

A Knight For All



Shawn
Lane

A KNIGHT FOR ALL

...It had been Katherine's idea that they enter Gregory's chamber together. Even though he'd been intrigued and even anxious, Edward couldn't help but enter the room with some trepidation. His days of swiving multiple partners were in his youth and, he thought, over. And in those days he did not have tender feelings for most of his partners.

His wife, however, had said Gregory was a willing participant, but still Edward found himself a bit nervous. He wanted to make them both happy. He certainly hoped he would be up to the challenge.

When they entered Gregory's chamber hand in hand, he was sitting up on the bed. The furs from the bed only covered his lower half. Edward immediately spotted a large, ugly bruise on his ribcage.

He halted their approach a few feet from the bed. "Are you...this injury looks severe."

Katherine smiled and shook her head. "My lord, I would not risk further injury to Sir Gregory. He has given me his assurances that it is merely tender." She withdrew her hand and went to stand on the other side of the bed, leaving Edward to stand by the nearest side. "And your head? How does it feel?"

"Just a dull ache. 'Tis naught but an annoyance," Gregory said.

It felt strange to be nervous. Edward had lain with both

Gregory and Katherine. He had no fear of being judged. They'd both made it clear they wanted this.

Gregory gave him a loving and welcome smile and invitingly pulled aside the furs...

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BY

SHAWN LANE

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A KNIGHT FOR ALL
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CHAPTER 1

Edward, Baron Rycliffe, pulled the hood of his cloak tighter around his face, praying it was enough concealment. He'd dressed in simple attire, more common to villagers than the noble clothes he generally wore—a plain brown tunic, braies and hose with ankle boots. None in the tavern would expect to see their lord there and therefore, at least Edward hoped, would not recognize him.

From the corner of the tavern where he sat, Edward could easily see most of the patrons. He had a clear view of the entrance. It already seemed like he'd waited hours for the man to appear, though in truth Edward knew he had not been waiting long. He was nervous, jumping at every little noise

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around.

Since his marriage to Lady Katherine three months earlier, Edward had dared not give in to his darker needs. He had fallen in love with Katherine when he'd met her last year when she'd been newly widowed. Each day he loved her more and their passion filled nights fulfilled his every desire.

Almost.

Edward had not shared with Katherine that he craved the touch of men also. He suspected she might know it because before they met Edward knew there was some talk amongst the noblemen of the court, though Edward had tried to quiet the talk as soon as he'd heard it. She had not brought it up, though, so he could not be sure. In any event, he'd tried very hard not to give in to those tortured desires.

The door of the tavern opened with painful slowness. At least to Edward. He shifted on the bench, his cock already half hard in anticipation.

It might not even be him.

Edward's gaze stayed on the door as it swung in. A figure of a man appeared in the doorway, shadowed by the gloomy, barely lit entrance of the tavern. He held his breath. He could not quite tell just yet.

The man took several steps inside, clearly turning his head left and right, looking for someone. Looking for him.

Edward exhaled. Gregory had arrived. Though he, too, was cloaked to conceal his identity, Edward recognized the man's broad back and a wisp of his blond hair sticking out from the hood. Edward's entire body felt engulfed by fire. It had been

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so long since he'd seen his former lover. Years since they'd even seen each other let alone shared forbidden touches.

He gestured to Gregory, who instantly noticed and made his way toward Edward's table in the corner. Nearing him, Gregory dropped the hood of his cloak to his shoulders and flashed a beautiful welcoming smile at Edward.

"Gregory, you came," Edward said softly as Gregory sat on the bench directly across from him. They grasped hands over the table, for a moment allowing their affection for each other to shine in their gazes.

The handsome blond man grinned, his blue eyes sparkling. "Aye, of course I came. As soon as I received word of the tournament held in your honor I knew I had to take part."

Edward's face heated. He hadn't wanted the tournament, but his wife had been insistent. "'Twas Lady Katherine's idea for my birthday."

"I know. A wonderful idea, too. In truth, I originally thought to surprise you and enter as an unknown knight."

Edward, though loathe to lose his grasp of Gregory's hands, was conscious of those in the tavern watching them. Not wanting unnecessary speculation for either of them, he released his hold and folded his hands in front of him. "I am glad you sent word ahead. It has been too long, Gregory."

Gregory nodded and ordered a tankard of ale when the tavern maid stopped at their table. "I was not sure of my welcome after the way we parted, Edward."

Edward bowed his head for a moment. It was true they had not parted well. Edward and Gregory had fostered together as

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boys and had been lifelong friends before becoming lovers shortly before they both became knights. They'd been each other's first lover. Afterward they'd both had women. Sometimes together, enjoying pleasuring each other as well as the lady they took to their bed.

But they had their differences as well. Edward, as his father's eldest son, expected to one day inherit the Rycliffe estates and also take a wife. In fact, he'd looked forward to that day. He loved women and wanted to build a household full of healthy sons.

Gregory, on the other hand, was the third son of a minor nobleman. He expected to live his life as a mercenary or perhaps a guard to the king or even as a knight in the Crusades. Though he enjoyed the charms of the fairer sex, he had made it clear to Edward he did not see the point in taking a wife when he could take to his bed whomever pleased him.

Though they vowed to remain friends when Edward was called home to Rycliffe and Gregory left for adventure, it was a strained parting.

Edward raised his gaze to Gregory's face. "I welcome you gladly. I know you will do well in tomorrow's tournament."

Gregory took a large swallow of the ale the barmaid set down. "Are you also going to participate?"

Edward smiled. "Nay, I leave such things for younger men these days."

Gregory snorted. "You are not so old. You are of the same age as me."

"True, but I have allowed myself to grow soft while you

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have maintained an admirable body.”

Gregory’s gaze turned serious and he studied Edward for several moments in silence. “You do not look soft to me, Edward,” he said after a while. “In fact, you are a fine man still. I...I hope you have asked to see me like this because—”

It was Gregory who bowed his head and Edward noticed the twin red spots on his cheeks. Gregory growing bashful? It did not seem possible.

Edward reached for Gregory’s hand under the table and grasped it in his once more. “Is there somewhere we can go where we might have our reunion more privately?”

“God, yes. Let’s get out of here.”

* * *

Sir Gregory’s heart hammered in his chest, anticipating when he could finally get Edward alone. It had not only been a long time since he’d been with Edward, it had also been along time since he’d lain with anyone. Only recently had he returned from fighting for a lord in the north. The fighting had been so fierce the opportunities to relieve his cock had been few.

He led Edward to a small cottage on the edge of the village. Earlier in the day when he received the missive from his former lover to meet, Gregory had secured the cottage in the hope the meeting meant what he wanted it to mean.

Gregory knew from rumors and his correspondence with both Edward and Lady Katherine that Edward loved his wife. He should, perhaps, feel some measure of guilt over his desire

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for Edward. The truth was he never had felt shame or guilt for the love he bore Edward. Their relationship had always been close and filled with affection and camaraderie. It had been only natural, to Gregory anyway, when they became lovers. Edward was the first person he'd given his heart to, and even now after their years apart Gregory still loved him

He also knew Edward did not know Lady Katherine sent him a message of her own. It would be a surprise for his birthday after the tournament. Gregory hoped it would be a pleasant surprise to Edward. Katherine seemed to believe so.

But now...this was his time with Edward.

