

A man's bare torso is the central focus, wearing a purple and white striped shirt and light blue jeans. He is holding a small, wrapped gift with a white bow in his right hand. The background is dark.

# *Fling* Loose Id



A GIFT WORTH  
SHARING

MARTY RAYNE

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Marty Rayne

LooseId<sup>(R)</sup>  
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# A Gift Worth Sharing

Marty Rayne

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## Dedication

*To my readers who wanted more of Nate and Kyle. Thanks for the support.*

## Chapter One

“How much longer, Nate?” Kyle twisted his wrists slightly in the metal handcuffs holding them together. A piece of rope kept his hands between his knees, the other end connected to the chain of the shackles that encircled his ankles.

“Just a couple more minutes,” Nate answered, amusement threaded through his words. “You doing okay? I could increase the speed if you’d like.”

“Hell, no,” Kyle said through clenched teeth as the SUV hit another bump and jostled the vibrating anal plug against his prostate. He wasn’t sure how much more he could endure of this pleasurable torture. He could only trust his lover and hope the torment ended soon. “At least tell me how long we’ve been traveling.” The blindfold had been added after he’d been secured in his seat. Kyle was clueless which direction they headed and had lost all track of time.

Nate chuckled. “I don’t think so. I’m not going to let your smarts ruin my surprise.”

“Like telling me how long we’ve been on the road could really tell me anything about where we are headed,” Kyle argued, as he leaned his head against the seat’s headrest.

“How long does it take to get to Dellscott from where we live?”

“Three hours and twenty-two minutes. Three hours and ten minutes if you take the toll road.”

“No more needs to be said.”

Kyle groaned and knew Nate was right. His mind sometimes worked like the GPS navigator in the SUV. Give him a location and he could tell you how long it would take to travel there. It was an odd talent and Nate knew him so well.

“Fine. Have it your way.” He wished he could put more emphasis on his pout by crossing his arms over his chest, but Nate had impeded his ability to do even that. “This had better be worth my suffering,” he muttered.

Nate didn’t respond so Kyle wasn’t sure if he’d been heard. However, a few seconds later the toy inside his body flared stronger. A moan that dripped of want rumbled from his throat. Feeling frustratingly aroused and excited about his lover’s surprise, Kyle spent the rest of the trip in silence as he tried to concentrate on how to get Nate back for this delicious torture. Of course, all that did was increase his need for release.

The SUV finally stopped its bouncy trip and Nate announced, “We’re here.”

“Thank goodness. Now can I see where we are?”

Nate patted Kyle’s thigh. “Not just yet, babe. Hang tight for another minute. I need to check something first.”

The vehicle’s door opened then shut before Kyle could protest. He shifted in his seat trying to find a comfortable position. His muscles had tightened and begun to cramp. He’d been in this one position for some time now and really wanted to stretch out. Not to mention the urge to fuck Nate senseless just to rid himself of the raging hard-on he’d had since leaving for this trip. Oh, yes. His lover had given spark to some serious yearnings.

Any sounds he might have heard were muted by being shut inside the SUV, so he had no real hints as to where Nate had taken them. Once again the toy deep in his ass started buzzing, driving Kyle’s frustration even higher. Heaven help Nate when he finally got free.

The door opened and Nate's hands were on his thigh. "All right. Let me take these off and we'll get you out."

Kyle sighed with relief as he was able to draw his hands farther up his body when the rope was released from the handcuffs. The rattle of keys and several clicks later, he was free from the shackles. Nate helped him out of the vehicle. Kyle groaned with delight as his legs stretched and his muscles enjoyed freedom. It'd been a while since he'd been in any sort of bondage.

The blindfold was removed and it took Kyle several blinks before his sight cleared. "Where are we?" He squinted and took in the scene as the cold wind whipped around them.

"Someplace that will make all your dreams come true."

"This certainly isn't Disney World." Kyle's brow arched up in question. "Why are you being so mysterious?"

"Why are you being so tenacious? Just relax and go along. I'm doing this all for you."

Kyle sighed. He didn't know why he was being suspicious. He couldn't seem to help it. He only wanted to please Nate. But these fantasies he'd been having had him worried. He'd hoped they would go away, but they only managed to grow and manifest into more needful desires.

"I'm sorry. I'm just having a hard time relaxing lately."

Nate leaned over and kissed his cheek. "That's why you need this long weekend, love."

With a smile, Kyle nodded and let his gaze wander while Nate retrieved their bags from the back. He shivered and wished he had his jacket.

As if entering a winter landscape, a forest surrounded them and the log cabin. Snow lay in patches like quilt work. Smoke rose from the chimney, the scent heavy in the air. The SUV was parked at the end of a road that was nothing more than two dirt tracks to accommodate the tires.



He took a deep breath and let the chilled air fill his lungs. The area was beautiful, and already he felt the tension in his shoulders easing. Perhaps Nate was right. He just needed to relax and enjoy this time together.

“What about these?” Kyle held up his wrists, still captured by the handcuffs.

“I guess I can let you go now that we’re here and there’s little chance of you finding where I hid the keys to the SUV.”

“Is that really necessary?”

Nate chuckled as he took a key from his jacket pocket and released Kyle’s hands. “I wanted to be on the safe side.”

His words confused Kyle, but before he could say anything about them, Nate gave him a bag, grabbed his free hand, and led him toward the cabin.

“Sydney and Travis helped me plan all of this.” Nate pushed open the door and a wave of heat rolled over them. Kyle shivered from the two extremes coming together and stepped into the cabin.

“Nice.” And it was. There was a fire roaring in the brick fireplace. The furniture was in good condition, but it was obviously well used. The kitchen was open, almost part of the living room. A dining table wasn’t too far from the fireplace. No TV. No computer. Only a stereo system sat on a small table in the corner. It was sparsely furnished, but cozy. There were three closed doors along the back of the room.

“Homey.” Nate closed the door behind them, and Kyle didn’t miss the click of the lock engaging.

Nate shed his jacket and threw it on the back of the couch. Kyle’s had been left in the SUV. Nate tossed his bag on the couch and Kyle followed suit.

“The fridge and cabinets are fully stocked for our stay this weekend. Firewood is chopped and stacked on the back porch.” Nate moved behind Kyle, wrapped his arms around

him, and kissed his neck. "And we are away from work and every other responsibility we have. Cell phones don't work out here either."

Kyle closed his eyes and sank back into Nate's embrace. His body trembled. Surprisingly, his cock stiffened more than he thought possible, and his pulse sped up in anticipation of the sex that was sure to come. He reached behind him and pulled Nate closer. There was no mistaking the rigid bulge of Nate's erection that pushed against him. The plug shifted and forced his breath out, rough and labored from need.

"I'd forgotten how sexy you were all tied up." Nate's teeth nipped at Kyle's ear.

"It's been a while." Kyle couldn't recall the last time they'd "played." The sex wasn't boring -- never in the time they'd been together. However, he realized they now rarely used any of their toys or any other sex games. Not like the beginning of their relationship. Was that why he'd been in such a funk? Did he miss the exciting play? Surely not.

Kyle twisted until he faced Nate and wrapped his arms around his lover's neck. "Me. You. And an entire weekend in this getaway haven." His mouth brushed over those succulent lips he knew so well, then sucked on Nate's bottom lip. "I'm sure we can put those handcuffs to more use. Just the thought makes me want to fuck you until we collapse."

Nate groaned, but pulled away.

"What?" Kyle asked when he noticed how Nate took a step back, creating distance between their bodies. "Is something wrong?"

Nate rubbed at his neck with his right hand. A gesture indicating he was nervous. "I've got another surprise for you."

The apparent nervousness caused Kyle's stomach to tighten. "Really?" His gaze roamed the large room looking for a hint.

Nate nodded. "Do you trust me?"

Kyle's brows drew together, not liking Nate's tone. "With my life."

Nate gave a small smile. "Then let's have a look."

## Chapter Two

“Motherfuc --” The curse wasn’t completed as Kyle stared, jaw dropping in surprise.

He couldn’t believe what he saw. He glanced at Nate who stood just to his left, expression blank, before returning to his “surprise.” Kyle shook his head, not sure what to say or how to react. He closed his eyes thinking he was imagining things. Nope. When he opened them again, he was still there.

Against his will, Kyle’s foot stepped forward. The other followed with another step. Then another, until he was only a couple of feet from him. He’d expected a gift. Maybe a new toy or a hot outfit to prance around in from the way Nate had brought him here. Hell, he was willing to bet Nate had thought of some sexy scenario that involved more bondage. However, Kyle never dreamed in all his life that Nate would have another man in wait for him.

As if this third man had a choice.

Kyle didn’t bother to check out his surroundings because his gaze was completely focused on the four-poster bed made of dark cherrywood. At the end of the bed, a man stood with his back to the doorway and arms spread out, lifted from his body. His legs were parted a little more than shoulders’ width. Leather cuffs held his wrists and ankles in position.

Kyle's gaze quickly swept down the unclothed body. The skin tan from either a tanning bed or lying out nude as he had no tan lines. From the distance Kyle stood, he was able to see that the man's back was smooth and lacked hair. His arms and legs were dusted with blond hair. His form was a wet dream in the making.

The man shifted slightly as if he knew he was being inspected. Kyle couldn't help but follow the ripple of muscles through his backside. Just that one movement had set off a chain reaction of sizzling proportions, including an arousing effect to Kyle's dick that already pressed tightly against the zipper of his jeans.

Something that resembled a black bag was slipped over the man's head keeping his identity a mystery.

The one thing that sank into Kyle's stunned brain was that this third man was standing there in a very calm manner. However, if Kyle were to walk around the bed to see the stranger's front, would his cock be flaccid or stiff and leaking with fluid? The thought made his heart seize and his face flush with heat.

"He's gorgeous, isn't he?" Nate whispered into Kyle's ear as his arms wrapped around his waist. Nate's fingers were very close to the hardened bulge aching to be released from its confinement.

Kyle shook his head, but it didn't clear the confused fog. "I don't understand, Nate. What's going on?" He suddenly felt like he'd just stepped into the middle of a stage before an audience of a thousand and didn't know his lines or even which character he was to play.

Nate's arms stiffened slightly before he spoke. His voice still a whisper, but Kyle could hear a tightening in it. "He's yours. Ours. For the weekend."

## Chapter Three

Kyle's heart sped and his stomach suddenly lurched. Old memories flashed in his head. *No, this couldn't be happening again. This was different. Very different.* But why did he suddenly feel light-headed and weak-kneed? His body trembled. He felt as if the air had become heavy and too thick for his lungs to use. He couldn't seem to inhale enough oxygen for his heart to keep working.

Stumbling from Nate's embrace, Kyle ran for the door. He tripped over a coffee table, but caught himself before he fell on his face. After a quick battle with the lock, Kyle lurched out the front door and gulped down two lungfuls of chilled mountain air.

*Don't puke. Don't puke,* he chanted while he leaned against the porch railing with his eyes closed. What the fuck was wrong with him? That had happened a long time ago. He was over it. Or at least he thought he'd gotten over that situation.

"Kyle?" Nate called and Kyle heard him step out onto the porch.

