side, I studied his face. No more relaxed now that he was deeply asleep than when he was awake. I eased a lock of his hair back behind his ear and found myself wanting to wake him up.

He didn't look like a monster. In fact, I was fairly certain most of the stories I'd heard about his kind were vastly exaggerated. With a sigh of regret, I left him to his much needed rest.

I took a leisurely shower, found my clothes clean and folded on the end of a dresser, then headed for the kitchen. There was a note there from Biggs, stuck to the side of the fridge, telling me he'd gone shopping for more food.

I snacked on some cold pork while the coffee brewed. Took a mug of it with me, when it was ready, out onto the back patio. It was early afternoon, judging by the slant of the sunlight coming through the trees. A beautiful day with a light, warm breeze that called to my wolf. I slugged down my coffee, intent now on investigating the woods that surrounded Risk's house. I hit the grass, and my heart soared, sending me off at a brisk lope into the trees.

I ran for half an hour, loving the earthy scents, the wind in my hair, and the flex and pull of muscles I hadn't used in too long a time. I tried to stay on a circular path, or as close as my wandering attention could make it, so I wouldn't stray off my mate's land. I ended up at the edge of a small clearing with a little stone fountain bubbling in the very center.

Curious, I walked over to the structure, immediately captivated with the oddly

shaped fish that swam in the pool at its base. I was watching one with a particularly ugly knob on the top of its head when I became aware of them. One by one, I identified the males of my pack as their scent reached me. Felt the slight electric tension of the hunt rippling through the air. And suddenly, I realized that I was the prey.

Risk, Biggs, the pack is here and they're hunting me!

I was thankful they weren't masking their presence from me this time, at the same time knowing they wouldn't want to. They'd want me to know they were coming for me, to fuel my fear. Their predatory nature demanded it.

I sensed when they started to fan out and knew there was no way I could either outrun them or fight them. There were too many of them, even if I'd been carrying any knives.

I'm here. Risk's voice soothed over me as a dark shape appeared, winding its way through the trees in a blur of speed. Then a large jet black panther glided into the clearing and moved with a powerful, easy lope to my side.

Risk? You're a panther?

I swear he shot me an irritated look.

Love, I can shift into anything that I've taken blood from. He rubbed his big, blocky head against my thigh, winked at me, then turned and sat down, facing the woods.

Moments later, an even larger panther pounded into the clearing.

Tia!

Aden! I ruffled the fur on the top of his head while he pressed his face against my stomach. He took up a position at my other side, his head swinging back and forth as he eyed his surroundings.

I caught glimpses of the wolves now. Their hackles were raised, their movements intent, angry. They didn't stop, just kept drawing closer until they ringed the very edge of the clearing. Every last one of them was snarling, foam flying from their mouths as they snapped their teeth in my direction.

Mason raged directly across from me, his eyes wild with his fury. The tension in the air increased, the scent of their bloodlust raising the fine hairs along my arms and the back of my neck. The panthers on either side of me tensed. Then, in a storm of motion and sound, Mason flew across the distance that separated us. I braced myself for impact, aware that other wolves had launched themselves at Risk and Biggs.

Mason screamed to a halt inches from me. He tipped his head, narrowed his eyes, then started to shift. I glanced around at the other wolves, and they, too, were doing the same thing. Just as my lovers were changing into their human forms, moving closer to me, bracketing me with their powerful bodies.

"Well," Mason looked at me, "I'll be damned."

I blinked back at him, wondering what the hell he meant.

He shot a glance at Kyle. "She's mated." Then he leaned forward, Risk and Biggs coiling, preparing to strike back if needed. But he simply sniffed me. "Huh." He stepped away, an odd expression of remorse passing over his face, then he turned and started walking towards the trees.

Each member of my pack repeated the action, some looking displeased, others obviously relieved. When the last man had disappeared into the woods, I goggled first at Biggs, then Risk.

"That's it?" I yelled, then worked to get control of myself, struggling with the fear

and the stress that still roiled through me.

Biggs leaned on one hip and ran his hand through his hair. "Looks that way."

I glared in the direction that Mason had disappeared to and thought my head might explode.

* * * *

Biggs stayed with us for another week, during which time I started to understand that I really was mated to Risk. I think the thing that firmed it up best in my mind was when he contracted to have a workroom built for my jewelry making. It told me, more than words ever could, that this really was my home now.

I also realized that I *really* liked the sex better with my mate than any of the others. Even Biggs, though he was next in line. Something about the connection the three of us had with each other added so much more to the experience.

Then one evening, Biggs hauled me to the bedroom just as Risk was waking up. I could tell, by the way the big guy was touching me, the feel of his magic as it entwined with ours, that he was leaving.

As we lay in a tangle of arms and legs afterwards, both men still buried within my body, I broached the subject. "You're leaving?"

Biggs brushed the hair away from the side of my face and pressed a kiss to my cheek. "It's time for you to get to know your mate, make your home with him."

I remembered what Risk had told me about my responsibilities to our bondmate. "But what about you?"

He laughed, pressing a large hand against my abdomen as he seated his cock deeper into my rectum. "I've been well taken care of."

I looked at Risk, my eyes begging him to help me out.

"He knows he's always welcome here, love. But you have to let him go. He'll want to find a mate of his own, you know."

Damn. I hadn't thought of that. "Well, hell."

I felt Biggs' laughter against my back before I heard it. "Glad to know you'll miss me." He bent over me and pressed his lips to mine, the kiss far too short for my liking. "I'll be around." He tweaked my nipple and winked at me. Then he slowly withdrew from my back passage and worked his way to the edge of the bed. "Anyone for a shower?"

Both Risk and I joined him. It was the longest shower I'd ever had, the two men oddly gentle with me ... until the very end. Then they hammered into me with the fire and force I loved so much, the three of us lighting up the room when we climaxed together.

They took turns drying me and themselves, then I threw on another one of Risk's shirts, while my mate pulled on a pair of soft cotton pants and Biggs dressed fully.

We walked with him to the living room, and he took me into his arms. "Remember, the rangers from southwest of Brookmoor are insatiable." His lips twitched in a grin. "I imagine I'll be seeing you again soon."

Then he picked me up and gave me a real kiss. Still, I worried about his living so far away when he was bound to us. I glanced at Risk, wondered briefly if he'd hear me if I spoke to Biggs in my mind. Deciding to take the chance, I went ahead and did it.

How do you really feel about being our bondmate?

He grinned, bent close, and whispered his response in my ear as he set me down.

I straightened away from him and found Vendor Dark standing next to Risk, wearing a sinful smile, his eyes so dark a blue they were nearly black. "I see everything is working out for you."

Dark's eyes reminded me of the night sky: deep and filled with power. But I also found sadness there, which made him more approachable. "Thank you for everything."

He tilted his head towards me, then flicked his eyes at Biggs. "Ready?"

Biggs and Risk grasped each other's forearms, exchanging a look but no words.

"I'm ready." He winked at me again and then started to dissolve.

I moved closer to Risk, leaning into him when his arm came around me as Dark began to fade.

The last things I saw of Biggs before he disappeared were his laughing eyes.

Epilogue

“Start with the grinder, then move to the sander, and repeat the process with an increasingly finer grit. After that, you’ll move to the buffer and polisher.” Reed demonstrated his words on an armband he’d made for me.

I scanned my first completed project: an intricate necklace. Even though Reed had done some of the work—okay, most of the work—I was still proud of it. I picked up the piece, then scooted closer to the grinder.

“Here you are.” Risk sauntered into the workshop. “How’s it going, Reed?”

“She’s a quick study and has a fine hand. She’ll be turning out beautiful pieces of her own in no time, and she won’t need my hairy ass around anymore.”

I laughed, but I knew he was telling me he was moving on. Now that I was mated and the only men that appealed to me were Risk and Biggs, I couldn’t blame him. He gathered his tools and the armband he’d been working on, then rose.

“I’ll drop this off when I’ve finished it.” He looked at me for a long moment.

I shot to my feet. There were so many things I wanted to say to him, thank him for. He drew me awkwardly into his arms and pressed a kiss to the top of my head. “It was my pleasure.”

Damn, he was good. He was nearly to the door before I got my wits together. “Thank you, Reed.”

He grinned at me, nodded to Risk, then walked out of my life.

Risk pulled me to his front and stroked his hands down my back in a soothing gesture. “You’ll see him again.”

“I know.” I burrowed into his chest, my *mate*’s chest, and let his scent, his warmth, and his love wrap around me.

“Are you sorry?” I knew he wasn’t talking about Reed, and though his voice was calm, I felt the underlying tension in his body as he waited for my reply.

I thought about my life with the pack. I’d enjoyed the sex, but it seemed so shallow now. Now that I had Risk and the love both he and Biggs held for me. The love I felt for them in return. Even more than that, Risk made me feel complete. I’d never been complete before.

“Never ... what about you?” I tipped my head back so I could see his face.

“All those women I gave up for you.” His lips twitched, but he clamped them tight.

“You’re going to miss them, huh?” I rocked my stomach against the erection I felt behind the placket of his pants.

He raised an eyebrow at me. “Terribly.”

“I guess I’ll just have to keep you too ... satisfied to even think about your loss.” I eased my hands between us and started working on his zipper.

“Did you ask Biggs the same question?” He placed his hand over mine, stilling my movements. “Do you miss him?”

“Yeah. You think he’s okay? He can fuck other women, right? He’s not alone?”

A warm chuckle rumbled deep in his chest. “You could ask him yourself. He is linked to us.”

I blinked at him for a moment before I understood what he was saying. “Oh, my

God, I never thought of that!"

I closed my eyes, but Risk brushed his fingers over my cheek, and I opened them again.

"It's only been a few weeks. And remember, with Dark he's only seconds away if he needs us."

Risk was right, and suddenly I felt kind of stupid for wanting the panther so.

My mate's expression clouded. "I know you're used to an active sex life. I should have taken that into consideration."

"What?" I gaped at him. "Risk, I cou..."

He laughed. A deep, rich sound that quickly shut me up.

"Very funny." I swatted his arm.

"You were so..." he fought to control his laughter, "so serious."

I slapped my hand to the front of his pants and dragged my palm down the length of his erection. That sobered him up and then some. Fire flared in his eyes, and he swatted my hand away, popped the snap, and started lowering the zipper himself. I quickly shed my pants and panties, then let him bend me over the spin caster. I braced my arms on the surface and lowered my head, waiting for him to enter me.

The broad head of his cock breached my opening, then stopped.

"So, what did Biggs say when you asked him about being your bondmate?"

So he did hear me. I wiggled my ass, wanting him to get a move on, not wanting to talk about the other man. His fingers tightened on my hips and held me still.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," I huffed. "He said," I felt my jaw clench as a variety of emotions shot through me, "with all the *binding* we'd been doing, he'd been getting ideas." No longer panicked at the thought, a wash of arousal leaked out of my vagina as I remembered the panther's whispered words. "That when he came back, he'd bring his own leash."

Risk's fingers tightened around my hips, a bark of laughter escaping him, his joy washing through me on a surge of magic. And in that moment I felt closer to him than I'd ever felt to anyone. I echoed his laughter and heard the distant sound of Biggs' voice in my head as he joined us. I was thoroughly and utterly complete.

Then, the man who'd blessed my life by standing by me, by loving me, by taking me as his mate ... slammed his cock all the way home.

The End

About the Author:

Lisa Andel writes unconventional, often dark, always hot, erotic romance. Her heroines are sassy and unique; her heroes, undeniably sexy.

She loves to work with all things paranormal, but has written both contemporary and futuristic stories as well.

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Two for One

T.A. Chase

Chapter One

The bartender winked at Jack Samson as he sat at the bar. A blush crept up Jack's cheeks, but he managed to smile back. Turning around, he leaned against the wooden counter and watched the men on the dance floor.

It was the first time he'd gone out since moving to Somerset. The city had a good reputation as being "gay-friendly" and had a few gay clubs. He wasn't sure why he decided to come to the Pretty Young Thing nightclub. He couldn't dance and his natural shyness made it difficult to pick a guy up. Well, that and the fact that he wasn't particularly good-looking.

At least he was a good fuck, or so Tom, his ex-boyfriend, had said just before he left for good. Jack shook his head. No dwelling on the past. Starting over again was one of the reasons he'd taken over the vet practice in Somerset. The opening at the practice came at the right time for him. He was ready for a new start where no one knew him. Maybe that would help him get out of the rut he was in.

"Want to dance?"

Jack glanced to his right and stared into a well-muscled chest covered by a tight white t-shirt. He trailed his gaze up to where a pair of hazel eyes twinkled down at him. His cock went hard. Hell, the man was gorgeous. Sandy blond hair complimented those hazel eyes. A nose with a slight bump in it kept the man from being pretty.

Full lips tugged into a smile, and Jack realized he'd been staring for a while. He flushed and dropped his eyes. Bad idea since he ended up staring at the sizable bulge behind the man's khakis.

"Dance?" the man asked again.

"I can't. Never learned how to." God, did that make him sound like a complete loser?

"It's a slow song. Don't need to know anything fancy for that." A large hand took his glass from him and set it on the bar.

Jack didn't protest as the blond pulled him to the dance floor. Within a minute, his arms were wrapped around the man's neck, and those warm hands cupped his ass to snug him close. He tried not to tense up. He really wasn't a dancer, but the graceful movements of the man whose arms encircled him made it easy to relax. Soon his head rested on the man's chest and he pressed tight to him, leaving no space between their bodies.

His cock twitched and grew harder. He'd be embarrassed by his reaction if there weren't a matching bulge rubbing against him.

"Tip your head." The order caressed his ear.

Jack leaned his head back, firm lips merging with his. Lust shot through him, making him gasp, and the man's tongue took advantage. Their tongues dueled and stroked. His hands entwined themselves in blond curls, and he gave himself up to the stranger.

He lost track of time in the man's embrace, unaware that he'd been rubbing against the man until the man pulled away from the wet kiss.

"I'm Brady Vanderly," the man introduced himself then nodded towards a dark corner. "Want to join us?"

Brady's words hardly registered as he led Jack's desire-filled body from the dance floor. As they got closer to the corner, Jack saw a dark shape seated at a table. Before he

could say anything, a hand shot from the dark and took his hand.

He landed on another man's lap. Stunned, he didn't protest as the man arranged him however he wanted. Large hands gripped his legs and spread them, forcing him to straddle a set of thick thighs. Another set of hands smoothed along his sides and over his groin. His dazed mind struggled to absorb what was happening ... what he was feeling.

Brady's warm chest leaned against his back, and Jack knew the blond shielded them from the rest of the club. The black-haired man cradled Jack's hips in his hands and rubbed their jean-covered cocks together. Jack moaned. He knew he should pull away, but lust took control of his mouth.

"Please." At least, that's what he hoped he said.

"I told you he would be delicious." Brady's mouth moved over his neck, finding the sensitive skin behind his ear and sucking.

Jack arched, his hands searching for a place to land.

"Hold on to me, little one." The other guy's voice was deeper and more commanding than Brady's.

Jack gripped the man's broad shoulders and tried to keep from crying out as Brady's hands unhooked his belt and opened his pants. A scandalized part of his head couldn't believe he was hanging all out in a club. That voice shut up when a hot, naked and thick prick touched his.

"Don't worry. No one can see us here in the dark." The thighs he sat on thrust up, causing their cocks to rub together.

Shocked, Jack looked down between their bodies. Brady held their cocks in his rough palm and pumped.

Jack opened his mouth to say something—anything.

The dark-haired man shook his head and took Jack's mouth. Unlike Brady, this man demanded entrance. Somehow, the man figured out a rhythm with Brady, and Jack found his cock being fisted at the same time his mouth was being fucked by the other man's tongue.

"You should see the two of you together. Both so beautiful. Two fat pricks in my hand. I can smell you. Want to taste you. Want to fuck your ass so hard, you scream."

The words stoked the flames higher. Jack felt his hips rocking. The smell of sex filled his nose. His climax built, starting a tingle at the base of his spine. His fingers tightened on the bigger man's shoulders.

"Gonna come," he grunted.

One of those huge hands left his hips to pull their shirts out of the way. "Let's come together."

"Oh, I want to see this." Brady whispered under the driving beat of the music.

Jack knew he'd be embarrassed afterwards, but at the moment all he could think of was the feel of cock and hand. His balls tightened. One hard pump and twist at the base of their pricks. Both Jack and the dark man came. Pressing their mouths together, they swallowed the other's cry.

Cum spurted, coating their stomachs and Brady's hand. Brady kept stroking, making sure to encourage every drop from them.

Jack collapsed against the wide chest. It had been a long time since he'd come that hard. Strong arms encircled his waist, pulling him closer still. He murmured. He didn't have the strength to wonder why he'd allowed two strangers to jerk him off in a crowded

night club.

“Brady, go get a towel and some water,” the dark man ordered.

“Sure.”

A hand caressed Jack’s back before moving away. He managed to sit back enough to look at the man whose body he snuggled with.

“Simon Wittman. I’m Brady’s partner.”

“Jack Samson.” He couldn’t believe he was introducing himself while his cum dried on the man’s skin.

“You’re new in town.” Simon shifted him so he stood between the man’s legs.

“Yeah. I bought out Dr. Hubbard.”

“Oh, wow. You’re the new vet, huh?” said Brady as he returned to the table.

Jack nodded as he accepted the glass of water. A warm, wet towel cleaned him up along with Simon. Brady tucked his cock away with a soft pat.

“What the hell just happened?” His brain had settled enough to think about what they had just done.

“I picked you up.” Brady settled in a chair next to Simon. The way Simon shifted to touch Brady told Jack the two men had been partners for a while. “Simon can’t dance.”

“Bad knees,” Simon interjected.

“When Simon gets off his shift, he likes to meet me for a drink. I love to dance and usually, that’s all I do. But I saw you at the bar, and something told me I needed to meet you.” Brady reached out and ran a finger over Jack’s swollen lips.

“It was his cock.” Simon rolled his eyes and grinned at Jack. “He got a hard-on from watching you drink.”

Brady blushed and nodded. “He’s right. I wanted to taste you so bad.”

“Do you play like this often?” For some reason Jack didn’t want to examine too closely, he hoped to hear he was special, that they didn’t play the field and pick up strangers every night.

“When we were younger, we played hard. Now that we’re older, it isn’t as much fun. We haven’t done this for at least ... a year or so?” Brady questioned Simon with a glance, and Simon nodded.

“I had a feeling we’d find something special if we came here tonight.” Simon winked at Jack.

Jack ducked his head. “I want you to know that I don’t do this sort of thing ever.”

“I wouldn’t have approached you if I thought you did.” Brady took his hand in his.

Silence fell over them and Jack would have been content to stay with them for a while, but his pager went off. He checked the display. Searching his pockets, he couldn’t find his cell phone.

Simon handed him one. “Use mine.”

“Thanks.” Quickly he dialed the number to his answering service. “Stacy, what’s the problem?” He listened to his assistant. “Okay. I’ll be there in ten minutes. Call them and tell them to bring the dog in.”

He hung up and handed the phone back to Simon. Reluctance chased through him as he moved away from Simon.

“I’m sorry to come and run, but I have an emergency.”

Simon and Brady stood. Simon was a couple of inches taller than Brady, and both of them towered over Jack.

“We understand about emergencies. Be safe and good luck.” Brady gave him a soft kiss.

“See you around, Jack.” Simon took his mouth as if the man was trying to imprint his taste in Jack’s soul.

Jack stood there, stunned by the flash of lust he felt. Brady grinned.

“The dog,” Simon reminded him.

“Right. Good night.” Jack turned and hurried out of the club. His cock protested, but he knew it was the best thing for him. Brady and Simon were playing, but Jack’s personal tendency was to attach too much meaning to sex. Spending too much time with this couple would only lead to heartbreak.

* * * *

“I would’ve loved to take him home and fuck him until he screamed,” Brady sighed as they watched the slender vet leave.

“Patience, slut. It’ll happen. We’ve had a taste of him, and I plan on having another soon. We know where to find him.” Simon sipped from his glass.

Brady whimpered, “I need.”

Simon smiled as he stood and held out his hand to Brady. “Should we dance first?”

“You’re evil, love. You got off with Jack. I’m the one left hanging.” Brady pouted.

Simon’s free hand slid between Brady’s thighs and cupped the bulge there. Moaning, Brady pushed into the hard grip. Simon gave him a rough squeeze then backed away.

“Hold that thought, babe. I want to be fucking you when you come.”

Brady’s cheeks flushed and want filled his eyes. A growl forced its way from his throat. Simon enjoyed teasing him and then making him wait.

Pushing through the crowd, he stumbled after his lover, following him out of the club and into his vintage 1965 GT 350 Shelby Mustang. He settled into the passenger seat just before Simon slid behind the wheel, reached over and wrapped a hand behind Brady’s neck to pull him closer for a bruising kiss. Brady whimpered as his lips were nibbled and Simon’s free hand stroked over his erection.

“Think about what you’d like to do to Jack when we see him again,” Simon ordered, sitting back and starting the car.

“I hate you sometimes,” Brady mumbled.

Simon laughed, having heard him say those same words a hundred times before. He turned right out of the parking lot, heading home.

Brady ached. He leaned back and closed his eyes, remembering the glazed look of satisfaction in Jack’s green eyes. He loved Simon’s cock and his mind was creating images of Jack riding his prick while Simon fucked his ass. He pressed the heel of his hand against his erection. His hips rocked up and he groaned.

“Just a few more minutes, babe. If you come now, you won’t get to ride my cock.” Simon’s growl scraped over his heated skin.

Brady laughed. “You try to be so domineering, love, but we both know that even if I fill my jeans, you’ll have me bent over the hood of the car, reaming my ass.”

“You know me. Just can’t get enough of that ass.” Simon reached across the car and stroked heavy fingers over Brady’s cock.

With a wild glance, Brady realized Simon was right. They were almost back to the farm. If his love would just stop touching, he’d be able to hang on. They pulled into the

driveway, and Simon managed to turn the car off while Brady fumbled with the seat belt.

He swore there was an explosion when their bodies came together outside the car. Lips sucked. Teeth bit and tongues teased. Simon ripped Brady's shirt off, discarding it on the ground.

"You owe me a new shirt." Brady laughed as he pushed Simon's t-shirt up and over his head.

Simon didn't reply. His hot mouth latched onto Brady's nipple. Brady cried out. He couldn't think. His cock swelled and pleasure shot down from his nipples to tighten his balls.

"Naked now," he demanded, reaching down to undo Simon's pants.

Simon grunted, allowing Brady to undress them both while Simon licked his skin. By the time their clothes were out of the way, Brady's nipples were hard bits of aching flesh.

"Car." Simon shoved Brady towards the Mustang. Like the slut he was, Brady bent over the hood, rubbing his cock against the cooling metal. The movements of his hips offered his ass at a perfect angle for Simon.

"Please." He knew Simon loved it when he begged.

A moan filled the night as Simon spread his ass cheeks and one slick digit slid inside him. He began to fuck himself on Simon's finger, which became two a minute later. Simon twisted them and hit his gland.

"Fuck!" Brady shouted, light sparking behind his eyelids.

"Ready?" Simon's rough hand caressed the small of his back.

"Yes. Now."

The blunt head of the fat prick Brady loved replaced Simon's fingers. Simon sighed, and Brady hissed as his lover sank in as deep as he could get. Brady adored the burn of that first thrust almost as much as he loved climaxing.

"Moving."

He nodded. The fullness in his ass took his breath away. Simon's arm wrapped around his waist to support him, making sure Brady didn't slam face-first into the hood with each thrust. Simon's voice caressed him, along with those large hands he couldn't get enough of.

"Imagine Jack with us, babe. He'd be lying under you. Your cock buried in that beautiful ass of his. He'll be so tight, it'll be like you're fucking a virgin."

He could see it and when Simon's other hand fisted his cock, he could feel it too.

"Those pretty green eyes will stare up at you, and you'll see his climax building in them. Your lovely long prick will nail Jack's gland with every stroke in time with me. When the little one comes, his ass will clamp around you and milk all your cum from you. You'll feel his cum all over your stomach."

Brady cried out as Simon's hand massaged his shaft in mimicry of what Jack's climax would feel like. Brady shot, his climax exploding from him and painting the steel beneath him. A few more thrusts and Simon grunted, filling Brady with hot cum.

They collapsed on the car, trying to catch their breath. Simon was the first to move, groaning as he pulled out and stood up. Rolling over, Brady smiled up at the man he'd loved for fifteen years.

"Knees stiff, love?" He caressed Simon's hip.

Simon grabbed his ruined shirt and shook the dirt from it. Wiping the cum off the

car, Simon laughed. “Nothing a soak in the hot tub won’t fix. You’ll have to wash the car tomorrow.”

He took Simon’s hand and let the bigger man pull him to his feet. Snuggling close, he ignored the tangled pile of clothes. He’d pick them up early tomorrow morning before the farm hands arrived. They made their way into the house.

“I have time in the morning before my first lesson shows up.” He was relaxed and sleepy, though the image of Jack coming at the club earlier was burned in his mind.

“Good. I’ll take your truck to work, then.” Simon steered them through the house towards the back. “Go grab some towels. I’ll start the water.”

Brady made a detour to the laundry room to get the towels. He saw the thick blanket they often used when they had picnics. He touched it, thinking about Jack being spread over the hood of the car.

“We’ll need to keep a blanket in the car if we plan on fucking Jack on the hood,” he remarked as he stepped on the deck.

Simon had tugged off the cover on the hot tub and started the jets. As the water warmed and bubbled, Simon sank into the hot water. “You’re right. His skin’s sensitive, I bet. The metal would mark him.”

“No marks except the ones we make on him.” Brady climbed in and rested his head on Simon’s shoulder.

“Possessive of him already, babe? You might want to make sure he’ll want to keep playing before you go all caveman on him.” Simon’s chuckle was lazy.

“He’ll want to. Who could resist you?”

“Flattery will get you fucked, but in our bed this time.”

“I’m only telling the truth.” Brady traced the ripped muscles in Simon’s stomach. “What do you think of Jack?”

“Why is it important, Brady?” Simon grumbled, and Brady could tell his lover was getting tired. “We got off with him. He’s pretty.”

“I don’t know.” He shrugged. “I just got this feeling when I looked at him.”

“It’s called lust.” Simon pinched his ass.

“Lust is there. He’s different from us, Simon. So thin and almost fragile. But it’s more a certainty that he’s a guy we can keep and play with for a while.” He didn’t look Simon in the eye.

“You’re always looking for some guy to complete us, Brady. Why is that?” Simon’s hand threaded through Brady’s curls. “Is there something missing between us?”

Brady straightened up so fast, water splashed over the edges of the tub. “No. I love you and always will, but there’s room in our hearts for another person. Why not go looking for him and have some fun while we’re at it?”

“And you think Jack might be willing to stick around for more than a couple of fucks?” Simon smiled at him. “I’m not worried about us, babe. I know we’re tight. Just don’t get your hopes up. He might get freaked out by the two of us.” Simon cupped Brady’s cheek. “I don’t want you to get hurt. You’ve been sure about a couple of others who took off after a while, and I don’t like seeing you second guessing yourself.”

“Shall I tell you how I plan on seducing Jack into our bed?”

“Sounds fun.”

“Oh, it will be.” When he wanted to, Brady could plot a campaign worthy of a five-star general.

Chapter Two

Jack stumbled up the front steps of his rental house. Leaning against the doorframe, he struggled to get the key in the lock as his tired body threatened to shut down on him.

A tanned hand took his keys and opened the door. It spoke to how tired he really was that he didn't protest when he was picked up in a strong embrace and carried inside. Maybe it was knowing he was home or just the warm safety he felt in the arms that held him. Either way, he allowed his body to fall into the sleep it was demanding. A kiss brushed over his forehead.

"Sleep, little one," was the last thing he heard.

He must have slept for hours, because Jack came awake feeling the late afternoon sunlight warming his face. A bleary glance around showed he was in his bedroom. The cotton sheet rubbed over his chest, and he realized he was naked under the blankets. He frowned. He didn't sleep in the nude.

Rolling over to check his clock, he saw a four-leaf clover and a note. He pushed up to lean against the headboard. Who would have left it for him? No one had a key except for the landlady, and Jack couldn't see her doing it. He rested the clover on his lap while he read the note:

Sleep well, little one. A four-leaf clover means, "Be mine." I guess I should have given you two and said, "Be ours." I was going to ask you to come to the farm for supper, but you were asleep before I got you upstairs. If you wake up early enough and get hungry, you're welcome to join us. We eat at seven. Vanderly

Jack checked the time. It was six so he hadn't missed the opportunity. His palms started to sweat as he remembered their encounter the night before. His cock stiffened within seconds. He groaned and thumped it, trying to get it to go back down.

It had been nerve-wracking enough when he thought Brady was interested in his skinny ass, but when Simon entered the picture, Jack figured the couple was playing with him. There was no way such a sexy and committed couple would want him long-term. He'd thought about it while he'd been scrubbing up for the emergency surgery that had called him away from spending more time with the couple. Jack had decided that Brady and Simon were looking for a one-night stand and that he wouldn't be hearing from them again.

But here was a note and an invitation to supper. Would it be greedy to pursue a relationship with two men? More importantly, did he have enough confidence to try and keep two men happy? He certainly couldn't keep Tom content.

He grimaced. No thinking about the ex.

Jack shook his head. They had only met the night before. It was too soon to be packing his bags and moving in with them. An invitation to supper didn't equal a declaration of love.

A phone number was printed on the bottom of the note. Not giving his mind time to talk himself out of it, he reached for his phone. Punching in the numbers, he put the receiver to his ear and tried to calm the butterflies down.

"Vanderly Farms," a deep voice answered. He thought it was Simon, but he wasn't sure.