Gregory undid the latch on the door of the cottage and pushed Edward inside, kicking the door closed. It was dark, but Gregory had set up the cottage earlier so that a wall torch would be easily accessed and lit. He wanted to see Edward's beautiful naked body.

Edward reached for him as soon as Gregory turned from lighting the torch. He pushed Gregory against the nearest wall and pressed against him, grinding his erection into Gregory's. Edward framed Gregory's head in his hands.

"God, you feel good," Edward whispered, his hazel eyes filled with undisguised lust. He pressed his lips to Gregory, hard and bruising, forcing Gregory's mouth open. Their tongues met, learning each other's tastes again.

He tore at Edward's cloak, letting it fall heedlessly to the floor at their feet. Next he inched the tunic up to Edward's nipples, his fingers grazing the bare flesh.

"You, too," Edward said against his mouth. He pushed

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Gregory's cloak off his shoulders and it, too, fell and pooled at their feet with the other cloak.

Gregory had managed to pull Edward's tunic and under shirt over Edward's head. He tossed it aside. His hands caressed his lover's chest, fingers tangling in the dark hair, flicking his nipples.

"Ah," Edward gasped.

Gregory smiled. He remembered how sensitive Edward was there.

Edward was struggling to remove Gregory's jerkin, so he stopped for a moment to assist him. When he threw it, Gregory didn't know where it landed. Nor did he care. Now they were bare chest to bare chest, hot skin to hot skin.

When they'd entered the cottage, Edward had pressed him against the wall, but now he wanted to change their positions. He flipped Edward around, pressing him into the wall, pushing his erection against the other man.

"Do you see how much I want to be inside you?" Gregory asked.

"Yes, now, do it now," Edward moaned.

"Soon," Gregory promised. "We still haven't removed the rest of our clothing."

Edward licked his lip and nodded, his gaze hazy with lust. He removed the rest of his own clothes and watched Gregory do the same with his.

They both reached for each other's cocks, groaning in unison.

Gregory wiped the drop of pre-cum from the tip of

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Edward's cock and brought it to his lips to taste his lover. It was musky and a little sweet.

He stroked Edward for a few moments, cupping his balls, running his hand up and down the length. He'd brought a small vial of oil he'd purchased off a merchant in a traveling market. Bending down to pick up his cloak, he felt for the pocket in which he'd placed the vial. Fingers closing around it, he pulled it out and straightened.

Edward watched him through half-closed lids, his lips plump from their kisses.

Gregory tipped the vial and splashed oil on two of his fingers. After recapping it, he set it the floor.

"Turn around," Gregory said in Edward's ear.

Edward faced the wall, presenting his tight, rounded ass. Gregory stared, transfixed by the sight, his mouth watering. It had really been too long since he'd felt the other man's ass clench around his cock.

He parted Edward's cheeks and slipped his oiled fingers in the other man's puckered hole. Edward tensed.

"Shhh," Gregory whispered.

He eased the fingers past the ring of muscle, loosening Edward's entrance. Gregory moaned, his hard cock desperate to replace his probing fingers.

He pushed aside his lust, wanting to make sure Edward would be prepared for the invasion first. He pulled out his fingers, and then pushed them in again. This time they went in easily.

"Ready?" he murmured.

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Edward, his eyes closed, his head thrown back, nodded.

Gregory wanted his lover facing him, with his legs wrapped around Gregory's waist. He turned him and lifted Edward up. "Put your legs around me."

Edward lifted his legs and hooked them around Gregory.

Gregory pushed just the head of his cock in Edward's hole. He clenched his jaw, forcing himself to go slowly.

"More," Edward gasped.

Thank the Lord.

Gregory's cock slid in farther, pushing past the muscle, straight for the sweet little spot that would surely drive his lover insane.

"Gregory!" Edward cried.

Gregory smiled, knowing he'd found it. He thrust harder, pushing in balls-deep, pulling out nearly all the way, before slamming in again and again.

Edward clung to him, his fingers digging into Gregory's shoulders, his head thrashing back and forth.

"That's it, give me all you have, Edward," Gregory said, "squeeze every drop from my cock."

His lover shook, his muscles clenching.

A mind blowing release tingled up Gregory's spine. He could tell by the rapturous look on Edward's face that he was close. Speeding up his thrusts, Gregory reached between them to grasp Edward's erection. He fisted it, jerking it hard and fast.

Just as Edward screamed his name, Gregory pumped twice more and emptied into his lover. Edward's fluid splashed over

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his stomach.

They panted together, still joined, still holding onto each other. After a moment though, Gregory slipped from his ass and lowered Edward, for his warrior's body had become heavy. He pulled Edward close, squeezing their naked, sweaty bodies together. He relished the closeness, the comfort. Even though he knew it wouldn't last long enough.

Edward laid his head on Gregory's shoulder and blew out a spent breath. "That was amazing."

"I agree."

"Lord, it's been so long."

"How long has it been since you've been with another man, Edward?" Gregory wondered.

"Since shortly before my marriage to Lady Katherine."

Gregory pulled back a bit from his lover. He gestured to a cot in the cottage that was hardly big enough for the two of them. "Can you stay a bit longer?"

"I would like to," Edward said.

Gregory grasped his lover's hand and threaded his fingers through Edward's. "Come then, I would hold you and love you some more."

They walked to the cot and lay down. Gregory pulled Edward close against him, pushing his cheek to rest on Gregory's chest. He ran his fingers through the soft brown curls on Edward's head.

"But I meant it's been so long since I've been with you, Gregory," Edward said after a few moments of them spent just listening to the beats of each other's hearts. "I've missed you."

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“I have you as well. I know our parting was necessary, but I still regret that it was so.”

“I thought never to see you again.” Edward’s breath stirred the hairs on Gregory’s chest. “I’m glad I was wrong.”

Gregory hoped they would be seeing much more of each other, perhaps for quite some time, but it was too soon to talk of that.

He tipped Edward’s chin up to place a deep kiss on his lips. They kissed for several long minutes, their tongues dueling. Gregory’s cock was half hard again and a quick look down confirmed Edward’s shaft in the same state.

Gregory wanted to suck Edward this time. He wanted his lover to explode and fill his mouth with his warm liquid. When they’d been squires together years before, they’d begun to pleasure each other that way. Gregory still loved the taste of Edward.

He shifted on the cot so he was above Edward. He kissed his swollen lips again, then the tip of Edward’s nose. “Lie back. I want to take you in my mouth.”

Edward’s lips curved into a sweet smile. It twisted Gregory’s heart, increased the beating pulse.

Returning the smile with one he hoped showed his wicked intent, Gregory scooted down his lover’s body, running his fingertips over Edward’s bare torso. He paused over Edward’s cock, now fully erect and curved upward. It was a beautiful sight, the big dark red head glistening with leaked pre-cum.

Gregory darted out his tongue, licking the slit. “Mmm.”

Edward moaned, his body quivering.

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He enclosed just the tip in his mouth, sucking on it, cupping the ball sac in his hand. After a few moments of torturing Edward by working the tip, he slowly sucked his lover's cock in deeper, hollowing his cheeks.

Gregory sucked him all the way to the back of his throat.

Edward's hips rose; his fingers reached down to tangle in Gregory's hair. He started fucking Gregory's mouth. "God, yes."

Gregory slipped two fingers into Edward's hole, searching for that spot as he continued sucking his shaft.

"Gregory," Edward groaned, tensing, his cock pouring semen down Gregory's throat.

He lapped up any excess cum, licking Edward's balls and thighs. Then he scooted back to the top of the cot and pulled Edward back against him.

