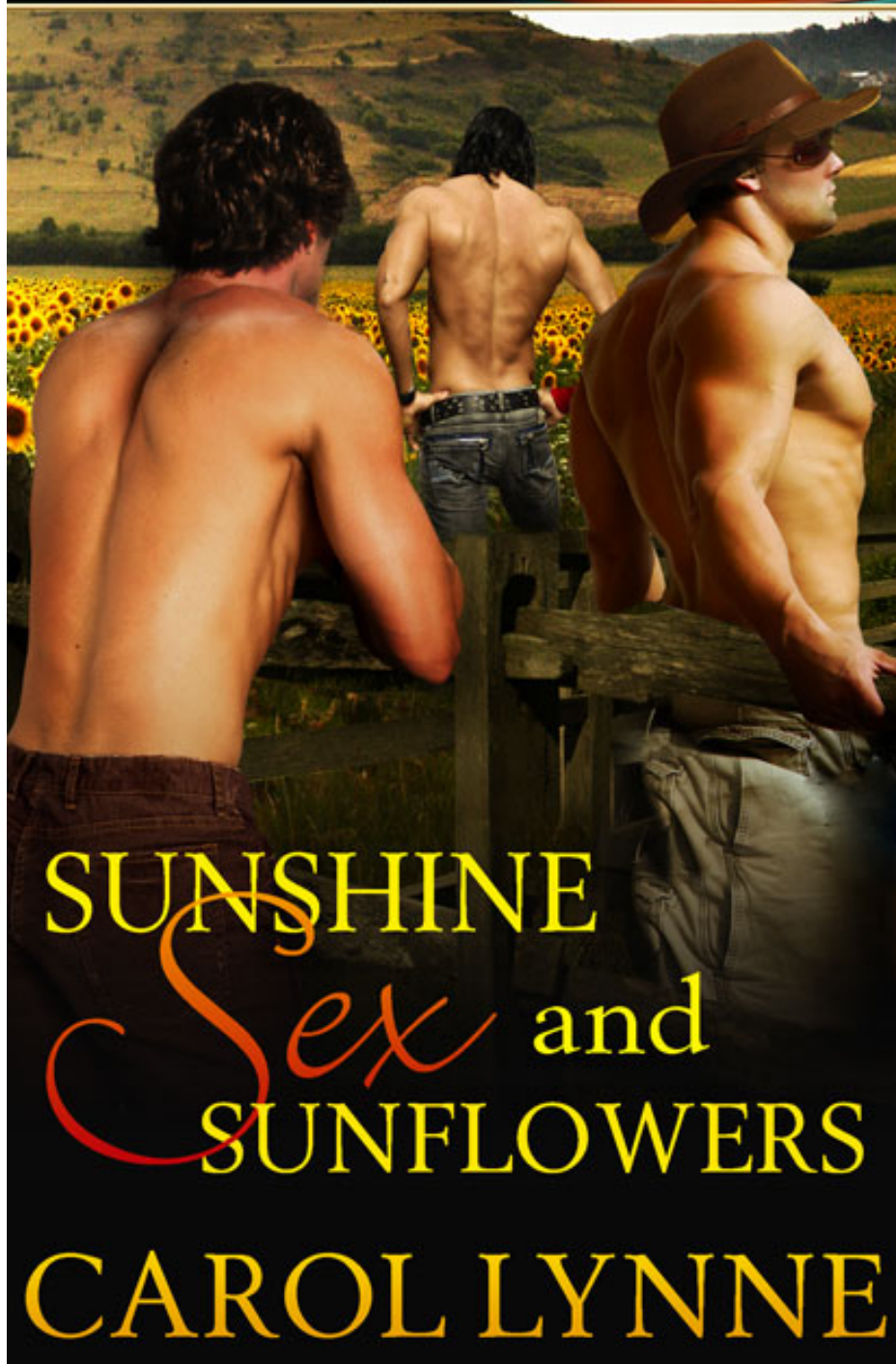


ELLORA'S CAVE *Spectrum*



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Sunshine, Sex and Sunflowers

ISBN 9781419912986

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Photography and cover art by Les Byerley

Electronic book Publication April 2009

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SUNSHINE, SEX AND SUNFLOWERS

Carol Lynne

Dedication

Dedicated to my cousin Ginger, who loves all things Australian.