“Um, this is Jack Samson.”

“Hey, Jack.” Simon sounded happy to hear from him. “Get enough rest?”

“Yeah. I was up all night in surgery.”

“Brady said you were dead on your feet when he stopped by at lunch.” So he was talking to Simon.

Naked, his cock seemed to whisper. He blushed, which was silly since Simon couldn’t see him. His cock tented his blanket as lust washed over him, and his free hand slipped under the sheets to grasp his cock.

“Do you want to have supper with us? I’m grilling steaks.”

Jack stroked his prick with tight, quick jerks. The palm of his hand rubbed pre-cum over the head and down his throbbing flesh.

“Steaks sound great,” he panted as he moved his hand down to play with his balls, massaging and tugging them. Then up his hand stroked, and he could feel his climax getting close.

“Good. I can’t wait to see you again.” Simon’s voice dropped even lower, and it was like being caressed by black velvet.

Jack came with a soft grunt. He felt the wet warmth of his cum bathe his stomach before being absorbed by his sheets. “I can be there by seven,” he said, hoping Simon wouldn’t figure out that he had jerked off while talking on the phone.

“Here are the directions.”

He wiped his hand on the blankets and grabbed a pen from the drawer. Using the note Brady left him, he managed to pay enough attention to write the directions down.

“If you have any trouble finding the farm, give us a call and we’ll talk you in.”

Simon laughed. “I’m glad you called, Jack.”

“So am I. I’ll see you in an hour.”

He hung up. Dropping the phone, he put his face in his hands and groaned. He had to get a grip. He couldn’t be sporting a hard-on every time he saw them. They would think he had a one-track mind. He jumped out of bed and headed for the shower. He would see them again. That was the important thing.

* * * *

Simon was still laughing when he hung up the phone.

“Who was that?” Brady called from the back door where he was removing his boots.

“That was our little vet.” Simon wiped the tears off his face and continued to chuckle.

“What’s so funny?” Brady frowned.

“I think he jacked off while we were talking.” His mirth welled up and he burst out laughing again.

Brady joined in. “Really? There’s hope for him yet. Is he coming over?”

“Yep. You have enough time to take a shower while I get supper ready.” Simon headed towards the kitchen.

Brady caught him around the waist and tugged him in for a kiss. It started out as a soft one. The lazy kind Simon enjoyed, with undertones of passion but where the heat didn’t overwhelm their minds. Soon, Brady moaned, and he couldn’t keep from smiling. His lover was a slut, no doubt about it. He cupped Brady’s ass and pressed their hips together. He walked them carefully over to the nearest wall. Pushing Brady’s back

against the wall, he braced himself with one hand. He trailed kisses down Brady's square jaw to the tender spot where the shoulder met the neck. At the same time, he removed his hand from Brady's ass and managed to get the blond's pants undone.

He scraped his teeth over Brady's skin, and his lover jerked. After so long together, he knew how Brady liked it. He fisted the long slender cock in a tight grip, stroking fast and hard while sucking on Brady's skin. He tasted the salt of his lover's sweat. Each stroke caused Brady to moan and twitch.

"Come on. I want to feel your spunk on my hand," Simon growled before taking those full lips with harsh determination. His tongue thrust inside and dueled with Brady's. He timed the movement of his tongue with his hand.

He watched beloved hazel eyes glaze over as Brady gave it up for him. His lover cried out, and wet heat spilled over his hand. Whimpering, Brady fucked his fist until he'd milked every last drop from that throbbing cock.

Brady rested his head on his shoulder and sighed. Simon rubbed his own erection against Brady's thigh while licking his hand clean.

*

"Are you needing something, love?"

Brady winked as he slid down the wall, ending on his knees. He pressed his face against Simon's groin, breathing deeply. He loved the musky scent of Simon's arousal mixed with his own spunk. He placed an open-mouthed kiss on his love's jeans. Groaning, Simon clenched a fist in his hair, holding him there.

Brady wasn't about to protest. He unbuttoned the tight jeans. Slipping his hand in, he protected Simon's fat prick from the zipper as he pulled the metal tab down. Within seconds, his favorite thing to suck appeared.

The flared head wept pre-cum. Humming, he licked the drops off the hard shaft. Simon's hips pushed his cock closer to Brady's mouth. He wanted to tease so he allowed just the tip in. He clamped his hands on Simon's waist, forcing his lover to stop.

"Don't be a tease, babe," Simon pleaded.

He played with the spongy head, nibbling with his teeth. Just a bit of a sting, nothing too painful. He knew Simon liked it rough. He pointed his tongue and began to fuck the slit in the head of the cock. Simon's muscled thighs tensed, and Brady knew it wouldn't be long before his lover came.

He relaxed his throat and took Simon's shaft in as far as he could. He swallowed around it, milking every groan and moan from Simon like a pro.

"Brady. Gonna come." Simon's warning reached his ears a second before his lover climaxed.

Brady sucked Simon clean and licked his cock until it softened. He pulled off with a happy sigh. Grinning up at Simon, who still had a stunned look in his eyes, Brady asked, "Is there time for both of us to shower?"

"We'll have to take one together."

Simon helped him up and they headed upstairs for a quick wash up. Brady was a little disappointed. He loved fucking in the shower. All that wet heat and slippery flesh. He squirmed as his cock started to stiffen again.

His lover saw his burgeoning hard-on and chuckled. "You're insatiable, but Jack will be here soon. We want to impress him. Want him to think we're responsible adults who are interested in more than just fucking like bunnies."

He pouted. "We could have a quickie in the shower, though." He couldn't help but grin as Simon wasted no time in getting them both naked.

"No. Get in and clean up, Brady. If you really think Jack could be a guy we would want to keep around, we don't want to screw this up."

"All right," he grumbled as he stepped under the pounding water. He hated it when Simon was right. It tended to make the big guy smug.

"Maybe if you play your cards right, you'll have Jack for dessert."

"Shit. That's just cruel, asshole." He glared at the smirking Simon as his cock sprang fully to life at the thought.

Simon winked and joined him.

Chapter Three

Jack sat in his car, staring at the old farmhouse. His heart was pounding. He'd never been this nervous—not even before his vet exams.

"This has to be a mistake," he murmured to himself.

They were going to take one look at him and wonder just how much alcohol they had to drink last night. He wasn't anyone's idea of a stud.

Stupid. Brady's seen you in the light of day, his mental voice pointed out.

"Oh, wonderful. I'm sure that left a good impression," he grumbled.

He'd stumbled home from a six-hour surgery. He had been barely coherent because of lack of sleep, and his surgery scrubs had been stained, wrinkled and smelly. How sexy was that? Yet when he'd gone downstairs to leave, he found his scrubs soaking, just waiting for him to wash them. He figured he had Brady to thank for that as well.

Jack saw Simon come out and stand on the porch. He climbed out of the car, making his way to the darker man. As he got closer, Jack was struck mute. Lust socked him in the gut, and his cock went stiff in a second. This was the man he'd come all over last night.

Simon was an inch or two taller than six feet. He had even more muscles than Brady, if that was possible. His black hair was cut short, almost in a military style. Dark brown eyes twinkled at him, framing a slightly crooked nose. Jack found himself wondering what it would be like to kiss those thin lips again. Simon smiled, showing even white teeth. God, even his teeth were fucking perfect.

Brady joined Simon on the porch, and Jack thought his mind would melt from sensory overload. Take each man separately and they were a climax-inducing sight. Together, they were devastating.

In unison, they held their hands out to him. For the first time, Jack found his mind in perfect sync with his cock. Even if all they wanted was to play for a few nights, he'd accept it because he'd never been the object of desire for one such sexy man, let alone two.

He ran up the steps and took their hands. In a blur, he was caught chest-to-chest with Brady, who winked and then kissed him. His lips were tasted and Brady begged entrance. He gasped as Simon pressed up behind him and bit his earlobe.

Brady swooped in and began teasing him with strokes of his tongue. Simon's prick rubbed his ass. Disappointment rushed through him because they weren't naked.

Soon he found his body moving between them. He'd push his ass back into Simon and then rock forward to graze the bulge in Brady's pants with his own erection.

Brady pulled their mouths apart, and Jack let his head fall back onto Simon's shoulder. Simon's arms encased him when the man's hands rested on Brady's hips.

"I thought we were going to go slow. Seduce him into our beds," Brady gasped, proving Jack wasn't the only one affected by all this rubbing.

"Change of plans. We're all going to come, and then we'll be able to enjoy supper without the thought of fucking screwing everything up." Simon's tongue traced a trail over Jack's neck to his nape, where he bit Jack gently.

"Shit." His hips tilted to create more friction between them.

"Can you imagine what it'll be like, Jack? My fat prick filling your tight ass. Maybe

if you're as nice as we think you are, you'll suck Brady while I fuck you. Imagine what that'll feel like, being filled at both ends." Simon's growl drove all thought out of Jack's head.

His balls tightened and his climax burst from him. He cried out, coating the inside of his jeans with cum. Simon's hands urged Brady to hump against Jack. Jack couldn't have protested even if he wanted to. He would have dropped to the floor without them to hold him up. He squished tighter between them when Simon leaned in and took Brady's mouth with authority. Jack managed to move slightly, giving Brady something harder to rub on.

The scent of sex was in the air. Jack adored the smell and sucked it into his lungs. He watched the two men kiss, touching their cheeks and enjoying the feel of their bodies against his. Oddly enough, he didn't feel left out. For all that their lips were mated together, their hands kept caressing him.

Brady whimpered and his movements became jerky. Jack had a feeling Brady was close. Simon broke their kiss. His dark eyes flashed.

"Come now, babe."

Brady's eyes glazed over with desire and his head dropped back as he groaned.

Damn, Brady was sexy when he came.

His arms were suddenly filled with a warm, snuggly Brady, who took his mouth in gentle kisses. He was happy Brady was there to support him since Simon was rubbing against him fast enough that he was worried his jeans would catch on fire.

"Hmm ... it's time to come, love. We don't want the steaks to burn." Brady smiled at him as the man's hands went around behind Jack's back to cup Simon's cock through the fabric.

"All it'll take is a little squeeze," Brady whispered in Jack's ear.

He felt the muscle in Brady's arm flex, and Simon grunted in his other ear. Simon's arms crushed him back against the man's chest. He turned to face Simon when the jerking stopped.

Simon took Jack's mouth in another gentle kiss. Simon tasted solid, as if nothing could shake his view of the world. Brady joined them, making the kiss a three-way. Brady's taste was crisp, like an early rain-washed morning. Their tastes mingled together in his mouth.

His body was getting interested in another round. This time without clothes.

Simon pulled away with a sigh. The dark-haired man smiled as both Jack and Brady protested. "Sorry, guys. Let's eat. We'll need our strength."

"Okay, but we need to change first." Brady grimaced. "No way am I sitting in wet jeans all night."

"I don't have anything with me." Jack flushed. Bringing an overnight bag had seemed a little overeager, so he'd left it at home.

Brady grinned. "Don't worry. I'm sure we can find something for you."

"I'm glad you decided to join us, Jack." Simon touched the small of his back and ushered him inside the house.

* * * *

Brady knocked on the bathroom door. He'd left Jack there so the man could clean up. "Hey, Jack, I got some clothes for you."

He had to admit he was surprised and turned on as hell when Jack opened the door naked as the day he was born. He thought the vet would be the type to hide behind the door or a towel.

"Here's a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. They belong to Simon's nephew. Boy's sixteen, but he's bigger than you. Figure he'll be as tall as Simon when he's done growing." Brady was proud of himself. He'd managed to say all that without stuttering or molesting Jack. His hand twitched to stroke Jack's pretty cock.

"Thanks. I'll be down in a second." Jack took the clothes and shut the door.

Even though he was distracted, Brady managed to make his way downstairs and outside, where Simon was grilling the steaks. He walked up and leaned his head on his lover's bare chest.

"I'm never going to last," he whimpered.

Simon pushed him back an inch or two and looked down at his face. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"He was naked when I took him some of Danny's clothes." His skin warmed as he relived that moment.

"That was the point of him changing, wasn't it? To get out of his sticky jeans?" Simon turned the steaks over.

"He opened the door and took the clothes from me. He was naked. No hiding behind doors or towels." Brady rubbed his hand over his hard-on. "Now that I know what his cock looks like, I'm never going to last through supper."

"Shit, babe. You sound like a horny, sex-crazed teenager. You're an adult and are perfectly capable of controlling yourself." Simon admonished him, but Brady saw the smile dancing in his lover's eyes.

"I know. I'll try."

"Besides, isn't that a good sign? He's already comfortable enough that he isn't embarrassed to be naked around you."

Brady thought about Simon's observation and hope surged through him. "You're right as usual." He gave Simon a quick kiss.

"Simon, those steaks smell great." The object of Brady's lust strolled up to Simon.

"Thanks, Doc. I thought we'd sit out here. The bugs aren't too bad, yet."

Brady bit his tongue to keep from moaning as Simon snagged Jack around the waist and pulled the younger man in for a kiss. He'd seen his lover kiss other men before and in far more lurid ways, but none of those had affected him like this one simple kiss.

Jack was far more slender than he or Simon were. The vet was so blond, his hair shone white in the fading sunlight. Jack's skin held a golden tan, which either attested to time spent outside or a tanning booth. Brady was willing to bet it was the former rather than the latter. Jack had an innocent demeanor that made Brady want to protect him and debauch him at the same time.

Simon moved a step away from Jack. The younger man's dazed blue eyes stared up at Simon in wonder. Brady laughed. Simon's kisses hit him the same way.

"Sit here." Brady led the still-stunned man to a chair and pushed him down to sit. "What can I get you to drink?"

"Do you have any diet soda?" Jack blushed. "I rarely drink alcohol."

"Sure. You want a beer, love?" he called to Simon as he walked to the kitchen. He didn't hear Simon's answer, but figured the big man would be finishing his first bottle

soon. When he walked back, Jack was glancing around, taking in the barns.

"Here you go." He handed Jack his soda, traded Simon's empty bottle for a full one and then went to sit next to Jack.

"Is this a working farm?" Jack sipped his drink.

"Sort of. I raise Friesian horses." He didn't stop the pride from creeping into his voice.

"Friesians?" Jack closed those incredible eyes. "Friesians. Tall black warmblood horses with feathered legs like Clydesdales."

"Right." Brady beamed.

"Vanderly Farms is one of a few sanctioned Friesian breeding farms in the U.S.," Simon boasted with a proud smile.

"How do you know about Friesians? They're not your typical breed." Brady took their plates over to Simon.

"Doctor Hubbard told me there was a big Friesian breeding facility in the area and I might be called on for emergencies. I wanted to know about any genetic problems the horses might have, so I did some research," Jack admitted. "I wanted to be sure I could handle it, because if I couldn't, I'd have to recommend someone who could. I'd rather lose your business than kill one of your horses out of ignorance."

"That's a good philosophy. I appreciate it. I have a vet who specializes in Friesians come out for check-ups and things like that, but if there's a problem, you'll be getting a call from me." Brady gave Simon a furtive wink. He knew Jack was special.

"What do you do, Simon?" Happiness bloomed in Brady as Jack included Simon in the conversation.

"I run the Fire Department. Chief Simon Wittman." Simon slid the steaks onto their plates and they joined Jack at the table. Brady added salad to go with the meat, handing one plate to Jack.

"Youngest fire chief Somerset's ever had." Brady was damn proud of his lover. Being a firefighter was a dangerous job and meant long hours. Simon never really complained, just did what needed to be done.

"A firefighter?" Admiration shone in Jack's eyes. "You're a hero."

Simon blushed, shaking his head. "I'm no hero. Just like fires and playing with those trucks. Fixing to retire in two years."

Brady squeezed Simon's shoulder hard for a second. He knew the thought of retiring scared Simon. The man had been fighting fires for twenty years, but it was a young man's job. He saw the toll it took on Simon's body.

"We can expand the riding school." Brady turned back to Jack, excitement making his pulse race. "I give riding lessons every day. Mostly to regular kids, but I want to expand the school to include therapeutic riding lessons for physically and mentally challenged kids."

Jack's gaze widened. "Ambitious plans."

Brady ducked his head. "It is and it takes a lot of time, but it's something I've always wanted to do. When Simon retires, he can help out."

"I wish you luck." Jack pushed his salad around.

Brady tapped Simon's thigh. When he had his lover's attention, he nodded towards Jack.

"Why did you become a vet?" Simon passed Jack a plate of rolls.

“My dad wanted me to follow in his footsteps.” Jack grimaced.

“Oh, your dad’s a vet?” Brady sensed Jack’s reluctance to talk about his family.

“No. My dad’s a psychologist out in L.A. Makes a ton of money treating celebrities and rich society wives. I didn’t want to do that. I’m screwed up myself. Why would I believe I have any authority to treat someone else?” Jack took a bite of his steak and moaned. “This is great.”

“We raise a few head of beef for eating.” Brady’s cock twitched at Jack’s happy moan. “But why a vet?”

“Loved animals as a kid. I like the way they love you without conditions. They don’t care who or what you are as long as you treat them with kindness.” Jack looked away for a second.

Brady kept silent. He wanted to wrap his arms around the younger man and hug him close.

Jack gave himself a little shake and looked back at them. “How did you two meet?”

Brady laughed and gestured for Simon to tell the story.

Simon’s face softened and Brady knew Simon was remembering the first time they met. “We met at the PYT. I was there after a long shift at the firehouse. Brady had just come roaring out of the closet and wanted to try every guy on for size. He was so cute, all legs and arms.”

Jack checked Brady out with a skeptical look.

“No, really. I’d just started filling out. I was an awkward kid. I’d turned twenty-one and realized I liked guys. I was at the PYT to celebrate.” Brady leaned against Simon.

Simon nuzzled Brady’s cheek. “I let him pick me up, and after the weekend we spent together, I decided maybe I should keep him.”

“It couldn’t have been that easy,” Jack argued. “Relationships don’t work like that.”

“I didn’t want to be tied down to just one guy. There was a big field out there, and I wanted to play in it.” Brady chuckled. “But Simon wouldn’t let me go completely. It surprised me when Simon was willing to share.”

“I knew you were mine even if you had sex with someone else. I made sure I was there when it happened,” Simon was quick to point out.

“Do you both play all the time?” Jack shifted, an uncomfortable expression on his face.

“Yes.” Simon bit Brady’s earlobe. “Once I met him, I wouldn’t let anyone else have him without me. I’ll share but only to a point.”

Brady’s eyes closed as his lustful whimper filled the night air. “We don’t play much anymore. We’re more settled now and more selective about whom we play with.” Hazel eyes opened and pinned Jack. “You don’t know us well enough to believe this, but we’re looking for long-term now. Not one night stands or weekenders.”

Jack stood up, making his way to the railing on the deck. He leaned down and rested his elbows on the wood. “You’re right. I don’t know you well enough.”

Brady started to protest and Simon hushed him.

“I’m not saying you’re lying, Brady. Just that I don’t know you.” Jack turned around to give them a grin. “I’d like to, though.”

Brady shot to his feet, knocking Simon’s arm off his shoulder. He invaded Jack’s personal space and devoured Jack’s mouth. It was a welcoming kiss saying, *Hello, Thank you* and *I like you*. The railing bore their weight as Brady wrapped his arms around Jack’s

waist.

He lost track of time as he sank into Jack's taste. A soft touch to his arm brought him back. He pulled away and glanced over his shoulder to see Simon standing there. Simon winked and tugged at his hand.

"Come on, you two. There'll be time for that later. Your steaks are getting cold."

Brady pouted and pinched Simon's ass as he went by. "Spoilsport."

Jack rose up and brushed a kiss over Simon's smile. "I wouldn't want all your hard work to go to waste."

The heat in Simon's eyes made Brady shiver. He could tell by the way Simon looked at Jack that his partner was beginning to see the things in Jack that made Brady believe he'd fit into their partnership without much trouble at all.

Chapter Four

Supper was done. It was time for Brady to make sure the horses were settled in for the night, so Simon and Jack rinsed the dishes, stacking them in the dishwasher as they chatted about random things like favorite movies and music. When they were done, Simon led the way into the living room. He sprawled on the couch, smiling slightly when Jack sat on the other end. Simon reached out and snagged Jack's arm, pulling him onto his lap. He looked into surprised green eyes.

"I think we left off right here," he whispered.

He took Jack's lips with a fierce kiss, and a soft gasp gave him entrance to Jack's mouth. Simon ran his tongue over Jack's teeth, learning every nook and cranny. He stroked along the ridges of Jack's hard palate, causing Jack to shiver. Simon nibbled on Jack's bottom lip, distracting the man while he slid his hands under the waistband of Jack's pants and cupped that firm ass.

He heard a loud groan, and then Brady pressed into his side. Brady traced Jack's ear with his tongue, making Jack jump. Simon noticed he felt a lot of warm skin. Breaking away from Jack's lush kiss for a second, he discovered Brady was already naked.

"Brady, off," Simon commanded, and he was glad his lover knew him so well that Brady understood what he meant.

Within seconds, Jack straddled Simon's thighs, naked as a jaybird. Simon got his first unobstructed view of Jack's long, thin cock. Jack looked ready to blow. The head of Jack's shaft leaked pre-cum. Simon swiped his thumb through the liquid and licked the drop off. Bitter and salty. Two of Simon's favorite tastes.

Brady managed to get him naked as well, without having to let go of Jack for too long. Simon reclined on the couch, letting Jack kneel between his legs. Jack licked a line from Simon's belly button to the base of his cock. It put Jack's hips at the right angle for Brady, who was ready to fuck the younger man.

Simon reached around and spread Jack's ass, exposing Jack's puckered hole to Brady's gaze. Simon peppered the vet's throat and chest with kisses and gentle bites. Jack tensed and Simon glanced over Jack's shoulder to see what Brady was doing.

*

Jack's body overloaded. He knelt between the thighs of one of the hottest men he'd ever seen while another gorgeous man arranged himself behind him. Jack couldn't see what Brady was doing, but Jack knew he was getting fucked tonight. Probably more than once, and that was fine with him.

He jerked as a tongue licked from right behind his balls to the top of his crease, taking a little stop along the way to tease his hole. Lightning raced through his body and landed in his groin, making his cock even harder. Jack stared up at Simon in stunned passion as Brady's tongue pierced his ass and played with the sensitive ring of muscles just inside. He whimpered and pushed back when Brady started to pull out.

"Don't worry, baby," Simon's hoarse words made Jack's balls tighten, "he's just getting you stretched so he can ride that pretty ass of yours."

Suddenly, Jack wanted—needed—to suck Simon while Brady fucked him. He wanted to experience being filled from both ends.

“Want to suck you,” he begged, struggling to free himself from Simon’s grip.

Simon’s eyes darkened, and he set Jack free. “Won’t say no to that. Brady, condoms?” Simon held out a hand to the blond man kneeling behind Jack.

“Of course, and I’ve got lube as well.”

Jack saw the square foil package passing from big hand to big hand. He focused on watching Simon open and roll the condom on that thick cock he wanted to suck. He’d forgotten about Brady being between his legs until a slick finger breached his ass.

He moaned and moved forward, just flicking the tip of Simon’s cock with his tongue. He wrinkled his nose at the taste of rubber, but it wasn’t bad enough to turn him off. He tilted his hips, urging Brady to thrust deeper. As Brady pulled out, Jack rocked forward again, this time taking more of Simon in his mouth.

Jack soon found himself sucking Simon’s cock while fucking himself on Brady’s fingers. One finger became two, and two became three. Simon’s hands held the sides of Jack’s head, not directing, just touching as Jack deep-throated Simon’s cock.

His own prick throbbed. His climax gained momentum. A few more thrusts and he’d come without anyone touching his cock. Suddenly Simon tightened his grip, stopping Jack from taking him in his mouth again. Jack protested because Brady’s fingers disappeared as well.

“Just a second, baby,” Simon murmured.

Jack wiggled his ass, doing his best to entice Brady back. He heard the crinkle of foil, and then felt the presence of Brady’s blunt cock head at his ass.

“Breathe and relax.” Brady pressed in, forcing Jack forward, which allowed Jack to swallow Simon’s cock. There was some pain since Jack hadn’t been fucked in several months. He shifted, working to accommodate Brady’s cock.

“You’re so fucking tight. It’s been a while, hasn’t it, babe?” Brady’s hands stroked over his back.

He nodded, playing with Simon’s cock as he bobbed his head. He pressed his tongue against the vein pulsing on the underside of the shaft in his mouth.

Simon groaned. “He’s almost as good a cock sucker as you, Brady. It won’t be long.”

Jack felt an odd sense of pride at hearing Simon’s comment.

“If he decides to stick around, I’ll show him some of my tricks.”

Brady pulled out and eased back in. Every thrust went in deeper, an inch at a time. Jack let Simon and Brady support him, caught up in the feeling of fullness and the pleasure of being taken at both ends.

Simon’s cock jerked, and the dark-haired man gasped. Jack knew Simon was on the edge. He sucked harder and picked up the pace as best he could with Brady doing most of the work.

“Gonna...” Simon warned them.

Brady grunted and started fucking Jack harder and faster, which in turn increased the rhythm of Jack’s blowjob. Simon’s grip grew stronger and his hips arched, pushing his cock deep into Jack’s throat. Jack swallowed around the bulbous head, massaging it as he milked Brady’s cock with his ass.

*

Simon’s climax crashed over him. Brady saw it in the look of surprise and then satisfaction crossing his love’s face. He leaned forward, driving his cock farther into

Jack's ass. Simon pulled out of Jack's mouth and met him in a kiss over Jack's back.

Brady devoured Simon's mouth. He could have gotten lost in their kiss, but Jack clenched his inner muscles and Brady saw stars.

"We're neglecting our partner," he teased as he broke off the kiss.

"Can't do that. Not after that wonderful blowjob." Simon winked at him.

Brady eased back enough for Simon to get a hold of Jack's arms and lift him up. Jack braced his hands on top of Simon's thighs. Brady impaled Jack, who immediately froze.

"Fuck," Jack breathed.

"That's the spot, huh?" He drilled Jack's prostate again, and Jack shuddered. Brady grinned at Simon. "Why don't you help him out, love?"

"I think I might be able to do that."

Simon squirmed, and Brady knew when Simon's hand encountered Jack's cock by the moans both men uttered.

"Hang on, Jack."

Brady adjusted his grip on Jack's hips and then started reaming his ass. He made sure to peg Jack's gland with every inward stroke. Simon whispered into Jack's ear. Brady couldn't imagine what his lover was saying, but those words combined with Simon's touch and Brady's cock brought their new friend to climax in a matter of seconds.

"Shit," Brady ground out as Jack's inner channel clamped down on his cock and started milking him.

The scent of cum filled the air, and Brady emptied his load into the condom. He kept moving until he was sure Jack was finished, and then pulled out. Simon headed for the bathroom while Brady and Jack collapsed into a heap on the floor. Brady cuddled close to Jack, running his hands over Jack's shoulders and chest.

"That was amazing." Jack stared up at him in awe.

He grinned and brushed a lock of white blond hair off Jack's forehead. "Thanks. There's more. You haven't had sex until Simon's fucked you. He can really pound your ass with that thick cock of his."

"Flattery will get your ass pounded." Simon walked back in with a couple of washcloths.

Brady lay there and let Simon take care of them. His lover gave him a quick kiss. Jack yawned.

"Sorry, guys. I guess I didn't get enough sleep." Jack smiled ruefully.

"Not enough sleep along with some energetic sex can wear out the best of us. Let's head up to bed. Maybe after a nap, we'll see about doing this again. Only this time, I get to fuck you." Simon bent down and pulled Jack to his feet, then tossed the slender man over his shoulder. Brady chuckled as he stood up and watched them leave the room.

"I'll shut off the lights and lock up."

"Great. I'll put this one to bed," Simon called down to him.

Brady checked the doors and lights. He knew his dogs were out patrolling the barns and the property. They were a motley crew of mutts, but they did their job. He'd have to remember to introduce Jack to them.

He filled a glass with water and rested against the counter, drinking. Chances looked good that Jack would become a more frequent visitor. Even though Brady loved Simon

with his whole heart, he'd always felt or sensed there was someone else out there. Another man who had a heart big enough to love more than one man.

At first, he'd been reluctant to say anything to Simon because he didn't want to hurt his lover. Brady knew his lover still wasn't totally sold on finding another man to blend into their lives. They had stopped playing a year ago because of Simon's reluctance. He wouldn't do anything to hurt Simon, so it didn't feel like it was worth the trouble.

Brady wanted to find someone who would want to be with the two of them, not just for a night or a few weeks, but for life. He snorted. All the guys they'd been with just wanted a little fun. No commitment. Apparently, he and Simon were more settled than he'd thought. Of course, they had gotten together at a young age and stayed together for fifteen years. That was an eternity in the world nowadays.

"Brady, are you coming up any time soon?" Simon yelled.

He finished his glass and set it in the sink. Yep, something was telling him Jack was the perfect one for them. He went up to bed, looking forward to sharing it with both of those men.

Chapter Five

A ringing alarm drove Jack out of the sexy dream he was having. He reached over to hit the clock and turn it off.

“Ouch. Hey, Doc, no need to get physical.”

A deep husky voice reacted to his punch, and Jack’s eyes shot open. He stared up at a deep blue ceiling with a dark brown ceiling fan. Frowning, he tried to remember where he was because his room at home was white and he didn’t own a fan. Rolling over slightly, he saw a pair of bright hazel eyes sparkling at him.

“Um ... good morning?” He couldn’t believe he was in bed with Brady. He moved to lie flat on his back and his ass twitched.

Damn. Not only was he in bed with Brady, but memories of last night’s activities raced back. He glanced around, looking for the dark-haired man.