"I love you," Edward whispered in the dimly lit cottage.

"And I love you." Only a short time later he heard Edward's soft snoring. He held him tighter. "My Edward."

CHAPTER 2

Edward watched his wife sleep. Katherine was the most beautiful woman he'd ever known, and from the moment he'd first seen the young widow last autumn he'd vowed he'd make her his.

Her ebony hair spread out on the pillow, and he rubbed his thumb and forefinger through the soft tresses. Her dark lashes contrasted against the paleness of her cheeks. He ought to let her sleep he supposed. It would be the noble thing to do.

His gaze drifted to the tops of her breasts rising and falling under the thin sheet covering her. The outline of an erect nipple was visible. Surely, it was asking to be touched.

Edward reached beneath the sheet covering his own body

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and grabbed his hard cock. He rubbed the liquid forming into the tip, barely stifling the groan trying to escape his lips. Stroking along the rigid length, he continued to watch his wife. He'd had sex all night. First with Gregory and then later, when he returned, he'd made love to Katherine. Most would think he would have had enough. At least until the new night fell. Truthfully, Edward didn't think he would ever have enough of being inside Katherine.

With his free hand he reached under the covers to play with the nipple of her left breast. He flicked it, watching her face. Her lashes fluttered, but her eyes did not open.

Releasing his erection, his fingers fanned out on her thigh, drawing circles. He inched his hand toward the springy curls of her sex.

Her lips curved slightly and a tremor shook her legs. Edward smiled at the knowledge she had awakened. Her thighs parted, allowing him easier access.

"Morning," he said against her mouth.

"Mmm." Katherine raised her hips a little when he probed her clit with his thumb. "Edward."

"Yes, my love?"

Her breath shuddered. "Do we have time? The tournament?"

"'Tis early. We can still prepare for the tournament."

A tournament to be held that day to honor him. Knights from all over were to attend. Later they would have a feast. Edward's household had been preparing for it for some days.

Katherine reached for his stiff cock, closing over the shaft.

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A jolt of pleasure tingled up Edward's spine.

His tongue slipped inside her mouth, tangling with hers. Rising above her, he continued to stroke her slick folds, thrusting a finger into her opening.

"Ah, God, Edward," Katherine moaned. She wrapped her legs around his waist and cupped his balls. "Take me."

"Most definitely." He withdrew his finger and poised his cock at her entrance, pushing in with one long thrust. For a moment, Edward did not move. He lay within her, allowing the intimacy of being joined to fill them both. Their gazes met, held. With only one other had he felt this connection. This love and lust. Another he ought to forget, but could not. Even more difficult after their shared intimacy of the night before.

"I love you," she whispered.

"And I you." Unable to continue lying still within, Edward pulled out nearly all the way, then pushed back in.

"Yes," Katherine cried.

Lacing his hands through hers, he plunged into her. Over and over, thrusting into her moist heat. The feel of her erect nipples rubbing against his chest tightened his balls. He needed to release, but wouldn't until she did.

Releasing one of her hands, he inched his hand down to between their bodies, probing for her clit.

"Edward!"

There!

Alternating between stroking and flicking it, Edward drove into her faster and harder.

"Come for me, my love," he urged. He couldn't last much

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longer.

She trembled beneath, clenching her legs around him.

“Ahhhh,” she screamed.

He snapped his hips, thrusting and pouring into her as she clenched around his shaft.

A little while later he pulled out of her and pulled her to him. He kissed the top of her raven locks.

Katherine rested her hand over his heart. “I should be rising and dressing for the tournament.”

“In a moment. I want to lie with you here just a little longer.” He smiled. Life was perfect. Well, almost. If he would want one more to make his life complete...he would not think on it.

* * *

“Everything is prepared, Sir Gregory.”

Sir Gregory smiled at his young squire. “Thank you. Naught else is needed until the tournament. Go and find something to occupy yourself until then.”

“Aye, sir.” The boy grinned and ran off in another direction.

Gregory glanced around at the colorful tents of the other knights participating and the marketplace that had been set up for those attending the tournament being held in Baron Rycliffe’s honor.

Edward.

Gregory’s chest constricted thinking of his former lover. Before last night, it had been years since he’d seen him. Now

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he'd touched him, fucked him, tasted him again. And...he could not wait to see him again. Edward was married now. If he wanted any part of Edward's life, Gregory would have to share him with Lady Katherine. Until recently, he'd not thought about the possibility. Then he had received the missives.

There was no other reason for him to be there at the tournament. There was naught to prove regarding his abilities as a knight.

Gregory pulled the hood of his cloak up to cover his face and dark hair. It was time to meet with the one who sent the message.

* * *

Lady Katherine waited for him in her private solar. She rose from the cushioned bench and gave him a welcoming smile. He'd been acquainted with Lady Katherine from the years she'd been married to her first husband, Lord Tremaine, whom Gregory had known from tournaments they'd both entered. Gregory had no idea where Edward was at that moment.

"Sir Gregory, it is good to see you again," she said, offering him her hands. He placed kisses on both her wrists. "I am so glad you received my missive about my lord's tournament."

She really was an amazing beauty. She wore her long raven hair braided down her back. A few strands on either side of her face had been curled to frame her delicate creamy face.

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Her lips were plump and a dark shade of red. Her cheeks dusted with pink. Gregory was a little surprised to see her only dressed in a brown under dress with no kirtle or overdress covering her.

“I cannot deny Edward,” he replied. “I also received a message from him.”

Her smiled widened. “I am glad. Then you have already seen him?”

Gregory didn't answer at first, wondering what she wanted to hear. She seemed pleased he'd heard from Edward, and he knew from her contacting him that she had a special relationship planned for the three of them. What he didn't know was why.

From his experience of Katherine while she was married to Tremaine, she'd been a shy innocent woman. Hardly one to suggest what she seemed to be suggesting.

“I have seen him, yes,” he admitted, but not elaborating. Not yet.

She sat on the bench again and patted the spot next to her for him to sit.

After sitting, Gregory inclined his head. “I must confess I was a little startled to receive your missive.”

She bit her lip. “Yes, I...I wasn't sure how exactly to-to word it.”

“The implication was that you wish the three of us to become lovers,” Gregory said bluntly.

Her face reddened. “Yes,” she whispered. She held up her hand. “I...I am aware you and Edward had been lovers

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before.” She lowered her lashes. “That is true, is it not?”

“It is, though I wonder how you came by such knowledge. We acted discreetly. My lady, you must know that the sort of acts you refer to between two men are not condoned by the church or our kingdom.”

“Of course, and I would never betray Edward’s confidence or yours,” Katherine said, her words rushed.

Gregory nodded. “Such knowledge in the hands of an enemy could be disastrous.”

“There were rumors when I met Edward at court after my husband’s death that he sometimes slept with men. Most dismissed it as tales of no real value,” Katherine said.

“Yes, and that should be the way it is. Is this why you knew about my relationship with him?”

“No.” She shook her head. “I knew that you were very close friends for many years. But that does not always imply a more intimate connection.”

“Then?”

“Tremaine. He knew.”

Gregory frowned. “How?”

Katherine looked at the hands she’d clenched on her lap. “When first I married Tremaine, I was an innocent. In not only body, but there were many elements of life I did not know or understand. Tremaine was always very kind to me, but our intimacies were limited.”

“Do you mean he did not consummate the marriage?”