Kyle shook his head. The dizziness was easing, but his heart still raced. Nate touched his shoulder and he couldn't help but flinch as bad memories started flooding in.

“For fuck’s sake, babe. You’re white as a ghost.” Nate’s hand moved from his shoulder, ignoring the cringe, and swept tenderly across his cheek. This time Kyle was able to stop the recoil and let out a sigh. “What is wrong? Now I’m the one not understanding.”

Kyle bit his cheek to keep from laughing. This wasn’t funny. Yet the urge bubbled strongly within him. Disbelief. Anger. Maybe even excitement, but not laughter. He couldn’t do that to Nate.

A threesome. A damn threesome. What was so wrong with that? It happened all the time, right? Okay, maybe not all the time. But it wasn’t unheard of. Not when you hung around people who were Dominants catering to their clients’ requests.

“Baby, please. Talk to me. Tell me what I did wrong?”

Drawing in a long breath and letting it out slowly, Kyle straightened and finally opened his eyes. Concern was etched on Nate’s face and regret filled Kyle for being the one to place it there.

“Nothing, babe. You did nothing wrong. Actually, it was something *I* didn’t do.” His arms wrapped themselves around his upper body as if he could shield himself from the guilt. Nate tried to reach for him, but he sidestepped his lover’s touch. “Who is he?”

“Kyle, what’s going on? Tell me what’s going on in your head. Let me help.”

Help? The past was the past. There was no changing it. Kyle closed his eyes for a moment before opening them and locking gazes with Nate. He needed to know. Before he went any further. “Who is that man in there?”

Nate’s brows drew together, his face a mixture of confusion and frustration. “Syd and I met him years ago. A friend.”

“No.” Kyle started pacing the space between the front door and the steps. He glanced toward the open doorway. “*Who* is he?”

Nate shook his head. “I don’t know why --”

“Nate!” Kyle’s fingers were curled into fists. “Just tell me,” he said, forcing his voice to be softer and somewhat calmer.

“His name is Dakota Knight.”

“A prostitute?”

“A streetwalker? No, not that, but he’s a male escort and works for a company not far from here. The owner is a business acquaintance. Dakota is one of the company’s highest paid men. Now, are you going to tell me what this is all about? Are you pissed that I brought up another man?”

Kyle could see why Knight was so well paid. Damn, the man had a body that rivaled a god’s. Kyle dragged his fingers through his hair and let out a loud sigh, still feeling unsettled. He reminded himself that Nate would never hurt anyone. Especially not intentionally.

He ignored Nate’s question to ask one of his own. “Do you want to know the real reason Steve and I broke up?”

“Steve? The bastard that you were dating before me? Other than what you’ve told me, no.” Nate’s gaze narrowed. “Did that shithead --”

“No,” Kyle quickly interrupted. “At least, not to me.” He forced his fingers to relax enough to unroll and placed his hands on the railing. A cold breeze filtered through the porch and the iciness was refreshing. The snow under his hands made him feel more alive and cooled the heat surging through his body.

“Steve talked about having a threesome many times. I was intrigued, but it wasn’t something I thought would ever occur. It was more of a fantasy. I wasn’t...well, I hadn’t explored the kinkier side of sex. So I kind of blew it off.”

Nate said nothing, leaned on the railing, arms crossed over his chest, and waited for him to continue.

“Steve thought to surprise me too one night by bringing home a friend.” He made the quotation marks in the air with his fingers when he said the word friend. “His friend, Doug, was a nineteen-year-old prostitute Steve found on the way home.”

“Shit,” Nate muttered. He shifted his weight in agitation.

“Yeah. Well, because I thought I loved the guy, I finally agreed to give it a try. Now I wish I’d thrown the poor kid out. It would have been better for us both.”

“What happened?” Nate sucked the corner of his bottom lip into his mouth. His chocolate eyes darkened while the golden flecks flared like fire. Kyle knew that only anger and desire initiated that look.

“I was nervous, of course. Not really knowing what to do, where to be, that sort of thing. The boy was eager.” Kyle rubbed the back of his neck and lowered his gaze. He used the toe of his boot to kick a blob of snow off the porch. He knew he should be cold or at least shivering without a coat, but right now the chill was his friend, eating away at the numbness fighting to take hold.

“I’m so not going into details, but I found myself very uncomfortable with the entire situation. Something was wrong, but I couldn’t put my finger on it. I now think it was the way Steve started acting. I can’t really describe it, but it was like an ego trip. Especially after he tied the kid’s hands behind his back with his tie and started calling him a whore and other degrading names.”

“Prick,” Nate growled.

Kyle nodded in agreement. “I wanted to leave, but Steve wouldn’t let me.” He held his hand up when Nate’s mouth opened to speak. “Yes, I could have walked out. And no, he didn’t hurt me; however, there was a threat under the words of him telling me to stay. By this point he scared me and I felt sick. I also couldn’t just leave the poor kid behind. So I sat...and watched.”



Kyle looked up, avoiding Nate's eyes. Instead, he turned his focus to the tree line and dirt path that led to the cabin. Snow covered all the trees and patches of mud were spread throughout the ground. Dark gray clouds had gathered over the area and the gloomy air matched how he felt.

"Steve liked sex rough. I'm not fragile and didn't mind it most of the time. This time though." He sighed. "Something got into him. When Doug started crying and struggling to free his hands, Steve kept going. Harder even. When the kid started yelling, Steve shoved a shirt in his mouth and hit him before shoving..." His voice dropped. Tears gathered in his eyes remembering that hellish night.

"What did you do?" Nate whispered the question.

Kyle closed his eyes, reluctantly reliving the horrible ordeal he thought he'd forgotten. "I was so shocked with what he was doing, I froze. I couldn't move to stop him. I couldn't speak to scream at him. I couldn't believe this was actually happening. I'd never witnessed abuse like that."

Taking a deep breath, he tried to calm his nerves. He couldn't look at Nate. He'd been a coward. The guilt still ate at him for letting it go so far.

"Then something popped inside my brain and my limbs unstuck. I jumped up and punched Steve. The blow was unexpected and came so hard it actually knocked him off poor Doug."

"And Steve?" Nate asked through clenched teeth.

Kyle understood this was a hard thing for Nate to hear. It could have been him if Sydney hadn't come along. Hell, he'd lived it and still couldn't believe what had happened that strange night. It was disturbing.

"He was stunned. I released the tie from Doug's hands and handed him his clothes telling him to get dressed. Steve and I had words. I don't remember everything that

happened or what was said between us. I only know that I saw red and when Doug and I were both dressed, I dragged the kid out of there.”

“The two of you broke up.”

Kyle finally lifted his gaze and met with Nate’s eyes. “I knew he could be a prick sometimes.” He shook his head. “But I never dreamed he would get off on violence like that.”

“Kyle...” Nate stepped closer.

Kyle wanted to be embraced, comforted, and told everything was all right, but he needed to finish this.

“I took Doug to what he called home. A shabby apartment building on the rough side of town that looked like it should’ve been condemned. I gave him all the cash in my wallet. I tried to get him to go to the hospital. The police maybe, to press charges. He refused.”

“They wouldn’t have believed him.”

“I know.” Kyle sighed. “But I had to try. I even offered to pay for the hospital bill. He insisted he was fine. So I gave him my number and told him to call if Steve came back around.”

“Did he call?”

“A couple of times. What happened shook him up. Both of us, actually. I tried really hard to convince myself it didn’t happen. The last time I spoke to Doug was shortly before I met you. He was going to live with his sister and get back into school. I think his experience with Steve changed things for him.”

“I can imagine.”

Kyle finally moved toward Nate and let himself be comforted. “I should’ve said no. It’s my fault for letting it go so far.”

“It’s not your fault that Steve is a sick fucker. The important thing was that you *did* do something about it.”

“Too little, too late,” Kyle argued.

“He’s off the street.”

Kyle hoped so anyway. He hadn’t heard from Doug since that last phone call.

## Chapter Four

“I completely screwed up this weekend, didn’t I?” Kyle pulled away. The iciness of the wind had begun to cling to his bones.

“No. I can send Dakota home. It’s not a problem. I won’t have you do anything that makes you uncomfortable.”

Kyle’s thoughts turned to the man bound to the bed inside. Shit. He was getting hard again. It didn’t help that the anal plug was still lodged in his body and now that the initial trauma of the flashback was over, it demanded attention.

“I should have talked this over with you. I’m the one that should be saying sorry.” Nate started for the door. Kyle reached out and grabbed his arm.

“Wait. Why did you think I’d want a threesome, Nate?”

Nate shrugged. “Awhile back when I was helping Katie plan that threesome voyeur scenario for her client and his wife. You got this look in your eye. I could tell you were interested. A blind man would’ve tripped over the boner you sported.”

Kyle remembered that night. He was doing the dishes as Katie and Nate sat at the kitchen table trying to figure out the best way to execute the scenario. Nate was right. His

imagination had run away with him and the result was an embarrassing hard-on, along with a great night of sex. Kyle's face heated.

"I won't deny being fascinated with the thought of a threesome with you. My only question is why today? What brought about this forgotten memory? The entire two years we've been together it never surfaced. Not even that night I was thinking about a threesome." Kyle scratched at his brow. "Damn, the things we've engaged in." He shook his head and crossed his arms over his chest, hands rubbing his arms to ward away the winter wind. "Never once did it trigger that horrible night."

Nate shrugged. "I don't know, but I won't put you through that. I never want to hurt you, babe. I'll send Dakota home in our car and have him arrange for someone to pick us up on Sunday. It will be just you and I."

"Don't." Kyle stopped Nate. "Don't send him home."

Surprise crossed Nate's face. "Kyle, I don't think that's a good idea. You panicked just seeing him. I'm not going to force you to do anything. You had a traumatic experience. I won't make it worse."

Kyle went to him. "I was startled. Unprepared for a new player." He touched Nate's arm. "I want to do this. You've managed to fulfill nearly all my fantasies in the past two years. This will be just another check on the list."

"You have more? Wanna fill me in?"

A crooked grin slipped on Nate's lips and it stirred tantalizing desire and need. Kyle chuckled. "I'm saving a few for when we're old."

"I love your perverted mind." Nate winked at him before his expression became serious again. "Are you sure about this?"

"Positive. As long as you're there and we take things slow, I think I can face this nightmare and maybe help put it to rest."

“All right. But you’re the one in charge. You decide how much to involve Dakota. Whether he’ll be just a voyeur or interact more physically is your call. I’ll be your humble servant this weekend. You have but to ask. Your word is law.” Nate kneeled in the doorway and lowered his head for several seconds, then lifted his gaze, looking through his dark bangs. Kyle thought his insides would melt. “Anytime you feel uncomfortable, we stop. Deal?”

Kyle gave serious thought to what Nate offered. Could he handle having a third person around? Did he really want this now? His mind drifted to the bound man and the little green monster of self-indulgence inside his head whooped for joy.

“Deal. Now, can we do this where it’s a bit warmer and you’re less clothed?”

Nate laughed and rose. “As you wish.”

They kissed and Kyle enjoyed the moment of peace in his lover’s arms before the storm began.