“Yes,” Brady replied, “it is a good morning since you’re here with us. Simon’s downstairs getting breakfast ready. I know you have to head back to your house. Do you have clinic hours today?” Brady ran a finger over Jack’s cheek.

“Yes. I wasn’t planning on spending the night.” He blushed. He’d planned on having sex and going back to his lonely house. There was something to be said for changing plans at the spur of the moment. Or actually falling asleep and having the guys he was with be nice enough not to wake him up.

“Sorry I fell asleep on you. Why didn’t you kick me out and send me home?” He sat up, letting the sheets pool around his waist, and checked the clock again. Seven o’clock. He had plenty of time to eat, go home and get to the clinic by nine.

“We don’t mind sharing our bed, especially with someone we hope will be spending many more nights.” Brady leaned in, giving him a quick peck on the cheek. “Now, let’s get downstairs. You can borrow a pair of sweats and a t-shirt to wear home.”

Jack watched Brady climb out of bed, and he admired the blond man’s smooth skin. “You sunbathe out here?”

Brady glanced over a broad shoulder and winked. “Yep. I don’t give lessons on Sundays, and Simon usually pulls rank to get the day off as well, so there’s no one here but the two of us. Is the clinic open on Sundays?” Brady tugged on a raggedy pair of sweats that rode low on his hips. He tossed another pair of sweats and a t-shirt at Jack.

“Only for emergencies,” Jack answered, getting dressed.

“You should come out on a Saturday and spend the night. We’ll be lazy all day on Sunday. A big brunch, followed by a leisurely ride through the orchard.” Brady headed out the door and led the way downstairs.

Jack was intrigued. “You have an orchard? What kind of fruit?”

“Cherries and apples,” Simon replied as he came out of the kitchen, carrying a plate of bacon. “The farm used to be all fruit trees, but Brady’s grandfather didn’t enjoy farming, so he decided to breed horses.”

Simon gestured to the table on the deck. “It’s a warm morning. Thought we’d eat outside.”

Without thinking, Jack walked up to Simon and gave him a good morning kiss. Simon shifted slightly, wrapping one arm around Jack’s waist and pulling him close. He

tasted orange juice on Simon's lips, and gave them a quick nibble before he stepped back.

Brady took his place against Simon's chest. Jack saw the familiarity that years had brought to the other men's relationship. There was no doubt—from the kiss to their smiles at each other—that they loved each other. Jack couldn't help feeling amazed that these two beautiful men wanted him, and he wasn't sure he believed they wanted him for longer than a week or so.

"Let's eat before we get distracted and Doc's late for work." Simon patted Brady's ass and then headed to the deck.

Brady slid an arm around Jack's shoulder, and they strolled outside. "Grandpa decided Thoroughbreds were where the money was. He bought a couple of racehorses. They didn't do too bad at the track, but my dad decided they were too risky. He'd fallen in love with Friesians, so he sold the racehorses, got a purebred mare and started our herd. We still have several acres of fruit trees, though."

Jack looked out at the red and blue barns. People were leading the large black horses from their stalls to various paddocks. White rail fences bordered each pasture. The Friesians were a striking breed with their midnight coats, feathered legs, long flowing manes and tails. They presented a gorgeous picture.

He sat down where Brady pointed, and Simon put a plate filled with food in front of him. He stared at it for a moment. "I don't think I've ever eaten that much food in my life."

Simon and Brady laughed. Simon pushed the plate closer to him. "You need to keep your energy up. Brady and I plan on making sure you use a lot of it."

Jack blushed, and his heartbeat sped up. The thought of spending more time with Brady and Simon caused him to shiver. It wasn't just the idea of getting fucked—as much as Simon seemed to be hinting at that—but also getting to know them on a deeper level. He wanted to know what they thought and did day-to-day. He was also intrigued by their relationship and wanted to understand the deep trust that allowed them to open their arms to him. Maybe some of that trust might even rub off on him.

Simon had to get ready for work, so Brady and Jack cleaned up after breakfast. Simon raced down the stairs in his uniform, giving both of them a quick kiss as he headed out the door. Brady touched Jack's shoulder, dragging his attention away from Simon's ass, which was set off to perfection in his crisp blue pants.

"Guess you need to be heading out as well, Doc." Brady's reluctant observation warmed Jack's heart.

Jack sighed. "Yeah." He found himself really wishing it were Sunday, so none of them would have anything to do but each other.

Brady escorted Jack to his car. "How about meeting Simon and me for supper tonight?"

"That'd be great. Call me later to tell me where." Jack dug his wallet out of the jeans he held in his arms and handed a card to Brady. "My cell number's on there."

"Good. I'll talk to Simon and get back to you."

Brady invaded Jack's space and threaded his hand in Jack's curls, tilting his head at the best angle for a hard and thorough kiss. Jack's hands grasped Brady's hips, and stroked over his skin. He felt Brady shiver. A horn honked and Brady stepped back. Jack was sure a stunned expression graced his own face.

"My students are arriving. I'll talk to you later."

Jack nodded, climbed in his car and drove away as Brady turned to greet his first student of the day.

* * * *

Jack walked into Corky's Steakhouse and glanced around, tugging at his cuffs. He laughed softly. Why was he nervous about having supper with Simon and Brady? It wasn't the first time, and Brady had actually asked him. He knew Brady liked him and wanted to spend more time with him. But he still wasn't positive about how Simon felt, and he felt old insecurities surfacing.

A pretty hostess greeted him. "Can I help you, sir?"

"I'm meeting Simon Wittman and Brady Vanderly." He smiled at her.

"You must be Doctor Samson. Brady said you were coming." She took his arm. "Come with me."

Their journey to the table was slow as Jack was stopped several times by owners of his new clients. As impatient as he might be to see the men he was beginning to think of as his, it didn't cause him irreparable damage to make polite conversation with people. He looked up from a one-sided conversation with Mrs. Abramson, who owned an elderly Persian, to see Brady and Simon grinning at him.

"Mrs. Abramson, why don't you call Sally tomorrow and set up an appointment for me to check Charlie again? I'm sure there's nothing wrong with him," he reassured her, "but it's always better to be safe than sorry."

"Thank you, Doctor Samson. I'll do that. Now I'd better let you get to your dinner." She shot a glance at Simon and Brady. "Those two scamps will come and carry you off if I make them wait much longer."

Jack blushed. "So you know them?"

"I taught them both in high school. It's a good thing they got together because I think they're too high energy for anyone else." She gave him a wink. "They're good boys, Doctor. You've got excellent taste in men. They'll give you a run of your money, but in the end, you'll never meet truer men."

"Thank you," he stammered, shocked by the elderly woman's easy acceptance of his budding relationship with two men.

"Just because I'm old, Doctor, doesn't mean I'm dead. I was married for thirty years to a wonderful man." She turned to give the man sharing the table with her a bright smile. "After he died, I met Jacob and fell in love again. There's always room in a heart for more than one love. You're just getting the opportunity to find both of them at once."

Jack shook Jacob's hand and then arrived at the table without anyone else stopping him. Both men hugged him. He sat down between them and chuckled.

"What did Mrs. Abramson have to say?" Brady poured him a glass of wine, ignoring Jack's protest. "One glass. We won't let you get drunk."

"She told me I had excellent taste in men." He kept the rest of their conversation to himself, not quite ready to share his own doubts and fears.

They howled with laughter. Brady lifted his glass and saluted the elderly lady with it. "She's eighty-five years old and still sharp as a tack. Mrs. Abramson shocked the town when she married Jacob. Everyone figured she would stay a widow after her first husband died. She told me that God never meant for us to be alone, so that's why He gave us the ability to love more than one person in our lives."

Brady slid his free hand onto Jack's thigh and squeezed. Jack tensed when Simon's hand mirrored Brady's on his other thigh. While they placed their orders, two hands stroked his legs, brushing thumbs, fingers and palms against his burgeoning erection. He was glad the tablecloth went to the floor. After the waiter walked away, Jack glared at them.

"That kid is going to think I have some sort of nervous tic. Behave yourselves," he admonished them.

Simon leaned over and breathed in his ear, "Spread your legs."

Surprised, Jack did and Simon's hand slipped between them, cupping the hard-on threatening to burst from his zipper. The hot hand squeezed.

"I bet I could make you come right here." Simon sounded confident.

Jack had no doubt Simon was right, but he wasn't ready for that. Some of his nervousness must have shown in his eyes because Simon's grip eased and the dark-haired man backed off.

"Leave him be, love, or you're going to scare him away." Brady bumped their shoulders together. "It's still a little unnerving, isn't it?"

Jack nodded, relieved that Brady seemed to understand. He took a quick peek at Simon and saw a smile on the man's face.

"Sorry. It's weird, but even though we've only known you for three days, it feels like I've known you forever. As if we've been a threesome all our lives." Simon tapped the tip of Jack's nose. "I don't want to come on too strong. If anything we do makes you uncomfortable, tell us. We're adults. We can handle it."

Jack nodded, happy to know they were willing to ease up a little on their seduction. Brady cupped his cheek and turned him to meet the blond's hazel eyes.

"Part of our problem is Simon and I don't hide who we are and who we see. I don't think you're used to being quite that open. It's hard enough to show you like men, but to proclaim to the world that you're attracted to two men? People might get even more upset about it." Brady pressed a quick kiss to his cheek.

Jack tried not to tense up. "It'll take a while for me to get used to being quite so open about who I'm seeing. I mean not only do I like guys, I suddenly find myself with two men trying to seduce me. It's a little unsettling."

"The thing is, Jack, Simon and I like each other most of the time, but there are times when we argue. We're both stubborn and we need someone to balance us. You seem more even-keeled than we are." Brady winked at Simon. "We like you. We rushed into the sex—and I'm not saying that's a bad thing—but we want you to get to know us better."

"The sex is mind blowing, but we want this to be more than just sex," Simon added. "We'd like you to decide if you'd like to live with us someday."

Simon's earnest expression broke down a few of Jack's barriers, but he wasn't about to run home and pack his bags. He knew lust could make people believe they'd found the love of their lives, and he didn't want to make a mistake that would end up hurting all of them. "Moving in? Isn't that a little sudden?"

"It would be if we asked you to move in tomorrow, but we're not going to. We have time to make this work. It starts with us having dinner together." Brady sat back.

The waiter delivered their food, and silence reigned while they took the first few bites.

Brady broke the silence. "Ingrid's looking good. I think she has a good chance at placing this weekend."

"Ingrid's one of your horses?" Jack sipped his wine.

"She's the real love of his life," Simon teased.

"Ingrid is the perfect example of what a Friesian should look like." Brady's face glowed with pride.

"It's like they're his children," Simon murmured in Jack's ear. "Maybe it's a good thing he isn't going to be having any of his own. He'd probably ignore them for the horses."

"But children are less expensive over the long haul." Jack offered a bit of his chicken to Simon, hoping his gesture showed that he was working on being more open.

Simon's white teeth flashed as he took the meat off Jack's fork. Brady gave a little moan and Jack offered a forkful of his potatoes to the other man. His cock swelled when Brady's lips wrapped around the tines and sucked the food off.

"Chief Wittman, may I have a minute of your time?"

They looked up to see a middle-aged man dressed in khakis and a dress shirt standing in front of them. The man smiled apologetically.

"Sure, Tom," Simon agreed and then turned, grinning at Brady and Jack. "I'll be right back." Simon slid out and followed Tom to where a group of men were sitting at another table.

"Who's that?" Jack nodded towards the stranger.

"Oh, that's Tom Spencer. He's the mayor." Brady shifted closer to Jack, holding up some green beans.

"Simon isn't in trouble, is he?" Jack couldn't help but worry that being as blatant as they were would get one of them in trouble.

"Oh, no. The rest of the guys are members of the city council. They probably want to talk to Simon about some budgeting issues. I know the new city budget is about to go before the whole council for approval."

Jack started to say something, but his phone interrupted him. Pulling it out, he waved towards the front of the restaurant. Brady nodded in acknowledgement.

"Yes?" he answered as he made his way outside.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Doc, but we've got two emergencies. A dog shot by a hunter and a cat hit by a car." Sally's voice verged on the edge of hysteria.

He frowned. It was unusual for his assistant to panic. "Sally, are you okay? Tell the owners to bring the animals in. I'll be there in a few minutes."

"I'll be fine, Doc. The cat is mine. I was opening the door, he ran out of the house and into the street. The driver didn't even see him or stop." She gave a little sob.

"Take a deep breath. I'll be right there." He hung up and went back inside.

"Sorry to take off again." He kissed Brady and gestured to his food. "Could you get this boxed for me and just drop it off at the clinic? I've got two emergencies coming in. I don't know when I'll be done for the night."

"Sure, Doc. Take it easy, and if you need anything else, just let us know." A quick hug and Brady let him go.

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"Taking off on us again?" Simon returned to the table in time to see Jack disappear out the front door.

“Another emergency. This time it’s two animals. They must know when he’s having fun.” Brady snuggled into Simon’s embrace.

“Just like fires. Be glad Jack’s not a trauma surgeon. We’d never get to see him.” Simon nuzzled Brady’s forehead. “What do you say we pack all this food up and drop it off at the clinic for Jack? Then we’ll go home and plan our next seduction.”

“It’ll have to be next week. I’m gone this weekend.” Brady waved for the waiter.

“That’s right. Should I not bother Jack while you’re gone?” Simon wondered aloud.

“No, he needs to learn to deal with us separately as well as together.” He gave Simon a smoldering wink. “Make him fall in love with you like I did.”

“I can do that.” Simon looked at Brady. “We’ve never fucked anyone without the other being there. Will it bother you if I make love to him?” Simon knew it would ease both Jack and his own doubts about whether this relationship was going to work out.

Brady was silent for a moment and then shook his head. “No. We can’t all be together all the time, so there are going to be times when either you or I will be with him, and it’s not fair to him if we only made love when we were all together. He needs to feel like an equal partner in this relationship, and hopefully by sharing personal separate time with him, we’ll do just that.”

“Good, because I hate when you go out of town and I don’t have anyone to share the bed with.” Simon chuckled at Brady’s skeptical stare. “I miss fucking you as well, but I really do like having someone else in bed with me at night. Jack’s perfect. Unlike you, he doesn’t hog the covers.”

“That’s because he sleeps on top of you like a blanket.” Brady paid the bill and handed Simon the bag of leftovers.

“At least he doesn’t squish me like you would if you tried that.” Simon pinched Brady’s ass, causing the man to jump.

“Let’s go home, love.”

Simon followed Brady out to their vehicle. They’d drop food off to Jack and then go home to make love. He found himself missing Jack’s presence already.

Chapter Six

"Hey, Doc." Sally stepped into Jack's office.

He checked his watch. It was close to five o'clock. *So much for getting the paperwork done.* He rubbed his face. After spending a very late night trying to save Sally's cat and the dog, he'd only had two hours' sleep before he'd come back into the clinic for his regular hours.

Nevertheless, Jack smiled and waved Sally to a chair. "What can I do for you?"

She sat and stared at him. "You went out of your way to save my cat last night, so I thought I'd let you in on a few things since you're new around here."

"What things?" He frowned, not sure what she might want to tell him.

"Talk's been going around that you've been seen with Simon Wittman and Brady Vanderly."

"Yes. I've had supper with them and some drinks." He could feel his cheeks warm.

She gave him a knowing glance. "I think you've done more than eat and drink."

"Maybe," he managed to keep his tone polite, "but I don't see how it's any of your business."

"Simon and Brady are great guys. They like to have fun, but they've been together for a long time and I don't think they're looking for a third long-term person. I've seen them having fun with other men before, but eventually, they always move on." She got up and came around his desk, putting her hand on his shoulder. "You're new and I like you. Have fun, but don't get attached to them. I just don't want to see you get hurt."

Jack shook off her hand and stood. He moved away from Sally. "I've never understood the logic in that argument. If I like them, then no matter what, it's going to hurt when they move on. I don't see why you need to worry. I'm an adult. My heart's been broken before. I'm sure it'll hurt again." He headed out of his office. "Thanks for your concern, though. I'm heading home. Call if you have any emergencies."

He checked his pocket for his keys and phone as he walked to his car. He sat behind the wheel, staring out of the window. He wasn't angry with Sally. He knew she was trying to help him, but she hadn't told him anything he hadn't already considered from the moment he got involved with Simon and Brady. No matter what the two men said about wanting something serious. What he'd said about being hurt if Brady and Simon moved on was true, whether he stayed good friends with them, or allowed himself to fall in love with them.

His phone rang. Flipping it open, he saw Simon's number on the screen. "Hey there, Chief."

"Doc," Simon's deep voice soothed him, "you want to join me for supper?"

Jack decided he didn't want to think about complications. He wanted to enjoy spending time with Simon without worrying about what the man wanted. "Yeah. Where do you want to meet?"

"I'll pick you up at your place. Pack a bag and you can stay out at the farm with me this weekend," Simon suggested. "Unless you're on call."

"It's Roger's weekend. I'd forgotten Brady was going away. Did he get to the show all right?" Jack started his car, pulled out and drove to his house.

“Yeah, he got there all right. He’s excited about this one. If his kids and horses make a good showing, it’ll do wonders for his reputation. I’ll be by to get you in twenty minutes.” Simon hung up.

It only took Jack ten minutes to drive home and pack a bag, and he was waiting outside when Simon arrived. Jack opened the car door and tossed his bag into the back seat. After buckling up, he leaned over to give Simon a kiss.

Simon nibbled his lips, tasting and teasing. Jack gripped Simon’s biceps, squeezing it. The smooth skin and hard muscle made him moan. Simon took advantage and slipped his tongue in to duel with his. One of Simon’s hands stroked over the bulge in Jack’s pants. His hips moved, trying to push back against Simon’s solid palm.

“Stop or I’ll come. I want to be at your house and in your bed before I come.” He eased back and adjusted his throbbing cock, trying to find room in his suddenly tight pants.

“Okay.” Simon backed the car out of the driveway and headed towards the farm. “How was your day?”

Jack sighed. “Fine.”

Simon gave him a quick glance. “You don’t sound like it was fine.”

“Just something Sally said right before you called.” Jack wasn’t sure he wanted to talk about it.

“What’d she have to say?” Simon sounded resigned as if he knew what was coming.

“She warned me about you and Brady.” Jack stared out the window.

“Warned you about us? What the hell did she have to say?” Simon sped up.

“Sally wanted me to know that you and Brady were players. She warned me not to get too attached to you.” He shook his head.

Simon frowned. “Why couldn’t she mind her own business? Attached? In what way?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. Maybe she doesn’t want me to care too much. That way, when you dump my ass, I won’t be hurt.”

“Dump you? Why would we do that?” Simon stopped the car in front of the farmhouse. “We care about you, Doc. We don’t have any plans to break things off with you.”

“I told her time didn’t matter. I’d be just as hurt today as I would be three months from now.” Jack gave Simon a shy smile.

“Shit,” Simon swore. “I wish Brady were here. He’d have the sweet words to convince you we’re not getting rid of you anytime soon.”

Jack traced the slope of Simon’s nose and the curve of his lips. “I don’t need words right now, Simon. I just want you to fuck me.”

He’d never seen Simon move so fast. It was almost as if before the echo of his words died, Simon had him out of the car and was carrying him into the house. He was set on his feet in the living room. He grinned at Simon.

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Simon saw that “fuck me” grin from Jack and felt another link in his control snap. The only other person who ever got him this worked up with just a few words and a smile was Brady. Was it another sign that Jack was meant for them? Or was it just lust driving him?

“Naked. Couch. Now.” He pulled his t-shirt over his head and tossed it in the general

direction of a chair. His shaking hands fumbled with his buttons as Jack unzipped his own pants and turned, bending over to pull off his shoes and socks along with his pants. Jack's firm ass tempted Simon, begging for him to fondle and grope it.

"Bitch," he growled, managing to get his pants off.

"Me?" Jack gave him an innocent smile, and then ruined it with a wicked wink.

He stalked the younger man, herding him to the couch. When the back of Jack's knees touched the furniture, Simon pushed him over. Jack spread his legs as he landed, one foot on the floor and the other flung over the back of the couch. Simon knelt on the cushions between Jack's thighs.

Simon watched Jack stroke his slender, pretty cock. Jack tilted his head back and thrust his prick through his hand. Simon leaned forward, bracing one hand on the arm of the couch and wrapping the fingers of his other hand around Jack's shaft, helping his lover jerk off. Simon stared as Jack's climax built and the man's skin flushed. He added a slight twist to each of his strokes, rubbing his palm over Jack's sensitive head.

Pre-cum leaked from the slit in Jack's cock, easing the friction of their hands on his skin. Jack bit his bottom lip. Simon bent down and licked over the abused lip.

"I think you need to come so I can fuck you."

Jack's green eyes glazed over as his hips lifted off the couch and heat spilled over Simon's hand. Simon lifted his cum-covered hand to Jack's mouth, and a pink tongue poked out to lick his hand clean. Simon wanted to taste so badly, but he wasn't going to take the risk. He decided that they would go and get tested as soon as Brady got back.

"Where's the lube?" Jack blinked up at him.

Simon pushed off the couch for a moment, reaching for the drawer of the end table. "There should be one right here... Ah-ha!" He held up a beat-up tube.

"You use it a lot?" Jack grabbed the tube and popped it open.

"Of course. You'll find out there are tubes all over the house, because you never know when you'll need it." He shivered as Jack squirted the cool gel over his fingers.

"I'll be sure to bring some of my own next time." Jack tilted his hips again. "Get me ready. I want to feel you now. I know what Brady's cock feels like. I want to ride yours, so Brady and I can discuss your finer points."

"My finer points? I'm not sure I want the two of you talking about my cock." He knelt on the cushion again, trailing his coated fingers down Jack's shaft to the tender spot right behind the man's balls.

Simon teased that spot until Jack moaned and reached out to pinch Simon's nipple. Sucking in a breath, he slid his finger down to play with Jack's hole. He slipped the tip of his finger inside and twisted. Jack bore down, taking him farther in, faster than he planned.

"Easy, baby. I don't want to hurt you." He patted Jack's stomach, stroking the smooth skin.

"I won't break. I want you, Simon. Please," Jack surged up and planted a solid kiss on Simon's lips, "just take me."

He couldn't argue with that. His fingers twisted and spread, relaxing Jack's ass so he could fuck him without hurting him. He nailed the magical little button nature put inside every man to make sex a glorious thing.

"Shit." Jack almost levitated off the couch.

"Got it." He picked up the foil package he'd managed to grab along with the lube

and opened it. Tossing the foil over his shoulder, he rolled the condom on his cock. He squeezed lube on his palm and stroked his shaft a few times, making sure it was coated.

“Ready, Doc?” He positioned himself at Jack’s opening and started to push in.

Jack braced his hands against the couch’s arm and bore down, taking him in without hesitation.

“Shit, you’re fucking tight.” Simon stroked in and out, going deeper with each thrust.

Simon grasped Jack’s hips, holding him tight and reaming his firm ass. Jack grunted and his hips rolled, driving their rhythm faster. Simon made sure he nailed Jack’s gland every time. Jack’s inner muscles clenched his cock, massaging it, and he realized just how Brady felt when his lover fucked Jack.

“I’m gonna come again,” Jack said through clenched teeth.

“Good. I want to feel you come on my cock. You’re so fucking sweet.” Simon lost his smooth rhythm and started slamming into Jack’s ass. He could feel his climax growing as his balls tightened. He wrapped his arms around Jack’s legs, spreading the younger man wider so he could get deeper into him. He had the sudden urge to fuck Jack hard enough that he would feel it tomorrow.

Jack fisted his own cock and pumped, coming again. Simon kept reaming Jack’s ass until the man stopped shooting spunk all over his stomach. Then Simon’s climax crashed in on him, and he filled the condom, groaning as Jack managed to milk his cock of all the cum in him. He slumped over the slender man, while his energy drained from him.

*

Jack stroked Simon’s back with soft touches, not complaining about the man’s grip on his legs or the weight squishing him into the cushions. He shifted a little, and Simon pushed up to stare down at him.

“Sorry, you sucked all the energy out of me.”

Simon pulled out of him, and he winced. He was sore from the vigorous reaming Simon had given him. It was his own fault for being too impatient to let his lover stretch him enough.

“Let’s go take a shower and get some rest. I promise not to fuck you for at least an hour or so.” Simon went into the kitchen to deal with the condom and to bring back a damp cloth.

Jack didn’t protest, and Simon cleaned him up enough to keep him from itching as his cum dried on his skin. Simon pulled him off the couch, encircling his waist with an arm, and led him up the stairs to the bathroom. As Simon started the shower, Jack leaned against the counter and studied the other man.

He traced a scar marring the olive tone of Simon’s skin. “What happened?”

Simon twisted around, getting a look at the scar in the mirror. “Sliced it on a piece of glass when I was a kid.” Simon picked him up and set him in the shower stall.

Jack’s head fell back as the hot water cascaded over his chest and eased some of the soreness in his muscles. Simon’s fingers dug into Jack’s back, working out tension he hadn’t realized was there. When he was massaged into a limp noodle, Simon turned him around so that he could lean against the man’s wide chest. He closed his eyes and sighed.

“Why did you become a firefighter?” he murmured just loud enough to be heard over the water.

Simon shrugged. “My grandmother’s house caught fire while she was sleeping. I stood outside and watched as a firefighter went in and saved her. I remember thinking

how brave he was and how strong. I wanted to be the kind of person who'd go into a burning building to save someone. I wanted to be admired like he was." The dark-haired man grinned ruefully at him. "A selfish reason, but it's true."

"It might have started out as selfish, but you would never have lasted this long if fame was all you were looking for." Jack placed his hand over Simon's heart. He could feel it beating and was reassured. "You are a hero."

Shaking his head, Simon reached for the bar of soap. "No, I'm not. My job is to keep people safe. If I keep a fire from destroying a house, then it's a good day."

Jack didn't feel like arguing with Simon. He knew the man didn't feel comfortable being called a hero. He let Simon take care of him, scrubbing him clean. Simon washed his own body quickly. The water was shut off and he was towed dry. He followed Simon into the large bedroom at the top of the stairs. The other man tugged the blankets back and gestured for Jack to climb under them.

"We'll take a nap and then make supper later." Simon snagged him and tucked him close. "You can help me with the horses tonight."

"You'll have to show me what to do, but I'd love to help out." Jack snuggled close, placing his head on Simon's shoulder under the man's square chin.

"It's not that hard. The grooms will have fed the horses earlier. The water needs to be double-checked, but it's more securing things. We'll just wander around and check to make sure the stall doors are latched. I'll let the dogs loose as well." Simon brushed his hand over Jack's ass, not trying to start anything, just touching.

"Dogs?" Jack's eyes began to shut. It had been a long day without much sleep. Add hot, melt-your-bones sex, and his body was demanding some rest.

"Yep. Got a pack of them that wanders the property at night. Sometimes, during the day, we let them out when there aren't too many people around. I'll introduce you to them later." Simon pressed a kiss on his forehead. "Get some sleep now."

"Thanks," Jack murmured as he drifted off. In the comfort of Simon's arms, he felt cherished, safe and part of something normal ... yet wonderful. And it occurred to him that falling in love with Simon and Brady might not be such a bad thing after all.

Chapter Seven

Brady and the horses pulled into the driveway around nine on Monday night. Jack and Simon were there to greet him, and he gave each of them a quick kiss. He wanted to get the horses taken care of and then fed. With their help, it didn't take long to get the horses settled in. Not much was said. By mutual consensus, they worked so that when they went inside, they wouldn't be interrupted again.

Heading into the house, they split up. Simon went into the kitchen, and Jack escorted Brady up to the bathroom where a tub of steaming water was ready for him. He let Jack strip him and help him into the water. Sliding down, he rested his head on the back of the tub.

Jack left and soon, soft jazz music drifted in from the bedroom. Brady closed his eyes. He'd been driving for ten hours; and his ass and back hurt from sitting in the truck for that long.

"Take a bite." Simon's voice interrupted his drifting thoughts.

Opening his eyes, he found Simon kneeling beside the tub, holding a piece of apple to his lips. He took a bite of the crisp, sweet fruit and moaned.

"You didn't stop to eat, did you?" Simon knew him well.

"No. Just long enough for the horses to stretch their legs and to give them more water." He nodded towards Simon's knees. "You shouldn't be kneeling on the cold tiles. It's not good for your legs."

"That's why Simon's getting in to soak with you, and I'll take care of both of you." Jack came into the room, wearing black cotton boxers and a smile.

Brady eyed the numerous marks on Jack's golden skin. He looked at Simon, and the dark-haired man shrugged.

"His skin marks so beautifully, I couldn't resist. Now that you're home, you can add your own."

Brady had thought he was too tired for anything aside from eating and sleeping, but his cock had other ideas. It swelled when Simon turned to rub his cheek against the bulge at Jack's groin.

"We need to get tested, Brady. All of us. I want to taste him and feel him around me without a rubber in the way." Simon placed a kiss on Jack's stomach.

"We can go in tomorrow," Brady decided, reaching over to trail his hand down Simon's spine.

Jack nodded. "I'm free from one to two tomorrow. We can meet at your doctor's."

"Fine." Brady's fingers teased along the bare skin revealed by Simon's t-shirt riding up.

"Come on, Simon," Jack pulled Simon to his feet, "up and off with your clothes. It's time for you to rest with your partner."

Brady winced as Simon stood up, his joints cracking. "Stubborn old goat," he murmured.

Jack grinned. "I never thought I'd be the young one of the bunch. I've always liked older men, though."

Brady splashed water on him, soaking the front of those boxers and causing the wet

fabric to cling to Jack's erection. "You are a pretty sight," he leered at the younger man.

"And you're a dirty old man," Jack countered with a wink.

"Old man? I'm only eight years older than you." Brady tried to sound indignant.