“He did, yes, but not for some weeks after and it was rather difficult for him.” Katherine continued to stare at her

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hands and her face had turned a dark red.

“You do not need to tell me if it pains you,” Gregory said gently.

“I want to tell it,” Katherine admitted, raising her gaze to his at last. “Tremaine had a preference for men only. He was not like Edward. Are you more like Edward or more like Tremaine?”

He smiled. “Edward.”

She returned his smile, though somewhat shyly. “I hoped that would be the case. When my husband first came to my bed on our wedding night he was unable to get an erection. My attempts to assist were clumsy at best and he left with both of us being rather humiliated. He did not return for several nights. It was not until I spoke with him about the matter and then he told me he would bring help with him the next time.”

Gregory blinked. “Help?”

She nodded. “He came to my bed that night with a handsome young man named, Roland. While I watched, they stimulated each other. In this way only was Tremaine able to have an erection.”

“You must have been shocked.”

“I was, but also oddly excited by what I’d seen. Tremaine was able to consummate the marriage that night, and also Roland entered him. Thereafter, whenever Tremaine came to my bed, he brought Roland with him.” She was so red now, Gregory feared she might have a fit, but she continued, “Sometimes Tremaine took me and sometimes Roland did. It proved to be exciting for all three of us and we enjoyed our

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relationship for a number of years in this way.”

“I see.” Gregory was surprised to find himself intrigued by what he knew she was hinting at. His cock was half-hard merely thinking of the possibilities.

“During that time Tremaine told me he’d once had a brief affair with Edward, no more than a fortnight, but that Edward spoke to him of his relationship with you. That is why I know.”

He nodded. “And the rumors regarding Edward have disappeared since his marriage to you. Everyone speaks of his fondness for you and that it seems returned.”

Katherine smiled. “Oh, it is. I adore Edward.”

“What happened to the man who swived with the two of you?”

Her eyes turned sorrowful. “He died in the same battle that killed Tremaine. A lot of men died that day.”

“So you mourned them both.”

She nodded and looked away.

“I’m sorry. What is it you want from me?”

Katherine returned her gaze to him. “You will think me bold in this, but you *were* with Edward last night, were you not?”

Gregory saw no point in denying it.

“Then you still care for him?”

“Of course.”

“And he cares for you, I know. ’Tis why I thought to invite you to the tournament.”

“Are you so certain Edward will agree to the three of us?”

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“I hope it is so. If not for a long period of time, at least for one night,” Katherine said, biting her lip. “I must seem so horrible to you. Here am I a woman...a wife...asking you to share her husband and herself. I am not normally so forward.”

“I do not think you are horrible. I daresay I have not known many women who would arrange for such a thing for their husband.” He shook his head. “Or any, actually.”

“I know,” she whispered. “I thought for a very long time on this. I believe my lord Edward is content in his marriage to me. I am content in mine to him. But I have wondered if we can both achieve more than mere contentment. Sometimes, when he thinks I am not looking I see the sadness in him. I have heard your name on his lips when he dreams. Perhaps in this way I can take that sadness away. If he refuses, then it need not be mentioned again.”

He hoped Edward would not refuse. In the past they’d shared lovers, but that was long ago, and Katherine was his wife. He suspected Edward would be a bit shocked Katherine wanted to make them three. But would he refuse?

Gregory dropped his gaze first to her tempting plump lips and then down lower to see her nipples straining against her under dress. He could well see his way between Katherine’s legs. It had been a while since he’d fucked such a beauty.

He reached out to cup the outline of her right breast, his thumb grazing over the nipple. She trembled beneath his touch. He leaned toward her, lightly brushing his lips over hers, then trailing to the pulse at the column of her throat. She smelled faintly of roses. His cock, now fully hard, strained

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against his braies.

His hand shaking, he removed it from her breast and stood, running his fingers through his hair. “As much as I am attracted to you, madam, I cannot betray my friendship and love of Edward by touching you. Not without his consent.”

Katherine stood, too, and twisted her hands together. “You are right, Sir Gregory. I feel the same way, truly. It grows late and I must dress for the tournament. I am sure you also have preparations.”

“Yes. Until later, my lady.” He brought her entwined hands to his lips and placed a chaste kiss upon them.

“May you have great success in the tournament, Sir Gregory.”

* * *

Edward gazed out at the training knights. From his bedchamber window they appeared as multi-colored insects. Blues, reds, greens. The ladies watching them practice were also in their finery.

The scent of roses drifted near just before a delicate hand touched his arm. He smiled without turning.

“Are you ready to attend the tournament, love?”

Katherine wrapped her arms around his waist and rested her head against his back. “Yes. I hope it will be a glorious birthday for you, my lord.”

“I am sure it shall.”

She trembled against him.

He frowned and turned, drawing her into his arms. “Is

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something amiss?”

“Nay, I just want everything to be perfect. I...I have planned a surprise for you, Edward.”

His thumb brushed her bottom lip. “A surprise? But you have already planned this wonderful tournament and the feast after for my birthday.”

Her brown eyes twinkled. “Ah, but you will like this surprise most of all. At least that is my wish.”

“What is it?”

Katherine laughed and pushed at his shoulders to free herself. “If I tell you now it will not be a surprise! Come.” She spun around, her forest green kirtle swirling around her. She wore a snood interwoven with green and gold thread upon her raven tresses. “How do I look?”

“Enchanting as usual,” Edward assured her. “You will be lovelier than anyone else there. I will have to fight off the other knights.”

Her cheeks turned a becoming shade of pink. “You look incredibly delicious yourself, my lord husband.”

Edward wore a jerkin in the same shade of green his wife wore. It had been carefully embroidered with gold leaves. Expensive material and threads he had obtained during a voyage to the Orient years before with the king.

He captured her hand and drew her close, leaning down to kiss her. “Do we have time for one last swive?”

Katherine batted his hands away from her waist. “No, my lord. We are expected.”

“Well, mayhap, but they cannot start without the guest of

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honor, so they will wait until we arrive.”

“You are incorrigible. What about my gown?” She gazed down at the pretty garment.

“’Tis simply handled, Kat.” He grasped her hand and led her to the closest wall. Pushing her up against it, his hands inched up the hem of her kirtle and under dress until they bunched around her waist. He reached down and undid his braies.

“Will it not be wrinkled, my lord?” Katherine gasped as his fingers slid into her wet opening.

Edward tilted his head in acknowledgement. “Mayhap. But none would dare comment on it.” He lifted her up so she could wrap her legs around him.

He replaced his slicked fingers with his erection, pressing into her. He gritted his teeth, holding back the orgasm already threatening. He did not want to shame himself by spilling his seed so quickly.

Katherine’s legs clenched around him, pulling him closer, deeper inside her. She grabbed his head, kissing him hard and frantic, her fingers tugging at wisps of his hair.

Edward pounded into her, slamming her perhaps too roughly against the wall, but she did not protest and, in fact, seemed to urge him on.

She nipped his lip, shaking and trembling, clenching around his cock. “God, Edward!”

His balls tightened and his thrusts sped up. He couldn’t hold back any longer. He slammed her a few more times into the wall as he emptied into her.

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Katherine pulled his hair as shudders went through her and she cried out.

They stayed locked together for several moments, catching their breath. Loathe to end the joining so soon. Edward leaned his forehead against hers.

Then a loud rap on the door drew their attention, but even still they merely glanced at the door.

“My lord?” A male servant’s voice said from the other side of the door.