## Chapter Five

Closing the door behind him, Kyle looked toward the bedroom and felt both excited and a little frightened by what awaited. Logically, he knew Nate wasn't Steve. That everything they did in that room would be consensual among the three of them or not at all. Still, he couldn't help feeling hesitant.

"Why don't you check on Dakota? Make sure he's okay. I'm going to get us something to drink."

"Sure." Nate nodded and walked directly to the bedroom.

Kyle almost ran to the kitchen and started searching the cabinets. Surely there would be some sort of alcohol here, right? He was about to give up his hunt when he hit the jackpot above the stove.

Pulling the bottle of scotch out, he found a glass in the drainer and filled it two fingers width. Kyle didn't take the time to sip it, but gulped it all in two swallows. He grimaced as the liquid scorched his throat and heated his belly. His body trembled before settling back down.

All the movement reminded him of the toy still in his body. Thankfully Nate had turned off the vibrating before all the drama began. He should go and remove it, but a sexier

image flashed in his mind and decided to leave it be for now. He'd had it this long. It wasn't too much of a bother to hold off a little longer.

By the time Kyle put the bottle back in its place and grabbed a Mountain Dew and Diet Coke from the fridge, the desired effect had begun. This wasn't the same situation. He wanted to do this. He was interested in seeing how far he could take this. He'd just needed a little something to take the edge off before walking this path.

"You can do this," Kyle said out loud. "You *want* to do this. So quit being a pussy and get your tight ass in there."

Pep talk over, Kyle started for the bedroom and the beginning of a weekend adventure. At least, that's what he hoped.

He stopped just inside the room. Nate was kneeling on the bed, facing Dakota. The black hood had been removed and they were talking softly. Nate looked under Dakota's arm and smiled. Instantly, Kyle's tense shoulders relaxed and his heart skipped a beat. It was the smile that always conveyed just how much Nate loved him.

Yes, this time would be a more pleasurable experience.

Kyle walked to the bed, took a sip of the Diet Coke before handing it off to Nate.

"Thanks. Kyle, meet Dakota Knight." He took a drink of the soda.

Kyle turned and got his first complete look at the third of this possible threesome. And was stunned to silence. Dakota wasn't just handsome, but just as his backside hinted, he was full of masculine beauty. Hell, if his face was on a billboard in a big city, he'd have most of the population worshipping at his feet. It's no wonder he was the most popular escort. Who wouldn't want to be seen with him?

Dakota's blond hair reached his shoulders. Only it wasn't one shade of blond, but three different hues mixed together. There was a slight wave to his hair, falling in no particular style. He had dark green eyes. The color of pine needles and framed by thick black lashes. His cheeks were narrow and sharply slanted. On any other face, it would look awkward, but



Dakota had the perfectly shaped face for those cheeks and narrow nose. Almost feminine, yet not.

Of course as Kyle's gaze slid down Dakota's muscular chest and followed the path of hair that ran from his belly button to his groin, there was nothing girly about this man. His cock was thick, even in its flaccid state. How long would it get when he got hard? Would it get much thicker?

Kyle shivered with arousal. He hadn't been affected by another person like this since meeting Nate two years ago. It wasn't just that Dakota was beautiful. Every employee of Angel's Heart, the house of fun as Kyle liked to call it, hadn't been touched with a single leaf of an ugly stick. He was used to beauty. There was something about Dakota's aura. He knew how good he looked and was confident that he'd please his client. It was the same characteristic Nate possessed when he worked as a Dominant. It drew people to them. Kyle obviously wasn't as immune as he thought.

"Would you like something to drink?"

Dakota's gaze lowered. "No thank you, Sir. I've just had some water."

Kyle's mouth dried. Dakota had a voice as smooth as honey and full of richness. Was this how sailors in the past felt when drawn by the siren song? He shook his head to clear it.

He took a long drink from his Mountain Dew, the fizzle of the carbonation tickling his throat and the sweetness seeping into his taste buds, taking away the bitter taste of scotch.

Nate set his drink on the bedside table, next to an empty glass. He reached down and picked up something from the bed. Kyle saw that it was a gag.

"Leave it off," he spoke softly.

Nate glanced at Dakota then nodded. "Whatever you wish." He picked up the hood and stood from the bed. "Remember, just say the word and we quit this."

Kyle smiled. That was one of the things he loved about Nate. He'd always been understanding and patient. Of course, being a Dom at Angel's Heart and now part owner, he had to be in order to be successful.

"Thanks. But I think we should get busy enjoying our weekend." Kyle licked his dry lips and looked to Dakota.

"Shall I undress you, Sir?" Nate asked as he placed the objects in his hand down on the nearby dresser.

Kyle realized that when Nate said that he'd have total control over the weekend, he meant that Kyle would literally be the one in charge. The Dominant. A role he hadn't stepped into lately. However, at that moment, gazing at his lover and his own siren, Kyle felt that familiar itch to take what he wanted. Not violently, as he'd never take anyone in such a manner. But he wanted to feel the thrill of being in control like the night he'd given Nate head in the bathroom of a local bar shortly after they met.

"You first. I want to watch, but do it where Dakota can see you too."

The gold in Nate's eyes flared with sexual hunger. He said nothing as he took several steps backward. He positioned himself next to the bed, closer to the headboard. He looked to Dakota who gave a slight nod. It was obvious they knew each other and were comfortable with this.

Kyle's gaze was riveted to Nate's fingers as they worked the buttons of his shirt and exposed a little more skin with each release. Nate's pace was slow and intentional. Every movement he made was filled with sleek seduction.

The shirt shed, Nate toed off his shoes. His hands went to the waist of his jeans. They were one of Kyle's favorite. Faded, soft, and worn. Not to mention tight in the crotch. The belt was taken care of in quick order and the button opened with a flick of the wrist. Nate paused as he gripped the zipper. The wait was excruciating torture for Kyle.

The sound of the zipper lowering reached his ears before Kyle's brain registered that the action was happening. Everything occurred in slow motion, as if this were his first time seeing Nate strip.

Kyle blinked and Nate's pants were at his ankles. Another blink and he'd removed the pants and socks, kicking them aside as if they were worthless. A gasp sounded from Dakota's direction.

Yes, Nate was truly a sight to see. Though Dakota was enchanting with his romance book cover appeal, Nate was ravishingly magnificent to look upon. Pure male, through and through. Never would have guessed that this body hated its workouts and preferred to be sitting at a desk either writing or managing Angel's Heart.

Heat pooled in Kyle's stomach and his hands trembled slightly. His dick pressed tightly against his jeans as if whining *my turn, my turn*, and aching for freedom like Nate and Dakota.

"Divine."

"My pleasure to please you." Nate approached. "May I now help you get more comfortable?"

Kyle's throat clogged, so he nodded his consent.

Nate wasted no time in removing Kyle's clothes. He stood still, only moving when Nate told him to; however, his gaze kept wandering to Dakota. Those gorgeous green eyes bore intensely on them as if memorizing every detail. It should have been disconcerting, but Kyle found it erotic and arousing.

Nate kissed Kyle and his thoughts slammed back to his lover. Between the torturous teasing of the anal plug in his body and the sight of Nate and Dakota naked, he needed release. Now.

"I need you, Nate." Kyle pulled away and gazed into those amazingly alluring eyes.

“What do you want, Kyle?” Nate alternated between biting and licking Kyle’s neck between words.

Kyle shivered and his hard dick leaked with precum. “Fuck,” he growled.

“Yes, we can do that.” Nate chuckled softly. The sound vibrated on Kyle’s neck and nearly drove him over the edge.

He shook his head. “No. I mean yes. Damn it. I want you to take this hellish thing out of me and fuck me senseless.” Okay, so his original plan was supposed to be more torturous for his lover, but Kyle didn’t care who did whom anymore. Coming was the only goal that pounded through his mind and body.

Nate reached around and used a finger to tap on the plug, making Kyle jump. “It sounds like you are almost there already.”

Kyle hissed. “Just do it. I need you.”

“As you desire.”

Nate kissed him, long and deep, full of untamed passion. Kyle fell easily into the haze of yearning and returned the emotion with fervor.

Breathless, Kyle pulled away and climbed onto the bed. On his hands and knees, he faced Dakota. Their gazes locked and Kyle trembled. He hadn’t seen such awareness in a stare since he first met Nate. It was easy to see the man was interested in the activities because his dick was swollen and hard. Kyle was close enough to see a drop of liquid sitting on the tip. He was tempted to lick it away, but held back as he was still uncertain as to the role Dakota was to play this weekend.

Nate joined him on the bed after a moment of shuffling through the bedside table drawer. His hands gently rubbed Kyle’s ass cheeks. A deep growl of pleasure rumbled from Kyle as his back arched and he pressed his ass closer to Nate, who responded with a moan.

“Please, Nate.”

Kyle hissed as Nate slowly twisted the plug from his body. His eyes closed for a moment, finally breaking contact with Dakota's. He sat on the edge of orgasm. Even as he tried to calm the desire, Kyle knew it wouldn't take much to push him into the sweet oblivion of bliss.

"You're so ready for me," Nate said as he placed one, then two fingers inside of his body. Before Kyle could mutter an understandable response, Nate removed his fingers and slid his cock into place.

With a low cry, Kyle's eyes snapped open and he was faced with Dakota's erect dick.

Nate leaned over and whispered in his ear, "He's gorgeous, isn't he?"

Kyle's mouth was dry and his throat tight. He nodded, unable to take his eyes from the thick cock at eye level.

"Isn't it damn sexy to know that someone is watching you be fucked?" He pulled out almost all the way, then slowly slid back in.

Forcing his gaze to lift from that throbbing erection, Kyle inhaled sharply at the sight of Dakota. Sweat trickled from his brow, his nostrils flared, and his lips were parted. From the way his chest quickly rose and lowered, there was no mistaking the small pants that escaped between the swollen lips that almost begged to be kissed.

Dakota was their captive audience. And beyond delectable.

Nate straightened and pulled Kyle up with him so they were both on their knees. One of his hands gripped Kyle's hip while the other snaked around to grasp his cock.

"I'm so fucking close." Nate began thrusting in and out as his hand kept rhythm. "Having you tied up all the way here, vulnerable to my will, was almost too much. I had to fight so hard not to pull over and fuck you."

Kyle was speechless, his throat creating only low, gasping moans. His mind and body were mush as his lover took control and those tantalizing eyes watched.

"Oh, God, Kyle." Nate's pace quickened and his hold tightened.

Kyle reached behind and found Nate's hips. His fingers dug in as he arched his back and met Nate thrust for thrust.

Kyle exploded. Bright fireworks flared behind closed eyelids as he shouted his lover's name. He fell forward and barely noticed that an arm wrapped around his waist. It took several minutes before Kyle felt more control of his body. Nate was pulling out and collapsing beside him.

"That was --" Kyle moaned instead of completing the sentence.

"Agreed." Nate rolled and faced Kyle. "But what are we to do with our lovely voyeur?"

## Chapter Six

Kyle glanced up, by now very familiar with the sight. Dakota's head was thrown back, eyes closed, and his chest heaved. The man hadn't spoken a single word or made a sound other than his now harsh breaths. His control impressed Kyle and he wondered how often Dakota did this sort of thing.