"Let's not discuss age here since I'm older than both of you." Simon stopped the argument by climbing into the tub with him.

Brady shifted around until Simon sat behind him, and he rested against his lover's back. Jack sat on the edge, feeding them apples and cheese along with sips of wine.

"Thank you." He slid his hand over Jack's thigh, teasing the skin under the boxers.

"Why don't you get rid of these? That way we'll all be naked."

Jack hesitated, then stood, stripping the sodden material off. Brady's cock stiffened at the sight of Jack's hard-on. Simon's hands gripped Brady's hips and rubbed his own prick along the crease of Brady's ass.

Brady gestured for Jack to come closer. Jack moved closer to them, and Brady reached out to grab his hand, tugging him into the tub with them. Water flooded the floor, and Simon laughed.

"I can see we'll need to remodel soon."

Brady wiggled and rocked back against Simon, making sure Simon's cock bumped his hole. He kissed Jack like a starving dog going after a bone. One of Jack's hands landed on Simon's by Brady's hip. The other grasped Simon's shoulder, searching for balance. Brady nibbled Jack's bottom lip. He swept his tongue in, stroking the soft tissue in front of Jack's teeth. He teased and coaxed Jack's tongue into his own mouth where he sucked on it. Jack moaned, pressing his hips towards Brady, brushing their cocks together. They both jumped when their heated flesh touched. Simon lifted Brady a little and his blunt cock head breeched Brady's ass.

"I missed this," Brady declared, rocking between Jack and Simon. With each backward thrust, he impaled himself further onto Simon's shaft.

Jack encouraged all of them with moans and whimpers. Brady managed to free a hand and slide it between them, gripping their cocks together and pumping. Soon they were moving together as if they'd been a threesome for years. They'd figured out the little touches and thrusts that drove the others crazy.

Brady came first. He'd only had his hand for pleasure the past weekend, so he was ready to explode. When he came, he squeezed Jack's cock with his hand and teased Simon's with his inner muscles. Jack's cum mixed with his a few seconds later. Brady knew Simon would last longer, especially if he'd been fucking Jack all weekend.

Simon bit his shoulder. "Everyone out. We're going to bed."

Jack managed to get out without injuring anyone. Brady whimpered as Simon slid out of him. Drying was haphazard and they tossed their towels to the side. Two minutes later, they were piling on the bed. Jack lay down on his back, spreading his legs and offering himself to Brady.

"I've had that lovely little ass all weekend," Simon growled. "I think you should fuck him tonight."

Brady bent down, kissing Jack with quick, hard nips. He jumped when Simon's hand stroked his cock once, making sure it was hard, and then rolled the condom on.

"The slick. Where's the lube?" He wanted in that tight hole soon.

"Don't need it. I had Simon get me ready a few minutes before you got home. All you need to do is fuck me." Jack tilted his hips a little more, enticing Brady with his slick

rosette.

"Fuck." His cock roared to life. He needed to be inside Jack. He needed to feel Jack's hot passage yield to him.

"We wanted to give you a nice welcome home present," Simon whispered in his ear as his partner leaned forward to finger Jack's hole.

"Mine." He slapped Simon's hand away and placed his cock at Jack's ass.

Simon and Jack laughed. Then Jack moaned as Brady slid easily into Jack's back passage. Though he wanted to start moving right that moment, he held still.

"Simon, get the hell in me now. I want to fuck him, but I want you in me, too." He angled his body in such a way that his ass was offered to Simon, but he didn't slip out of Jack.

"So impatient. We have all night, love."

Simon's furred chest covered Brady's back, and the fat prick he adored thrust deep, rocking him into Jack.

"Oh." Jack's eyes widened.

Brady realized Jack had never experienced the sensation of being fucked by two men at the same time, even though technically only Brady's cock was buried in his ass. Simon controlled the pace with his movements. Simon surged into Brady, pegging his gland and making him jump. It was as if lightning raced throughout his body.

"Brace your hands on the headboard, sweetheart," Brady instructed Jack. "Don't want you banging your head, because this is going to get rough."

He waited until Jack did as he told him, and then pushed back against Simon. Simon edged out of him, and then slammed back in, causing Brady to thrust forward. The pace went from slow to fast in a second because Simon knew how Brady wanted to be fucked. After being away for even a night, he liked to be taken fast and rough. He liked feeling it the next day.

Jack's mouth opened on a gasp, but no words came out, just sounds of pleasure. The younger man stretched out under him, undulating and meeting each of his thrusts with the same amount of force. He latched on to one of Jack's nipples and sucked, causing the man to cry out and arch off the bed. *Someone likes his nipples played with*, Brady thought. *I'll have to see if Simon has figured that out.*

Brady flicked the hard flesh with his tongue, pinching it between his teeth. He set his hands on each side of Jack's head, letting Simon and Jack do the work. His mouth wandered between the two points of flesh, playing with them until they were red.

"Brady. Simon." Jack's eyes closed, and a grimace of pleasure contorted his face as he came, spurting cum between their bodies.

The tight clenching of Jack's passage drove Brady over the edge. He plunged deep and held still, not allowing Simon to pull him out. He spilled his spunk into Jack's body, filling the condom with wet heat. Simon rode him hard, and then he was flooded by warmth.

"Damn," Simon groaned as he slumped over to the side, making sure not to crush Jack beneath them.

Jack ran one hand over Brady's back and reached out with the other to stroke Simon's arm, as though the younger man didn't want to lose touch with either of them. Brady took care of the condom, tying it off and tossing it into a wastebasket next to the bed. He grabbed one of the clean towels they kept in the nightstand and cleaned everyone

up. Simon pulled him back down on the bed, spooning with him as he cuddled Jack tight to him.

"I think we need to get some sleep. It's been a long day for all of us." Simon kissed each of them, pulling a blanket up over them.

* * * *

Jack shot up in bed, woken up by the incessant ringing of his phone. "Hello?"

"Doc, you've got to get over here quick." Simon's voice rushed over the phone.

"Simon? What's wrong?" He grabbed his jeans from the floor.

Yanking a dress shirt from a chair, he kept the phone sandwiched between his ear and shoulder. He'd had another late night at the clinic, and Simon was pulling the second shift at the firehouse, so Jack had decided to come home to sleep instead of going out to the farm like he'd done the night before.

"Ingrid is colicky."

"Shit," he swore as he raced downstairs to pull on his boots and find his car keys.

"How bad?"

"She's moaning and running a fever. She keeps trying to lie down."

Jack heard another voice in the background. "Tell Brady I'm on my way. I have to stop by the clinic and get some medicine. If you let her lie down, does she thrash around or does she lie quietly?"

He ran to his car, and the tires spit gravel as he stepped on the gas.

"I'm afraid she'll hurt herself if we let her lie down. Her movements are violent. Hurry, Doc. He's panicking." Simon sounded like he was on the verge of tears.

"Keep them both moving, Simon. It's best not to let her lie down until I can check her. I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Thanks, Doc. Love you." Simon hung up.

Jack stared at his phone for a second, shocked by Simon's parting words. Neither Simon nor Brady had ever used the word "love" with him before. Jack knew where his feelings were going, but he'd been reluctant to discuss it with the couple. As much as they seemed to like him and want him to spend every spare minute with them, he still wasn't sure their relationship wasn't just a passing phase for Brady and Simon.

He pressed the end button on the phone and threw it on the passenger seat, turning his focus back to Simon's call. Ingrid was Brady's favorite mare, and there was no way Jack was going to let her die like that. Not if he could do anything to stop it. Brady would be devastated if Ingrid died, and Jack didn't want Brady to suffer that kind of loss.

He slammed to a halt in front of the clinic and raced to the door. This had to happen the first time he left his emergency bag at the office. He grabbed it along with some pain medicine and a stomach tube. Making sure he had everything he needed, he left Sally a note about the emergency before racing out to the farm.

When he pulled into the driveway, he saw all the lights on in the mares' barn. Simon was standing outside, waiting for him. He pulled out his bag and the stomach tube from the trunk.

"Where are they?" he asked, but then he heard an agonized whinny coming from inside one of the barns. "Never mind."

Simon followed him in. Brady was leading the large black mare up and down the aisle. Jack didn't know who looked worse. Both were covered with sweat, and each time

Ingrid groaned with pain, Brady groaned with her. Jack dropped his stuff and dug through to find his stethoscope.

“Bring her over here, Brady,” Jack ordered. He could see that Brady’s panic was making the mare’s reaction worse. He reached out and grabbed Simon’s arm. “We need to do something to calm Brady down or that mare’s going to get worse. His panic is feeding hers. Now you need to explain to him that he needs to take a deep breath and think about helping Ingrid.”

Each step was a struggle to get the mare to Jack. Ingrid wanted to stop and bite at her hindquarters. Brady coaxed and persuaded her, but never forced her. The care he took with the sick horse endeared him even more to Jack.

“That’s close enough. You need to hold her still for me.” He pressed the head of the stethoscope on the mare’s stomach. There were some bowel noises. He wrapped the instrument around his neck. “Okay, keep her moving and try to keep calm, Brady. Your panic is making it harder for her to calm down. If you can’t get a hold of yourself, I’ll have Simon take you up to the house.”

Brady brushed a sweaty curl off his forehead and nodded. “I understand, Doc. Do you think you’ll be able to help her?”

“Yeah. I’m going to give her a mild painkiller to ease her a little, and then see if we can’t get some medicine in her to get the blockage out.” He gave Brady a peck on the cheek. “We’ll get her feeling better soon.”

After the painkillers took effect, Jack inserted a flexible tube through Ingrid’s nose down into her stomach where he administered more medication. While they waited for the medicine to work, he asked Simon to help Brady walk Ingrid. He knew Simon’s presence would help calm Brady down. The mare didn’t like any of the help he was trying to give her, but an hour or so afterwards, she started looking better. When they finally let her lie down, she was quiet and breathing normally although Jack knew they weren’t out of the woods, yet.

Simon went to the house, fixed sandwiches and brought out coffee for all of them. He also remembered to bring blankets and pillows. Jack knew it was going to be a long night.

* * * *

Simon came awake when someone touched his shoulder—a learned response from years of having to sleep lightly at the fire station. He rolled over and looked up to see Jack standing over him.

“I have to get going. Need to get back to the clinic for my appointments today.” Jack’s white blond hair stood straight up, and black circles bruised the skin under those blood-shot green eyes.

“Are you going to be all right to drive?” Simon pushed himself up out of the pile of hay he’d fallen asleep in.

“I’ll be fine. I’m used to not getting much sleep.” Jack helped him to his feet and then nodded over to where Brady was sleeping, his head resting on Ingrid’s back. “Let them sleep for a little while longer, then get Ingrid up and give her another dose of meds.”

Simon took the bottle Jack handed him. “Does Brady know how to give her this stuff?”

“I’m sure he does. He’s had to dose horses before. There’s nothing tricky about it, but Brady can call me if he has any questions. I’ll be back tonight after the clinic closes.”

Jack gave him a quick hug and a kiss and was gone before Simon could say anything else. Setting the medicine on a shelf, he went in to take a shower before calling the firehouse and letting them know he wouldn’t be in until the afternoon. He grabbed something to eat and then headed back out to the barn. Brady was awake, encouraging Ingrid to climb to her feet.

They sighed as the mare stood up, nudging the pile of hay Brady had thrown in the stall for her. Simon wrapped his arm around Brady’s waist and let his lover lean on him.

“Where’s Jack?” Brady rubbed the inquisitive black nose.

“He had to get to the clinic. He had appointments today that he couldn’t cancel.” Simon pointed to the bottle. “He left that for you and said to dose Ingrid again. He’ll be back tonight to check on her. I think he actually stayed awake all night, watching over her. He cares more than I thought.”

“You’re right. I’m glad he was here. Things could have been worse if I had to wait for our regular vet to get here.” Brady gave Ingrid her medicine and made sure there was fresh water in her bucket. “She should be okay. I want to go and take a shower. Bonnie will take over my lessons today.”

“Good. Let’s get you cleaned up and tucked in bed. I might even join you. I don’t mind having some fun in the hay,” Simon winked, “but sleeping in it sucks.”

Brady smiled and headed to the house. Simon followed him in. As they waited for the water to heat up, he glanced at Brady.

“Do you think we should make our relationship with Jack a more permanent situation?” He tried to keep his tone casual.

Brady shot him a puzzled look. “I’ve always been in favor of that, Simon. I just didn’t want to push either you or Jack into something you weren’t ready for.” Brady caressed his cheek. “I love you and I’m coming to love Jack. Is it so hard to believe he’d be the perfect one to bring into our home forever?”

Simon closed his eyes, savoring his love’s touch. “Not anymore. When we first met Jack, I was willing to play along with you. I didn’t really think he’d stay around. We’ve done this threesome thing for so long, I never thought we’d find someone we could both love.” He opened his eyes to see a gentle smile grace Brady’s face. “There’s something about Jack that touches my heart. He’s an awesome vet, caring and gentle, but it transfers over into his dealings with people as well.”

“He certainly isn’t as excitable as we are, and he gives us a center. I think we can count on him if we needed to. He’d be strong for us.” Brady brushed a kiss over Simon’s lips. “Let’s take a shower and a nap. After that, we’ll start thinking about how we can tempt Jack into joining us for a long-term love.”

Simon nodded. Brady could plan with the best of them when it was something he really wanted, so Simon was content to let his partner plot out their moves. He just wanted Jack where he could hold him every night.

Chapter Eight

When their test results came back clean, Jack spent every night out at the farm. They fucked each other almost as much as they talked, and he got to know Brady and Simon as a couple and as individuals as well.

Friday night, while Simon and Brady slept, Jack stood in front of the bedroom window, staring out and thinking about their relationship. Simon's "love you" statement lurked in the back of Jack's mind. *He didn't really mean it*, Jack thought. Neither Simon nor Brady had mentioned it again since that night. Surely it had been said under stress. And yet...

I'm falling in love with them.

He loved the way Simon always took care of them. Brady's love for life could bring a smile to Jack's face whenever he felt down. Jack turned back to look at the two men wrapped in each other's arms. At times he wondered where he fit in their lives. He never would have thought it would be so easy to slide in and join their relationship, but there never was a time when he felt excluded from their partnership.

The farm was becoming more like home every minute Jack spent there. He knew the employees by name. He loved each horse and dog. Most of his personal items mingled with theirs in the bathroom.

Should I ask for a key? He wondered. *Or should I wait until they offer me one?* Jack didn't know what to do to move beyond the point they were at now.

On Saturday, Simon's nieces and nephews came out to the farm for a picnic. Jack had been nervous about meeting Simon's family. He worried about how they would react to him being added to the mix, but no one batted an eye. They surrounded him and absorbed him into the fun.

Sunday was a peaceful day. They spent the morning making love slowly and gently. After a late brunch, they headed out for a ride in the orchards, stopping for a rest in a clearing beside a small stream.

"When did you figure out you like guys?" Brady's question drifted over them.

They lay on a blanket under one of the oak trees in the far pasture. Jack's back pressed to Simon's chest, and Brady's head rested in Jack's lap. Their arms and legs entwined. Jack never thought lying like that would be comfortable, but now he never wanted to move again.

He thought about Brady's question for a moment. "When I was sixteen, I fell in love with my sister's boyfriend."

"How'd you handle it?" Simon's voice made his body shiver.

"I freaked out. My parents aren't totally narrow-minded. They live in Los Angeles. They never said being gay was wrong, just that it wasn't right for their son. I finally told them when I entered vet school. They were very polite while they disowned me. I haven't talked to them since."

He was proud of his matter-of-fact tone. He wasn't going to lie and say it didn't hurt, but he'd come to terms with it and most of the time he didn't think about them. He snuggled closer to Simon while stroking Brady's chest.

"What about you two?" He wondered about their families. Simon seemed to be close

with his, but Brady never really talked about any of his relatives.

"I came out when I was fifteen, and my father kicked my ass." Simon laughed.

Jack quirked an eyebrow at Brady, who nodded.

"No, he really did," Simon said. "My dad doesn't say much, and he's never once made any comment about me screwing guys. I don't know what he thinks deep inside. The day after I told my parents, he took me out to our barn and taught me to fight. Said if I was going to live this way, I needed to be able to defend myself. Dad was in Vietnam and knew how to fight." Simon chuckled.

"What about the rest of your family?"

"When they saw Dad wasn't going to have a fit about it, they rolled with it. Now my nieces and nephews call Brady uncle, and as you can see, they spend weekends out here with us. They'll be calling you uncle soon enough."

Jack started at the thought of being so much a part of Simon and Brady's lives that he'd be called uncle by their family. Was it truly possible that they cared for him more deeply than just a regular bed partner? He grinned at Brady, and hazel eyes smiled back at him. "What's your story?" He nudged the blond in his arms.

"Came out when I was twenty-one. Late bloomer, I guess. Pop was furious. Wouldn't talk to me for months." A wry expression crossed Brady's face.

"Your mom? How'd she take it?"

"Mom and Pop got a divorce when I was ten. She left my brother and me with Pop and hightailed it out of here. Haven't heard from her since."

Jack tugged the bigger man closer to him, wrapping his arms around Brady's waist. Simon's hands joined his as they rested on Brady's back. Jack placed a gentle kiss on Brady's mouth.

"Did he ever come around?" he asked after breaking the kiss.

"Sure, he did. Didn't really have a choice if he wanted to keep the farm in the family. My brother, David, was only interested in leaving Somerset, like my mom. I loved the horses. Always had. So I stuck around. It got better, and before Pop died we were as close as we could be. He met Simon and liked him." Brady's bright eyes clouded and a frown marred his forehead. "I wish he could have met you, Doc. He would've loved you."

"He wouldn't have been able to resist." Simon's breath tickled Jack's ear. "I know I'm crazy about you."

He felt his skin heat, but he wasn't sure if it was from embarrassment or lust because Simon's teeth nibbled the nape of his neck. Brady's mouth pressed against his. Without hesitation, he opened. Their tongues stroked and teased each other. His concentration on their kiss was interrupted when Simon's fingers pinched his nipples through his shirt. Need shot like an arrow to his groin.

He pulled away and gasped, "Naked. Now."

It would have been comical, if anyone had been watching, to see the three of them trying to rip their clothes off without losing touch of each other. Soon, Brady was on his back, legs held back and spread. His hazel eyes gleamed up at Jack. "I want you to fuck me."

"Love to," Jack moaned, blindly searching for the lube they had dropped after the last time.

When he couldn't find it, he gave up and leaned down to lap at the tip of Brady's

slender cock. He savored the taste of the pre-cum leaking from the slit. He was thrilled to be able to taste Brady instead of latex. Brady's hips arched off the blanket in a silent plea for more. Jack felt Simon stretch out beside them. He looked up to catch Simon's gaze. The dark-eyed man nodded. Relaxing his throat, Jack took Brady's cock all the way in until the flared head hit the back of his throat.

"He should still be loose from last time, Doc." Simon trailed a hand over Jack's back. "He's ready if you want to give up his cock for his ass."

Jack pulled off with a pop and frowned. "I don't know. His cock is pretty tasty, but that ass is just about the hottest thing around."

"Just about?" Simon's eyebrow rose.

"It's as hot as your fat prick." Jack kissed Simon, getting lost in the flavor and feel of the man's lips against his.

A fist tapped him in the arm. "Hey, Doc, you left me hanging here."

"I don't think anything's hanging on you. It's sticking straight up." Jack flicked the top of Brady's cock with his tongue.

"Come on, Jack, fuck me all ready." Brady pouted.

"So impatient. What if I want Simon to suck me first?" He winked at the dark-haired man to let him know he was teasing. Simon didn't suck cock often. It was a special treat when he did.

"He wouldn't be so cruel, teasing me like that. He loves me." Brady shot Simon a look; worry shining in his eyes that Simon just might do it.

Simon shook his head. "I wouldn't, but love has nothing to do with it."

"Simon doesn't want to hear you whine."

Brady gave him an indignant glare and Jack thrust into the man's ass without warning, nailing Brady's gland with the first stroke.

"Fuck." Brady's head went back, and his hands scrambled on the blanket, searching for a hold.

"That's what I thought we were doing." Simon slapped Jack's ass.

"Ow!" Jack frowned at Simon. "What was that for?"

"Quit teasing him. I really don't want to hear him whine," Simon commanded.

Brady started to comment, but Jack surged into him again and pegged that magic spot, causing the blond's eyes to cross. Jack wrapped his hands around Brady's shoulders, pounding hard and fast. Simon's hands wandered between their bodies, touching and twisting. Jack gasped when Simon pinched his nipple and tugged.

"Maybe we should get this pierced, Doc. Think about how that would feel." Simon twisted the little nub. Both Brady and Jack moaned. "I see that's a popular idea."

Jack stroked in and out of Brady's ass, concentrating on the snug fit and the way Brady's passage tightened as he slid out, and yielded when he rammed back in. The flush infusing the man's skin and Brady biting his shoulder told Jack that Brady's climax was close. One deep thrust, going as far in as he could get, and Brady came. The scent of cum filled the air, carrying Jack over the edge, and he flooded Brady's ass with his own spunk.

"Shit, that was fucking beautiful."

Jack turned his head to see Simon jerking off, those dark eyes burning with lust. He rolled over, pulling out of Brady with a slurping noise, to swallow Simon down. Simon shouted and grabbed his head in a firm grip. Jack relaxed his throat, letting Simon fuck

his mouth. He kept the suction hard and pressed his tongue flat against the throbbing vein on the underside of Simon's shaft. He fondled Simon's lightly furred balls, squeezing them and grazing the tender spot of skin right behind them.

Simon grunted and his salty cum burst into Jack's mouth and down his throat. He swallowed as much as he could, but a little escaped from his lips to spill down his chin. He cleaned the softening cock before he let it slide out of his mouth, and then sat up only to be attacked by Brady, who licked Jack's chin clean.

"Mmm ... I love that taste," Brady murmured. "Simon and Jack mixed together."

Jack pushed him down to lie next to Simon on the blanket, and then got up to soak his t-shirt in the stream. Coming back, he cleaned them all up and then snuggled in close to his lovers. Brady cuddled close with Simon's left arm wrapped around him, and Jack took his place on Simon's right side. His fingers entwined with Brady's on Simon's chest. They fell asleep, holding each other tight.

* * * *

Jack slipped off Hans with a wince, envying the ease with which Brady and Simon dismounted.

Brady patted his ass as he walked past. "Don't worry. It'll get easier after a few months of riding."

"Good. There's only one thing I want to do that makes my ass sore."

Simon roared with laughter, while Brady shot him a scandalized glance. He winked and Brady chuckled.

"Maybe you should soak in the hot tub for a while. Loosen some of those sore muscles." Simon pushed him in the direction of the deck.

"I think I will. You guys coming?" he asked over his shoulder as he headed towards the house.

"We'll be there in a few minutes. Have to put the horses away, and we'll grab some drinks." Brady unsaddled Hans.

"Okay." Jack strolled to the deck as fast as his aching legs would let him. He uncovered the hot tub, got the jets running and stripped. He slid into the bubbling water with a sigh. Leaning his head back on the edge, he shut his eyes and relaxed.

A foot bumped Jack's shoulder ten minutes later. He opened his eyes to see Brady, in all his naked glory, standing at the edge of the hot tub, looking down at him. Simon held a tray of fruit and water.

"Climb in." Jack shifted around to make room for them.

Simon set the tray down and slipped in, groaning as the hot water supported him. Brady squatted down and handed Jack a small box.

"What's this?" He took it, studying Simon and Brady.

Brady motioned to it. "Open it."

Jack tugged the top off and found a set of keys nestled inside. He pulled them out, tossing the box on the deck. He looked at the two men with a hopeful feeling in his heart. "Are they...?"

"Keys to the house," Simon informed him. The dark-haired man flung an arm around Jack's shoulder and held him close. "You're over here all the time now. We thought you needed your own set."

"I don't know what to say." He kissed Simon and then rose up on his knees to give

Brady one as well.

“Just take them. Maybe in a month or two, you’ll be ready to move in.” Brady joined them with a splash.

Jack set his keys on the tray, out of the way of the water. Then he proceeded to show them just how grateful he was for their willingness to open their hearts and home to him.

Chapter Nine

Two months later

Jack opened the front door, ready to call out for Brady and Simon, when he heard voices coming from upstairs. He threw his keys in the bowl on the hall table and his coat over the railing as he made his way up to their bedroom. By the time he got to the doorway, Brady's voice had gotten so loud, the blond was shouting.

He stood there, stunned, as Brady and Simon faced off. Simon wore nothing except a pair of black boxers and white bandages wrapped around his hands. His face, arms and neck were covered with soot. Jack noticed the faint scent of smoke in the air. Brady wore a white t-shirt and faded jeans with riding boots. Jack remembered that today had been lesson day.

"Goddamn it, Simon. You're not supposed to be fighting fires anymore. You're the chief, for fuck's sake. You're in charge." Brady threw his hands in the air.

"So being in charge means I stand back and let a building burn when I could be in there, helping my guys?" Simon's voice was raspier than usual.

He must have inhaled some smoke at the scene, Jack thought.

"You're not a young guy anymore, Simon. Let them do it. Let them be the heroes." Brady's body was tense.

Jack could feel the anger, worry and fear filling the room, with a good deal of pain mixed in. He went right to Simon, reaching out for those large hands he loved having touch him.

"What happened?" he interrupted, pushing between his men.

"There was a five-alarm fire over in Bristol. Our station got called in to help. It was a bad one, Doc." Simon's dark eyes were glazed with fatigue and pain as he looked down at Jack.

"Yeah." Brady poked Simon's chest. "Jackass here decided to be a hero and rushed in without backup to help one of his men."

Jack pried open Simon's hands and gently pulled off the bandages. Simon hissed as Jack revealed pink, bloody flesh. There were blisters and burn spots all over his palms.

"Oh, love," Jack whispered, ghosting a finger over the abused skin.

He heard a choking sound and then footsteps hurrying away. The bathroom door slammed against the wall, and Brady emptied his stomach in the toilet.

"Brady could never deal with me getting hurt," Simon joked through gritted teeth.

"What happened?" Jack held those mutilated hands in his and led Simon to the bathroom where Brady was rinsing his mouth.

"One of the floors collapsed, and Jameson got trapped. His partner stayed with him, but smoke kept overwhelming their position. I got some of my guys to man a hose to try and either suppress the smoke or put the fire out. I went in to help Riley dig Jameson out. By the time we rescued him, my gloves had melted." Simon blinked back the tears in his eyes.

Jack knew the tears had nothing to do with him trying to clean Simon's wounds. "How's Jameson?" He glanced over his shoulder to see Brady leaning against the linen

closet, pale-faced.

Simon shook his head. "He got burnt real bad. Took him to the burn unit at Memorial. I'm heading over there as soon as I get cleaned up." Simon leaned his head against the wall.

"Damn right, you are. You should've never come home first." Jack dug through the first aid kit, trying to find some gauze. "Brady, turn on the shower and strip. We're going to get Simon cleaned up and then take him to the hospital." He caressed an uninjured spot higher on Simon's wrist. "I'm not going to wrap your hands until after the shower. We'll help you, so lean on us and don't touch anything."

Steam rose from the water. Brady stripped and stepped in. Jack supported Simon as the big guy stumbled under the water.

"Just let him soak for a minute. I've got to call Sally." Jack ran to the phone next to the bed. "Don't yell at him yet, Brady. Let's wait until he's healthy—then you can yell, get angry and even hit him if you want."

"Samson Clinic." Sally's chipper voice came over the phone. "How may I help you?"

"Sally, it's Jack. Simon's been injured. I need you to reschedule the rest of my appointments and send any emergencies to Roger."

"Was he in that fire over in Bristol?"

"Yes." He fought the urge to hang up on her. "I need to go."

"Don't worry, Doc. We'll take care of everything here. You go and make sure Simon's okay."

"Thanks." He hung up and stripped.

Joining Simon and Brady in the shower, he slid in front of Simon's big body. Brady's arms were wrapped around Simon's waist, letting him lean back against him.

"We'll do everything, just try to relax." Jack grabbed the soap and sudsed up a washcloth. He knelt down and started washing Simon's feet. Simon moaned. Jack looked up to see both men staring down at him.

"That happens to be one of my favorite positions for you," Simon joked.

Jack pressed an open-mouthed kiss on Simon's cock. The soft prick jerked, but stayed soft.

"I assume your favorite one for me is on my back," he said, moving up Simon's muscled legs.

"Or bent over the couch. I'm not very picky. As long as I get to feel your mouth or fuck your ass, I don't care where I am." A tired grin worked its way across Simon's face.

Jack saw a frown form between Brady's eyes. "What about Brady? What's your favorite position for him?"

Even though it had been Simon and Brady's idea to move their relationship to a more serious level, Jack couldn't help but be sensitive about the possibility of coming between the couple. He could never forget that they had been a couple first and he was still a new addition.

Simon rested his head on Brady's shoulder and winked. "Bent over the hood of my car. Ass in the air. Legs spread and begging for me. When I'm by myself and jerking off, that's what I fantasize about."

"I do, too," Jack confessed. "There's no more beautiful sight in this world than Brady spread out on your car, screaming your name while you fuck him. I get hard

whenever I think about that.”

“Thank you,” Brady mouthed over Simon’s head at Jack.

Jack winked. He finished cleaning Simon off, avoiding those beat-up hands. He kissed Simon softly, doing nothing but telling Simon that Jack was glad the man was alive.

Simon sighed, kissing him back, and Brady joined in, making it the best kind of kiss: a three-way. Before he lost track of what they needed to do, Jack stepped back.

“Brady, can you manage to wash Simon’s hair without knocking him over?” Jack asked, climbing out of the shower and reaching for a towel.

“Yeah.” Brady nuzzled Simon’s neck and wrinkled his nose. “Nothing worse than wet smoke smell.”