“Hmm?”

“Are you and my lady coming?”

Katherine giggled. Edward grinned and kissed her. She stuck her tongue in his mouth to fence with his.

“My lord?”

“Yes?” Katherine’s eyes darkened even as Edward moved within her.

“The tournament!”

“Be right there,” Edward murmured.

CHAPTER 3

Edward waited for the next two knights to appear for their jousting match. Next to him, Katherine gossiped with several ladies to her left. He smiled a little at their conversation. Talk of colorful dresses and materials and the new flavors and scents of exotic spices.

So far there had already been four matches. Gregory had appeared only once in a joust and had beaten his opponent. He was due to participate in the match coming up.

Anticipation flowed through him. He leaned forward on the bench. He never tired of watching the warrior in Gregory.

Edward was also a touch wistful. It had been a while since he had fought in a tournament himself. For the most part such

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competition belonged to the young and those knights wishing to make their fortune or a name for themselves. None of these applied to Edward now.

The first armored opponent rode out on his horse, his lance held at the ready. From the opposite direction Gregory charged in.

Gregory glanced in Edward's direction and then brought his destrier over to their box. He bowed briefly at Edward, and then turned to do the same to Katherine. She handed him a strip of light blue cloth. He leaned forward on the horse and took the offered favor.

Katherine gifted Gregory with a bright smile as he tied it around his arm.

Gregory bowed once more in Edward's direction and then urged his horse back to its place for the joust.

Edward glanced at Katherine. "'Tis a lovely day for a tournament, is it not?"

Her cheeks pinked a little. "Yes, my lord. Very lovely indeed."

Edward's lips twitched and he turned his attention back to the joust about to begin.

The first two passes both knights missed. But on the third pass, Edward could see the other knight's aim would be a direct hit on Gregory.

His breath caught in his throat and he sat on the edge of the bench, clenching his fists. There was naught he could do. It was not possible to interfere in the joust, though he wished it were so.

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The other knight's lance connected with Gregory's side and sent him flying from his destrier. Next to him Katherine gasped.

He grabbed her hand and held tight, holding his breath, waiting for Gregory to rise up.

But Gregory remained on the ground, unmoving.

The match was called in favor of the other knight and several men moved to tend to Gregory. Katherine and Edward hurried onto the field.

Edward knelt beside Gregory. His helm had been removed. His eyes were closed. Relief soared through Edward when he caught the rise and fall of his chest.

"Move him to the castle to where we will tend to him," Lady Katherine ordered.

Edward knew he ought to return to the tournament and watch the rest. As lord and baron it was his duty to see it through. But he did not relish that duty. He wanted to go with Gregory.

Katherine touched his arm. "All will be well, my lord. I will go with Sir Gregory and see that he is well. Have no fear."

He smiled and nodded. "Very well, thank you. I will come as soon as my duties allow."

* * *

Katherine dipped a cloth in lukewarm water and washed Sir Gregory's bare chest. He had not yet regained consciousness, but he'd murmured a little. She hoped he

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would awaken soon.

She dipped the cloth in the water again, gently bathing his neck and face. A large reddish bruise had appeared under his left ribcage. No doubt where the lance had connected with his armor. Other than that he had a bump on the back of his head the size of a small bird's egg.

Katherine had prepared a paste of herbs and oils to apply to the bump to keep the swelling down. She reached for the small wooden mixing bowl she'd used to crush the herbs and mix it.

Gregory's hand shot out and closed around her wrist.

Startled, Katherine jumped. His eyes were open, though somewhat dazed, and he was sitting up in the bed. He blinked.

"Easy, Sir Gregory, 'tis all right." She smiled and pushed him down gently. "You were injured in the tournament, but all is well."

"The tournament?"

"Aye, you were felled from your horse by your opponent. You must have hit your head upon falling."

He closed his blue eyes briefly, then opened them once more. They were a little clearer now. "No wonder my head feels as though it has been bashed by a boulder."

She nodded. "You also have a large bruise forming on your ribs, but I do not believe anything is broken. It will be sore though."

"Edward?"

"He is still at the tournament. As its host he felt it his duty to see it through. I am certain he will rush in to see you as

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soon as it has ended.”

Gregory rose on his elbow and glanced down at himself. She'd covered his lower half with furs. “Who removed my clothing?”

“Who do you suppose?” She arched an eyebrow at him. “Though I did use the services of a couple of servants. You are heavy, Sir Gregory.”

He grimaced. “I cannot believe I allowed my opponent to best me.”

Katherine shrugged. “You are a fine man, but the other man is younger. I understand he has been making quite the name for himself on the tournament circuit.”

Gregory laid his head back down. “’Tis not much comfort. And in front of you and Edward.”

“Neither of us think less of you,” Katherine assured him. She fingered the colored strip of cloth she'd given him earlier. She'd removed it from his arm upon his arrival in the bed chamber. “’Twas gallant of you to wear my favor.”

“I was surprised and pleased you offered it,” he said softly. He stared at her and reached for the other end of the cloth and pulled it and her toward him. He'd risen on his elbows once more.

Katherine's breath caught. He'd brought her next to his chest and within inches of his mouth. Heat unexpectedly pooled between her legs. She moved her hand behind his head, to his neck and pressed her lips to his. They were surprisingly warm.

“Mmm.” Gregory slipped his tongue inside her mouth,

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meeting hers.

She broke the kiss and, careful not to injure him, crawled in next to him and lay down. She rested her head on his chest.

“I am very glad you were not badly injured.” She toyed with the light blond hair of his chest. “Would it be terrible of me to admit I am still anxious for Edward’s surprise?”

Laughter rumbled his chest. “Mayhap, but I too look forward to it.” He snatched her snood off and ran his fingers through her hair.

Biting her lip and closing her eyes, she inched her hand down his abdomen and under the furs. He inhaled sharply.

“Did I hurt you?” She tilted her head up to look at him. She stopped her hand just inches away from his cock.

“Nay. Katherine, are you certain you know what you are doing? We did speak of waiting for Edward.”

She closed her eyes again. “I know you are right. But I cannot seem to stop myself from exploring.”

His body shook. “Far be it from me to prevent exploration.”

Her fingers fanned down, barely brushing the hair above his obviously erect cock. She ran her index finger along the shaft. She paused as she thought of his injuries.

“You have a head injury.” She buried her face in his chest. “I should not.”

“’Tis not so bad.” His hand came down to cover hers. He urged her to close her hand around him.

Katherine stroked up and down his length. He was a little thicker than Edward, but not as long. Her thumb brushed the

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tip, rubbing in the fluid leaking there. She swirled her finger around the head with featherlike touches. She tilted her chin up so she could watch his face while she played with him. His face flushed with excitement.

She'd always loved exciting a man, since the first time she'd touched her first husband and their lover. Men were very expressive. Her hand moved to his sac, squeezing gently.

"God's teeth," Gregory moaned, raising his hips just a little.

Katherine smiled. She could not help it. She ought to be ashamed, she supposed, for her love of pleasuring men. She had a sister who had entered a convent and an uncle who was a priest. She came from a pious family who would be appalled at her antics, for certain.

She went back to his shaft, closing her fist around it and stroking up and down, quicker and a little harder. Her nipples tightened against her under dress and wetness pooled between her legs. His little growls were making her even hotter. She wanted to push up her kirtle and straddle him, pushing herself down on his cock. Soon, she hoped she would, but for now she would content herself with touching him, bringing him to release.