"We can't leave him like that. It's cruel."

"I agree." Nate rolled closer so he could whisper. "May I touch him, my love?"

"Yeah," Kyle choked out.

Nate smiled and shifted so he was on his knees just to the side of Dakota. Kyle managed to sit up and slide closer to Dakota's other side.

Kyle watched as his lover began caressing Dakota's chest. His fingertips circled one nipple then the other. It was reminiscent of the first time Nate had touched him. About two years ago when Kyle asked Nate to be his Dom. It hadn't taken long before Kyle realized he wanted Nate the man, not Nate the Dom, to fulfill all his desires.

Nate's hands wandered lower to Dakota's stomach. His fingers played in the trimmed hair that surrounded Dakota's cock.

As if it had a mind of its own, Kyle's hand reached out and gripped Dakota. The silky flesh throbbed in his palm and Dakota moaned through clenched teeth. Kyle couldn't look up or else he'd be distracted and probably lose his nerve for what he planned to do now that he had Dakota firmly in hand. Literally.

Kyle leaned forward so his tongue could flick out and lap at the drop that had tempted him just minutes earlier. Dakota gasped, but still didn't speak. It was clear he knew his part in this even if Kyle didn't.

Kyle opened his mouth and swiftly sucked the entire length into his mouth. Dakota's pelvis bucked and pressed the tip farther down Kyle's throat until he almost gagged. He pulled back slightly and pressed his teeth into the pulsing cock. This stopped Dakota from lurching forward again. He risked a look up and found Dakota's head bent forward, watching him. His body trembled as if he could barely hold back his orgasm.

Using his talented tongue, at least that's what Nate insisted he had, Kyle twirled it around the swollen head. More precum spilled onto Kyle's tongue. His teeth scraped at the skin as Kyle pulled back and released Dakota.

"He's got impeccable control." Kyle took the cock into his palm again and began stroking it.

"He's waiting for permission." Nate's hands were still roaming Dakota's body, but he kissed Kyle on the cheek. "Can I suck on his balls?"

The question surprised Kyle. Did he want to see his lover sucking on another man's balls? How had Nate felt when he went down on Dakota? Shit, what had gotten into him?

The answer was simple. Lust.

"Yes," Kyle answered and was shocked to realize he really did want to see it. So much so that he was beginning to harden again.



Nate didn't waste any time as he lay out on the bed on his back and propped himself up on his elbows. After a little bit of shifting, Nate's tongue began licking Dakota's sac before he sucked the balls into the mouth Kyle had kissed and fucked too many times to count.

Dark thoughts of the past inched into Kyle's mind, but he shoved them away.

"Please." The plea came out as a whisper so soft Kyle almost missed it. Looking up, Kyle was met with dark begging eyes. His expression was desperate and Kyle could understand the need to come so bad, but holding off, wanting to please the one in charge.

Kyle gave him a nod. "Come for us."

As if the world had been lifted from his shoulders, Dakota let out a long sigh and closed his eyes as Kyle stroked him to completion.

Dakota sagged in his bonds as his body relaxed.

"Nate, release him, please."

Kyle watched as Nate rose and unbuckled the straps that held Dakota's wrists and ankles. He expected the man to collapse onto the bed, but Kyle was stunned when Dakota kneeled on the floor and bowed his head. Kyle looked up at Nate in question. He was lost as to what to do with this other man. He and Nate usually cuddled and talked before drifting off to sleep during times like this.

Nate sat on the bed. "He's waiting for further instructions."

"Oh, well --" Kyle wasn't sure what to tell him. It must have shown in his expression because Dakota looked up and spoke.

"If it pleases you, Sir, I'll clean up and retire to my room until you have need of me again."

Kyle really wasn't certain of this Dominant role. He and Nate had never truly set in stone who was more dominant between the two. Granted, Nate was more aggressive in his wants and desires, but Kyle had his moments too. He was out of his league here.

"He's set up in the other bedroom," Nate informed him.

“Yeah, that’s fine.” Kyle tried to give him a reassuring smile, but didn’t know if it came across like that. He fought the urge to curl up into Nate’s embrace and escape this unaccustomed role.

“Thank you, Sir.” Dakota rose from the floor, his gaze locking with Nate’s briefly as if the two were communicating, then left the room.

Kyle let out a long breath and dragged his hands through his hair. “I’m not sure about this, Nate.”

“Which part, babe?” Nate stood and walked into the half bath that Kyle just noticed.

His gaze lingered on the intricately carved designs in the dresser. The pattern matched those on the bedposts and bedside table. There was a recliner near the window and a floor lamp directly behind it. How had he missed all of this the first two times he’d come into this room? Oh, that’s right. Dakota bound to the bed and what they’d intended to do had created too much of a distraction to detect these small details.

“I’m not sure if I’m the one that should be in control here. I feel like I’m flying by the seat of my pants. This is more along your lines.”

Nate walked back into the room with a washcloth in hand. He started cleaning the cum from Kyle. “You’re doing fine. And having Dakota here wasn’t so bad, was it?” He returned the washcloth to the bathroom before returning to bed.

Kyle automatically went into his arms as they both lay down. This is where he belonged. This was home. It didn’t matter who was in charge.

“No, not so bad. I really feel like an idiot now for the way I panicked. I still don’t know why that memory came up and freaked me out.”

Nate’s hand smoothed down Kyle’s back. “You had a bad experience. Then I threw Dakota into the mix without preparing you, and it was natural for your psyche to go a little wonkers on you.”

“I feel a round of psychobabble coming on.”

“Sorry. You know I like puzzles, but I’ll be good. Just let me know if you feel another freak-out moment coming on.”

“I will.” Kyle smiled, feeling a little better, but still confused over his initial reaction. He hoped it was the last time something like that would happen.

“Dakota’s easy on the eyes, isn’t he?”

Kyle chuckled. “You’re telling me.” He wrapped his arms around Nate’s waist and threw a leg over his hip. “I think that really helps with your therapy, Dr. Jacobs. But shouldn’t I be feeling terrible about what we’re doing? I mean, I had him in my mouth and jerked him off. Hell, you had his balls in your mouth. Wouldn’t most people call that cheating?”

“We’re consenting adults. As I said before, none of us will do something we don’t want to do. So I don’t see it as cheating. Especially when I’m right here helping you.” He kissed Kyle on the temple and gave him a squeeze. “What happens here, stays right here. No one has to know.”

“You’re right.” Kyle exhaled loudly, but more was on his mind. “I still feel guilty.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m attracted to him.”

Nate laughed. “I’d think something was seriously wrong if you weren’t.”

Kyle looked up and met Nate’s gaze. “That’s true, but you have to realize that I’ve not been attracted or lusted after another person since meeting you. Shouldn’t we be concerned about this?”

Nate brushed his knuckles over Kyle’s cheek. “I love you, Kyle. I don’t think there’s anything that will ever change that. I’m confident and secure in my love for you and your love for me that I’m not worried at all. Besides, do you really think I’d choose someone who you wouldn’t become lustful toward to have a threesome?”

Nate had a point. Kyle laid his head down and closed his eyes. In the darkness of his lids he could still see how Dakota's body shook as he came. The relief in his physique and expression after his orgasm. Kyle pushed away the images and concentrated on the man who held him. His stomach fluttered and emotion swelled within. The thought of losing Nate was painful. Yes, he'd been able to get past that horrible memory of Steve and Doug by replacing it with this day. But Kyle would make sure that whatever they did here wouldn't jeopardize his relationship to the man who meant more to him than anything in the world.

## Chapter Seven

Kyle was surprised that Dakota was up and puttering around in the kitchen when he rose from the bed sometime later. It appeared that they'd napped most of the afternoon away.

"Hungry? Dinner will be done shortly. Chili. My own secret recipe."

"Starving." Kyle sat on a barstool and watched Dakota stir the chili in the big pot on the stove. He wore only a pair of jeans -- the waist unbuttoned -- and looked sinfully scrumptious.

"Aren't you cold?" Kyle pulled on his long-sleeved T-shirt. Though there was a fire burning, there was a slight nip in the air.

"Uh-uh." Dakota shook his head. "I love it here. The air is clean. The winter cold makes me feel alive. Rejuvenated."

"You've been here before?" Kyle dropped the *with clients* part of the question.

"I hope so since I own it." He put a lid on the pot and turned to lean against the bar facing Kyle.

"Oh. I'm sorry, I assumed --"

"Not a problem. Would you like a drink?"

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Kyle nodded. "Yes, please."

Dakota retrieved a Mountain Dew, opened it before setting it before Kyle, and then resumed his pose, hip against the bar.

"Thank you." Kyle fingered the top of the can. "Are you okay with this? I mean, being here with us?"

"Sure, why wouldn't I?"

"Well, this isn't exactly the norm of a vacation."

Dakota laughed. "Don't worry. I'm at a time in my life where I can choose who I want to be with, along with the when and where." His expression sobered. "Do you love him?"

"Nate?" He was confused why Dakota was asking the question. "Of course I do. He means the world to me."

"And are you okay with this? With me?"

"Of course," Kyle answered quickly.

Dakota narrowed his gaze. "Really? How did you feel when you watched Nate touch me, suck my balls as I came?"

Kyle opened his mouth to say that he was fine, but was he? Closing his mouth, he actually thought about it. Vivid images of Nate's hands gliding down Dakota's chest and stomach toward that thick cock made Kyle shudder. A mixture of excitement and doubt made him pause before answering. Would doing this change the relationship between them?

"Truth?"

Dakota nodded. "I don't have a fragile ego. I can handle the truth."

"I was scared. Even while I stroked your cock and watched my lover take you in his mouth, I was terrified."

"Why?" Dakota took a sip of water he had in front of him, his tone and expression very serious.

Kyle couldn't help but laugh. "Geez, please don't tell me you're a psych major also."

Dakota shrugged. "All right, I won't."

Hanging his head, Kyle cursed. "Un-fucking-believable. Only I would get stuck in the middle of nowhere with two gorgeous mind-fuckers."

This made Dakota laugh. "That's an interesting way of looking at this weekend."

Kyle lifted his head and met Dakota's soft gaze. He remembered how the green had darkened to nearly black just before he came. Heat suffused his veins, igniting a deep arousal. To keep from pondering his reaction, he focused back on their conversation.

"I couldn't help but think of how this would affect our future. If what we were doing would change things for us."

"Every action has a consequence. Some good. Some bad. I'm a strong believer that good things can come from bad situations." Dakota opened a package of crackers and bit into one while Kyle pondered his words.

"So has it?" Dakota asked after a few minutes of silence.

"What? Changed things?"

Dakota nodded.

"No." Kyle shook his head. "Not yet. But it's only Friday. Two days have a lot of hours in them."

Dakota tilted his head to the side as if studying Kyle. "What are you hoping to gain from this weekend? By having me here?"

"I'm not sure. I guess I'm hoping that this will draw Nate and me closer. This may test our relationship, but it will also bring up or clear out any lingering doubts we may have for each other. Best case scenario is that we come out of this weekend stronger as a couple."

Those strange-colored eyes measured him, like they could see inside and it made Kyle uneasy. After a minute, Dakota smiled. "It just might."