“Good. I’ll get the gauze and ointment. I can’t believe they let you come home instead of taking you straight to the hospital,” he grumbled, drying off. “I’ll have something to say to those EMTs.”

“I lied to them. Told them I was fine after they bandaged my hands. Just going home to clean up and change, and that I’d go to the hospital straight away,” Simon mumbled, eyes closed against the shampoo.

Within twenty minutes, they were on the road, heading to the hospital. Jack drove while Brady rode in the back with Simon, giving the injured man someone to lean on.

* * * *

Brady paced in the waiting room, arms crossed and head down. God, he’d acted like a total bastard. He should have noticed that Simon was injured the minute his lover had arrived home. Instead he’d gone off screeching like an old woman. Then when Jack got there and discovered Simon’s wounds, he’d really acted like a girl and puked his guts out.

Shoving his hands through his hair, he snarled. Damn, he was right, though. Simon was too old to be playing hero and rescuing people. Brady didn’t want to lose Simon. Not for a very long time. He loved the crazy firefighter and had since the moment they’d met.

“Stop it. You’re frightening the children.” Jack’s voice caressed his ear as the vet’s steady hands gripped his and led him to a set of empty chairs.

Brady glanced around. “There aren’t any children here.”

Jack chuckled. “Guess I was trying to distract you. It was the only thing I could think of that wouldn’t get us arrested.”

Brady gave a wan smile. He knew Jack was trying to keep his spirits up. He checked his watch. “What’s taking so long? They took him back over an hour ago.”

“They have to thoroughly cleanse the wounds and cut away the dead skin. Also, he inhaled a lot of smoke. They’re going to wait to make sure his lungs are going to be okay. The nurse will take you to his room when she can.” Jack stroked a thumb over Brady’s hand.

Brady wasn’t happy about either of Jack’s comments. “His room? And where are you going to be?”

“The doctor won’t let Simon go home tonight. His burns are too severe, and he’s inhaled too much smoke.” Jack shrugged and lowered his eyes. “I figured you’d want it to be just the two of you tonight.”

“It’s the three of us. Has been pretty much since that first night at the PYT. No way are you skipping out on us now.” Brady gripped Jack’s hand, bringing it to his lips. “I

need you here, Jack. You have to keep me grounded. I'm scared. I almost lost him, Doc. I don't think I'd be able to survive without him."

Jack cupped Brady's cheek with his free hand. "He was seriously injured, love, but we didn't lose him. He'll be fine. We'll just have to pamper him for a while." Jack laughed.

Hospital and children be damned. Brady closed the space between them and kissed Jack, relief that Simon will be okay and joy at Jack's being there to help pouring into the kiss.

A cough sounded. They pulled apart and stood, turning to face a smiling nurse.

"Mr. Vanderly. Doctor Samson. Chief Wittman has been taken up to a room for the night. I'm to take you up there, where you can speak to the doctor."

Brady nodded, throwing an arm around Jack's shoulders. "Let's go, Doc. We shouldn't keep our man waiting. You know how cranky he gets when we aren't there to wait on him hand and foot."

Jack pinched his ass, and Brady laughed. Simon was his heart and Jack his soul. He couldn't wait for Jack to move in with them so they could start living their lives together.

* * * *

"I don't want to stay here," Simon snarled at the nurse as she set up the IV and tucked the sheets around him. "Can't I just go home? Jack's a doctor. He can take care of me."

Jack snorted, walking in with his arm around Brady's waist. "I'm an animal doctor, Simon. I might have accused you at some point of being a beast in bed, but it's not the same thing."

His dark-haired lover frowned at him. "I still don't see why I have to stay the night."

"Because your hands were pretty seriously burned, love." Brady left Jack's side and sat on the edge of the hospital bed. He rested his hand on Simon's chest. "We want you to heal, and the best way to do that is to listen to the doctors."

Jack sat on the other side, stroking his fingers over Simon's cheek. "It's only for a night and then you'll be back home with Brady hovering over you like a mother hen."

He couldn't help laughing at Simon's groan. Jack didn't remove his hand from Simon's face, but he watched the way those chocolate eyes melted when Simon's gaze met Brady's. *So much love between them*, he thought.

Then both men turned to look at him, and he gasped at the love shining in their eyes. Was it for him alone or just leftover emotion?

"You'll be there as well, right? I need someone to keep me from killing Brady when he cuddles me and tries to stop me from doing things." Simon reached out a bandage hand to both of them.

Jack touched Simon on the arm, above the bandages. Brady rested his hand on Simon's thigh.

Jack shrugged. "I thought maybe you'd just want Brady around while you heal. Too many people might drive you crazy." He smiled quickly. "I have a key, and I'll be there every night to check on you."

"Oh, hell no," Brady exclaimed. "I told you before. It's the three of us now. Both Simon and I want you with us all the time. It's like a piece of our hearts are missing when you spend the night at your house."

Jack glanced from Brady to find Simon nodding.

“Brady’s right, Jack.” Simon shifted slightly and grinned ruefully. “I admit, when we first met you and Brady started talking about you being the perfect man for us, I wasn’t sold on the idea. Too many men had come and gone, staying for a little while until the novelty of having two lovers wore off. I hated how it hurt Brady to watch them leave.”

A cough and frown from Brady made Simon grimace. Jack knew that look. Simon wasn’t telling the whole truth and Brady was calling him on it. Jack reached out with his free hand and entwined his fingers in Brady’s hair, bringing Brady to him for a quick kiss.

“Fine,” Simon conceded. “I didn’t want either of us to get hurt. The reason I stopped playing last year was because I couldn’t take it anymore. It hurt to invest so much of my heart and soul into loving a man, only to have him leave when he was done with us. I didn’t want to risk it again.”

Simon gestured slightly for Jack to come closer. Jack took the hint. Letting go of Brady, he leaned down and pressed their mouths together in a light kiss, mindful of Simon’s chapped lips.

“I don’t plan on leaving, Simon,” Jack said after pulling away. “If you and Brady will have me, I’ll stay for the rest of our lives. I’ve found a home with the two of you.” He grinned. “Just like a stray dog you’ve fed one too many times.”

He jerked when Brady shouted and jumped to his feet, dancing around the room. A nurse peeked in, but Jack waved her out. She smiled and nodded, shutting the door tight behind her.

“I knew you were the one from the beginning. Didn’t I, Simon?” Brady bragged, skipping up to Jack and planting a big wet kiss on his cheek.

“Yeah.” Simon shared an indulgent smile with Jack. “Don’t get too cocky. You might have been right, but I wanted to be sure. It takes a special person to love two people—a person with a huge heart and a loving soul.”

“A man like Jack.” Brady threw his arms around Jack and hugged him tight. “We love you.”

Jack buried his head against Brady’s shoulder, hiding his blush. He kept a hold of Simon’s arm, not wanting to lose contact with either man. “I love you both so much. You fill me with awe. To be willing to open your partnership and include me into it... I’m not sure I know what I did to deserve it.”

Simon’s smile held happiness and love. “You didn’t do anything except be yourself. You’ve carved your own place in our hearts.”

Jack glanced down at their hands. All three entwined together, giving each other strength and support. It was time.

“Since you’re sleeping here tonight, maybe Brady and I can move my stuff over to the farm.” He shot them both a look from under his lashes.

Joy gleamed on his lovers’ faces.

“Love, that would be great.” Brady twitched with excitement. “I’m sure we can get most of your stuff moved before Simon is released tomorrow.”

“I have something to look forward to tomorrow. Coming home to both my lovers and sharing every minute of my life with them from now on.” Simon gestured for Brady and Jack to lean closer. “Kiss me.”

They kissed. A wonderful kiss that combined all their tastes and personalities—

Simon's aggression, Brady's playfulness and Jack's gentleness. A kiss that represented what the rest of their lives would be like. And Jack couldn't wait to get started living it with them.

The End

About the Author:

T.A. Chase lives a life without boundaries. Being fascinated by life and how different we all are, he writes about the things that make us unique. He finds beauty in all kinds of love and enjoys sharing those insights. He lives in the Midwest with his partner of nine years. When he isn't writing, he's watching movies, reading and living life to the fullest.

Awakening

Bonnie Dee

Chapter One

Melissa gazed into the eyes of the man of her dreams. They were a deep cobalt blue, the vibrant color only achieved by contact lenses or certain movie actors. No one she'd ever met in real life had eyes so vivid, so piercing, so...

Guh, the things he was doing with his finger, while his eyes stared into hers. She squirmed at the touch on her clit. Slowly moving circles grew faster, and her body jerked in time to the rhythm.

"Oh, please," she whispered almost soundlessly.

"You like that?" His clipped British accent coupled with his husky voice made the question sound sexy.

"Uh!" she nodded, biting her lip.

"Then you'll love this." He knelt before her, grabbing her hips and placing his mouth where his hand had been. As he licked up her slit and flicked his tongue lightly over her clit, waves of sensation built deep inside her.

Oh, God, Michael! She wanted to shout it out, but kept the words inside her head. They were at work in a room anyone might enter. She had to keep silent.

But as the fizzy champagne bubbles of her orgasm built and built at the point of contact, she couldn't suppress her panting breath and gasp of pleasure. One last stroke and the cork popped. Champagne fizzed through her entire nervous system, drenching her in tingling wetness.

Melissa moaned softly and opened her eyes. The stall door faced her. She pulled her finger out from under the elastic of her panties and smoothed her skirt over her hips. Breathing heavily, she flushed the toilet to give herself another moment of privacy, then opened the door and walked into the ladies' washroom. She crossed to the sink and turned on the water, staring at her face in the mirror.

"You pathetic bitch!" she whispered at the girl with wide brown eyes, an upturned button nose and sharp pointed chin. Her hair was drawn back from her face in a simple ponytail, and the few straggling curls on her forehead stuck to a sheen of sweat.

Melissa tested the running water with her hand and found it warm. She wanted to plunge her whole head into water and cool herself down, but settled for dampening a piece of paper towel and blotting her forehead and cheeks.

Before washing her hand, she breathed in the scent of her finger coated with her own carnal juices. Sex. At this rate, the only kind she was going to have would be with herself.

Pushing through the door, she walked back to her cubicle at Stoltz, Bloomington and Huff to face the stacks of files and paperwork waiting to fill the rest of her afternoon. With a sigh, she gazed at the cluttered surface of her desk and the spiraling screen saver on her monitor, then sat down and tapped the mouse. She jumped when someone spoke behind her.

"Hey, love? Could I ask you to pull the files on these? Before the end of the day if possible. Ray needs them on his desk before the weekend. He wants to go over them."

Melissa whirled away from her desk to face the speaker. Her heart shot up into her chest, knocking against her breastbone and blocking her breathing. God, the voice! Him! Would he know? Could he see on her face that she'd just come to images of him in her mind?

Michael rolled his unbelievable blue eyes as he handed her the document. "Sorry. Not too PC of me. I didn't mean to call you 'love' nor 'dear,' 'sweetheart' or 'darling.' Bad habit, that."

"Uh." She took the sheet of names and stared at him, mesmerized by the eyes, the voice, the presence.

"So, do you think you'll be able to? Get to this, I mean?"

"Yeah. Sure. No problem."

"Great! Later. Have a lovely weekend." He was gone as she blinked.

"Bye," she said to empty air.

Melissa glanced at the list of files she needed to search for in the records room, then she gazed at the swirling corkscrew of light on her computer monitor for a moment. What should she have said to him? How would he ever notice her if she offered nothing more challenging than monosyllables? What would Rachel have done to attract his attention?

She smiled, thinking about her roommate. Rachel was the stereotypical redhead, outgoing, a little hot-tempered, bold and brassy as hell. She took no shit from anyone and raced through life with gusto. Her life was a revolving door of men, all kinds, whomever and whenever she wanted. No one ignored or rejected Rachel. She was a natural force ... and Melissa's polar opposite.

Crossing one leg over the other, Melissa let her skirt ride way up. She wiggled her foot and gazed up at an invisible man from under seductively half-lidded eyes. "Michael, I would love to 'pull your files.'" She imbued the words with sexual innuendo. "And honey, you can call me 'love' anytime."

If she really did that, he'd probably laugh. "Good one, Melissa. You're very amusing."

She sighed and sat up, reaching for the Henderson file and opening it. Time to get some serious work done, or she'd still be at her desk by midnight. Lawyers might go play golf, but a paralegal's work was never done.

* * * *

By the time Melissa dragged herself through the front door of her apartment at about nine o'clock, she was exhausted, irritated and totally frustrated. Her research for the Henderson case had led to one dead end after another, and it had taken much longer than expected to get through the list of names Michael asked her to pull files for. She was almost the last one out of the office, except for Dale Bloomington, who she suspected never left the building for any reason.

She dumped her purse and briefcase and walked toward the kitchen to pour a much deserved glass of wine. As she passed through the living room, noises from Rachel's room caught her attention.

"Ah-ah-ah-ahhhhh! Do it! Oh, yeah, baby," Rachel moaned. Squeaking springs, a rhythmically thumping headboard and deep, masculine groans completed the picture.

Melissa closed her eyes and kept walking, but she couldn't drive away the mental images the sounds produced of naked torsos and flailing limbs, Rachel with her head thrown back and an expression of ecstasy on her face, some man's hands squeezing her breasts, some man's cock buried hilt-deep in her body.

Opening the cupboard door with enough force to send it bouncing off its neighbor, she pulled out a bottle and poured the burgundy liquid into a glass. She inhaled the rich,

fruity aroma and took a long sip, leaning against the counter and staring at the photo collage on the fridge. It was covered with pictures of her and Rachel and some other friends doing all sorts of things—parties, ski trips, hiking, that Cancun vacation last winter.

Rachel had been her friend since junior year of college. They were the most unlikely pairing, but from the moment a mutual friend introduced them, they'd become fast friends. The following year they got an apartment together. Melissa was the wing-woman. That was her function in Rachel's life. Rachel was her motivator, the person who stirred her up to do things she might never have tackled on her own—like the skiing, for example. They were each other's confidante, confessor and critic, and despite the disparity in their temperaments, the relationship worked.

Melissa sipped her wine. But on nights like this, when all she wanted was a nice, quiet apartment to herself, it was hard to remember she even liked Rachel. Hopefully, she and her latest boy toy would finish what they were doing and go out for the rest of the evening, leaving Melissa in peace and solitude.

She opened the refrigerator and gazed at the sparse contents, wishing she'd listened to herself and stopped at China Wok for takeout on her way home. A moment later, she heard Rachel's door close, and her friend entered the kitchen behind her.

"Hey! Look who's back. Man, you've got to quit letting them abuse you like that. No one should have to work so late on a Friday night." Rachel massaged Melissa's neck and shoulders. She moved past her to pull a couple of bottles of water from the fridge. A whiff of sweat and sex rose off her naked body. "Whew! I'm parched."

"I bet." Melissa struggled to keep the bitterness out of her voice. "Who's this one?"

Rachel straightened, her tits bobbing, nipples pointing erectly in the cool blast of air from the fridge. "The guy I've been telling you about. Or, I think I mentioned him. He's so fucking hot! He comes into the café every morning for coffee. I've had my eye on this one for a while."

With Rachel there was always a "this one," some random guy who'd caught her attention as she waited on him. She was a painter by choice, a barista by necessity. Melissa had kind of stopped listening to the details, but Rachel's next words caught her attention.

"You'll really like him, Melissa. He's ... I don't know, special. I've only been out with him a couple of times, but he's better than most guys I hook up with."

From across the apartment came the sound of Rachel's bedroom door opening again and a man clearing his throat.

"Ooh, there he is. Come on. You've got to meet him." Rachel held the bottles in one hand and tugged on Melissa's arm with the other, pulling her from the room.

"Do I have to meet him while you're naked? This is embarrassing, Rachel! You don't have a clue about appropriate behavior."

"Nope. I don't. Lighten up." Rachel turned and called, "Hey, Michael!"

The bare-chested, dark-haired man clad only in a pair of boxers, crossing the hall from Rachel's room to the bathroom, turned to face them. Cobalt blue eyes gleamed in the dim lighting.

"Oh. My. God." Melissa spoke each word with measured weight. They were like stones dropping into the pit of her stomach, dragging her down. The man Rachel had just fucked was Melissa's office crush for the past year, Michael Avery.

Chapter Two

“What?” Rachel turned to her. She might be flighty, but she could be very sensitive sometimes. “Do you know him?”

Michael took a few steps into the living room. If he was embarrassed by his half-nude and Rachel’s totally nude state, he gave no sign of it. He cocked his head and frowned at Melissa. “Don’t I know you?”

“This is my roommate, Melissa.”

His expression cleared. “Melissa! As in Stoltz, Bloomington and Huff?”

She could barely speak, her throat was so dry. It ached as if she had a fever. “Yeah. That’s me,” she croaked.

“Sorry. It took me a moment to place you. Odd, meeting you outside the office—especially like this.” He laughed as he indicated his semi-naked state. “What are the chances?”

“You two work together?” Rachel asked. “Oh, my God, how weird.”

“She’s the best! I always know I can count on her to get things done.”

Melissa attempted a response or even a smile, but found her face paralyzed. All she could do was blink.

“We’re going out for dinner in a bit. You should join us.” He grinned, that flash of white teeth that stole her heart every day since he’d first started working at the firm.

“Well, I’m going to...” He indicated the bathroom, then turned and left the room.

When the door had closed behind him, Rachel grabbed Melissa’s arm and spun her around to gaze into her eyes. “What? What is it?”

Nothing. It’s nothing. Melissa wanted to be cool, nonchalant, never let Rachel know how devastated she was, swallow down her pain and disappointment and carry on. But they were too close for that. Rachel wasn’t fooled.

“What the fuck? Talk to me Lissa!” She gave her a little shake. “You know him from work. Oh, my God, is *he* The Guy?”

Melissa nodded once and pulled away from Rachel’s grip, blinking her eyes furiously to keep from crying.

“Christ, I’m sorry! I didn’t know, or I never would have... What can I do? How can I fix this?”

“You can’t.” Her voice was thick. “Just... Can you get him out of here? Can you guys just leave, quick?”

“I am so sorry.” Rachel stepped forward and tried to hug her. “You’ve got to believe me.”

“I know.” Melissa pushed her away, her hand meeting soft, warm flesh. “Not your fault. I’m aware, but I need a little time.”

Rachel took her hand and squeezed it. “Oh, sweetie. Please don’t hate me. And for God’s sake, don’t cry. I can’t take it. Let me do something.”

“Please just...” Once more, Melissa extricated herself from Rachel’s grip and walked into the kitchen.

But, single-minded as always, Rachel followed her. “Wait, Lissa. I have an idea. You’ve wanted this guy for months, right? Let’s give this a different spin. Why does this

have to be a problem? So I slept with him. You can, too.”

Melissa turned and stared at her.

“I’m perfectly serious. At work, you said, he didn’t notice you. But here he can see you in a new light, find out you’re not some office drone, you’re a hot, sexy female that he should sit up and notice.”

“But I’m not hot and sexy. That’s *you*, Rachel!”

“Oh, baby, you are. You just hide it.” She cupped Melissa’s face, refusing to let her look away. “Let’s make this a weekend neither of us will ever forget, hmm?”

A nervous flutter rose over the lead weight in her gut. “What are you suggesting?”

“You like him. I like him. Let’s both have him. A kind of social experiment.”

Melissa scanned Rachel’s gray-green eyes, looking for signs of irony. “Are you crazy? Both date him?”

“Both date him at once—a threesome. What do you think?”

“Are you crazy?” she repeated.

“You, me, him, sex. It sounds like a blast.”

“Rachel! Don’t you get it? I *like* him. I don’t want that. I’m not interested in...”

“In what? In sharing? Or in something so naughty, so perverted, so exciting? Here’s the deal. Give yourself over to it for one weekend. That’s a few days out of your life. At the very least it’ll be a memory to put behind you. At best it might be something you’ll treasure forever.”

“You *are* insane.” She pulled her face away from Rachel’s hand. “Besides, what would make you think he’d even agree to such a bizarre plan?”

Rachel laughed. “Please! A man will never choose a single course over a full buffet.”

Melissa shook her head. “No. No. This is not going to be like the time you talked me into taking Sidney’s car and driving to New York. I won’t do it.”

“Please! Trust me. You’ll like it.”

Waving her hands in front of her as if to wipe out the entire idea, Melissa scowled. “Stop! First of all, you know I’m not a casual sex kind of person. The act means something to me, and I think it should be with someone I care about, maybe even love.”

“I love you, Lissa. Always.” Rachel grinned. “Don’t ya love me?”

“Then there’s that! A three-way means we’d touch each other—you and me—body parts touching. How could we ever have the same friendship after that?”

“Prude! Get over it.” Rachel sidled in close again—too close, invading her personal space. Her arms snaked around Melissa, pulling her up against her hot nakedness. She gazed into her eyes from inches away, breath puffing over her cheek. “Come on. Don’t tell me you’ve never thought about it, just a little? Maybe saw me come out of the shower, all moist and pink, wrapped in a towel, and wondered, ‘What if?’ I know I have. The way you flip your hair back and purse your lips when you’re pissed at me? Kinda hot, girlfriend.” A slow smile curved her mouth. “Like the expression you’re wearing right now.”

Melissa stood stiff and frozen, hardly able to believe this was happening. Yet her body betrayed her, nipples hardening from the pressure of Rachel’s tits against her own. Her crotch tensed and moistened in response to Rachel’s half-teasing, seductive words and her softly curved body—so very naked.

“Hey, are we going out to eat then, or...” Michael’s voice from the kitchen doorway jerked Melissa from her trance. She jumped away from Rachel as if she’d been scalded,

arms folding protectively across her chest.

“Oh.” His gaze flicked back and forth between them.

“No. Not...” Melissa said. “I’m not. We were just...”

“We were just interested in seeing if *you’re* interested.” Rachel glided over to Michael and rested a hand on his arm. She looked ludicrous and also totally sexy, standing naked beside him when he was now fully clothed.

His pale face flushed pink, and his thick, long eyelashes swept over his cheeks as he looked down at Rachel’s chest then back to her face. “Interested in?”

“It’s like this. I like you. Think we’ve established that. But Melissa likes you, too. Maybe you didn’t know that. She doesn’t always show her feelings. She...”

“Rachel, no! Stop!” Her face burned, and her chest ached so much she thought she was having a heart attack. Was it possible to literally die of shame?

“Anyway, I thought maybe we could all ... play together, if you know what I mean. I’ve never done it. Always wanted to, although I tended to picture me and two guys, but... What do you think?”

“Oh, God.” Gazing down at the floor, Melissa shielded her eyes with her hand.

“Are you serious? You’re not taking the piss?”

“Taking a piss?” Rachel asked. Melissa imagined crossing the room and choking the life out of her.

“You know, having it on with me.” The luscious Brit-speak continued.

“I’d *like* to have it on with you.”

“Pulling my leg. Yanking my chain. Fucking with me.”

“No. I’m absolutely serious. Melissa’s not convinced yet, but I’m sure between the pair of us we could seduce her. She thinks maybe you’re not interested in her, you know, in a sexual way.”

“Jesus God, Rachel. Stop it now.” This was much worse than the time she’d gotten Melissa to steal Sidney’s car. The world was turning upside down, spinning out of control. Trapped in a nightmare, she could only watch it explode.

“Melissa and you. Together, at the same time?”

“Yes. A social experiment, just for this weekend. We can experiment with whatever secret fantasies we’ve always wanted to try, and when the weekend’s over it’s no harm, no foul, back to normal life. Things won’t be weird between you guys at work or between me and Melissa here at home.”

“You are quite serious,” Michael confirmed. “And definitely loony. When would this, ah, experiment begin?”

“Well, Melissa hasn’t even eaten, yet. She might feel better after she’s had something and we’ve all talked a bit more. Then we’ll see what happens next.”

“Melissa?”

She couldn’t even raise her eyes to meet his. “I’m so sorry about this. Rachel gets carried away sometimes with her crazy schemes. I know you don’t even like me, so...”

“Who says I don’t like you? We’ve never really talked at all.”

Because you render me mute. “I know.” She felt his approach across the kitchen, but her gaze remained trained on the floor until his feet came into view.

“I always thought you were very attractive but so shy it was hard to get to know you.” His hand touched her cheek then cupped her chin and tilted her face up. “I’d like to now, if you’re willing. A little dinner and some chat, and then, as Rachel says, we’ll see

where it leads. If you're interested."

Frozen by his gaze as always, Melissa could only nod.

"We won't do anything you don't want to do." His deep voice resonated up and down her spine, soothing and warm as hot cocoa. "But I want you to know beyond a doubt that I do find you very attractive, and I'd be more than willing to participate in Rachel's 'experiment.' And it doesn't have to affect our working relationship. On Monday, it'll be business as usual."

She stared into his stunning eyes looking down into hers just as they had in her fantasy earlier that afternoon. Her stomach lurched and rolled from nerves, but a bright tingling sensation perked her nipples and settled in her sex. Between Rachel's unexpected embrace and Michael's breathtaking proximity, her underpants were already soaked. While her brain continued to protest the insanity of the plan, her body had made an independent decision. Blood raced through her veins and throbbed in her pussy, urging her to take what Rachel offered. Giving in to desire, curiosity and Rachel's strong will, Melissa bowed to the inevitable—a weekend full of no-strings-attached, wild and uninhibited sex.

Chapter Three

Rachel went to phone in a pizza order, leaving Melissa alone with Michael. She poured herself another glass of wine and offered him one as well.

"Thank you." Michael smiled warmly as he accepted the glass. "You know, I got the impression you didn't care for me very much, the way you wouldn't make eye contact and barely spoke to me. I wouldn't have guessed it was because you were ... smitten."

"Smitten. There's a word." Melissa forced herself to return his smile. No use trying to keep any dignity now. Rachel had stripped away all her defenses. "A big, fat, schoolgirl crush is more like it." She tried to adopt the casual tone Rachel would use in such a situation. "Should've just come out and let you know I was interested, at least asked you about yourself and made small talk like a normal person. Rachel would tell you I'm wired a little tight."

"Yes, she would," Rachel said, returning to the room, finally clothed in a robe. "Pizza's on its way, but while we wait there's no reason we can't play a little, loosen things up." She picked up the bottle of wine and emptied it into a third glass. "How about a little drinking game? Nothing like alcohol to melt your inhibitions."

Melissa already had a buzz and felt her habitual reserve fading away. "Sure. Whatever."

Rachel grabbed a second bottle of wine, and they followed her out to the living room. "In a circle on the floor," she commanded. "Like spin the bottle. We'll go around the circle. The person whose turn it is can either comply with an erotic command or take a drink. Sound like fun?"

Michael chuckled. "Great fun. Who starts?"

"Me. Go ahead. Ask me to do something."

"All right, then. I would ... like to see you kiss Melissa, a real one, not a peck on the lips."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Men. So prosaic and predictable." She leaned forward. Melissa opened her mouth to say something, and suddenly, Rachel's lips were covering hers, warm and soft and wet. Her mouth moved, slowly opening and closing over Melissa's, then her tongue slipped between her lips, teasing hers to respond.

Her eyes closed as she responded to the erotic touch. Rachel's hand cradled her cheek, and Melissa reached out blindly, her fingers tangling in her friend's long, thick hair. The kiss was different from a man's, softer somehow and with no stubble scraping her chin. Melissa relaxed and let it happen, tasting the sweetness of lip gloss and the sharp tang of wine on Rachel's tongue.

The moment lingered for uncounted seconds before Rachel pulled away, settling back onto her heels. Melissa's eyes opened, and she stared across their little circle at Rachel. Her eyes were dark and dilated, and her full lips parted.

Melissa exhaled. "Wow! That was..." She trailed off.

"You're telling me." Michael's voice was a little rough, and when she glanced at him, his gaze was dark and hungry, too.

"Okay, now I get to give a command," Rachel said. "Lissa, take off your blouse."

Melissa glanced at her wine glass, then considered she might need to save her

drinking for a more challenging command. Slowly she unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it off, excruciatingly aware of her co-worker's eyes burning her naked flesh. Her lacy bra cups only covered half her tits. There was a generous swell of cleavage above them. She looked at Michael, forcing herself to meet his eyes. "You, too. Off with the shirt."

He grinned, that devastating lopsided smile that creased his cheeks and accentuated his rather long chin. "No problem. Rachel, the robe."

Rachel shrugged it off and, once more, was naked before them and totally unself-conscious about it. "Okay, Mr. Mike, I want you to take Melissa's bra off and suck her tits."

Boom! It was a bold move and one that left Melissa helpless. She couldn't drink her way out of the challenge because it wasn't hers. Michael crawled on his knees across the space between them. He reached around her back to unhook her bra and her breasts fell free.

She shivered. Every muscle and nerve ending taut as a bowstring and quivering with alarm and desire.

"Shh, don't worry. Relax." He cupped her face, thumb tracing the edge of her lips, and leaned to kiss her.

Closing her eyes, she yielded to another kiss, soft and wet like Rachel's, but completely different. His lips were thinner and his taste different even though he'd drunk the same wine. There was something eminently masculine about the way he took and possessed her mouth as though staking a claim. If Rachel's sweet, friendly nibbles had sent ripples through her body, Michael's set off temblors of excitement. His kiss grew harder and deeper, and when he pulled away, she gasped for breath.

Before she had time to recover, he pulled the bra down her arms and tossed it aside, then leaned to her breasts, drawing one erect nipple into his mouth. The heat of his mouth enveloped her, and the tugging sensation as he suckled sent a wave of fire licking through her, straight down to her crotch. He reached for her tit and squeezed it lightly in his other hand as though judging the weight and texture. Then his fingertips found her nipple and began to pull and roll it between them.