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The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Muppets: Muppets Studio

Chapter One

Sitting in his favorite chair on the verandah, Jamey closed his eyes and rested after a long day spent planting. The weathermen predicted a small rain shower to move across the area in the next day or two. He, Lochie and Jacko had spent the last three days working from sunup to sundown, planting as many fields as they could. Sunflowers needed moist soil to germinate, and with the drought Australia had been experiencing, they saw this as their best chance. It was a little early in the season to plant, but out here in the bush you took your chances when they came.

His mind slid to Jacko. The day Jamey had returned home from the United States after telling his family he'd fallen in love with an Australian farmer, Jamey made the mistake of thinking the man bent over digging something out of the fridge was Lochie. Jamey still blushed when he thought of walking into the kitchen still half-blinded by the dim interior of the house after hours spent out in the bright sunshine. Before his eyes had fully adjusted to the dim light, Jamey began rubbing Jacko's butt, mistaking it for Lochie's. What shamed him the most was how nice Jacko's butt had felt in his hands. Jacko had come to live with Lochie and Jamey after losing his family's farm to the bank. The drought in Australia was taking its toll on a lot of homesteads and Jacko's was one of them.

Since coming to live at McBride's Pride, Jacko had worked long and hard. Jamey wasn't sure if it was because he felt he needed to prove his worth to Lochie or to himself. The last two days had been hell but hopefully the rain would come now that the seeds were in the freshly turned soil. All Jamey knew was that with three men the work went quicker which usually gave them more time for other things.

Jamey heard Lochie and Jacko in the kitchen getting supper ready. They usually took turns with the evening meal, or tea as both Lochie and Jacko called it. Jamey didn't

think he'd ever get used to the Aussie slang being batted around the house. There were times he still had to ask what they were saying. It felt weird to speak the same language and yet still not understand half of the conversation.

Chuckling to himself, Jamey stretched out his foot and rubbed their blue heeler, Blue's belly. Despite the apparent relief that he had a place to go, Jamey thought Jacko still seemed a little lost. He couldn't imagine what it would be like to lose what your ancestors had spent years building. Jacko was a damn good cockie, or as Americans would say, a damn good farmer. It was no one's fault that rain simply was in short supply in the Australian bush. Lochie was lucky that his homestead bordered a river. Although the river was very low it could be used in an emergency to moisten the soil enough to germinate the sunflower seeds. With rain predicted they all hoped that wouldn't be necessary.

Something cold pressed against Jamey's face. Instead of shying away from the cool tin, Jamey leaned into it. "Mmm. That feels good." He opened his eyes just as Lochie bent over and kissed him.

"Tea's on the table. You hungry?" Lochie handed the cold beer to Jamey.

Taking a drink, Jamey stood and kissed Lochie again. "I'm so hungry I could eat a kangaroo."

Lochie swatted his butt on the way inside the house. "Why haven't you worn my favorite shorts since you got back from the States?"

Stopping just inside the door, Jamey turned toward Lochie. "I didn't think they were appropriate with Jacko living here." Jamey smoothed his hand down the front of Lochie's well-worn shorts. "Although I see it hasn't stopped you."

Lochie reached down and held Jamey's hand tighter against his hardening shaft. "I want Jacko to know he's part of the family. He'll never feel that way if we don't act natural around him. I'm not saying we should make love on the couch in front of him, but we need to all become comfortable with this situation. Now go in and change into those sexy shorts." He released Jamey's hand and swatted him on the butt once more.

Walking toward the bedroom, Jamey looked back at Lochie and stuck his tongue out. "Bossy Aussie." He heard Lochie chuckling on his way into the kitchen as he dug the shorts out of the bottom drawer and put them on. He changed from his work-shirt to a white sleeveless undershirt, or singlet as Australians called them. Looking into the mirror, Jamey smiled at his reflection. The small silver hoop in each nipple was prominently displayed through the tight thin shirt. He looked down at his shorts and decided to tuck his shirt in. Jamey didn't want his cock sticking up over the waistband with Jacko in the room the way it had with Lochie the first time he'd worn them.

Wondering how Jacko would react when he saw these shorts and the nipple piercings, Jamey started getting hard. "Damn. Not now," he told his erection. He'd been honest with Lochie about mistaking Jacko's butt for Lochie's a couple of months earlier. Lochie laughed and simply asked Jamey if Jacko's ass felt as good as it looked. Jamey had been stunned into telling Lochie the truth. "Yes. The butt in question felt fantastic." It was nice to be with someone so honest they could tell each other anything.