Feeling oddly pleased, Kyle took a long sip of his soda.

“Enough psychoanalyzing. I can now understand why you’re so popular and in demand. Do you enjoy your work?” Okay, this wasn’t the small talk Kyle had in mind, but he couldn’t help being curious about this man whose aura screamed sex and demanded attention.

Dakota pushed off the bar and went to the stove to give the chili a stir. He didn’t respond right away so Kyle didn’t think he’d answer.

“Like most jobs, some days I like it just fine, other days I don’t.”

“I can understand that.” Kyle picked at the napkin under his soda can. “Just curious, but how much do you charge?”

Dakota lifted the spoon to his lips and sipped from it. Kyle’s gaze was locked on Dakota’s lips. His cock signaled approval with a slight throb when Dakota’s tongue slipped out and licked those very kissable lips.

“Almost done,” Dakota announced after adding a dash of spice and stirring the ingredients again. “How much I make depends on what is needed of me.” His eyes dimmed as if the thoughts rolling through his mind dampened the light.

“If it’s too personal a question, you don’t have to answer.”

Dakota shrugged. “Not a problem. If it’s just a couple of hours, say a date to a local charity event. That will run my client the minimum of two thousand dollars. If I need to go out of town the fee rises and the client must pay for my transportation and accommodations if those are required. Distance and the time they want me for determines my cost.” He turned and went back to where Kyle sat. He propped himself against the bar with his hands. “Now, if they want to sleep with me, the minimum is ten thousand dollars for a few hours. Kinky stuff and longer periods of time add to the price.”

Holy shit! Kyle had just taken another sip of his soda and nearly choked. Ten thousand for just a few hours?



Dakota handed him a napkin. "You okay?"

"Yeah," Kyle managed to get out between coughs. "Ten? That's...well, not too...fuck. Ten thousand?"

Dakota smiled and nodded. "I'm worth every penny."

Kyle believed that.

"Besides, I won't be beautiful forever. I've got investments and retirement to think about. This cabin is just a little piece of my future."

Kyle doubted that this man would ever be truly ugly, but couldn't blame him. The way the economy was going downhill and all the other government problems, by the time they got old enough, the age requirement for Social Security would probably be one foot in the grave.

"So this weekend, Nate's paying..." He tried to do a quick figure in his head. But how much extra for the kink?

"Absolutely nothing. It's a freebie."

"What?"

Dakota's hand covered Kyle's. The warmth immediately started a flame low in his gut.

"Do you think I'd tell you my prices if he was one of my clients? My job for a weekend with a client would probably be to either seduce and fuck you until you couldn't move or to bend to your every whim and more than likely be chained to the bed the entire time." Something in Dakota's voice made Kyle think that those situations must have been required of him at some time in his life. It set Kyle on edge. The image of Dakota bound to the bed flashed in his mind. Shit, what had they done?

Dakota's finger traced Kyle's jaw, drawing him from his thoughts. "No dark thoughts. I was the one to suggest being bound to the bed as an offering."

"How did you know what I was thinking?" Kyle's brows creased.

Dakota smiled. "I'm a mind-fucker, remember. So don't worry about it. I owed Nate and Sydney. They're good friends and I volunteered when Nate called to borrow the cabin."

"Oh." Kyle nibbled on his lower lip, still feeling Dakota's touch on his face. "Nate said you met several years ago."

"We go back a ways. They helped me out of a tight spot and were instrumental with getting my life back on track."

"Can I ask you a personal question?" Kyle lowered his gaze to the finger now circling the top of his soda can.

"You can ask, but no guarantee I'll answer."

"Fair enough. How did you end up as an escort?"

Dakota chuckled. "I like you, Kyle, so I'll answer this one. Now, mind you, I didn't grow up saying I would be an overpriced whore. I just enhanced what fate dealt me."

"I'm sorry, Dakota. I didn't mean to offend you. I was only curious as to --"

"I know. Sorry for being so crude. Bad habit I can't hold back all the time. However, I'm not a naive jit. I came to terms a long time ago with what I am." He leaned across the bar and kissed Kyle on the cheek before walking over to the stove to check on the food. "My father and younger brother died in a car accident when I was nine. Mom had stayed home from my brother's little league game because I was sick. Drunk driver hit them."

"God, I'm sorry." What else could Kyle say?

"Thanks." He let out a sigh and his shoulders dropped. "My mom couldn't handle their deaths so she started popping pills. After a couple of years, she went for the hard stuff. Not to mention the men in and out of our house."

Even when Dakota had turned off the stove and placed the lid back on the pot, he stood there and didn't turn around. But he continued speaking.

"The abuse started when I was about twelve. Many of the men thought I made a good punching bag. Others thought I was a good replacement when my mom passed out too soon."

“Shit.”

Dakota spun around and gave a nonchalant shrug. “Yeah, well, I know people who had it worse than me. But by the time I was fifteen I left home. I hated leaving my mom, but she was so far gone, she didn’t even know I existed anymore. So I ate at soup kitchens, slept in shelters when I could, and did what I had to for survival.”

Meaning he sold himself. Kyle felt for Dakota and the shitty cards he’d been dealt. But he wouldn’t pity the man. From what he could see, Dakota had created a life for himself that he could live with. Who was he to say what was right or wrong? His own lover had been kicked out of his home as a teenager for being gay. He became a Dom and now was a partner in the business he worked. Nate had also earned a college degree and taught a writing class on the Internet. Like Dakota, he too had fared well despite the odds against him.

“I was in the right place at the right time and ran into Nate and Sydney during the worst time of my life. They introduced me to Master Diggs.”

“Master Diggs? Unusual name.”

Dakota went to the cabinet and retrieved three bowls and set them next to the stove. “I thought so also. But the man saved my life. He’s one of my best friends.”

“And the most wild and eccentric man I’ve ever met.” Nate walked out of their bedroom and kissed Kyle on the lips when he reached the bar. Kyle moaned, loving the touch of his lover and how he looked in his worn jeans and unbuttoned shirt.

Dakota growled. “You two are so hot together.”

Nate broke away from Kyle and smiled. “I think so too.”

“Hungry?” Dakota brought over a bowl filled with chili.

“Yeah, I guess I need food, but I’m hungry for more than what’s in that bowl can provide me.”

Kyle trembled as a fist of lust gripped his insides.

“Then I suggest we all eat before the activities resume.” Dakota placed a bowl in front of Kyle and walked around the bar and sat on the empty stool next to him.

## Chapter Eight

The following morning, Kyle wanted to take a walk after breakfast. Dakota showed them a trail that ran behind the cabin and stayed behind to give them time alone.

“I’ve been thinking.” Kyle kicked a stone on the path.

“Hmmm.” Nate gave him a glance, but said nothing more.

“What do you think about having Dakota more” -- he shrugged -- “involved?” Dakota had followed them into the bedroom after they’d finished dinner the night before and resumed his voyeur role, sans the bondage. Not wanting Dakota to suffer a horrendous case of blue balls, Kyle and Nate had given him release once more with their hands and mouths. Dakota then requested to retire to his room for the night.

“What did you have in mind?”

“I was thinking about seeing if he’d...well, his mouth is so...ah, damn, I mean.”

Nate laughed. “I love how flustered you get when talking about sex. It’s so cute. Two years being around Angel’s Heart and Dominants and you still can’t talk about sex without blushing or stumbling over your words.”

It was true. Just the week before, Debbie had come to Nate with a problem concerning a client at their house located behind Angel’s Heart. She’d used uncensored language as she’d

described the scenario and Kyle had felt his cheeks heat the longer she'd spoken. Kyle couldn't help it. Then when Nate and Debbie noticed his obvious embarrassment, he'd blushed further. It wasn't something he intended, or even wanted. It just happened. Like getting a hard-on every time Nate wore leather.

Kyle snuggled further into his heavy jacket. "Cute, huh? Now I feel like a bunny rabbit."

"That's appropriate since we fuck like bunnies." Nate smiled.

Kyle laughed. He could always count on Nate to ease a tense situation.

"So how much more involved do you want Dakota to be?" Nate guided the conversation back on track.

"I've thought about it. Actual intercourse is out. Yes, we're consenting adults, but I love you, Nate, and I'm greedy. Your ass is mine and I only want you in mine."

With raised brow and amused smirk, Nate asked, "So I'm your bitch? You own me?"

"Damn straight. Do you have any objections?"

"Not a single one." He squeezed Kyle's hand. "I love you, babe. I trust you."

Feeling more confident in his decision and the fact that Nate would back him up, Kyle continued his thought. "I'm thinking of sticking with oral sex. I'd like to watch him go down on you." He risked a glance and nibbled his bottom lip waiting for Nate's response.

"I have a feeling he'd be very good at it. He's got a mouth that looks like it could suck an orange through a straw," Nate replied.

"Then you haven't been with him before? I mean, I know that you've known each other for a while and I thought perhaps that you and he..." He couldn't say it. What Nate had done before they met was his business.

"There you go thinking again." An amused smile instead of the expected scowl curved his lips. He bumped hips with Kyle. "Dakota and I are friends. Before last night, I'd never seen him without clothes. Just friends, Kyle."

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to imply...okay, yeah, I did imply, but ugh. Nothing’s coming out right, is it?” Kyle stopped walking and his shoulders slumped.

Nate released his hand and held Kyle’s face in his palms. They locked gazes. “You’re perfect, love. I wouldn’t want you any other way.”

Nate kissed him, slow and tender. Kyle moaned and ground his swelling cock against Nate’s thigh. His lover’s kisses never failed to arouse him.

“God, I love it when you kiss me like that. So hot.”

“I love the way you taste.” One of Nate’s hands slid from his face, down his neck, chest, until he cupped Kyle’s hardened bulge. “The way you feel.”

Kyle pushed Nate against the nearest tree. Their mouths met, and gone was the gentle caress, replaced by fierce, passionate lust.

“I need you so fucking much.” Kyle breathed on Nate’s lips.

“I’m all yours.”

Kyle’s hands went for Nate’s pants and easily loosened the waistband. He gripped Nate’s hard dick in his hand. “Mine.”

“Yes. Shit, yes.” Nate moaned and thrust his hips forward so it made Kyle’s hand stroke him.

“What do you want, Nate? Tell me.”

“I want you.”

“More specific.” When he squeezed, Nate whimpered.

“Hell, I want to feel your mouth on my cock. To feel you in my ass.” Nate was panting now, his breath visible by the white puffs of smoke.

Kyle kneeled and took Nate into his mouth, growling as he felt the tip hit the back of his throat. He couldn’t think of any other place in the world he’d rather be at that moment. Nothing could compare to how it felt when he pleased the love of his life.

He lapped at the sensitive underside before doing a twirling motion that he knew drove Nate wild. As predicted, Nate whimpered and writhed. Kyle maneuvered his hand between Nate's ass cheeks until his index finger was pressed to his hole.

"Yes, damn." Nate panted. "More."

Kyle pushed until only the tip of his finger was in, touching the inner muscles. Without lubrication he couldn't risk going farther without causing pain. A few more little tongue tricks later, Nate came, semen spurting down the back of Kyle's throat. Nate's sharp cry was loud enough to disturb nearby wildlife.