"Oh," she gasped, eyes half-closing at the twin pleasures. Her hands lifted of their own volition and threaded into his hair, holding his head to her. Her back arched, thrusting her chest toward his mouth.

He switched to her other tit, leaving the wet one to pebble in the cool air. Once more, he sucked her into his mouth and pulled with strong sucks that kindled fire in her very core.

She looked across his bent head at Rachel. Her friend was clutching her own breasts, kneading them then stretching and twisting the nipples. Her tits were fuller than Melissa's but with smaller, harder, deep magenta nipples. She licked her lips as she focused on Michael treating Melissa's light pink nipples and daintier breasts to an extended tongue bath. One of her hands slid down her torso to settle between her legs, finger rubbing her clit in little circles.

"No ... fair," Melissa managed to gasp. "Simon didn't say."

Rachel laughed, but abandoned her pussy.

Michael lifted his head from Melissa's chest and sat up, looking over at Rachel to see what he'd missed.

"Michael, tell her to play with herself. She wants to," Melissa said, lifting her glass

and taking a drink of wine, contest be damned. Sexual confidence surged through her, and she no longer felt like the quiet, mousy roommate. This must be what it would be like to be Rachel.

“Do you?” He cocked his head in that way Melissa loved and gazed at Rachel. “I’d like to see that. Show us.”

Rachel smiled. She was sitting cross-legged so the thin landing strip of hair marking her sex and the plump lips below were already well displayed. But, ever the exhibitionist, she reached to spread the petals of her pussy and reveal the tight bud within.

Melissa was riveted. Her breathing grew shallow in response to the live show taking place in front of them. She marveled at Rachel’s ease in presenting herself, trailing her finger slowly down her stomach and tracing the circumference of her sex before delving inside. Every pink, convoluted fold and the erect red hood of her clit were available for the others to see. She dipped the tip of her finger deep inside then drew it out glistening wet. Circling her clit in tight little circles, Rachel moaned softly, and her eyes closed.

“Jesus!” Michael’s voice was hushed.

Melissa wanted to echo him. She’d never seen anything as hot as her best friend pleasuring herself without a qualm about having an audience. Melissa didn’t know if she was more turned on by the sight of Rachel’s pleasure, or by her and Michael’s shared voyeurism. Watching such a private act made her want to do something equally perverse, perhaps display herself for Michael or maybe something even more risqué.

“Go down on her.” Michael’s voice was a rough growl that Melissa instinctively wanted to obey. Her pussy throbbed, clenching and releasing with each heartbeat, and she started to crawl toward Rachel, ready to comply.

“No. Wait.” Rachel stopped whimpering and rubbing herself. Her eyes flew open, and she gazed at Melissa. “Not that I wouldn’t love that, but it’s my turn to give an order. I’d rather see you go down on Michael. Pull that bad boy’s cock out and show me how you do it.”

Christ. Was this really happening? Was this really her, ready to do whatever either of them commanded? Melissa sat back and picked up her wine glass again. She drank deeply.

Rachel gave a groan. “Oh, come on! Don’t wimp out on us. Chicken!”

Melissa shrugged. “My turn. Michael, I want the whole show. A striptease with soundtrack.” She got to her feet unsteadily and went to turn on the stereo, then she sat beside Rachel, grabbed the bottle of wine and refilled her glass.

Rachel wolf whistled as Michael moved to an electronic beat, picking his shirt up off the floor and dancing with it, flirting by exposing a little of his torso at a time, then whipping the shirt around in the air and tossing it at them.

“Whoo-hoo! Take the rest off.” Melissa glowed warm as sunshine inside and couldn’t imagine why she’d ever felt self-conscious or embarrassed around Michael. He was wonderful. So was Rachel. And herself. All of them were wonderful and having a wonderful time.

Michael grinned and reached for the fly of his jeans. He unbuttoned, then teased the zipper down, gyrating his hips to the beat. God, he was so sexy. His body was long and lean and not weight lifter buff, but not saggy either. His pecs and abs were taut, and a fine down of hair furred his chest. A trail of hair, dark against his pale skin, led from his navel down to the waistband of his pants.

Melissa licked her lips as he shimmied both jeans and underwear down his hips and his erect cock bobbed forth. She sucked in a breath at the sight of it jutting out from its thatch of dark hair and vibrating in the air like a divining rod. She wanted to walk to him on her knees and take it into her hands and mouth.

Michael awkwardly completed his strip, tripping when he balanced on one foot, trying to remove the jeans and just catching himself before he fell over. He laughed as he danced nude before them, thrusting his pelvis and waving his arms around. "Never said I was much of a dancer. It's my turn now, and I want little Lissa to come join me on stage." He beckoned to her.

Rising with more care than grace, Melissa walked slowly toward him as the room spun around her. When she drew close, he pulled her into his arms and whispered, "You can do it, love. You're dead sexy."

As he rocked her back and forth, forehead pressed to hers, she *felt* dead sexy. She reached for the zipper on the side of her skirt and loosened it.

He stepped back to watch as she let the skirt fall to the floor then removed her nylons and panties. She swayed, cupping and lifting her breasts, tossing her hair back and shaking her hips. She felt erotic and decadent and totally uninhibited. *Look at me. See my body. Isn't it beautiful?* Her eyes asked these things as she danced for Michael's pleasure.

Smiling, he took her in his arms again and whirled her around, spun her out and pulled her back close. She threw her head back, laughing, giddy with excitement and lust and too much wine. He danced her around the living room and she felt joyous and buoyant. Michael was everything she'd dreamed he'd be, and dancing naked with him was the highlight of her year.

By the time the song ended, she was sweaty and breathing hard. The next number was slow. Pulling her against his heaving chest, he cradled her, hands stroking up her spine as he rocked her to and fro. His hot body burned hers, and she felt the thrust of his erection against her pubic bone and belly. She knew it was only a matter of time before he was inside her. It was as inevitable as the sunrise, and her body ached for it.

Melissa felt a presence behind her and glanced over her shoulder. Rachel had come to join them in their dance. She moved in behind Melissa, soft breasts and belly pressing against her back. Hypnotic, seductive, the melody wrapped around them, and two bodies encircled hers, sheltering her in their warmth.

Michael was all hard muscle and sinew, his shoulders like rock beneath her hands and his cock like steel against her front. Rachel was generous, fleshy curves, as soft and warm as a living quilt covering her back. Melissa surrendered to the twin sensations and the heat and warmth, closing her eyes and resting her head against Michael's chest.

After a bit, he put a finger under her chin and raised her face to cover her mouth with his. He gave her a lingering kiss as they continued to sway to the beat. When he finally released her lips, they tingled from the pressure. Melissa sighed.

Then Rachel took her hand and turned her around until she danced with her back to Michael and her front facing Rachel. The redhead cupped her face in both hands and leaned in to cover her mouth in a tongue-thrusting exploration that left her even more breathless. Their breasts mashed together, sending a heated charge through Melissa. Their bellies and downy pubic hair brushed erotically together. Rachel's hands tangled in her hair, and the kiss went on and on.

The jarring discord of the doorbell jerked Melissa from an almost hypnotic trance.

“Shit! Pizza,” Rachel muttered. She let go of Melissa, swept her robe off the floor and went to find her wallet.

Melissa and Michael stopped dancing although she remained in the circle of his arms with his erection resting in the groove of her ass. He was still thrusting lightly, and his breathing was ragged. Kissing her shoulder, he whispered in her ear, “Shall we go to the bedroom before we give the pizza boy an eyeful?”

Bedroom. This is really happening! She nodded. “That might be a good idea.”

Michael took her hand and led her to Rachel’s room.

Chapter Four

Burning candles were scattered around the room, and the mingled scents of vanilla, cinnamon and something floral, perhaps meant to be orchid, filled the air. There was also the subtle scent of sex in the room, permeating the sheets when they lay down on the bed. The bedding was still rumpled from Michael and Rachel's earlier activity. A vision of them pumping and thrusting together in a frenzy of lust sent a renewed wave of desire through Melissa. Very soon she, too, would know the pleasure of Michael's cock filling her—as well as Rachel's caressing hands and mouth on her body.

Michael reclined on his side, head propped on his hand, and gazed into her face. His other hand rested lightly, casually on her belly. "So, this was all very sudden. How do you feel about it? Rachel's a bit like a locomotive, isn't she? I don't want you to feel pushed into anything you're not ready for."

The boozy fog had lifted, and Melissa's mind was clearer, but the spell of lust still surrounded her. "Yes, Rachel is an undeniable force, and there've been times in the past when I let her talk me into some harebrained schemes, but ... this isn't one of them." She stared into his eyes, forcing herself to convey a confidence she didn't quite feel. "I choose to be here. I want this. But do you? You came over here this evening for a date with Rachel, and suddenly all hell broke loose."

His grin creased each cheek and made his eyes crinkle at the corners. They sparkled in the candlelight. "I think I can safely say I'm up for it." To illustrate, he prodded her hip with his erection. "More than."

"I realize two women at once is every man's fantasy, but sometimes reality is a little daunting." She smiled. "I know if some famous, hunky actor was offered to me on a platter, I'd be too shy to know what to do with him."

His fingers drew circles on her stomach, making it twitch and sending tickles of desire down to her contracting pussy. "I highly doubt that. I think there's a great deal more going on under the surface of Ms. Melissa Brown than anyone knows." He bent his head and kissed her on the forehead. "More confidence." His lips brushed her nose. "More sexuality." He kissed her lips. "And more intensity."

He pulled back and grinned again. "I'm game for exploring that, finding out what makes you tick." His fingers slid down over her pubis and into the wetness of her pussy. He slid them up and down her crease, coating them with juices, then circled her clit lightly. She sucked in a sharp breath.

Michael flicked and teased her clit for several moments then delved into her open entrance, pumping his fingers in and out. Her hips thrust up and down, driving her pussy against his hand.

Suddenly, the bedroom door flew open and Rachel and the smell of pizza entered the room. "Anybody hungry?" She gazed at the couple on the bed. "Ooh, guess not. I'll just put these out in the kitchen for later."

Michael continued his steady rhythm in and out of Melissa's pussy, adding the pressure of his thumb on her clit. Whimpering, she rose and fell beneath him, craving more, wanting to be filled more completely than his fingers could accomplish.

Rachel returned. She stood for a moment at the foot of the bed, watching them. "You

don't know how hot you look," she murmured when Melissa's eyes opened and met hers. "You've got to see yourselves."

A full-length, oval mirror in a stand stood in a corner. Rachel dragged it across the room and positioned it at the foot of the bed, angled so they could see their reflection.

Melissa cringed at the image of her nude body, legs splayed and Michael's hand pumping in and out of her dark channel. "Rach, no. I don't like it. It's too invasive."

"Go with it. Trust me." Rachel climbed onto the bed on her other side and began playing with Melissa's breasts, squeezing and licking them to hard points, always with her eyes focused on the mirror.

Despite herself, Melissa looked, too, and had to admit the reflected image was steamy hot. Michael's fingers fucking her, his mouth nuzzling her shoulder and neck, Rachel's hand and tongue on her tits—all felt amazing. But to feel the stimulation *and* see it at the same time was mind-blowing. Melissa became entranced watching Michael's long, pale body and the undulation of muscles under his skin as he thrust his erection against her side in time with the movement of his hand. Rachel was sex personified. Her lush body sprawled half across Melissa's. She wrapped her lips around Melissa's nipples and pulled them out as far as they would go before letting them snap back.

She reached across Melissa and stroked Michael's arm, trailing her fingers down until her hand joined his on Melissa's sex. She took over rubbing the clit so he could insert even more fingers in her vagina.

Melissa moaned and writhed beneath their combined ministrations. Her clit pulsed and throbbed, ready to explode, and her cunt was stretched and filled to satisfaction with four of Michael's fingers. When Rachel abruptly bit her nipple, the unexpected jolt of pain added the final element to send her soaring through space.

"Oh, God!" she cried out and jerked up and down as she came with the most intensity she'd ever experienced.

Her eyes closed as she rose and plummeted on waves of ecstasy.

"No. Don't close your eyes. Look at yourself. See how beautiful you look." Rachel's voice was a soft murmur.

Melissa opened her eyes and saw the three figures in the mirror, three beautiful bodies entwined and the woman in the middle, whom she hardly recognized as herself. She was sensual, sweating, completely open and vulnerable with no trace of the reserve usually reflected back at her by a mirror. It was as if another Melissa had emerged from inside. As the orgasmic pulses subsided, she breathed deeply and relaxed bonelessly into the mattress.

"I can't take it anymore." Michael's voice was rough as gravel. "May I...?"

Melissa glanced down to see the engorged head of his cock already weeping pre-come. She reached for him, grasping the thick shaft in her hand and rubbing her thumb over the soft head. His cock felt so solid and alive. She couldn't wait to feel its girth inside her.

He hissed at the contact and gently moved her hand away. "If you keep doing that, it'll be all over." Straddling her hips, he knelt above her.

Like a hostess at a party anticipating her guests' needs, Rachel was on the spot with a condom from the nightstand. She ripped it open and smoothed it down his vibrating shaft.

"Take her!" she commanded, eyes glittering with lust. Clearly getting off on coordinating things and watching her plan play out, Rachel watched him guide his cock

to Melissa's entrance and slowly push inside.

While Melissa had always known her friend was more than a bit controlling, she hadn't translated that into Rachel having a dominatrix tendency in the bedroom. Then Michael drove deep into Melissa's body, and she stopped thinking about her roommate at all.

It had been a while since she'd had more than a tampon or vibrator inside her. She'd forgotten how hot and thick and pulsing with energy a man's cock felt. Minor aftershocks from her orgasm were still sparking randomly in her depths, and the sensation of being filled completed the experience. Melissa was completely satisfied. She gazed up into Michael's half-lidded eyes, so dark they looked black rather than blue, and her fantasy was fulfilled.

"Hey, sweetie." Rachel stroked Melissa's hair back from her face. "Let's try something. Sit up and let me scoot in behind you."

Michael's jaw was clenched tight in his effort to hold back from coming. He moved slowly, carefully in and out as though determined to make it last.

Melissa did as Rachel bid, rising on her elbows and lifting her back off the bed. Rachel arranged the pillows then scooted in behind her on her knees, thighs clasp Melissa's hips, breasts like a cushion against her back and her wet pussy rubbing her buttocks. Rachel's arms curved around her, holding her in a hot embrace. Her fingers plucked and teased at Melissa's nipples then cupped and squeezed her breasts.

With Rachel's solid weight supporting her back, Melissa sat half upright, changing the angle of Michael's thrusts. His narrow hips were wedged between her thighs and he drove into her relentlessly, deeper and faster with each plunge. A low groan rose from his throat and his eyes closed.

Rachel kissed her neck then whispered in her ear, "Look now. See how sexy he looks fucking us."

Melissa gazed past Michael's shoulder at the mirror. The flex of his ass cheeks and the ripple of his back muscles as he pumped into her were reflected with perfect clarity. His body rose and fell, and over his shoulder she saw her own face, eyes wide and bright.

Rachel smiled as her gaze met Melissa's in the glass. Her red hair caught and reflected the candlelight in a brilliant blaze of color. Tilting her hips, she pushed her pussy up against the small of Melissa's back, making contact. Each time Michael drove into Melissa, the movement of her body rubbed Rachel's clit. The redhead gasped and, in the mirror, her eyes closed.

Melissa felt a new rise of lust at the knowledge that Michael was, in effect, fucking them both at once, bringing them both off. His primitive, masculine grunts combined with Rachel's soft moans near her ear surrounded her in a cloud of sensuality. The sparks of orgasm, which had all but died away, gathered again and coalesced in a new spot deep inside her.

Michael plunged one more time then froze, crying out in ecstasy. Melissa's body exploded, too. She wailed as another intense orgasm shuddered through her, shaking her to the core. Behind her, Rachel whined and moaned, signaling her own satisfaction. The chain reaction of coming was like a row of firecrackers popping, almost too perfectly timed to believe.

Michael's weight pressed her back into Rachel, and the three of them lay sandwiched together until Rachel struggled. "Enough! You're killing me."

With a chuckle, Michael rolled off, Melissa sat up and Rachel moved out from behind her. “Whew!” She waved a hand in front of her sweaty red face. “Our first three-way. What do you think, guys? Just imagine all the other combinations we can come up with. This is going to be a hell of a weekend!”

Chapter Five

When Melissa awoke the next morning, it took her a moment to place herself. This wasn't her bed, and it certainly wasn't just pillows and covers surrounding her. Naked flesh pressed against her on both sides. Long hair tickled her shoulder, an arm lay heavy across her chest, a hand cupped her hip and a leg weighed both her legs to the bed. She was effectively shackled in place by body parts.

Steady breathing from both sides told her both playmates were asleep. God, what a night! In the light of day, with her head aching from the wine, she felt a lot less jubilant about the previous evening's activities. The uninhibited fun and games took on a tawdry sheen, and she wasn't sure how she felt about herself or her relationships with Rachel and Michael.

Moving arms and legs from her body and crawling out of the bed, she was careful not to wake either of them. For a moment she stood looking at the erotic picture they made, the dark-haired, pale man and the round, rosy redhead sprawled across the bed. After their mutual orgasm last night, they'd taken a break for pizza and more wine, chatted for a while about random topics and laughed together at a cheesy comedy on TV. When the movie was over and they'd all gone to Rachel's bed, Melissa had expected things to heat up again, but surprisingly, the others were sleepy and ready to cuddle, and very soon all three passed out.

As Rachel had pointed out, they had the whole weekend before them. That was their pact. But when it was over, Melissa wondered if life could ever go back to normal. Could she and Rachel resume their old friendship, and could she face Michael at work now that he thought she was some kind of slutty playgirl?

As she watched him sleep, Michael's dark eyelashes twitched and he turned over with a groan. Afraid he was about to wake up, Melissa scurried from the room back to her own bedroom. She wasn't ready to see him in the light of day.

Slipping on a bathrobe, Melissa listened at her door. There was no sound, so she hurried to the bathroom to take a shower. Maybe clean and less hung over she'd have a better feeling about last night. The hot water coursed down her body, and steam rose around her, clearing her head. By the time she was finished, her spirits actually were improved.

She dressed and walked to the kitchen to find Rachel, alone, starting the coffeemaker. Her hair was flat on one side and sticking up wildly in several other directions. Her puffy-eyed face looked as pale and sickly as Melissa had felt on waking. Rachel grinned a welcome. "Hey, girl. Was that a crazy time or what?"

"Crazy is putting it mildly." Melissa exhaled in relief. It wasn't awkward or uncomfortable between them. This was just normal morning chatter between Rachel and her. They were still best friends with a new little twist.

"Not feeling weird, are you?" Rachel voiced Melissa's concerns.

"Surprisingly not so much. You?"

"Hell, no. I'm raring for round two. Michael had to go home to feed his cat and get some clothes—probably needed a breather, too—but he's coming back later, then we're all going out somewhere. Michael mentioned possible roller coasters. I don't know." She

got a pair of mugs from the cupboard.

Melissa went for the bagels, thinking about what else they might end up doing that day. “Rachel, are you going totally by the seat of your pants, or do you have plans in mind?”

Rachel laughed and turned to give her a seductive wink, the effect somewhat ruined by her crazy hair. “I’ve got tons of ideas. You’ll just have to wait to find out what they all are. I don’t know why we didn’t try this a long time ago.”

“Because there was no Michael. For me, this isn’t about having some random threesome encounter with a stranger. It’s about Michael, and if this is what it takes for me to be with him...” She trailed off, not sure where she was going with the thought. She liked him even more now she’d actually spent time with him and wasn’t sure she wanted to share him, not that the choice was hers.

“Hey, I never would’ve hooked up with him if I’d known he was The Guy, but since it worked out this way, don’t you think it’s kind of fun?”

Melissa shrugged, poking her finger through the center of a bagel and turning it around. “Guess I’m not sure how I feel about being a third wheel.”

“Who says you’re a third wheel? Maybe it’s me—or Michael. And why does there have to be an odd man, or woman, out at all?”

“Because relationships don’t work in threes, Rachel. Everybody knows that. Maybe for a while, but eventually there’s a pair and somebody gets excluded.”

There was an unaccustomed silence from Rachel. It caught Melissa’s attention. She looked over at her friend.

Rachel was watching the coffee drip. She suddenly turned to Melissa. “I’ll make you a deal. This whole thing was my idea, and the last thing I want is for our friendship to be messed up over this. When the weekend is through, I’ll step aside. Michael’s all yours just like you always wanted. He’s not nearly as important to me as you are.”

Melissa’s heart clenched at her friend’s sincerity, so unlike her usual teasing manner. “That’s so sweet. Thanks for the offer, but in the end he’ll be with whomever he likes best. I don’t think either of us has much control over that.”

Rachel crossed the kitchen and rested her hands on Melissa’s shoulders. “No matter what happens, nothing will get between us. ‘Kay?” She leaned in and kissed her lightly on the lips. “I won’t let it.”

Before yesterday, Melissa would’ve accepted it as a simple, friendly kiss, but now, there mere brush of Rachel’s lips brought back all last night’s erotic memories. “Me either.” Slipping a hand around Rachel’s waist, she pulled her close and smoothed one of the cowlicks on the side of her head. Her best friend’s body pressed warm against hers, awakening all sorts of exciting sensations in her groin. “Friends first.”

* * * *

Melissa stood on the boardwalk, looking out at the pier. Colorful flags snapped on a row of flagpoles. People milled in the shopping area, strolling from store to store. Several large ships were docked nearby, and a brisk breeze blew in from Lake Michigan. The sky was achingly blue overhead, and no one could possibly feel negative on such a fine, invigorating day.

“Hey. What are you looking at?” Michael’s arm slipped around her waist, and he stood by the railing with her, gazing at the view.

“Just enjoying the day. It’s gorgeous.”

“It is.” He kissed her cheek and wrapped an arm around her, pulling her against his warm body. “Absolutely perfect.” He drew Rachel into his other arm and held them both.

Melissa glanced sideways and caught Rachel looking back at her. They both grinned. She didn’t feel a jot of jealousy at Michael embracing both of them. It felt good and right being all together like this.

“So, Michael,” she looked up at him, “you never really explained how you came to the U.S.”

“Mm. I do tend to sidestep that. It’s easier to tell people business brought me here, but there’s a little more to the story than that.”

“Tell,” Rachel commanded.

The wind whipped a lock of dark hair into his eyes. Melissa reached up and brushed it back, thrilled to be in the position of performing such an intimate act. Impossible to believe yesterday at this time she’d been masturbating in the restroom to a fantasy of Michael and now she had the real deal. He was holding her in his arms, and she was brushing hair back from his forehead.

He sighed. “As you can imagine, it involves a woman.”

“Of course,” Rachel said. “I always thought you had a sad look in your eyes when you ordered your coffee. That’s what caught my attention.”

Melissa raised her brows. She’d worked with him for months and never particularly noticed a sad look. Maybe he hid it better at work.

“Without getting into details. She cheated on me, dumped me, and I felt like I needed to get as far away as possible. I couldn’t retreat home to my parents’ house in Devonshire. My work was in London. But basically, I wanted to escape the whole bloody island. My firm was working on a project jointly with Stoltz, Bloomington and Huff, and when a friend gave me a lead on a job opening up, I seized it.”

“Wait a minute. Back up,” Rachel said. “She cheated on you *then* dumped you? You didn’t dump her?”

“I was afraid you’d catch that. Yes. Pathetic, isn’t it? Even after she cheated on me I would’ve stayed with her. That’s how ball-busted I was.” He shook his head, and the lock of hair tumbled down again. “Best thing she ever did was give me the heave-ho.”

“I’m sorry. That sucks. I’ve been cheated on before, too,” Melissa said, turning in the circle of his arm to face him. “Takes a lot of getting over.” She reached up and caressed the side of his face then pushed back the errant hair again. It was so silky she wanted to bury both hands in his hair and drag his face down for a kiss.

“Lissa,” Rachel’s eyes sparkled as she turned toward her, “I think our boy needs some extra-intensive care to make up for what that bitch did to him. Are you up for it?”

Melissa smiled. “Think it’s time to go back to the apartment?”

Rachel shook her head. “Why wait? Come on.” She seized each of their hands and pulled them along with her. “I know just where we can take care of this.”

“We, uh, never rode the roller coaster.” Michael gestured behind them at the amusement park ride within the mall.

“You’re going to get a much more thrilling ride than a roller coaster,” Rachel assured him. “Sex in a public place.”

“Oh, God.” Melissa’s pulse raced in anticipation.

* * * *

“Here?” Melissa squealed when Rachel finally stopped walking. “You want us to have sex here?”

“Half the fun is knowing someone could catch us anytime.” Rachel looked around the dimly lit museum at the paintings on the wall and the sculpture dominating the center of the room. “I happen to know there’s a little alcove just back here that’s dark and shadowy. Went on a field trip back in junior high, and my boyfriend and I spent most of it making out in this very room.”

“You’re nuts. What if some school group shows up today? We’d be arrested for indecent exposure.”

“I’m telling you, no one ever gets to the exhibits back here. It’s basically an abandoned wing.” Rachel sounded completely confident, but she always did when she was making things up on the fly. She pushed Michael up against the wall and knelt in front of him. “Come on, Melissa!” She began to unfasten his fly.

“I’m not sure this is such a good idea either. It’s a bit ... exposed, don’t you think?” He looked past the mammoth sculpture that would hide them from the view of anyone entering. “What if they have video surveillance?”

“No camera. We’re safe.” Rachel slapped away Michael’s hands as he tried to stop her from releasing his cock, and pulled his jeans halfway down his hips. His cock sprang free. “And look what we have here if anyone should stop by—a work of art!”

“I’ll stand guard,” Melissa offered.

“No! Now get down here, and let’s do this right. He may be protesting, but look how much he’s into it.” She squeezed his rock-hard shaft and pumped her fist up and down, causing Michael to slump against the wall and groan. “If there’s no risk, there’s no adventure. Come on.”

Every nerve ending in Melissa’s body was like a finely tuned antenna. Her stomach leaped, and her heart rate rocketed. She’d never felt so alive as she sank down to her knees beside Rachel and met her friend’s gaze. “We are so going to get busted.”

“Then we’d better hurry before someone comes, huh?” Rachel grinned and licked a long, broad stroke up the length of Michael’s quivering penis.

Melissa matched her on the opposite side, tasting salty skin and feeling hot, pulsing flesh beneath her tongue. She gripped the bunched jeans around his hip to keep her balance and slipped the other hand between his legs to fondle his balls. She looked up to see Michael’s reaction. He stared down at them, eyes glittering and lips parted. As she squeezed his sac lightly, his breath caught then released in a soft groan that sounded loud in the hushed room. The forbidden location added a heightened excitement to the already thrilling act of both of them blowing him at the same time.

They moved in a dance, choreographing their actions so they didn’t get in each other’s way. After they’d both lapped up and down his length several times, Rachel sucked the turgid cockhead into her mouth, leaving Melissa to concentrate on the shaft. She angled her head and nibbled it lightly then licked down near the base, all the while rubbing his balls between her fingers.

Michael groaned, “Aw, Christ!” and Rachel made a soft whimpering sound.

Then from across the room came the creaking of a floorboard. Melissa whirled to face the sound, heart pounding, but there was no one coming. The creaking noise sounded again, just an old building shifting and settling. Melissa turned back to Michael’s cock. God, she hoped he’d come quickly.

Already he was panting and thrusting, while Rachel pumped a hand briskly up and down his length. She glanced at Melissa and whispered, "Take over here. I know how to bring him off fast."

Melissa did as she was bid, sucking the soft, round head into her mouth and rolling her tongue across it, while rubbing the shaft in the circle of her fist. She concentrated on the musky taste of pre-come on her tongue and the feel of the hard yet silken cock in her hand. Fear turned to arousal in the depths of her belly. Her pussy clenched as she remembered his cock filling her last night. Dampness pooled between her legs, and she'd have been willing to have Michael fuck her up against the wall with no concern about who walked in on them.

Meanwhile, Rachel rose and kissed Michael, whispered something to him then dropped back down to her knees. She moved behind him, pulling his jeans the rest of the way off his hips to grant her access to his ass. Melissa had a good idea how Rachel was pleasuring him on the other side of his body, and when Michael emitted a loud gasp, she was sure of it.

Caught between Melissa sucking his cock and Rachel rimming his anus, Michael's thrusts became shorter and more controlled. His breath gasped harshly in and out. He cupped Melissa's head on either side, holding her steady as he jerked into her mouth. A strangled groan came from him as Rachel did ... whatever she was doing with his asshole. And abruptly he came, spilling into Melissa's mouth without warning.

She swallowed the hot jets of come, her nipples and pussy tingling in reaction to his orgasm. It was arousing to have him so helpless beneath their hands and mouths, a slave to the sensations she and Rachel had given him. Melissa felt a powerful, primitive surge of womanliness. She felt like the representation of a woman in the sculpture, with her oversized tits and a round hole signifying her sex, reaching her arms up to a phallus-shaped object. Suddenly the ugly, clunky sculpture Melissa had never understood made perfect sense.

Wiping her mouth on the back of her hand, she exchanged a look with Rachel over Michael's hip as he slumped above them, gasping and moaning. Rachel rose, while Melissa pulled the jeans back up, tucked his slowly softening cock inside and zipped him up. She was about to stand when a voice came from behind her.

"Is everything all right here?"

Her throat constricted, and she froze on her hands and knees, turning her head to look up at an elderly gentleman in a blue blazer with the museum's logo blazoned on the breast.

"Asthma attack." Rachel patted Michael on the back. "He's getting better."

"Ring." The words grated past Melissa's tight throat. "Fell."