Later, Katherine intended to have both Gregory and Edward. Loving both of them, having them love her, and each other. The anticipation of the three of them sharing their bed made her ache with a need she'd not felt even with her first husband and their shared lover.

She watched Gregory, his breathing came in short, hoarse

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puffs. He was very close to releasing. She clenched her legs together tight, surprised to feel her own orgasm near.

“Katherine,” he gasped, stiffening, his cock shooting fluid all over her hand and the bed covering. She joined him as her body shook with her own pleasure.

Resting her head on his chest, Katherine drew circles on his still quivering thighs. She placed a kiss on his bare skin.

“I did not harm you?”

“Nay, ’tis no greater pain than before,” Gregory said softly.

“You are amazing, sir.”

“’Twas you.”

Katherine rose and smiled down at him. “I should let you rest now. For I hope later when the tournament has ended, and my lord returns, that we may all be very well acquainted.”

He chuckled. “I hope so, too. I wonder if Edward knows what an extraordinary find he has in you.”

“He shall soon learn if he does not.” Just a hint of doubt entered Katherine’s mind. What if Edward did not want the three of them to be together? She would, of course, do as Edward wished. She leaned down to kiss his forehead. “Until later.”

CHAPTER 4

Though Edward had enjoyed the tournament well enough, he would have preferred seeing that Gregory had not been too injured. Katherine had assured him he was not. In fact, he had already seen her since he arrived back at the castle, and she had once again sought to allay his fears.

He wanted to see for himself, though, so Edward slipped into the room where Katherine had placed Gregory. He approached the bed and watched Gregory sleep. Watched the rise and fall of his chest. His color was surprisingly good.

Satisfied, Edward returned to his own chamber to change into more comfortable, less ceremonial clothing. He sat upon the edge of his bed to remove his boots.

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A light tapping on the outside of his door drew his attention.

“Come.”

Katherine opened the door and entered, smiling broadly. “Well, my lord? Did you see Sir Gregory?”

“Yes, and it was as you say. He slept soundly and looked healthy.”

She came to kneel in front of him to assist in removing his boots. “And the tournament? Did you enjoy your tribute?”

Edward nodded. “I did. I enjoyed it being over, too.”

She laughed, and then bowed her head. “My lord, there is something I must speak to you about.”

Fear returned full force. “Is it Gregory?”

“It does concern him, but do not be alarmed, Edward. He will recover fully.”

Edward blinked, trying to determine what she wished to speak about that concerned Gregory. Had she somehow guessed that he and Gregory were lovers?

“May I speak freely?” she asked demurely.

“Of course, my love, always.”

“My lord, you know I adore you and I know you return my affection.”

“I do,” Edward said. He smiled uncertainly. “But I feel you are stalling. Tell me what troubles you so.”

Her cheeks had reddened, but now she looked him in the eyes. “I know you and Sir Gregory have been lovers. And that you have been with other men, also.”

Edward exhaled slowly. “I see. I suspected you might have

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heard the whisperings.”

“More than that, my lord. My late husband shared with me a secret.”

Edward’s stomach turned over. “He...he did?”

She grasped his hands in hers. “Do not be distressed. At first I was shocked, but he told me about you because he shared with me the secrets of his own preferences. Unlike you, Edward, Tremaine could not be aroused by a woman alone. On our wedding night he could not even lie with me.”

“I am sorry.”

Katherine shook her head. “Do not be. We had a happy marriage.”

It all came at him so fast, Edward had trouble understanding what she was trying to tell him and why. He frowned. “How?”

“The next time we attempted to consummate the marriage bed, he brought with him another man.”

“He...well, that is surprising.”

She laughed. “Aye. With the other man’s stimulation he was able to perform his husbandly duties. Thereafter, for the rest of our time together, ’twas always the three of us.”

Not that was indeed a bit of interesting news. Katherine and Tremaine with someone else? He never would have guessed.

“My lord, I invited Sir Gregory to this tournament for your birthday for a reason.” She squeezed his hands. “You care for him, do you not?”

Edward saw no point in denials. His wife appeared to

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know all. "I do and he does for me, as well."

"He confirmed as much to me."

"But that does not take away my feelings for you, my love."

She nodded. "I know and I love you all the more for it. You and...Gregory. In the past, you swived the same woman, did you not?"

Edward blinked. He had begun to realize where his wife was going with this odd conversation. Still, he chose to proceed with caution. "Yes, though it has been a long time since those days."

Katherine bit her lip, and then smiled. "I am stalling still, Edward. I invited Gregory here for your birthday so that we might form a grouping of our own."

Edward stared, trying to get his mouth to work, but honestly it was difficult. He would not have thought such a suggestion could come from his sweet wife's lips.

"I have shocked you," she whispered, studying him.

"Yes, I cannot deny that."

"In-in a bad way?"

"Nay," Edward said. "In truth, I am still somewhat surprised that you are not appalled at the nature of my friendship with Gregory. Most would not be so accepting. The church forbids such unions."

"'Tis true. My own family is quite religious and would be shocked and would disown me. I do not answer to them nor do I intend to acknowledge to anyone but you and Gregory what our relationship truly is."

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He was intrigued. There was no denying it. The three of them? The possibilities could be endless. Or nearly so. For a moment he allowed his mind to imagine. Katherine trapped between them, himself trapped between Katherine and Gregory.

“Edward?”

“You have spoken with Gregory?”

She nodded, turning pink again. “Aye, I have. He is most agreeable.”

A smile tugged his lips. “Is he?”

“He bows to your decision, of course,” Katherine said quickly. “As do I.”

“I confess I never thought to explore such a relationship again and certainly not with my wife,” Edward said after a moment.

“Will you now?”

Edward loved both men and women. So did Gregory. They’d swived both many times before. He’d thought those days long over until Gregory returned. The idea of sharing his wife with Gregory had not occurred to him, but strangely it did not bother him. If Katherine were willing, and she had suggested it, made sure the possibility could happen, then why not? If she could accept his desires for men and want to share with him such experiences, how could he be shocked and appalled she had some desires of her own?

“Have you and Gregory been together already?” he asked.

“We have touched and kissed, but not everything,” Katherine admitted. “You have been with him since his

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arrival, have you not?"

It was his turn to blush, apparently, for he felt his cheeks heat. "Aye." He laughed. "I am still surprised by all this, Katherine, but I also want the things of which you have spoken."

Her smile brightened. "Then we can be together? The three of us? You will not hate us?"

"I could not hate either of you," Edward assured her. "Yes. I am agreeable. At least, for one night." Anticipation already soared through him. His cock rose in his braies. "But Gregory...his injuries?"

"They are minor, my lord. I will prepare everything." She rose from kneeling in front of him. "I will see that we have a huge feast. We may need our strength."

* * *

It had been Katherine's idea that they enter Gregory's chamber together. Even though he'd been intrigued and even anxious, Edward couldn't help but enter the room with some trepidation. His days of swiving multiple partners were in his youth and, he thought, over. And in those days he did not have tender feelings for most of his partners.

His wife, however, had said Gregory was a willing participant, but still Edward found himself a bit nervous. He wanted to make them both happy. He certainly hoped he would be up to the challenge.

When they entered Gregory's chamber hand in hand, he was sitting up on the bed. The furs from the bed only covered

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his lower half. Edward immediately spotted a large, ugly bruise on his ribcage.

He halted their approach a few feet from the bed. "Are you...this injury looks severe."