"I don't know how you do that, but damn, you always get me with that wonderful tongue."

Kyle stood, kissed Nate, and shared a taste.

"It's my secret." He smiled and stepped back so Nate could right his pants. "Let's go back before my hard dick breaks off from the cold."

Nate wrapped his arm around Kyle's waist. "You don't want me to defrost it now?"

He kissed the tip of Nate's cold nose. "Nope. But I will let you defrost it once we get back."

"Agreed." They started walking back toward the cabin.

"I talked to Sydney before we left. She said you've been concerned about me, but wouldn't tell me why. Care to clue me in?"

Nate sighed. "You just haven't seemed yourself lately. I don't know if I have the words for it, but you're almost too compliant. I was worried that we'd gotten into rut. That's why I planned this weekend away and thought that perhaps you'd enjoy a shake-up in our relationship."

Kyle stopped and faced Nate. "Baby, you are the world to me. I'm happier now than I've ever been. And there's no way in hell I'd ever get tired of having sex with you." His free hand raked through his hair. "I don't mean to worry you. I've felt off my game. A funk of



some sort. Not really sure why, but being passive has been easier than dealing with it. Besides, you just seem to enjoy taking control. It's very natural for you. And honestly, I've enjoyed it too. I never thought I'd say this, but it appears as if I'm a bit more submissive than either of us thought. I think what I like most about it is just letting go and trusting you. I know that you'd never hurt me and that you would never allow anyone else to cause me harm."

"I'd protect you with my life, love." Nate drew Kyle into his arms. "I was scared that you'd gotten bored with me and thought if I had you dominate me, you'd become interested again. The thought of being without you tears me apart inside."

Kyle squeezed Nate tightly and blinked back the tears. "I never tire of you, babe. If it weren't for you, I'd be a miserable old spinster."

Nate laughed. "I think that term is used only for women. And you're certainly far from being old."

Kyle cuddled into Nate's shoulder. "Doesn't matter. I'd be miserable. We've never laid out the rules of who's top or bottom. We just always went with the flow. Why change now?"

"You're right. I told you yesterday that I was secure in our relationship, but it seems as if I was being a little bit insecure." He burrowed his hands in Kyle's hair, then leaned forward and kissed his forehead. "I'm sorry."

"No problem. It seems as if I've still got it, when I want to that is."

"That you do." Nate chuckled. "I love it when you take what you want from me."

Kyle pulled away and took Nate's hand. "Here's the deal. I think I'm over this memory from hell flashback and you are so much better at this ordering people about thing."

Nate scoffed. "I've seen you with your clients. I'd say you have the role of drill sergeant down pat."

Kyle rolled his eyes. "I'm a physical trainer. Can't be a wuss or else they'd never get their reps done and then why should they pay me? Anyway, we're partners. We did pretty

well last night with Dakota as a team. Let's keep it that way, okay? If I feel uncomfortable with something, I'll let you know. Let's just have fun and go with what feels right. How's that?"

With a thoughtful look, Nate nodded. "That would be fine, on one condition."

Kyle wasn't sure he'd like it, but he trusted Nate. "What condition?"

"My original plan was to have you be in charge for two days. But I had another surprise worked out with Dakota come Sunday before we returned to the real world. Can we still do that?"

"No intercourse involved?" Kyle nibbled on his lower lip. His stomach tightened and brain whirled trying to figure out what his lover had schemed with someone like Dakota. It could only involve some sort of torturous pleasure and that pleased Kyle.

"Not with Dakota, no. I promise."

"I trust you, Nate. So yes. You can still do your surprise, though you know it's going to drive me crazy wondering what you have planned."

Nate laughed. "Of course it will. But I'll try to make sure you're too busy to be thinking about it."

"I like that idea."

They walked in silence for a time. Kyle's mind was full of thoughts, ideas, and guesses as to what the next two days would bring. When the cabin came into sight he broke the silence.

"Do you think Dakota would be into some more bondage or toy play today?"

"Mmm, I think he would. We can ask."

Kyle smiled and thought of Dakota's tempting body. He had a few ideas in mind. "Let's."

## Chapter Nine

“Are you positive about this?” Kyle asked one more time as he unlocked the small black box in which he and Nate kept their sex toys. It had been a pleasant surprise to see it earlier.

“Positive, Sir.”

“Please, we’ve been over this. It’s Kyle.”

“Fine. If you remember, Kyle, it was I who suggested to be bound to the bed in the first place. I willingly place my health in your hands.”

It was odd to Kyle that a practical stranger would place such trust in him and Nate, but wasn’t that what he’d done when he’d first met Nate? His now lover of two years had easily made him feel safe. Nate had that effect on people. Why should Dakota be any different?

“And the safe word?” Kyle started shuffling through the box.

“Crackerjack. Nate has taught you well.” Dakota leaned against the bedpost with arms crossed and a sexy grin.

“What makes you think Nate is the one who taught me how to be safe with bondage play?” Kyle stopped and looked up at Dakota. The blond man shared a look with Nate who leaned against the dresser in a similar pose. It was eerie and wickedly sultry. Was there a

manual out there that taught all men in their type of business to be so gracefully sensual that just a look could send a person into orgasm?

“Fine.” Kyle threw up his hands in surrender. “You’re right. He’s taught me most of what I know about bondage. But the important thing is that I remembered it.” He went back to searching the box. “With you two around, it’s amazing I can even think, let alone speak,” he muttered.

Both men laughed and Kyle felt his cheeks heat. Let them have their laugh. Kyle had an idea that he was sure would drive them both insane soon enough.

“Here we go. Nate, the keys are still on the key chain, right?”

“Right here.” He held them up for inspection.

“Put them on the dresser,” Kyle instructed. “Ready?” He looked at Dakota.

“I’m at your mercy.” He pushed off the bedpost, shrugged out of his robe, and held out his wrists.

Taking a deep breath, Kyle steadied his nerves. He couldn’t help but glance over at Nate, who nodded his approval. When they’d returned from their morning walk, Dakota was coming out of the bathroom, hair wet and droplets of water decorating his skin as he wore only a towel about his waist. It was becoming common for Kyle’s heart to skip a beat and his pulse to momentarily speed up every time he saw him. He would miss Dakota once the weekend was over.

Kyle walked behind Dakota and buckled a two-inch collar around his neck. The attached length of leather fell down his back.

“Too tight?”

Dakota shook his head.

“Good, now put your hands behind your back.”

Dakota did so without a word. It took only a couple of minutes to have his wrists secured, one on top of the other, in the cuffs that were at the bottom of the length of leather.

Next came the belt about his waist that held the main strap in place. A few more adjustments and Dakota was firmly bound, hands behind his back.

“Comfortable?”

Dakota shifted his arms slightly. “Yes.”

Nate came around and inspected Kyle’s work. This wasn’t the first time they’d used this device. From experience, they both knew it was safe and easy to use, on top of being effective.

“Perfect,” Nate growled as he circled Dakota.

“That he is,” Kyle agreed going to the box of toys. “Now it’s your turn.” He pulled out a three-inch, stainless steel anal plug. “This always looked so good in you.” He showed it to Dakota so he could see the ruby that was on one end. “Got this for his birthday last year. Couldn’t resist getting one with his birthstone.”

Nate didn’t wait for instructions. He crawled onto the bed on all fours, ass facing Kyle. Knowing what his partner liked best, Kyle lubed up the plug and started pressing it into Nate’s ass. No warm-up stretching. No foreplay.

Nate hissed then rocked back to push the plug in deeper. The scene must have excited Dakota as he gulped loudly and Kyle could see he was already hard.

“Beautiful.” Kyle twisted the end of the plug around and wiggled it. He loved the strangled noises Nate made when being teased. Nate jerked from the swat on the ass Kyle gave him before going to sit in the recliner. “I’d love something to drink, Nate. Could you go and get all of us something?”

Nate’s Adam’s apple bobbed twice as he swallowed hard and stood from the bed. Kyle understood the feeling. With every movement, every step, Nate would be reminded that he had a piece of steel in his body.

“What would you have me do?” Dakota turned those beautiful eyes to Kyle.

Now it was Kyle's turn to swallow hard. What, indeed. All sorts of scenarios played out in his mind. All of them ending with Dakota crying out his name. So much for being submissive, because none of those images had Dakota topping in any way.

"Come and kneel by me. We'll wait for Nate."

"Of course." Though he wasn't using *sir*, Dakota bowed his head slightly and did as he was told. The man was the picture-perfect submissive.

"Do you do this often? Being submissive?" Kyle couldn't resist asking once Dakota got settled to his left.

"Truth?"

Kyle nodded and wondered how many times he'd had to lie in his business.

"I'm really a switch. Before Master Diggs, the johns only wanted sex and be gone. So I learned real quickly to succumb to their needs. As an escort, they want a pretty face and one who knows etiquette. But still, most of them want a dominant man. Of course, there are some exceptions."

Kyle wasn't sure what to say. Apologize for the harsh and different life or compliment him for a job well done? Nate coming into the room with two glasses of water saved him from making the choice. Kyle took one and sipped the cool liquid. He hoped the other two didn't see the tremor in his hand because he was truly excited about this.

Nate held the other glass to Dakota's lips for him to drink. The sight of Nate and Dakota together had all the blood rushing from his brain to his cock. He never imagined he'd enjoy seeing his lover interact with another man as much as he was now. Kyle had learned though that in order for it to work, the third person would have to be someone special, like Dakota. He also doubted he and Nate would ever do this again.

After Nate took a drink, Kyle set both glasses aside. "Will you suck Nate, Dakota?" Kyle realized that in this role, he should be telling Dakota what to do, but he couldn't seem to let

go of the polite manners his mother had raised him with. He was also giving Dakota a chance to say no.

“I’d love to.”

Nate took a step closer to Dakota, which set them directly in front of Kyle. He had an upfront and close view of Dakota’s mouth slipping over Nate’s cock until his nose was pressed to navel. Damn, the man could deep throat. Kyle almost came right then.

Nate threw his head back and fisted both hands in Dakota’s hair. It was an amazing vision, an image that would be burned in Kyle’s memory forever.

“Yes, fuck that’s good.”

Nate started fucking Dakota’s mouth while Kyle’s gaze was locked on the mouth and cock action. His hands drifted between his legs, one palmed his cock while the other tugged on his balls. His orgasm rose quickly and he now regretted not letting Nate return the favor during their earlier walk.

“Stop,” Kyle commanded through clenched teeth.

Nate groaned when Dakota pulled away. All three dicks leaked precum while their balls were tight against their bodies. Kyle knew he wouldn’t last long through Dakota and Nate’s teasing and doubted they could either. So he quickly put his plan into action.

“Nate, I want you on your hands and knees so you can suck Dakota.” Kyle was already sliding out of the chair and moving behind where Nate was positioning himself. “Damn, I love how your ass looks with this thing in it.” He played with the plug a little more until Nate was fidgeting and making sexy growling noises. “But I want to fuck you more.”

Carefully removing the plug, Kyle positioned the head of his cock at Nate’s opening. “Suck him, babe. Suck him while I fuck you.”