The curator stared at her for a moment then pulled a flashlight from an inside pocket and flicked it on. "The lighting is quite dim here," he agreed, and it was impossible to tell if he truly believed her or was just humoring her. He shone the light over the wood floor.

Melissa slipped her ring off her finger, pretended to scoop something off the floor, then held it up triumphantly. "Here it is! Got it!" She rose to her feet.

The curator flicked his light off and put it away. "Have you seen the traveling exhibit? You might want to check that out."

"Absolutely," Rachel said. "We were headed that way next. Stained glass, wasn't it?"

“Blown glass.” The curator rattled off the names of the various artists whose work was being displayed and ushered them in front of him all the way to the special exhibits room—where they paid for the privilege of entering.

As she wandered through a fantasy world of delicate flowers, globes, vases and fanciful, airy shapes, Melissa glanced at her companions in crime. Rachel’s face, seen through a thin sheet of glass, was green. Michael, gazing up at a hanging sculpture of intertwined objects, glowed golden from the light shining through the glass.

Melissa looked at her hand in the reflected light from a rose vase. She was bright pink, and that was how she felt inside, too, as pink and voluptuous as a Georgia O’Keefe peony. *Rose-colored glasses*, flashed through her mind. Was this warm, glowing feeling too good to last? Surely nothing so exuberant and exhilarating could be sustained.

Chapter Six

“You girls really know how to make a museum interesting.” Michael lounged back on the couch and tipped a beer to his lips. “Maybe if we’d done more of that on day trips from school I would’ve liked them better.”

Melissa laughed and chugged from her own bottle of beer. “It’s all Rachel. Believe me, I would never think of stuff like that on my own.” She sighed, comfortably full and more relaxed than she’d been in a long time. They’d had lunch out after the museum, and once the rush of adrenaline wore off, she’d found herself starving. She’d packed away a thick roast beef sandwich, and now a nap would be nice. Yawning, she stretched her arms.

“Oh, are we boring you, Miss Thing?” Rachel dropped down on the chair behind her and massaged her shoulders. “There are more fun and games coming. You can’t sleep the day away. Our weekend’s too short.”

“Like what? What else do you have in mind?”

Rachel’s warm hands left her shoulders as she leaned back in her chair. “How about we each tell something about ourselves? Something important and deep, like what makes us tick or a biggest fear, perhaps something we recognize in ourselves that we’d like to change.”

“Wow, that’s fairly heavy for a Saturday afternoon,” Michael said.

“Well, this weekend’s all about taking challenges, exploring and exposing ourselves—not just having wild monkey sex.” Rachel laughed.

She surprised Melissa sometimes. Just when she started to think her friend really was quite shallow, she’d come out with something like that.

“You already know my big, life-changing event. Up until Daphne, I was a fairly average fellow. Incredibly boring, really. Stable two-parent and one sibling home in the country, average student, normal interests, boring job. Then I met Daphne and lost myself. I’d have done anything for her, anything to keep her, become someone else if that’s what it took. But it still wasn’t enough. So, after that was over, I did the most out-of-character, crazy thing I’d ever done in my life—immigrated here.”

“Have you liked it?” Melissa asked.

He shrugged. “Americans are nice, friendly, but I still feel a bit ... outside of things, if you know what I mean. When I got here, I threw myself into work, became a total workaholic trying to be ‘part of the team,’ and when that didn’t make me feel any better, I took the opposite route, started partying way too hard just to be with people. Guess I’m still finding my place. People I can be myself with—whoever that is.”

“Aren’t we all?” Rachel’s voice was unusually soft and solemn.

Melissa turned around to face her.

Rachel smiled at her. “You know what I like best about my friend Melissa here? Her family. Yeah, that’s right, Lissa, I love you for your family.” She leaned forward, resting her arms on her knees. “Here’s my secret. I can’t stand to be alone. There was always just me and my mom, no other relatives. We moved a lot, and Mom had her own interests which didn’t really include me. So I was left to my own devices a lot.

“When I met Melissa in college and she invited me home for Christmas break, I

thought I'd died and gone to heaven. She had the absolute, perfect homespun family. I wanted to marry her brother just to be a part of it. Of course, he was already married so..." She laughed.

Melissa remembered that holiday and how animated Rachel had been, talking a mile a minute, participating in cooking and singing and tree-decorating like she was one of the family. At the time, she remembered feeling a little jealous. Rachel seemed more like one of the family than Melissa felt at that stage in her life. Later, she'd understood the loneliness that drove Rachel, but hearing her friend say it for the first time ever was moving. Tears prickled her eyes at Rachel's admission.

"Anyway, that's me. I'll admit that's why I hook up with random guys all the time. Just to be with someone."

Melissa thought there were deeper issues than that. If Rachel hated being alone so much, you'd think she'd pick men who wanted more than a one-night stand, but she almost always hooked up with players or tough guys not interested in a serious relationship. Michael was an exception to Rachel's normal type. Or maybe he wasn't. Maybe he was just here to play, too.

"And you, Melissa," his voice broke into her thoughts, "what makes you tick? What's your secret fear?"

"Um. Well, I'm shy, as you know." She felt ridiculously nervous as they waited to hear what she'd say, almost as embarrassed about showing her psyche as she had been about revealing her body last night.

Michael laughed. "Sorry, but you didn't seem very shy in the museum."

Her cheeks burned. "You know what I mean. I wasted most of a year not talking to you because I was too afraid. I don't know what's the matter with me. Like Rachel said, I come from a perfectly well-adjusted family, and yet I'm always obsessing about whether I'm good enough, smart enough, talented enough, etcetera." Now that she'd started, the rest came out in a rush. "But insecurity is just part of my problem. I think being afraid to lose control is the root. I really fear letting go so I keep my life contained to the point where I'm not doing anything at all."

Rachel leaned forward and rubbed her shoulders again. "Well, you sure as hell let go this weekend. I'm proud of you. And I think I know the perfect antidote to your loss-of-control phobia."

Rachel's voice purred near her ear, and hair prickled on Melissa's neck. She had a strong suspicion where this was heading.

"Surrender control completely. Give it over to Michael and me. Let us tie you up and have our way with you."

"How did I know you were going to suggest that?" Melissa's gaze met Michael's, and he grinned, a wide wolfish smile that made her want to turn belly up and say, *Take me*.

Rachel grabbed her shoulders tighter and rocked her from side to side. "Come on, sweet stuff. You know you want to. It's all part of the experiment."

Her desire was piqued at the thought of ropes and sensual tortures and Rachel's words: *Have our way with you*. What kinds of things would they do? And would they let her go if she'd had enough?

"What about a safe word? We'd have to establish that."

"Jesus, Lissa, what do you think we'll be doing to you?"

“I don’t know, but I want to know I can end it if I don’t like it.”

“It’s all about trust,” Michael said. “Do you trust that we won’t hurt you?”

A frisson of fear shivered up her spine at the thought of putting herself completely in Michael and Rachel’s power—especially Rachel’s. Sometimes the girl didn’t know when to quit. “I guess so, but I still want a safe word—‘peanut butter.’”

He chuckled. “Fine. Everything stops if you say it.”

Chapter Seven

“Oh, God,” Melissa groaned.

Peanut butter. Peanut butter. Peanut butter.

Her arms and legs strained against the scarves tying her to the bedposts. Luckily—or not—Rachel had a drawer full to choose from, dating back to the period where she always wore a scarf around her neck, on her hair or tied like a sash at her waist. Brilliant, bold prints of swirls and flowers and stripes now wrapped around Melissa’s wrists and ankles, fastening her spread-eagled across the bed.

The scarves were soft so they didn’t cut into her flesh, but Rachel and Michael had drawn them so there was no slack. Her arms were already a little sore from being stretched above her head, and she tested the bonds to see if they’d give at all. They didn’t.

The worse part was her legs, spread so far apart there wasn’t an inch of privacy for her pussy. Rachel had slipped a small cushion under her ass so her hips were held up off the bed and her sex was completely on display. It tightened and loosened in regular pulses, wetness trickling down and pooling along the crack of her ass. Her opening yawned wide, and the desire to be filled rolled through her in steady waves, but so far, neither of her captors seemed inclined to fulfill that need.

In fact, they’d left her alone in her room as soon as they’d finished tying her up. Rachel had beckoned Michael, whispered something in his ear, and they both walked out.

How much time had passed? Michael had covered the alarm clock so Melissa couldn’t check the numbers. She was glad Rachel hadn’t thought to blindfold her as well if this was an exercise in sensory deprivation. That would have been far too freaky for her to deal with.

Peanut butter.

She counted out the seconds to help her measure time. *One thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three.* The room remained silent and dimly lit by the late afternoon sunlight sneaking in around the edges of the blinds. Melissa strained her ears and heard a quiet murmur of voices from the other room. What master plan were they hatching out there, and how would they execute it? She reached one thousand eighty-two before the bedroom door opened.

Rachel entered first, followed by Michael. They didn’t make eye contact with her, but did pause for a lingering look at her nude body stretched across the bed. She pictured herself through their eyes: pale limbs spread in all directions, pert breasts poking up toward the ceiling, pink pussy open to view, head lifted from the pillow and enormous brown eyes gazing at them. Yes, she looked hot and sexy. The knowledge sent more fluids trickling from her yawning entrance to wet the pillow beneath her.

Holding another scarf in her hands, Rachel crossed the room to the bed and covered Melissa’s eyes with it.

“No,” Melissa protested. “Don’t.”

Ignoring her, Rachel wound the fabric around her head and tied it in back. It was snug but not uncomfortable. Melissa was plunged into blackness. It was amazing how the loss of sight changed things, adding to her sense of vulnerability. She tugged at her arms, desperate to pull the scarf from her eyes, but there was no play in the bonds. Her arms

were beginning to ache from the position. "Can you at least scratch my nose? It's driving me nuts."

There was no response. *Peanut butter!* "Come on, Rach. It itches and that's not particularly sexy."

"Say, 'Please.'" Michael's voice sounded deeper, huskier, different. Whether he was putting on an act for her benefit or it was her imagination, Melissa wasn't sure.

"Please."

"Mistress." Rachel's voice was a breathy murmur. "Please, Mistress."

"We're going to play that? All right. Fine. Please, Mistress, scratch my nose."

A finger rubbed the bridge of her nose, lightly, delicately. Then fingertips played over her face, touching her everywhere like raindrops pattering down ... forehead, cheekbones, nose, lips, jaw. She squirmed at the sensation but couldn't escape it.

A second pair of hands touched her feet. She jerked in surprise, fearing tickling. But the touch was gentle and firm, massaging her insteps, cupping her heels, smoothing over her ankles and up each leg. There was no other sensory input, not sound, not sight, to draw her attention away from the sensation of two pairs of hands touching her all over her body. Her skin tingled, her breasts ached with want and her pussy yawned wider and wider until it felt like her whole being was centered in it. She was desperate for touch and lifted her hips yearningly, but the two pairs of hands glided everywhere except her sex.

The touch of one hand was heavier. She was sure that was Michael. The other touch was lighter with a trace of fingernails, which had to be Rachel's manicured tips. But as they moved around, up and down her arms, legs, shoulders, chest, torso, it became impossible to tell which was which.

There was pressure on her breasts, someone squeezing and stroking them, pulling the already hard nipples to higher peaks. Melissa moaned and attempted to thrust her chest up into the wonderful touch, but her bonds pinned her to the bed, helpless as a bug on a pin. Simultaneously, a hot, wet mouth covered each nipple and suckled.

She gasped and whined, bucking as much as she could against her restraints. A raging wave of lust swept through her at the twin sensations tugging on her tits.

"Ah! Ah!" Her body convulsed and her hard, hungry pussy gushed as she came quicker than she ever had, rising high and falling fast. It was impossible. How could she come just from having her tits sucked? But she had and a cloud of euphoria settled over her as her sex pulsed in slower and slower rhythms.

A moment later, one warm mouth abandoned her breast, and the other followed. There was a brief break, long enough for her to recover and wonder what they were planning next. She listened, head tilting slightly to catch any whisper of movement, but the scarf around her head muffled sound as well as blinded her. There was no input to her senses ... until the next touch.

Hands again, cupping her legs and stroking up them. Moving ever so slowly, closer and closer to her sex. They stopped, braced on her thighs, and the bed dipped as someone climbed on it between her legs. Warm breath fluttered her pubic curls as someone inhaled her scent, then a mouth settled ever so lightly on her cunt, bestowing a kiss on the folds of flesh. Her chest rose and fell, her breath ragged as she waited for what was to come.

Soft and warm as a ribbon of silk, a tongue slipped all the way up her slippery seam, delving between the folds as carefully as a cat lapping cream. All the way up to her clit, while she jerked and twitched on top of the little pillow that raised her groin high. She

honestly wasn't sure if it was Rachel or Michael. The touch was so sensitive and gentle, she thought it must be a woman, but then a brush of cheek against her inner thigh was rough with stubble and she knew it was him.

Her pussy was already elastic, soaking wet and ready for entry. He slipped his fingers into her, several at once, while he continued to lap her clit with inexorable strokes.

She gasped at the contact, and suddenly her mouth was covered with something warm and soft. Rachel's lips kissing her. She pressed lightly and drew her lips together, trapping Melissa's between them, drawing them out then letting go. Then she swept out her tongue, teasing it between Melissa's lips. Each kiss grew more and more aggressive, deeper, harder, more insistent, while Rachel's hands trailed up and down her tautly stretched arms.

Sensation was everything. Melissa felt like one great bundle of nerve endings reacting to everything they did to her. The breath-stealing kisses and stroking hands, the lapping deep within her hole then up to her clit again, all combined to set another fire burning inside her. Deep and steady, Rachel and Michael fed the flame with the kindling of touch until it built to a roaring blaze that consumed her. Melissa bucked up, knocking Michael back with the force and cried out into Rachel's mouth.

Instantly, Rachel withdrew to let Melissa breathe and gasp and moan and weep to her heart's desire. Tears flowed, pooling under the blindfold and trickling down her cheeks. Rachel stroked her hair as she came down from her high, and Michael kissed her belly over and over.

"This is only the beginning," Rachel whispered. "We'll be back."

Chapter Eight

Melissa lost all sense of time passing. She could have been tied to the bed three hours or three days, and her body had become a boneless, vulnerable vessel that served no other purpose than to orgasm over and over at her captors' repeated promptings. She lost count of how many times she came after about the fifth. Sometimes one small peak led to even greater ones, like when they refused to give her clit respite, and she didn't know whether to count the series as one orgasm or several. She wept with pain, the sensation was so excruciatingly intense, radiating out like fire from her clit. But she didn't call "peanut butter," saving that for when she honestly couldn't take any more.

There were times when they would untie her for brief periods and rub feeling back into her deadened limbs. There were sips of water or herbal tea, a bathroom break and long, luxurious massages of her body, front and back. The second time they tied her up, she was face down with her ass lifted high in the air by a stack of pillows.

And, oh, the delicious things they did to it.

A light spanking that made her bottom blaze with pain was followed by soothing oil being rubbed into her flesh. A lubricated finger pressed into her anus, moving around the circumference of the tight hole, stretching and stretching it. Melissa had never been entered there and sucked in a sharp breath. It didn't hurt, she realized. There was only some tightness as wiggling fingers plumbed her depths and were withdrawn again.

She jerked as a new sensation intruded on her bottom. An electronic buzzing she recognized as a vibrator tickled her anus then delved slowly inside. It was well slicked with lube and entered her quite easily. She experienced only a slight burning sensation and a wonderful filled feeling that was, if possible, even more intense than a cock in her vagina. For one thing, a cock didn't vibrate. Little tremors shook her bottom from deep inside as the vibrator was thrust in and out of her ass. The deep penetration and tickling vibration turned tremors to steady quakes, drawing up another orgasm from deep inside her. It exploded through her body, and she reared back onto the vibrator as far as her bonds would allow her to move.

With no shame left, she let her tears flow again, gasping and sobbing with the force of her ecstasy. They let her rest for some time after that one, and she drifted into a light doze from which she woke only when the tickling started. Feathers dusted her from head to toe until she shrieked and twisted and came very close to calling it quits.

Peanut butter!

Rachel and Michael had become a faceless, nameless "They" who did things to her and brought her the greatest pleasure/pain she'd ever known. The third time they rested her and retied her, it was in a new position, kneeling with knees spread apart, ankles fastened again to bedposts and arms raised high above her head. She had no clue what they tied her wrists to and was beyond wondering about such details.

There was more stimulation, strawberries and whipped cream on her tongue and someone eating what felt like whipped cream out of her pussy, lapping and lapping inside and out until—surprise, she came again.

It was no wonder she lost count after five times.

An understood rule of the game was "no communication." She could whimper,

whine, moan, cry and yell, but there was no point in asking them to stop or loosen her bonds or give her a drink. They decided when it was time to do those things. They were almost omniscient in their ability to understand when she was thirsty or needed a rest or couldn't take even one more orgasm without breaking down. When she needed something, they would supply it. And things she didn't even know she needed—well, they supplied those, too. She had completely surrendered control.

Once more, she was untied and allowed to rest, exhausted and worn out, wondering how long this experience would last. Could they keep her a prisoner forever, and would she mind if they did?

She sighed and wished she could roll over on her side for a while. She was so very tired. "Peanut butter" was on the tip of her tongue.

Suddenly, there were hands again, removing the blindfold from her eyes. She blinked and squinted as though she'd been dragged into the sunlight even though the blinds were drawn and the room quite dim.

"Rachel?" she croaked.

"Shh." Rachel smoothed a hand over Melissa's forehead, pushing back her hair. "We're finished now. Are you?"

She nodded mutely.

Michael released her wrist and rubbed it briskly before laying her arm across her belly. He stooped and kissed her forehead. "Hey. You okay? Was it too much?"

Too much? She'd been to the other side of the universe and back on a mind-blowing trip through her psyche, her body and brain stretched to their absolute limit. "Just a little," she croaked.

Rachel cradled Melissa's head in her hand and gave her a drink of water.

Michael scooped her up off the bed and carried her from the room. Rachel walked ahead, opening the door and turning on the shower in the bathroom.

Michael set Melissa on her feet, and she swayed as she got her balance. "We went too far," he muttered. "I told you, Rachel! We passed 'playing' a long time ago."

"She's all right." But Rachel's expression was concerned as she gazed into Melissa's face. "Aren't you?"

She nodded again. "Fine. Just tired and ... wrecked, but in a good way."

Rachel went in the shower with her, shampooing her hair and washing her body from head to toe. After Melissa was rinsed, Rachel held her close to her slick body under the stinging spray and kissed her. "Sorry, but you seemed to enjoy it, and I kept thinking up new things to try..."

"Shh. I'm fine. I told you. I've just never experienced anything so intense in my entire life."

They toweled dry, and Rachel walked her back to her bedroom where Michael was waiting to tuck her in. He'd made the bed with fresh sheets. She sighed as she settled on her mattress and pillow again, rubbing her sore shoulders.

"So, what time is it?" She glanced at the bedside clock, the numerals glowing red once more. "Only eight o'clock! Impossible! It seemed like days."

"Over four hours is a hell of a long time." Michael sat beside her, kneading her shoulder. "Especially for someone who's never played a scene before."

"Like you have," Rachel scoffed.

"I have," he protested. "That one time I told you about."

“It’s hardly the same thing. You...”

“Guys!” Melissa held up a hand. “I’m wiped. I need some real sleep, and I think I liked you both better when you didn’t talk.”

* * * *

She woke up later in the night, mouth dry, muscles sore and stretched. A glance at the clock told her it was just past midnight. There was a dull ache in her vagina and ass, and a quiet glow pervading her body, reminding her of the workout she’d been through. She stretched and yawned, smiling at the memories.

Melissa rose and padded to the bathroom to get a drink, grateful for the simple act of rising and walking. She paused in the hall, drawn by the murmur of voices, and stood in the shadows watching the tableau in the living room.

Rachel and Michael sat close together on the couch, talking, one of Rachel’s legs thrown across his knees, his arm draped loosely over her shoulders. She said something, and they both laughed with an easy familiarity that sent a pang through Melissa. They looked like old best friends ... or a couple, a completely insular twosome.

She was extraneous to the scene in the living room. They were sharing a bond that didn’t include her. Standing in the shadowed hallway, she felt like a moth floating just outside a circle of light. She would love to go to it, become a part of it, but she might get burned. Silently, she continued to the bathroom to take care of her needs.

When she returned to her room, she knew she couldn’t sleep again. She was sick of bed, having spent hours in it. Turning on her bedside light, she picked up the novel she’d been reading. Propped against her pillows with the book open on her lap, she gazed into space and relived every detail of what had happened to her earlier in that very bed. It was more than sex. She’d experienced sensual stimulation in every body part and a surrendering in her mind.

Lost in sense memories, she zoned out and floated on the trancelike edge of sleep until the door opening caught her attention. Rachel stood, clad in her regular nightwear, a tank top and shorts. “Hey, how you doing? Michael’s gone home, but we’re invited to lunch at his place tomorrow. Can’t you sleep?”

Melissa shrugged.

She came in and sat on the edge of the bed. “Can I get you anything? Are you hungry? Thirsty?”

“No. I’m good. Besides, I’m not an invalid. I can get what I need myself.”

Rachel nodded. “Hey, how long have you been awake? You should’ve come out and joined us. Michael and I were talking for, jeez, I don’t even know how long. Hours. He’s so easy to talk to.”

“Mm. I wouldn’t know. I haven’t really talked to him that much.”

Rachel gazed at her, head cocked slightly. “Are you pissed about all of this? Did we go too far?”

“No. I told you. It was an amazing experience. I wouldn’t take it back for anything. Guess I’m just feeling a little grumpy and worn out. It’s a lot to process.”

She continued to stare, gray eyes scanning Melissa’s as if searching for the truth. “Well, okay. But if you want to talk about anything...”

“Not tonight. I think I need to be alone. Besides, I’m reading this great book.” She indicated the unread book on her lap.

Rachel leaned to cup Melissa's face and kiss her lips. "Just so you know. It was pretty amazing for me, too. I'll never forget it, the way you looked...so beautiful." She brushed Melissa's hair back from her face. "I wanted to hurt you and love you up all at the same time. I kept thinking of all the times I've seen you naked, changing in front of one another, sharing the same bathroom. How could I have looked right through you? How could I not notice how attractive you were, not allow myself to feel...well, the kinds of things I've felt this weekend?"

Melissa didn't answer, just listened and thought about times she'd seen Rachel nude. It hadn't occurred to her to examine Rachel's body with anything but dispassionate interest. *Wish my abs were as firm as hers. Or, Oh, she's got a new tat, wonder if I'd be able to stand the needle enough to get one.* She'd never imagined looking at her friend's body with lust. Now, Melissa couldn't stop desire from coursing through her veins at the mere sound of her voice. Something had shifted, and she didn't know if they could ever go back to the way they were before.

Rachel dropped her hand to her lap and stared down at it. "Maybe I did feel attracted to you all along, but it was buried so deep..." She trailed off. "Anyway, I just wanted to say, I don't know what you're feeling, but this is more than just random sex games to me. I mean, the sex *is* fantastic, but you're still my best friend, too. There's a whole element of emotion here I hadn't counted on."

Melissa nodded. She reached out and took Rachel's hand, letting her know she wasn't alone in her confession. "I'm a little mixed up right now. Make that a lot. But I want you to know it isn't all about being with Michael for me anymore. And I hadn't counted on feeling this way, either." She looked up and met Rachel's gaze.

Rachel traced Melissa's lower lip with her thumb, then leaned in and placed a soft, sweet kiss on her lips. She rose from the bed. "Okay. I'll let you have some time alone. G'night."

"Night."

Rachel walked to the door and paused in the doorway. "Hey, can I ask one more thing?"

"Sure."

"Why 'peanut butter?'"

Melissa laughed at the unexpected question. "I don't know. It has such a nice, wholesome, safe sound, doesn't it?"

Rachel's warm laughter bubbled over, joining hers. "Yeah. I guess it does." She grinned. "I wonder how long we could've gone before you finally used it."

Chapter Nine

By morning, Melissa was starving. But Michael had promised them a full service brunch late-morning, so she made do with a container of yogurt to tide her over. Her spirits were improved in the light of day, although she still brooded over what would happen after the weekend was over. Would Michael and Rachel hook up long-term, leaving her alone? Would she and Rachel be able to return to their platonic friendship after knowing each other so intimately? Would the three of them part ways, keeping only memories of the wild weekend they'd once spent? She didn't know if she could stand any of those options. But she put her concerns behind her and tried to concentrate on enjoying what was left of their time together.

Michael's apartment turned out to be larger and fancier than the home the two women shared. No big surprise there as he *was* a lawyer, albeit on the bottom tier of the firm.

He welcomed them inside, and Melissa immediately got the impression of space, light and warmth. The foyer was tiled with rough, sandy stone, and a potted fern stood in one corner by an antique brass coat rack. Beyond the entry, the floors were a golden pine wood and the open floor plan ensured no interruption of the light pouring through the windows. A colorful carpet centered the living room furniture grouping. Plants were everywhere and a pair of tabby cats, orange and tan, sprawled on the couch and an ottoman.

Michael shooed the dark-striped cat off the couch. "Move it, the guests need to sit. You're not allergic, are you?" He looked at them with worried eyes. Melissa thought he seemed a little nervous at playing host, and she found his jumpiness endearing. "Are you hungry? We could go straight to the brunch." He gestured at the dining area a few yards away, marked by a table and chairs beneath a shining chandelier.

Melissa caught her breath at the spread on the table. Colorful fruit, baskets of muffins and silver covered platters covered the table. Three place settings with solid pewter flatware and delicate bone china were laid out.

"God, look at this spread!" Rachel stopped scratching the orange tabby between the ears and walked over to the table. "Very Martha Stewart of you, Michael. You could move in and be our housekeeper." She glanced around the luxurious rooms. "Or better yet, we could move in here."

Melissa froze. Of course Rachel was joking, but the reminder that this astonishing weekend was almost over hit her hard. Was this Rachel's back-handed way of asking if Michael wanted to continue seeing them beyond today?

The dark cat slunk around Melissa's ankles, rubbing and purring so loud she felt vibrations up her leg. "Hey, there," she crooned, crouching to pet it. "What's your name?"

"Oh, that's Reggie, and this big girl is Buffy." Michael nudged the big, pumpkin-colored cat on the couch. She opened her mouth wide and yawned.

"Buffy? Seriously?" Melissa grinned.

"I didn't name either of them. They're rescue animals. Used to belong to an old woman. When she had to go into a facility, they needed a new home. I figured they were

the perfect pets for me. Already trained, used to quiet, no fuss at all really.”

“And very cuddly.” She scratched under the cat’s chin, then rose and joined Rachel at the table. “Wow! You’ve outdone yourself.”

“Please, sit down.” Michael pulled out a chair for her and did the same for Rachel before taking his own seat.

“What do we have here?” Rachel began peeking under silver lids. “Omelet. Bacon. Sausage. Crepes. I’ve died and gone to heaven.”

“Dig in.” Michael beamed at them from the head of the table and offered a carafe of orange juice to Melissa.

Rachel started pulling covers off dishes without hesitation and forking the food onto her plate. “He’s too perfect, Lissa. I think we’re going to have to keep him—even if it’s under lock and key.”

Melissa concentrated on buttering a muffin. She found Rachel’s thinly veiled hints embarrassing. Michael had agreed to a fun weekend, but maybe he didn’t want anything beyond that, or maybe he only wanted a relationship with one of them. There was no point in poking at the subject, trying to get some kind of response from him.

“So, what else is on the agenda for today?” he asked, cutting into his omelet. “Mud wrestling? ‘Cause I’d really like to see you two doing that.”

“Hmm. Interesting, but I don’t think so,” Melissa said. “Today should be about Rachel. It’s her turn to be the center of attention. What would you like us to do for you, Rach?”

“Funny you should ask. I came prepared. I’ll show you after we’re done eating. Great omelet, by the way, Michael.”

“Thanks. I actually love to cook. After looking at briefs all day, it’s relaxing to simply chop vegetables and stir sauces.” He rested his elbows on the table and laced his fingers together, gazing over them at the women. “And as for cooking for you again, I’d love to ... anytime. I don’t know if this is the right moment to talk about it, but I want you both to know that I, for one, would be happy to explore this relationship further.”

Relationship? Was that what it was? Melissa met his gaze but didn’t answer. She had no idea what to say.

“Me, too. You know how I feel about it,” Rachel said.

“Did you guys talk about this last night?” Melissa asked.

“A bit. To tell the truth, we both agreed we were interested in going beyond this weekend.” Michael exchanged a look with Rachel. “But we wanted to present it to you together.”

“See, Melissa. I can keep a secret sometimes, too. So, what do you think? Want to be a threesome?”

Melissa tore her muffin into little fragments, taken aback by this abrupt change in events. “What exactly are you thinking it would be like? More sexual adventures? Actual dates? I’m not sure what you’re picturing.”

“We’d make it up as we went along. It’s too early to tell,” Rachel said. “Why do you always have to pin things down? It’s the control freak in you rearing its head again, and we have ways to weed that out of you.” She smiled.

Melissa didn’t return the smile. “I’m not trying to micromanage. I just don’t know if you’ve thought it through very well. What happens in real life situations when, for example, somebody has an event where he or she is required to bring a plus one? Who

gets to go? Who gets left behind? Do we all go? I just don't see this working out too smoothly."

"But you can't know without at least giving it a shot." Michael's soft voice and level gaze silenced Melissa's arguments. As always, when he looked at her she melted into a soft, gooey puddle of want.

"I'll think about it, but honestly I don't see how this is supposed to work. How do we relate without someone feeling left out? And what about little things like explaining our relationship to family and friends?" she said. "We kind of catapulted into this crazy weekend, and I need more time before agreeing to something longer term."