Katherine smiled and shook her head. "My lord, I would not risk further injury to Sir Gregory. He has given me his assurances that it is merely tender." She withdrew her hand and went to stand on the other side of the bed, leaving Edward to stand by the nearest side. "And your head? How does it feel?"

"Just a dull ache. 'Tis naught but an annoyance," Gregory said.

It felt strange to be nervous. Edward had lain with both Gregory and Katherine. He had no fear of being judged. They'd both made it clear they wanted this.

Gregory gave him a loving and welcome smile and invitingly pulled aside the furs.

Edward cast aside his doubts and fears. His gaze meeting that of his wife, he quickly shed his clothes. Then he walked to the other side of the bed to assist her in removing her gown and under dress. He gathered her in his arms and kissed her, parting her soft, sweet lips. She moaned and pressed her bare breasts against his chest.

"Hmm, do not forget me," Gregory called from the mattress.

"In a moment." Edward grinned and kissed Katherine again. His already hard cock pressed against her. With a teasing glint in her eyes, she rubbed against his erection. He

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slid his hand between their bodies and parted her legs, seeking her moist sex.

“Ahh.” She tilted back her head, her eyes closed.

He stroked her nub with his fingertip. She clung to him, shuddering.

Edward ran the fingers of his other hand through her hair. He pressed a kiss to the pulse of her throat. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Gregory stroking his own hard cock, his gaze fixated on them. Edward wanted to be touching both of his lovers at the same time.

He kissed Katherine once more, then separated them and gave an apologetic smile. “On the bed, my love.”

Her eyes glowed with excitement. She crawled in next to Gregory, laying her hand upon his chest. Gregory leaned down to steal a kiss.

Edward went back to the other side of the bed and lay next to Gregory.

Gregory grabbed the back of Edward’s head and drew him close, their lips meeting. Edward slipped his tongue into his lover’s mouth.

“Mmm.”

He was so incredibly hard. He wanted to touch everywhere and be touched everywhere. Not sure where to start, Edward let Gregory take the lead. His lover continued to kiss him, sucking on his tongue.

Katherine’s hand closed around Edward’s erection. Her other hand closed around Gregory’s. Tingles of excitement soared through him.

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“So good to touch both of you,” Katherine whispered, resting her cheek on Gregory’s chest as she worked their cocks.

“You do that well,” Gregory said, before deepening the kiss he shared with Edward.

After a few moments of stroking them, Katherine sat up. She stared at their cocks, watching the two of them kissing, her brows drawn tight in determination. She licked her lips.

“What is it, my love?” Edward asked her.

“I...there is something I would try.”

“What?” Gregory asked.

She smiled. “You will see. Or feel.”

She scooted down until her head was level with their crotches. Her dark eyes glittered.

“Katherine?”

Katherine opened her mouth next to Edward’s cock and drew in the head.

He moaned, trying to push more in. She reached Gregory, pulling his body closer to her and to Edward. With her hand she grabbed Gregory’s cock. Opening her mouth wide, she pushed the head of his cock into her mouth next to Edward’s.

The friction of his cock against Gregory’s was unbelievable. Definitely he’d never had any woman take both of them in her mouth at the same time.

“Oh, my God,” Edward breathed.

He glanced over at Gregory and saw his lover’s eyes were closed.

Katherine opened her mouth wider, swallowing more of

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their cocks. Her hands squeezed their sacs.

Gregory leaned toward him, pursing his lips slightly for Edward's kiss. Edward pressed his mouth to the other man's. Their tongues tangled. Edward cupped his cheek, slanting his lips over Gregory's again and again.

Edward allowed himself a few moments more of enjoying his wife's sucking, but he realized she deserved some stimulation of her own.

He straightened and gently pushed her shoulders. "Let me pleasure you."

Edward pulled out, watching as she took in more of Gregory's length.

The musky scent of sex already permeated the air in the chamber.

He inched down the bed, and positioned himself under her. His hands on either side of her silken thighs, he spread her, his tongue seeking her nub.

"Edward," she cried, pressing herself against his mouth.

In a perfect world, someone would be sucking his cock at the same time as he pleased her and she pleased Gregory. However, the world being far from perfect, Edward didn't want to twist around in an awkward position just so he could lower his cock into Gregory's mouth. They had all night for pleasuring each other.

He could manage to stroke his own erection while laving up her juices though, so he dropped one hand down to enclose his cock. He darted his tongue into her opening as he knew she liked. She trembled above him as she rocked her hips.

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Using the hand that wasn't furiously stroking his cock, he slid a finger inside her, moving his probing tongue to her bud. Her muscles clenched around his finger, she tensed, pushing against him with frantic movements.

"Oh, God," Katherine gasped. After a moment, she pushed at him to get him to stop his ministrations. He smiled. She was always a bit sensitive right after finding her release.

He slid out from under her and sat on his haunches, fisting his cock while he watched Gregory thrusting in her mouth. Edward found himself wanting to watch his lover release into his wife's mouth. It surprised him. The last couple of days had actually been one surprise after another.

Katherine's head bobbed up and down on Gregory's length. She'd taken him deep, opening her throat to welcome his erection. Edward knew from personal experience how good she was at this. Her fingers closed around Gregory's balls.

"Ahh," Gregory moaned, his thrusts speeding up. His face was flushed red with excitement, his lips swollen from Edward's earlier kisses. He stiffened and cried out as he poured into Katherine's mouth.

His wife released Gregory's cock, a proud smile on her face. Edward wondered if she'd recovered enough from her first orgasm to take his cock. He cast a quick glance in Gregory's direction and realized his lover needed a moment to recover.

He turned to Katherine and urged her lie down on her back. He leaned down to kiss her, tasting Gregory's juices as

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their tongues met.

Edward positioned himself between her legs and raised a questioning brow at her.

Katherine smiled and held out her arms. “Yes, Edward. Love me.”

With one long thrust, Edward entered her. He welcomed the feel of her muscles tightening around his cock. He ensnared her arms and held them above her head with one hand. With the other he braced himself as he pounded into her.

It was Gregory’s turn to watch, for he’d risen from lying down and sat on the bed, working his hand on his already half-erect cock.

After a shared glance with Edward, Gregory moved behind Edward. Soon, Edward felt the probe of Gregory’s cool moistened fingers at his ass. He stiffened slightly when Gregory inserted one. The other man worked the finger in deeper, sliding in and out.

Edward dipped his head down to take possession of Katherine’s lips, his ass rising and opening to the intrusion of his lover’s fingers.

Anticipation soared through Edward. He released his wife’s arms and slipped his hand between their bodies to flick her nub even while Gregory slipped a third wet finger into his own opening.

“Mmm,” Edward moaned.

Gregory positioned himself Edward’s legs, poising the head of his now fully erect cock between the other man’s cheeks.

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“Ready?” Gregory whispered.

Edward wiggled his ass in response. He exhaled, relaxing his muscles as Gregory pushed into his hole.

Katherine placed her hand on the back of his neck and drew his mouth back to hers, moving her hips, urging him to continue thrusting into her. He gladly complied.

One of his favorite pleasures in his past experimentation with Gregory had been fucking someone at the same time as he himself got fucked. His balls tightened almost painfully against him, his orgasm close.

He thrust harder and faster, his thumb rubbing Katherine’s bud. Gregory’s hands dug in on either side of Edward’s hips, his cock ramming into the hilt.

“Edward,” Katherine cried, climaxing beneath him.