After a quick lube job, Kyle drove into the opened hole just as Nate took Dakota’s dick into his mouth. Dakota gasped. Kyle’s hands slid up Nate’s smooth, muscled back and gripped

his shoulders. Each thrust was quick and pierced deep into Nate's body. Groans derived from raw lust echoed around the room as the smell of sex saturated the air.

"Touch yourself, Nate. Stroke it."

"Yes," Nate grunted around Dakota's cock.

The pressure was too much. He couldn't hold back any longer as the room spun and his body became an inferno. "Come. Come now," Kyle panted just as his body shook and released itself into Nate's ass.

"Fuck." Dakota gave a sharp cry, followed by Nate's muffled one.

Kyle took Nate down to the floor, breathless and weak. They stayed that way a couple of minutes until Kyle was able to lift his body and pull out. On wobbly legs, he stood and found he could walk the few steps to the dresser. He grabbed the keys and somehow made it back across the room and plopped into the chair.

"Thank you," Dakota said softly, his head lying on the chair's arm. Sweat rolled down his flushed face.

"My pleasure." Kyle kissed him on the cheek then proceeded to unlock the cuffs and remove the entire device from his body. "Would you care to stay with us while we rest?"

Nate looked up, interested with Kyle's question, but didn't protest it.

Dakota rubbed his wrists and looked from Kyle to Nate and back to Kyle. "Is that what you want?"

Kyle rolled his eyes. "I wouldn't have asked if I didn't want it."

A smile filled out Dakota's lips. "I would like that very much."

Kyle returned the smile and picked up the anal plug he'd thrown on the chair. "As for this. It goes right back in, babe. Payback for what you put me through yesterday."



## Chapter Ten

Kyle stretched and groaned as his muscles protested the movement. The sun was shining through the window lighting the room. Morning already.

To his left, a warm body wrapped tightly around him. Nate. He knew that smell and the cock fitted between his butt cheeks anywhere. To the right was another warmth. One he wasn't used to, but wasn't so bad. Dakota. He'd stayed with them all day and through the night.

Nate shifted and mumbled in his ear, "Mmm, love you."

Kyle's stomach rumbled and he smiled. "I love you too, Nate, but it's time to get up. I'm starving." They'd skipped dinner the night before. They were too busy getting off or dozing and too tired to even care.

"I'll cook. You guys get showers. I'll take one after you." Dakota wiped the sleep from his eyes. He looked like a cat waking from a nap as sinewy muscles lengthened taut when he stretched.

"I'll help." Kyle was already untangling his limbs from Nate.

"No, it's fine. I like cooking." He rose from the bed and walked out of the room.

"Want you." Nate snuggled back into Kyle, who chuckled.

“I can tell.”

“Still got the plug in. Drove me crazy all night.”

“And I believe I told you to take it out after I jerked you off in the middle of the night.”

Nate shrugged. “Too lazy.”

Kyle laughed and pushed him away. “Well, I’m going to take a shower. I smell of cum.”

“Wake me when you’re done.” Already Nate was nuzzling with the pillow Kyle had abandoned and closed his eyes.

Shaking his head, Kyle walked out of the room and into the bathroom wondering what their last day at the cabin would bring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kyle sat out on the porch, huddled in his jacket, looking out at the surrounding forest. He’d been banished outside after a late breakfast. Nate and Dakota said they needed time to get things together. Curiosity was eating away at him. As Nate promised, he’d been a little too busy the day before to think much about it, but now that it was upon him he couldn’t stop the butterflies dancing in his stomach.

He shifted and winced. The damn steel cock ring Nate insisted he wear was beginning to become uncomfortable as just the feel of the thick metal wrapped around the base of his cock was making him hard. The toy was the kind that the ball sac was also pulled through the ring making it a tighter, firmer grip. The sensation wasn’t unfamiliar as they’d used this toy off and on during their relationship; however, sitting out in the cold sent a whole new awareness through him.

“Ready?” Nate opened the door and leaned against the frame.

“I was ready the moment I walked out. It’s friggin’ cold.”

Nate smiled and held out his hand. “You won’t be cold long. Come on.”

Kyle stood and took his hand, both walking back into the cabin and the door shutting behind them. He noticed Nate wore a pair of leather pants and his cock was instantly alert and hard. He loved Nate in leather.

“You’ve had your fun orchestrating some of our sexual interactions. I was thinking, as a way of saying thank you to Dakota for letting us use the cabin, cooking us delicious meals, and joining us for the weekend, he could have his fun this afternoon.”

“Meaning?” Kyle’s gaze narrowed on Nate. He knew Nate would never go back on what they’d already agreed, but he wanted to make sure everything was clear before they proceeded.

“Dakota is a natural Dominant. I don’t know how many times Sydney has tried to bribe him into working at Angel’s Heart, but he’s very happy being an escort for Master Diggs. So, I thought I’d let you have a taste of what it’s like to be under the control of another Dominant.” Kyle opened his mouth, but Nate cut him off and continued. “He knows the rules. No actual intercourse with him and either one of us can stop at any time. I think that he’s really enjoyed watching us together this weekend, so I don’t think you have much to worry about.” The last sentence was spoken almost as a whisper and a wicked smile laced his lips.

Kyle chewed at his bottom lip. The thought of Dakota telling him what to do was enticing. He was confident Nate laid out the correct rules and knew his likes and dislikes. He was normally up to trying *almost* anything once. And being with Dakota had been a pleasant experience. That horrible night with Steve was but a mist in the back of his mind.

“I think it would be a proper thank-you,” Kyle conceded.

“And remember, you can say no at any time.” Nate gently kissed Kyle’s lips. From the brightening of the gold in his eyes, he could tell Nate was excited, which transferred to him. “Now, let’s get these clothes off.”

In no time, they unceremoniously shed their clothes with the exception of Nate's pants which he unbuttoned and allowed his hardening cock to jut out.

"Oh, and I have a gift." Nate retrieved a box from the mantel over the fireplace. He handed it to Kyle.

"Nate, Christmas is still days away. I didn't bring a gift with me." Emotion swelled in him.

"It's okay. I saw this awhile back and thought about you. I was saving it for this weekend."

Kyle opened the box. "Um, this is...interesting." He wasn't sure what to make of the gift. Or even exactly what it was.

"It's a penis cap."

"A what?" This was new to Kyle.

Nate picked it up so Kyle had a better look. It was made of bronze, two inches in height, and was shaped like a coiled snake. It reminded Kyle of a spring only it had two coils rather than a long length of them. The eyes on the snake were diamonds.

"It's fetish jewelry. It goes like this."

Nate knelt and took half of Kyle's cock in his mouth.

"Damn," he choked in surprise. His knees trembled as Nate's hot, moist mouth stroked him several times. "No, no," he whined when Nate pulled away.

"It's not time yet, love." Nate wiggled the coils over the tip of Kyle's dick until the metal was wrapped tightly around the pulsing flesh just before the thick mushroom head. The snake's head sat snugly against the slit. Where one would expect a tongue to flicker out of the snake's head, it was slightly bent almost as if it was going to flick its tongue into the urethra.

Kyle stared stunned. Between the cock ring nestled at his pelvis, tight balls, hard as granite cock, and the couple ounce weight around its head, he felt as if he should be in a

kinky porno. However, the display incited a wild, burst of lewd hunger. He was so turned on, he thought it would be possible to hammer nails into wood with his cock.

“Kinky.” His voice was deep and husky.

“Fucking hot.” Nate’s eyes blazed bright with lust. He wrapped a hand around Kyle’s neck and pulled him in for a kiss. Their dicks rubbed and heat scorched Kyle’s blood. The tip of the penis cap shifted slightly, sending shocks of pleasure up his nerves. He whimpered when Nate pulled away.

“Let’s go play.”

“I thought we were.” Kyle ground his cock into Nate’s inner thigh.

“Aw, hell. Come on before I blow it right here.”

Nate grabbed Kyle’s hand and pulled him toward the bedroom. Kyle laughed, enjoying that he could make Nate so crazy with desire. However, he stopped in his tracks once they entered the bedroom. Candles set around the room and the fire flickering in the fireplace illuminated the room. The bedspread was pulled back leaving only crisp looking sheets. A container of lube lay in the middle, awaiting use.

Dakota sat in the recliner without clothing. His posture casual, legs spread wide, but his eyes were intense. “Are you ready?”

## Chapter Eleven

Ready? To submit? To sing? To do cartwheels? Kyle didn't really care. He'd do just about anything as long as he was able to come.

Nate compressed the front of his body against Kyle's back. Kyle couldn't avoid pushing back so that his ass cheeks surrounded the stiff cock.

"We're ready."

Kyle was glad Nate spoke because at the moment, his throat was parched and his body burned with desperate need.

Dakota didn't move from his position, but his gaze roamed their pressed bodies. Kyle could feel every inch that gaze wandered as if he were standing in front of them and actually touching skin to skin.

"Nate, lie on your back on the bed," Dakota instructed, his eyes lowering to gaze at the penis cap. Kyle's cock twitched as if to wave hello.

When Nate moved away, Kyle shivered as a puff of cool air hit where warmth once was. He swallowed hard and tried to keep the tremble of excitement from being obvious. Already he felt as if he would explode. He'd lost count as to how many times he'd come this weekend, but at that moment, he felt as if he'd been withholding it the entire time. Kyle

found the sensations rocking through his body erotic. Incomparable to anything he'd yet to experience.

"Kyle, I want you to kneel next to Nate on the bed."

Kyle waited a moment for further instructions. When none came, he turned and went to the bed. Nate was gazing at him through hooded eyes. For some reason, Kyle thought that a director should yell action or cut as this all seemed very porn film-ish to him. Not that he was complaining. Hell, no. He was very much enjoying the entire scenario.

Settled beside Nate, Kyle laid his hands on his lap. He was tempted to play with the penis cap, inspect it some more, and discover the hidden pleasures it could bring. Instead, he stayed still waiting for further instructions.

He heard Dakota shift behind him, but didn't dare look back. He focused his gaze to his lover and how much he craved to touch him.

"Touch him." Dakota's voice was so close it made Kyle flinch. Dakota was just to his left, on his knees next to the bed.

"Use your fingertips and lightly explore his body. Learn every bump, crevice, and curve of your lover."

Kyle opened his mouth to tell Dakota he already had his lover's body memorized when a blindfold was placed over his eyes and tied firmly to his head.

"Touch him." Dakota's voice was a whisper in his ear, his hot breath caressing his earlobe.

Biting back a moan, Kyle reached out until he felt the warmth of Nate's skin. The moment their skin touched, Nate inhaled sharply. Kyle didn't hesitate. His fingers began to roam and in his mind he could picture how every inch appeared. Even the mole on Nate's right hip, just above his hip bone.

Kyle took his time with the exploration. Yes, as he thought, he knew Nate's body, only this time, his sense of touch was amplified to a new level and everything became clearer.

Realization of how soft the light trail of hair from his belly button to his dick was compared to the coarser hair that surrounded that delectable flesh he was eager to suck. Nate's nipples felt harder as he pinched them, gaining moans and gasps as a reward. Farther up, Nate's lips were freshly wet from the lick of his tongue. His searing breath blew puffs on Kyle's skin.