"Absolutely." He nodded. "No more discussion until we've all had more time to consider."

"Okay by me," Rachel added. "I certainly don't want to start an argument, especially now 'cause I've got big plans for the three of us this afternoon. Just wait 'til you see what's in my bag!"

Chapter Ten

“Oh, no. You are not serious! I’m not putting that thing on.” Melissa shook her head as Rachel held up a leather harness with a lethal-looking dildo attached. The thing was thick, long, black like the harness and studded with little tabs for texture. “Where the hell did you even get it, and why?”

“Remember that guy Dirk I dated for a while?”

“Derek. His name was Derek.”

“Right. Anyway, this was Derek’s idea. He seemed to love it and, let me tell you, it does amazing things to your clit when you use it.”

“So this has been in Derek’s ass, and now you want it in your ... just where exactly do you want it, Rachel? Front or back door?”

“I cleaned it. And my pussy, please. I hoped Michael would take the back door action.”

Melissa ran her hand through her hair. “How long have you been waiting to act out these fantasies? Your brain hasn’t stopped spinning them all weekend.”

“Holy Mother of God, this is hot,” Michael said. “If I’d known American girls were as wild as you, I’d have moved here years ago.”

“Oh, it’s not all of us. Just Rachel.”

“Come on, baby. Strip down and put it on.” Rachel extended the hand with the strap-on toward Melissa. “Michael here will come just from seeing it on you, I bet.”

How could she have any shame or shyness left after everything she’d gone through yesterday? “Fine. Whatever.” Melissa stripped off her clothes and took the harness from Rachel. “How exactly...?”

“Here. Let me help you put it on.” Rachel showed her how to position it, buckled the contraption in place, then stood back to regard her friend. “Wow. That’s...”

“Hot,” Michael finished. “Extremely.” His gaze was riveted on Rachel’s groin, and the bulge in his pants showed his arousal.

Melissa looked down at the massive erection jutting from between her thighs and felt more ludicrous than sexy. “Really?” She swayed her hips back and forth, feeling the weight of the thing and the pressure against her clit that moving it engendered. A glow of warmth spread from the point of contact.

“Oh, yeah.” Michael pulled Rachel back against him and reached around to unfasten her shirt. Pushing back her hair, he kissed her neck, while he freed her from her blouse and bra.

Melissa moved to Rachel’s front and unfastened her skirt, letting it drop to the floor. Beneath she wore a scrap of pale pink thong that barely covered anything. Hooking her finger under the elastic waistband, Melissa pulled it away from Rachel’s toned flesh and let it go with a snap. “Why bother?” she asked, snorting at the inadequate size of the undergarment. “Might as well go commando.”

“Because it feels so good riding up my ass crack. Besides, it looks sexy.”

Michael peered over her shoulder at the lacy thong. “True.”

Crouching, Melissa pulled the thong down Rachel’s long, smooth legs and tossed it aside. Her friend’s nearly hairless pussy confronted her, the pink bud of her clit just

poking out from the plump folds. What would it taste like? That was one thing she hadn't experienced yet this weekend, and after today, she might not have another chance. Melissa grasped Rachel's jutting hipbones and leaned in to brush her tongue lightly up the seam of her sex. Glancing up, she met Rachel's avid gaze.

Pulling back the folds, Melissa again licked the length of her pussy, feeling slippery moisture on her tongue. It tasted musky and salty, a dark, secret flavor. She twirled her tongue around the erect bud, teasing it. Above her, Rachel moaned.

Melissa's own crotch grew wet, her clit pulsing against the strap-on device. She knew exactly what Rachel was feeling and how to give her what she needed. Bending to the task, she lapped over and over the little button of nerve endings, while Rachel thrust gently against her mouth.

She looked up again to see Michael kissing the side of Rachel's neck and shoulder, but mostly watching Melissa work. His eyes had deepened to indigo at the arousing sight. Melissa took a break from the clit to explore deeper. She spread Rachel's labia even further and delved her tongue as deep as she could reach into her hot, wet channel. The folds of flesh were soft and slippery on her tongue, the taste strong and primal. Her breasts and crotch tingled in reaction to the sensations and the sound of Rachel's soft whimpers. She felt as powerful as she had when giving Michael a blow job. There was something so satisfying about having a person vulnerable and desperate for her touch.

Moving her mouth back up to Rachel's clit, she lapped over it a few more times then stopped. She didn't want Rachel to come, yet. Melissa rose and faced her, the big, black dildo an awkward presence between them. It poked at Rachel's belly, and Melissa felt it on her clit. A little thrill went through her as she imagined thrusting it into Rachel's yawning chasm, filling her and possessing her like a man would.

Her eyes met Michael's over Rachel's shoulder. He licked his lips hungrily. Melissa thought of Derek, for whom Rachel had bought the strap-on, and suddenly pictured Michael bent over, ass in the air. She imagined herself pressing her fingers in and out of his puckered anus, stretching and lubing it, then positioning her fake cock at his entrance and pushing inside. Another shiver of lust went through her at the brief fantasy. The role reversal would be so perverse and steamy hot as she grabbed Michael's hips and thrust in and out, his groans resounding in her ears.

She dragged her attention back to Rachel, who waited before her, pink lips parted and eyes wide and dilated. Melissa stroked a hand down the side of her face and bent to kiss her, drawing those soft lips into her mouth and testing them with her tongue. Rachel tasted like maple syrup from the pancakes mingled with the savory spice of the omelet. She was breakfast all over again.

Melissa suddenly realized the show was hers today. The others were waiting for her direction. She took Rachel's arm and guided her toward the bed. Michael's bed was enormous, nearly as big as hers and Rachel's together. It was a perfect playground for three, which, unlike Rachel's bed, didn't elicit fears of falling off the edge.

She pulled the comforter down to the foot of the bed, and Michael pulled back the rest of the covers. Rachel lay down in the center of the sapphire sheets, her rosy body looking pale against their vibrant color. Michael climbed onto the bed on one side of her, Melissa on the other, pressing close to her side.

After kissing Rachel once more, she trailed kisses down her neck to her chest. Cupping a breast in her hand, she sucked the rigid nipple into her mouth and rolled her

tongue over it. Her own tits ached and throbbed with desire for the same treatment as she fondled and licked her friend's breast.

Michael suckled the other tit for a moment, then surrendered it to turn Rachel on her side. He moved in behind her. Melissa couldn't see exactly what he was doing, but imagined he was preparing her ass for his penetration.

She concentrated on both tits, pulling the nipples and twisting them sharply. Enjoying rough treatment herself, she assumed Rachel felt the same and smiled smugly as Rachel moaned and squirmed at her touch.

Melissa reached down between them, feeling the slick, bumpy length of the dildo in the curve of her fist. How would that texture feel stretching and entering the lips of a vagina? Perhaps another time, Rachel could use it on her. That would be hot.

Delving her fingers into Rachel's vagina, she pumped them in and out a few times, covering them with slippery fluid. Rachel was more than ready to be entered. Melissa grabbed the dildo again, guided it to the sopping wet entrance and pushed slowly inside.

The pressure of the pushing dildo sent waves of sensation through her own body. Her flesh pressed against Rachel's warm flesh, breasts rubbing breasts, legs wrapped around legs, belly to belly. Melissa reached for Rachel's hip, holding her steady as she thrust her cock inside, and her fingers encountered Michael's. There were so many erotic elements to the encounter, Melissa couldn't decide which factor most aroused her—her first real sex with another woman, the use of the strap-on or the participation of a third person. The scenario was rife with taboos, amping the excitement level to extreme.

As Melissa slowly withdrew the length of the cock then pushed back inside with more force, Rachel gasped. "Oh, Lissa! It feels so..." Her gaze met Melissa's and she grabbed the back of her neck to pull her in for a long, exploring kiss.

The heat between their bodies built, forming a slick of sweat as Melissa continued to pump in and out. A satisfying stimulation of her clit accompanied each thrust, giving her the illusion of actually owning a cock. This was as close as she'd ever come to knowing what men felt, the exhilaration of filling and possessing their partner. A sense of power burst through her as she drove into Rachel's pliant body again and again.

Meanwhile, Michael was getting his groove on in Rachel's backside. He'd donned a condom and slicked his cock and her ass with lube, preparing the tight sphincter for his entry. Melissa couldn't see his preparations but knew when he began to push inside because both Michael and Rachel groaned.

"You're so tight!" His voice was rough as sandpaper. "So hot." He grunted, looking down between their bodies at his entry into her backside. "And, Christ, I can feel Melissa in you."

She couldn't feel him, one of the drawbacks of not possessing a real cock. But just knowing they were only a thin membrane of flesh apart sent a renewed wave of excitement through her. Melissa pulled out and thrust back in.

Rachel whined. "You guys..." She was clearly beyond words and let the thought trail off into a moan. Her eyes closed in ecstasy as she surrendered to the sensation of being filled both fore and aft, two hot bodies sandwiching her between them.

Melissa had had a taste of it the other night when Michael had fucked her while Rachel held her, but this must be even more intense. For a moment, she longed to be the one in the middle, then she brushed the thought aside and concentrated on the task of timing her movements with Michael. A tempo developed between them. When he pushed

in, she pulled out in a rhythmic dance. His arm was slung over Rachel's hip to grip Melissa's ass.

Sweat beaded her forehead, and she panted at the exercise of thrusting over and over. Desire centered in her clit and built like a thunderhead as she pounded into her best friend. She reached over Rachel's side to touch Michael's sweating torso, the connection turning the three of them into one.

Rachel's hair clung to her forehead. She pushed toward Melissa then back onto Michael. A low, steady moan came from her parted lips signaling that she was reaching ecstasy. Melissa moved faster, trying to draw her friend the rest of the way up the peak so they could fall off the precipice together. She wanted to orchestrate it so they came at once, and from the increasing pace of Michael's grunts, it might well be a three-way orgasm.

When Rachel began to chant, "Oh God, oh God, oh God," Melissa thrust even harder and faster. Her rhythm with Michael was destroyed as they both plunged into Rachel at will. She cried out, a long, keening wail that went on and on as she exploded into orgasm. The sound set off Melissa. She thrust one last time and froze, synapses firing like firecrackers while her body clenched and released.

Michael's deep groan reverberated down her spine, and she knew he was coming, too. Melissa clung to him, squeezing Rachel between them, tears springing to her eyes at the intensity of this ecstatic union. They had somehow, miraculously become a single unit if only for a brief moment of time. They stayed entwined together, melded by sweat and body fluids, while joyous waves continued to burst through Melissa.

Her breathing slowed, and she reluctantly released Rachel and Michael from her grip and rolled onto her back. She glanced down at the slick surface of the dildo jutting from between her legs, and at the black straps cutting across her white flesh. The strap-on looked like a torture device, but it had given Rachel the pleasure of a lifetime if her continued whimpering and soft sobs were any indication.

Melissa looked over at her. "Okay?"

"Oh, yes. God, yes. It was the most amazing experience of my life." She blew out a long breath, and her eyes opened, focusing on Melissa. "With the most important person in my life." She didn't crack a smile for once, and her voice was level and serious. "I love you, Melissa."

"Love you, too." Melissa realized she did and perhaps in more than a best friends kind of way. "Does this mean we're lesbians now?"

"As much as you love cock? I don't think so." Rachel smiled.

Michael's voice came from the other side of Rachel. "Glad you both like cock. I'd hate to be excluded from your circle for lack of estrogen."

Rachel rolled onto her back and turned toward him. "No, baby. It wouldn't be the same without you." She ruffled his light chest curls with her hand then glanced back at Melissa. "And that's why I think we all have to stick together and see where it leads."

"We're pretty well stuck together right now," Michael quipped, sitting up and stripping the condom from his flagging cock. "How about a nice, hot, threesome shower?"

Melissa ran her hand through the sweaty hair lying on her scalp and nodded.

Three bodies in a shower sounded sexy but was actually a bit crowded. Other than soaping and rinsing one another, they kept their hands to themselves and the experience

was fairly platonic.

Clean and dressed again, they sprawled on Michael's luxurious living room furniture with the cats, watching a ball game on TV and nibbling on snacks. Afterward they played video games and Michael, who had clearly spent more time developing his eye-hand coordination, beat the pants off them—literally. A game of strip car racing led to more sex—one last hurrah to finish off their afternoon.

Melissa remained on the sidelines this time. Her libido was flagging after the barrage of sex she'd experienced throughout the weekend. She smoothed Rachel's hair back and kissed her sweetly, while Michael fucked her. Then she lay back and watched the slow rise and fall of their coupling. It was simple, beautiful, complete, the perfect symmetry of two bodies joining.

It certainly didn't require a third.

When it was time for the women to go home that evening, Michael hugged them both, drawing them together into a strong, long embrace. "Ladies, I want you both to know how much I appreciate everything you've done for me. Not only the sex, which was, of course, mind-blowing, but spending time with you. I felt included, a part of something for the first time in a long time. So, thank you, and whatever happens beyond this weekend, I'll always treasure these memories." He laughed and let them go. "And on that Hallmark moment... Seriously though, Melissa, you know where I stand on continuing this relationship, but I want you to be comfortable with it. So take the time you need to think it through."

"Melissa's a thinker," Rachel said, pulling on her jacket. "But I'm impulsive, as you may have noticed, and I'm on board for more play dates leading to ... whatever they lead to."

They both looked at Melissa.

Great, guys. Thanks for putting it all on me, but somebody's got to be the voice of reason. "I'll think about it," she said.

Chapter Eleven

For the rest of the weekend, Rachel managed to refrain from pushing Melissa to consider continuing their threesome. They spent the evening apart, both of them ready for some alone time. By the time Melissa got up on Monday morning, Rachel had already left for an early shift, but she left a pointed gift sitting on the counter by the coffeemaker. There was a stack of photographs with a sticky note on the top one. “Food for thought,” was written on it.

The top photo was of Melissa, blindfolded, kneeling on the bed with her ankles tied to the posts and her wrists bound and held above her head, the silken bonds attached to a hook driven into the ceiling. Crouching in front of her, gripping her legs, face buried in her crotch, was Rachel. She was eating whipped cream. Melissa’s pussy tightened hard at the memory of what that relentless tongue had felt like.

The other photos showed Melissa in various positions, spread-eagled on the bed—both face up and with her ass in the air. There was Michael tickling her all over with a feather, Rachel pressing a vibrator into her rear. Melissa’s blindfolded face was photographed, sometimes in an expression of great rapture, other times with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Each erotic photograph she viewed made Melissa hotter and hotter. Before she left for work, she had to treat herself to a quickie with her trusty vibrator, but it wasn’t nearly enough. It only made her want the touch and kisses and bodies of her two lovers more.

Returning to work was like coming back to earth after walking on the moon. Everything looked and felt different. The office hadn’t changed. It was all her perspective, but that didn’t change the fact that she felt weird and out of sync with the world around her.

As she tried to concentrate on her job, she kept flashing back to moments from the weekend, and they weren’t all sexual memories. Her senses recalled many insignificant details. She smelled the lake as they walked on the pier, tasted the sumptuous brunch Michael had prepared, smelled the aroma of burning candles in Rachel’s room, felt the warmth of Michael’s cat lying on her lap as they played video games.

Naturally, the sex intruded on her workday, too. She’d left Rachel’s photographs at home, but visions of sweaty, thrusting bodies and blindfolded pleasures haunted her. The sensation of hands touching and manipulating her to orgasm again and again was impossible to forget so soon—if ever. Melissa didn’t know how she could return to her regularly scheduled life.

As for Michael, he hadn’t stopped by her cubicle since she’d arrived at work. Of course, she hadn’t gone to his office, either.

Melissa typed in a case number on her keyboard and hit the enter key. The particulars of McNalley versus Grundle appeared on her monitor. She began to read and was soon engrossed in the details of ... not the mind-numbingly boring case, but a memory of hands untying her wrists, rubbing them briskly, and lips pressing soft kisses to the inside of each one before setting them gently on the bed. The same hands stealing up the insides of her thighs, fingers testing how wet and ready she was. Melissa shivered, and her pussy tightened in response.

Would she ever move past the memories of that amazing experience? And did she want to? What other fantasies could they explore together? Maybe darker themes of BDSM play that Melissa had barely admitted to herself she desired. There could be more memories to share—all she had to do was tell Rachel and Michael, “Yes.”

“Hey!”

The voice at the opening of her cubicle made Melissa jump in her chair as if she’d been caught surfing porn at work. She turned to face Michael, who was lounging against the cubicle wall, gazing at her with the same cobalt blue eyes that used to turn her into a silent zombie. They still did.

She couldn’t think what to say to him for a moment, then her brain jump-started and she responded, “Hi.”

“How are you today?” Was that a blush staining his pale cheeks?

“Good. You?” She forced herself not to squirm in her chair, or drop her gaze from his. They were just co-workers chatting.

“Great. I just wanted to... I was going to stop by earlier, then I thought, no, you might think I was trying to pressure you into making a decision, so I didn’t. Then I started thinking maybe you’d think I was giving you the cold shoulder, as if the whole experience meant nothing to me. I thought I’d better come over and at least say ‘hi’ so you didn’t wonder. So, this is me, saying ‘hi.’ Is that all right?” He spoke in a rapid burst, sounding more Hugh Grant than normal. “Sorry if I’ve made a cock up of it. I’m just a bit nervous.”

She smiled. Never in a million years would she have imagined on Friday afternoon that by Monday Michael Ayres would be standing in her office stammering an apology. “You’ve nothing to apologize for. We said no weirdness at work, right? So let’s not think about last weekend and just carry on as friends.”

“All right then, as a friend may I ask you to have lunch with me? Because it’s almost one and I’m ravenous—burned off rather a lot of calories recently.” He grinned.

Melissa squeezed her thighs together to still her throbbing pussy. “Sounds great. I haven’t eaten, yet, either.”

“Brilliant. I thought perhaps sandwiches in the park, it being such a lovely day.”

She stood and got her purse from beneath her desk. A little voice inside asked if she thought this was wise. The whole point of taking time to think was, in fact, taking time to think. How could she ponder the future with Michael’s overwhelming presence shaping her decision? “How do you feel about hot dogs? They’re about as healthy as eating raw sewage, but I know where to get the best Coney dogs in the city.”

“Dogs it is, then.” He took her elbow as they walked from the cubicle, and Melissa’s heart flipped at the familiarity of the gesture. Oh, she could get used to this.

* * * *

Although the day had looked sunny and warm from the confines of the office building, outside it was actually quite cold. A breeze blew through the trees in the park, showering them with the first fall leaves.

Melissa fastened the top button of her coat and turned up her collar. She took another bite of her steaming fresh hot dog and wiped condiments from the edges of her mouth.

“So, what do you think? This is about as American as it gets.”

“You realize hot dogs are only bastardized sausages, and we Brits have been eating

sausage since the dawn of time?”

“Ah, but we perfected them. This,” she held up her paper tray with a third of a dog left in it, “is the pinnacle of what the sausage can become.”

He laughed and took a sip of his drink. “Filling at any rate, but leave the menu-choosing to me next time.”

Melissa envisioned days of lunches eaten together, and a glow of excitement filled her at the prospect. It was almost immediately doused by an image of Rachel. She could no longer figure the equation without her friend as part of it. Melissa didn’t want Michael all to herself, nor did she want Rachel and him together without her.

Michael focused on her face and raised an eyebrow. “What’s the matter? The sun just went behind a cloud there.”

“I don’t know if I can just be your lunch buddy after everything we’ve done, but anything more than friendship excludes Rachel, and I don’t want that either. I wouldn’t do anything to hurt her.”

“I like *both* Rachel and you and would spend as much time with either one or both of you as I possibly can.” He tossed his trash into a nearby can. “Rachel likes both you and me. She’s made that clear. The only question is you, Melissa. Can you imagine yourself spending time with both of us? All of us together?”

Remembering the warm feelings they’d shared that weekend, Melissa *could* imagine being with both Michael and Rachel. Apart from the blazing hot sex, she could picture the three of them hanging out, going to a movie, shooting a game of pool, watching a ball game, picnicking in the park, taking a hike. There were plenty of things three people could do together with no one left out of the loop. Hell, cuddling worked just as well with three as with two.

Michael scooted closer, slipping an arm around her shoulders. “Damn! I promised myself I wouldn’t try to influence you, but now you’ve brought it up, I have to say what I think. None of us knows what the future holds. We’d be a work in progress—just like any relationship. But after everything that happened this weekend, don’t you want to at least give it a go and see where it leads?”

Melissa looked up into his starry eyes, and her insides melted once more. How could she refuse his request? She wanted him, and she wanted Rachel, too. Perhaps it wasn’t impossible to forge a solid bond of three.

“Okay.” He dipped his head, reached into his pocket and pulled out something in a small bag. “I promised I’d wait to see what you decided on your own. But either way, I want to give you this.”

She took the small white bag from him and looked up. “Am I supposed to open it now?”

His cheeks were glowing pink and not from the wind. “It’s clichéd, but I hope you’ll appreciate the message.”

Melissa reached inside and drew out a bracelet. “Oh.” It was slender and plain, three strips of leather braided into a single band.

“Like us.” He gestured at it. “Three into one. I got one for Rachel, too, and,” he pulled back the cuff of his sleeve, “I’m wearing mine. I know, it’s too utterly corny, isn’t it? You certainly don’t have to wear it. I just wanted to give it as a reminder of...”

He swallowed his words as Melissa threw her arms around his neck and cut them off with a kiss. His lips were cold from the nippy breeze. She imagined hers were, too. But as

their mouths melded, they very quickly warmed and burned.

Finally, she pulled away, wiping a tear from her cheek—the result of the wind. “You’re right. It *is* incredibly cheesy but so adorable! Thank you.” She held out her wrist so he could fasten it for her.

“Is this a ‘yes’ then?” He quirked an eyebrow. “Do Rachel and I get to share you?”

“Yes,” she sighed. “There was never really a chance I’d say anything else, was there? How could I stand against the pair of you?”

He leaned to kiss her, cupping her chin in his hand, then pulled away to whisper, “We’ll make it well worth your while. Just name your deepest fantasy and it’s done.” His eyes glinted deep indigo from only inches away.

Epilogue

Melissa rolled her shoulders and stretched, then set her book aside on the nightstand. She turned to Rachel and brushed a hand through her long, red curls. "Hey, sweetie. Almost ready for bed?"

"Let me finish this chapter. Baron Hottie is about to finally finish his seduction of the virginal Lady Frigid-Tits and crack her icy shell. Want me to read aloud to you?"

Melissa plucked the book from her hand and replaced it with her body. "I've got some not-so-frigid tits for you. Feel 'em?"

"Mm." Rachel's words were muffled by Melissa's kiss. Rachel grasped the soft breasts swaying loose under Melissa's T-shirt and squeezed lightly, thumbing the nipples through the thin fabric. "*Very nice*," she said when her mouth was free again.

"As are yours." Dipping her head, Melissa settled her lips on Rachel's nipple and tugged it into her mouth, scraping it delicately past her teeth. She'd discovered the combination of pain and pleasure was Rachel's addiction. She loved to be mauled and bitten, soothed and cosseted by turns. Melissa found herself growing increasingly rough with her tits, but always gentling them afterward with soft licks and soothing kisses.

She moved down Rachel's naked body, from breasts to her taut stomach, which twitched delightfully at her nibbling mouth. Then Melissa licked a trail over her pubic bone, following the slender airstrip of hair that marked her vagina. With her fingertips, she carefully spread Rachel's pussy wide and gazed at the beautiful petals of pink and rose. "My peony." She bent to kiss it then lapped up and down its length.

"Lord, you two are a sight." A husky voice from behind her brought her head up. She turned to look at Michael, fresh from his shower and lounging against one of the tall posts at the foot of the bed. His black hair was sleek as otter fur and his skin moist and glowing pink. He'd left his towel behind in the bathroom and stood naked and stunningly beautiful as a male model. His cock jutted erect from his dark thatch of pubic hair, and his hand moved up and down its length in a steady rhythm. "Sorry. Don't mind me. Go back to what you were doing. You're lovely."

Melissa smiled. Knowing Michael was watching and getting off on their display made her put on a bit of a show. She whipped off her shirt and panties so she was naked, too, then bent and resumed her attention to Rachel, lapping long and slow. Melissa pulled her hair to one side so he could see her profile and Rachel's glistening cunt and the erotic strokes of her tongue. Savoring the now familiar earthy flavor of her friend, she moaned extravagantly for Michael's benefit and buried her face, sticking her tongue deep inside.

Rachel whimpered and jerked.

Michael gave a low gasp. "Christ!"

Melissa pictured his hand stroking his length faster and harder, pulling with punishing strokes as he gazed at his personal porn show. She gripped Rachel's hips, holding her steady, and trailed her tongue back up to her clit. When she had Rachel completely under her spell, moaning and thrusting in a comfortable rhythm, she sharply nipped her clit, taking her by surprise.

Rachel jerked and cried out, fighting the hands that pinned her to the bed. "Ah! Damn, Lissa!"

She chuckled and resumed lapping with broad, flat strokes of her tongue, increasing the pace as Rachel rose up and down faster. When she judged her friend was near completion, she gave her another light nip, and it pushed her over the edge. Rachel moaned and bucked as she came.

Melissa released her hips and moved aside, letting her rise off the bed as far as she cared to. Rachel arched up like a contortionist, her face twisted in a grimace of ecstasy. Melissa's sex pulsed and yawned, aching for the same fulfillment. She'd almost forgotten Michael's presence until he climbed on the bed beside her, crawling over Rachel's writhing body and nudging his huge erection between her legs.

Melissa watched him enter her friend, mesmerized by the length of his penis being consumed by Rachel's body. He braced his weight on his arms and thrust in and out. Rachel lifted her knees, tilting her pelvis for deeper penetration.

Stretching out beside them, Melissa continued to enjoy the show. Michael frowned in concentration, a lock of dark hair falling over his forehead. How she loved his floppy bangs. Rachel's hands gripped his ass, pulling him deep inside. Her eyes were still closed and her head tilted back on the pillow, exposing her throat. With her tangled hair in a halo of red around her face and her full lips parted, she looked like a Renaissance painting of a woman in the throes of passion.

Reaching between her legs, Melissa found the nub of her clit and rubbed little circles on it, sending sparks of arousal darting through her nervous system. She rolled onto her back and spread her legs, allowing her other hand to delve in and out of her aching opening. Meanwhile, her gaze was riveted on the screwing couple just a foot away. The rhythm of their coupling shook the bed, and she matched the timing of her thrusting fingers to theirs.

Suddenly Michael stopped. He lifted off Rachel and shifted over to Melissa, settling his body between her spread legs and aiming his glistening wet shaft at her pussy. She sucked in a breath as he drove into her in a hard, blunt thrust, filling her to the uterus with dick. The unexpectedness of it and the depth of his push fanned the little sparks of excitement already swirling inside her into a raging fire.

Melissa wrapped her legs around his legs, lifting her hips and opening herself to him even more. Her arms went around his back, fingers gripping his flesh and holding on tight as he gave her the ride of her life. With no foreplay or finesse, he fucked her hard and deep, pummeling her into the mattress, grunting with the force of his thrusts.

It was exhilarating to experience his unbridled need and share it with him. Melissa rocked her pelvis to meet his thrusts and closed her eyes to listen to the slap of skin on skin and the slurping sounds their bodies made as they came together and pulled apart.

Very quickly Michael groaned and froze, his cock pulsing rhythmically inside her as he released. She clenched her inner muscles around him, milking him of every drop of semen. The act of squeezing those muscles tipped her into an orgasm of her own. Ecstasy burst through her system, filling her with light and sending her out of her body as it writhed on the bed.

When she came back to herself, Michael was slumped over her. She kissed his sweaty, heaving shoulder and stroked his back. He lifted his head to look at her and at Rachel. "I have to be the fucking luckiest man in the world." Rolling off Melissa, he sprawled on his back beside her.

Melissa glanced at Rachel, who was smiling back at her with an expression as

satisfied as Buffy-cat after a dish of milk. She didn't need to say, "I told you so." Her smug expression said it all.

Lifting her arms over her head, Melissa stretched luxuriously, her hips pressing against a warm body on either side. Since she'd stopped worrying about who was sharing whom and how long it could last, she'd been a lot happier. It was yet another exercise in relinquishing control, something she was becoming remarkably good at.

"My darlings, you've got to start thinking about spending more time at my flat. Neither of your beds is roomy enough for three." Michael reached a negligent hand over and brushed a finger across Melissa's breast. "Besides, I want to wake up with both of you *every* morning, not just a few times a week."

"Ooh, greedy, isn't he?" Rachel cupped her hand over Melissa's other breast and squeezed. "Not enough he's got his own harem. He wants 'em at his beck and call night and day."

A frisson of excitement tickled Melissa's spine at the words. She imagined the games they could play as they delved deeper into one another's secret desires. Fantasies of domination and subjugation danced in her mind. She hadn't expressed her daydreams to the others, yet, but it was only a matter of time before they figured out her desires. They always did.

Her arm rested across her belly, and she touched the braided bracelet on her wrist with her other hand, fingering the bumps of entwined leather. *Three become one.*

"Just being practical." Michael resumed his argument. "This bed's simply not big enough for a third."

Melissa smiled as she reached out and grasped a hand on either side of her. "There's always room for three."

The End

About the Author:

Whether you're a fan of contemporary, paranormal or historical romance, you will find something to enjoy among my books. My style is down to earth and my characters feel like well-known friends by the time you've finished reading. If you're used to a strong alpha male in romances, don't expect it here. While my heroes are manly, they're not aggressively male. I'm interested in flawed, often damaged people who find the fulfillment they seek in one another. I live a quiet life with my family completely the opposite of my characters' adventurous lives. For more information go to <http://bonniedee.com>. You can contact me at bondav40@yahoo.com

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