He’d been waiting for it. He tightened his ass muscles, drawing a long groan from Gregory, whose thrusts were now frantic and frenzied. Closing his eyes, Edward’s release soared through him, his hips snapping as he poured into his wife.

His arm gave out then and he collapsed onto Katherine even while Gregory roared with one last mighty thrust.

Gregory, panting heavily, withdrew and lay next to them.

After kissing Katherine long and deeply, Edward moved off her, conscious of his heavy muscular weight. He lay upon his back, his hand moving up to wipe the beads of sweat on his forehead.

“That was...amazing,” Gregory said, breaking the contented silence.

“Agreed,” Edward murmured.

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“I can’t move.” Katherine chuckled.

“So don’t. Sleep here with me. This bed is definitely large enough for the three of us.” Gregory stretched and yawned. “After some sleep we may want to start all over again.”

Edward blinked. He couldn’t imagine having the energy to start all over again any time soon.

CHAPTER 5

Gregory woke to the chirp of a bird. He blinked several times to clear his still sleep-muddled brain. He glanced to his right. Edward lay on his stomach still sleeping. His brown curls were mussed and standing on end. The sight was so appealing his already erect cock perked up. Gregory smiled and glanced to his left. The spot recently occupied by Katherine was empty now. Careful not to disrupt Edward too much, he sat up and looked around the chamber, seeking Katherine.

There she stood by the window. She'd pulled back the covering and peered out into the morning light. She also let in cold air. Gregory shivered.

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Katherine turned then, perhaps feeling his gaze. “Good morning.”

“Morning. Why are you out of bed letting all the cold air in?”

She laughed. “Someone’s a bit grumpy this morning.” She let the covering return to its place over the window. “I wanted to see if it were daylight and if the sun shined or not.”

“And?”

“It shines, but clouds already move in. It will definitely rain later today.”

“Then come back to bed. There seems no reason to rise and greet a gloomy day,” Gregory said. He gestured with his hand for her to return to the bed.

The night had been such a surprise. He’d almost expected Edward to balk at the idea of the three of them sharing sexual adventures. He was glad he had not. Gladder still they’d all seemed to act with much enthusiasm once they’d made their decision.

He had a few aches and pains from his fall at the tournament. The biggest ache, however, had been to his pride. Apparently his days of winning tournaments were over. Time to let younger warriors like his opponent have their day.

Katherine returned to lying next to him, wrapping her arms around his middle. He tilted her chin up to steal a kiss. Strange, really. If Gregory had ever thought of the need to marry, he would have chosen someone similar to Katherine. He and Edward were alike in their tastes.

When their kiss ended, Katherine stroked his stubbled jaw.

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“How did you sleep?”

“Well enough. ’Twas more like passing out than falling asleep,” he said with a grin.

She looked past him to Edward, who still lay snoring softly. “’Twould seem we wore him out.”

“I am sure we can persuade him to wake and join in.” Gregory’s hands encircled her waist and he lifted her up to straddle him. “In a moment.”

Katherine leaned forward, trailing her long dark hair across his bare chest. He parted her soft thighs and pushed up into her.

She gasped a little, shifting ever so slightly to adjust to his intrusion. She began to ride him slowly. This had always been Gregory’s favorite position with a woman. Come to think of it, he’d done it this way many times with male lovers as well. With a grunt, he pushed in deeper.

Next to them, Edward stirred. Gregory watched his lover rub a hand across his face, and then through his hair.

“Good morning,” Gregory called. He reached out to cup Katherine’s breasts, running his thumbs across her engorged nipples.

Edward turned over and faced them, his gaze still sleepy. “Good morning,” he murmured. His dark lashes lowered over his hazel eyes and, for a moment, Gregory thought he would drift back to sleep. But then they opened, more awake and infinitely more aware. A smile curved Edward’s sensual full mouth. Gregory’s heart nearly skipped a beat. The man was simply too beautiful.

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Gregory gripped Katherine's hips and slammed into her harder than he intended, but judging by the groan escaping her lips she didn't mind. His gaze flew to Edward's erect cock. Edward slid his hand up and down the length, rubbing the leaking fluid into the tip, and squeezing his ball sac while he watched them.

"Put your cock in my mouth," Gregory said, hoping it came out sounding like an order. It must have, he decided, when Edward raised a noble brow. He chuckled. "Very well. Put your cock in my mouth, my lord."

It was Gregory's intention and desire to release into Katherine's moist entrance at the same time Edward released into his mouth.

Shrugging, Edward inched over to him, stopping to place a swift kiss on Katherine's lips. Putting his legs on either side of Gregory's face, he straddled him, letting the head of his cock rub against Gregory's lips.

He opened his mouth in invitation and Edward slipped his shaft in and down his throat. For a moment, Gregory's gag reflexes kicked in and he nearly panicked, but Edward withdrew just a bit so he could get used to the long, thick cock in his mouth.

Edward braced himself by leaning his hands against the wall and therefore taking most of his weight off Gregory.

He pumped Katherine fast and hard while Edward pumped his mouth. It was incredible. He certainly wouldn't last.

"God, Gregory," Edward panted, thrusting madly.

His hand searched for and found Katherine's pleasure bud.

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His thumb grazed it over and over. It didn't take long. Her muscles clenched his cock as she writhed up and down on him, crying out her release.

Gregory's balls pulled tight, and he emptied over and over into her, his whole body shaking with the power of his orgasm. Then, as though he had been waiting for the other two, Edward tensed and musky liquid filled Gregory's mouth.

The other man withdrew immediately and leaned against the wall, breathing heavily.

Gregory lifted Katherine off with great care, laying her gently on the bed. His limbs were as weak as they would be if he'd run for miles or fought a great battle. But contentment such as he'd not known since his long ago days with Edward filled him.

When he could breathe normally again, he voiced the thought that had just entered his mind. "I will hate to leave this place."

Katherine lifted her head and met Edward's gaze. They both nodded.

Then Edward scooted down on the bed and pulled Gregory against him even while Katherine came to lie on the other side of Edward. He wrapped an arm around her.

"We would ask you to stay with us, if that is your desire," Edward said softly.

Katherine added, "Yes, Gregory. Stay with us. You have no need to sell your sword any longer."

"'Tis true," Edward said, pulling him closer to kiss him. "You have no obligations to anyone, no baron to serve. It

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would gladden both our hearts if you will remain here. As our own.”

For a moment, Gregory couldn't speak. When first he'd received the messages to come to Edward's castle for the tournament, he had not thought of a permanent arrangement. And yet...his heart had always belonged with this man. He had already come to care for Katherine a great deal, also. He knew if he stayed their affection for each other would grow deeply.

“Please,” Katherine said, her dark eyes pleading.

Edward was right. He had no obligations. No home to call his own. Until now. With them. Why would he want to be anywhere else?

“I'll have to develop a lot more stamina if this is how we are to spend our days together.”

Edward's breath caught. “Then...you will stay with us?”

Gregory smiled. Nay, he grinned. His happiness was overwhelming and he could almost swear there were tears in all their eyes. Ridiculous, of course.

“Aye. Let us make a life. The three of us together.”

“Together,” Edward and Katherine said as one.

SHAWN LANE

Shawn Lane believes love and passion know no boundaries. Shawn writes both erotic love stories involving men in historical or contemporary settings and interracial romances between men and women. Shawn is always looking for new stories and new characters to create while holding down life in California.

* * *

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