The entire time Kyle was concentrating on Nate's body, he couldn't completely ignore the response of his own. It pulsed with raw hunger for the man who lay beneath his touch. He was strung so tight with frantic need that just wanting him was a thing to savor. His sense of smell nearly drowned in the blissful spicy masculine scent of Nate. The sounds his lover made were beautiful and hypnotic. He could easily picture Nate's expressions in his mind. Every nerve in Kyle's body came alive, the feeling indescribable.

Dakota's hands fell softly to Kyle's shoulders. From there, they glided down his arms until they lay on top of Kyle's own hands. Together, they smoothed over hard muscle, leather, and velvety skin.

"Do you see his beauty?"

"Yes," Kyle whispered. He truly did. Nate was in good health for someone who hated exercising. He knew Nate looked great, but he also knew his lover's flaws. Like the small, light scar that ran along his jawline. How rough Nate's elbows could get in the winter. The burn scar on his forearm. Though he knew they were there, he saw none of them. Nate was perfect from head to toe.

Dakota's hands lifted from Kyle's and went back to his shoulders. "Taste him. But stay away from his dick." Dakota's teeth nipped at Kyle's shoulder before his tongue lapped at the bite.

Kyle groaned as he leaned forward and kissed Nate's abdomen. The muscles jumped and vibrated as Nate whimpered and squirmed. Kyle's kisses continued up until he found a pebbled nipple. His tongue lavished it with attention before his teeth bit into the hardness. Nate cursed and Kyle could tell he was arching his back. The response pleased him.



Making his way across Nate's chest, he continued the light lavng his tongue was enjoying until he reached the other nipple. It was in the same condition, but this time Kyle bit into it before smoothing it over with his gentle licks.

"Oh, God," Nate moaned as Kyle persisted farther up.

Both their breaths were ragged now.

Dakota's hands had slipped down Kyle's back in a sensual caress. It was a calming motion that relaxed his muscles. He moaned at the pleasure as his mouth found Nate's. His tongue sank into the open, waiting mouth for a deep, passionate kiss. He felt faint from the sheer ferocity of the kiss.

"How does he taste?" Dakota sucked on Kyle's earlobe. His hands had moved to Kyle's hips and fingers dug into the muscles. Kyle's body shook, but not from fear -- from pure euphoria of what they were doing.

"Exquisite. Perfect."

"Take Nate's dick in your hand."

Kyle skimmed his fingertips down Nate's sternum and belly. He wrapped his hand around Nate, amazed how soft the skin was that surrounded such hardness. Yes, his sense of touch was much more sensitive now that he didn't have his eyes to gauge what he felt.

"Squeeze him."

Kyle did so. The cock jerked then settled into a steady beating pulse.

"Stroke him."

Being careful his grip wasn't too rough, Kyle moved his hand up and down Nate's erection. Dakota's hands released their hold on his hips and one traveled around front to tangle with his pubic hair. Kyle held his breath and waited for the wanted touch. Dakota's fingers backed off.

"Please," Kyle begged in a low whimper. He was dying to be touched. The steel band encircling his cock and balls felt almost as if it were cutting into his skin. The penis cap made

his tip feel heavy every time he twitched or rubbed against flesh. The need to come was almost maddening.

"Suck him," was the only reply.

"Fuck." But Kyle did as he was told. He leaned over and took Nate into his mouth.

"Holy hell," Nate cried out and his body writhed.

"Don't come until I tell you to, Nate." Dakota's order was firm. He meant it.

With each long suck, Nate's curses became hisses and deep breathing. Even without seeing his lover, Kyle knew he was having a hard time keeping control over his orgasm. Kyle completely understood.

Kyle's thoughts were distracted when one of Dakota's hands cupped his balls. His thumb gave the tip of the penis cap a tap.

"Shit," he moaned as his body jumped and he pulled away from Nate.

"Suck him," Dakota ordered, withdrawing his hand.

He took a deep, calming breath and went back to work on Nate. Dakota's fingers wrapped around his erection again and gave it a squeeze. This time Kyle was more prepared and only reacted with a tormented groan. His body was humming with energy that threatened to consume him.

"I want Nate to fuck you, Kyle." Dakota's voice was low and sultry.

Kyle nearly lost it there.

"And I want you to suck me as I watch you being fucked."

As if he knew Kyle was about to come, Dakota gripped him tightly near the cock ring and squeezed. The pain of the grasp was enough to ward off the orgasm, but it also stole his breath.

"I would like that," Kyle said when he finally found his voice. He reached up to remove the blindfold, but Dakota stopped him.

“Uh-uh. Keep it on. We’ll help you get into position.”

Feeling helpless, Kyle bit his bottom lip and waited. The shifting of the bed told him that Nate had moved and Dakota was now at the top of the bed.

“Crawl this way and get on your hands and knees.” Nate’s hands were on his waist and guided him forward.

Instinct told Kyle he was between Dakota’s legs. His assumption was proved correct when hands framed his face and guided him down. His lips brushed over the tip of a dick. They became smeared with wetness. One lick and Kyle was positive it was precum.

“Suck me, Kyle.” Dakota’s hands slid back until they were buried in his hair.

Kyle ravished him willingly.

A moan rattled his throat as lube was applied to his anus. His stomach tightened in anticipation. He pressed back against the finger being inserted and then wiggled his hips when another was added. The sound of Nate’s chuckle shot sparks of pure pleasure through his body. He knew he was acting the role of a wanton slut, but it wasn’t a lie. He wanted Nate inside him so badly, he’d beg like a dog if that’s what it took.

“Yes. That’s it. Fuck him, Nate.”

Fireworks exploded behind Kyle’s eyelids the minute Nate sank into him. He gasped for air and thought he’d pass out. Pain radiating from his cock stopped him from both coming and fainting.

“Not yet,” Dakota ordered and pulled his head up.

All Kyle could do was nod as he gasped for air. He didn’t know how long it took, it seemed an eternity, but more likely just a moment. Once he was sure his body was under as much control as he could muster, he took Dakota back into his mouth again and began sucking. Another moment later, Nate moved in and out of his body. The pace was thankfully slow.

The sensation of being filled at both ends couldn't be described with words. He was reduced to incoherent moans as he set his rhythm with Nate's.

It didn't take long before Kyle felt Dakota's hardness swell slightly in his mouth, hips bucking up so it went farther in, and his breath more rapid.

"Come. Oh, fuck, yeah. Come now." The order was sharp and before he finished, he was filling Kyle's mouth with his salty semen.

Nate grunted and thrust quicker while his hand jerked at Kyle's dick. Each movement made the penis cap's point dig into his overly sensitive tip. The pressure in his balls detonated like a bomb and he came, cum jutting past the cap. The orgasm was so intense Kyle screamed and collapsed, taking Nate with him. His body shuddered for some time afterward. His limbs were useless, so he lay there with the smell of sex and cum surrounding him.

## Chapter Twelve

“Thank you.” Dakota kissed Kyle’s cheek as he removed the blindfold.

“I should be the one thanking you.” He rolled over and found himself in Nate’s arms.

“Amazing, wasn’t it?” Nate asked before he opened to Kyle’s kiss.

“I’ve never felt anything like it.” Kyle gave a sigh and snuggled into his lover.  
“Seriously, Dakota. Thank you.”

“It was my pleasure.” He sat up and pushed backward until he sat straighter, leaning against the headboard, legs crossed Indian-style.

Kyle thought he saw an expression of longing pass briefly over his expression and his eyes appeared sad all of a sudden. But as quickly as it was there, it was gone.

“However, I do want to say thank you to the both of you for the weekend. You’ve given me hope.”

Dakota’s words intrigued Kyle and he wondered if it had anything to do with that look.  
“How so?”

Dakota looked away. His thumb and index finger twirling the ring on his other hand.  
That was the first time Kyle had noticed it.

“I live in a world of lust and selfish desires. It’s always me, me, me. That can get very trying at times.”

“I can relate,” Nate voiced softly and tightened his hold on Kyle.

Kyle had never thought of it like that. Both Dakota and Nate had spent many years pleasing other people and fulfilling their fantasies. Giving, often never receiving. His heart ached for them.

“Before this weekend, I was close to giving it all up. I was going to move out here and, I guess, become a recluse, leaving everything behind. I thought that all I needed was peace and solitude. I started to believe that love and trust truly didn’t exist anymore.”

Dakota turned and the sight of tears surprised Kyle. “After this weekend, I’m positive it’s still out there. It may be elusive, but you two have proven beyond a doubt that love can be found. The gift you’ve given me is hope and it means all the world to me. I don’t think I can thank you enough.”

Emotion clogged Kyle’s throat. He wasn’t sure what to say. Instead of words, Kyle slid from Nate and embraced Dakota. The man stiffened, then relaxed. Nate joined them and the three stayed huddled there on the bed like that for some time.

“I consider you a friend, Dakota. Anytime you need anything, just call. We’ll be there.” Kyle pulled apart and laid his hand on Dakota’s knee.

“Yes, definitely,” Nate agreed, eyes brightening.

Nate’s stomach growled, taking Kyle’s gaze to the clock. “You think we have time for a late lunch before we head back home?”

“Got it covered. Go clean up and I’ll have something done in a jiffy.” Dakota bounced out of the bed and walked out the door.

“You think he’ll be okay?” Kyle asked staring after Dakota.

“Yep. He’s a survivor.” Nate wrapped his arms around Kyle’s waist. One hand started playing with the penis cap, making Kyle gasp.

“Can we take these things off now?” He squirmed under Nate’s touch.

“The cock ring can be, but this is staying on until after we get home.” His finger tapped the snake’s head so it pressed into Kyle’s sensitive slit. He groaned and was surprised when he felt a fresh rush of blood stream into his dick.

“What? No way. It’s like a medieval torture device. You can’t think to...”

“It’s jewelry, love. If I’d bought you a bracelet or necklace, you’d never want to take it off.” Nate kissed his neck.

Kyle’s head fell back onto Nate’s shoulder. “This is different.”

“I think it’s sexy. Please keep it on?” How could Kyle resist that pleading tone?

“We’ll never get home tonight if you two don’t get out of bed. Remember, I’ve still got to pick up my car from your house and drive home,” Dakota hollered from the kitchen.

“We’re getting up,” Nate answered.

Kyle sighed and turned toward Nate. “Fine. Until tonight. But you’ll have to find me some other piece of jewelry if you want me to wear it more.”

A wicked glint flickered in Nate’s eyes and Kyle began to worry. What had he just gotten himself into?

 THE END 

## Marty Rayne

When I'm not being a wife, mother, and grandmother, I am creating passionate worlds of fantasy. Pushing the limits and experimenting with new angles and worlds.

Books have been my first love since I could remember. I love getting lost in new and exciting worlds. The characters claim me, even for just a short time. Writing just naturally came next, but I never really took it seriously until a few years ago when I gained access to the internet. With the encouragement and help of a wonderful friend, I decided to venture into the field of writing.

I live in Florida and enjoy time at the beach. Ok, not so much the water. I'm not crazy about sharks, but I love watching the waves roll in and the feel of the sand between my toes. I also enjoy motorcycle rides with my husband and learning karate with my children.

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