Lochie had confided in Jamey that his longtime feelings for Jacko were tough to deal with at times, especially with Jacko living and working beside them. Lochie had assured Jamey that he loved him and he was only enjoying the view, but Jamey noticed the way Lochie looked at Jacko at times. He also noticed the way Jacko looked back at Lochie. Jamey knew he was blessed that he felt secure in his relationship with his bossy Aussie. No matter what, Jamey knew Lochie loved him.

He ran his fingers through his black curls and walked out of the bedroom.

* * * * *

Jacko's heart nearly stopped when Jamey walked into the kitchen. He tried to swallow the beer in his mouth but his inhalation of breath sucked the beer down the wrong pipe and he started choking. Lochie laughed as he pounded Jacko's back. When he was finally able to take a breath of air, Jacko looked over at Lochie. "What's so funny?"

"You." Lochie turned back to Jamey. "I think Jacko approves of your shorts, babe."

Jacko noticed a red-faced Jamey still standing just inside the kitchen door. "Sorry, Jamey. Just took me by surprise. Hungry?"

Jamey bit his plump lower lip and nodded shyly. "Yeah." He walked over to the table and sat in his customary chair. Jacko tried to get his mind off the sight of Jamey's sweet leanly muscled body as he passed the food around the table. He realized he'd forgotten the salt and pepper which were on the stove. His own baggy pants were fitting much tighter now and no way was he getting up to retrieve them. A shame too, because he liked salt and pepper on his grilled vegetables. Lochie must have seen the look on his face as he gazed toward the salt and pepper.

"No worries." Lochie got up and walked toward the stove. Jacko couldn't help noticing the bulge evident in Lochie's shorts as well. Good to know he wasn't the only one affected by Jamey's body. When Lochie went to hand Jacko the shakers he held on to them until Jacko met his gaze. "Seriously, no worries."

Jacko looked into Lochie's eyes and realized Lochie knew he was attracted to young Jamey. He gave Lochie a sharp nod and his friend released the shakers. While seasoning his food, Jacko wondered if Jamey was aware of what was going on. He chanced a glance Jamey's way and caught Jamey staring at him with a sheepish look on his face.

"Sorry if I'm making you uncomfortable, Jacko. I can go change." Jamey looked over at Lochie. "I've always worn these in the evening and Lochie suggested that I start wearing them again. I knew it wasn't appropriate with you in the house, but I can't seem to win an argument with that stubborn man."

Feeling the muscles in his jaws twitch and tense, Jacko tried to soothe Jamey. "No worries, mate. Just surprised. You should wear whatever you want. This is your house, after all."

Lochie stopped eating and leaned toward Jacko. All the playfulness had left his face. "This is *our* home, Jacko. Not Jamey's and mine but all of ours. I wouldn't have invited you to live and work at McBride's Pride if I didn't want you here. You've been

my best mate since we were kids. You belong with us. Now I don't want to hear you question that fact again. Understood?"

Looking at Lochie, Jacko felt the words sink into his soul. He wanted to belong here with these two men. He'd loved Lochie for a lifetime, it seemed, and now Jamey was quickly falling into the same category. He'd spent a lot of time lately thinking maybe he should just remove himself from the impossible situation. But he wanted to belong here. He'd been so lonely the last few years. Working his failing homestead left little time for trips to the city. He was ready to belong to a family, even if his role would be relegated to pervy Uncle Jacko, who lusted after and loved the members of his own family.

Now looking into Lochie's deep brown eyes, Jacko knew to leave this house would be the death of his soul. He cleared his throat. "Thanks, mate."

* * * * *

After dinner they took the radio out to the verandah. Lochie and Jacko sat on the top step and Jamey seated himself one step down so he could sit between Lochie's legs and lean back against him. Jamey could feel the warmth of his partner's crotch against his upper back. They drank their beer in silence as all three of them looked out to the night sky. "How often are the weathermen right about the chance of rain?"

Lochie kissed the top of Jamey's head. "Like anywhere, I imagine. They see the signs but Mother Nature tends to have her own plans in the end. All we can do is pray that she's smiling down on us tomorrow." Lochie reached down and stroked the nipple rings on Jamey's chest through his shirt.

Jamey's eyes closed as he moaned. His nipples were sensitive even before he'd had them pierced but now, damn. Every caress to his chest felt like a stroke to his cock. Jamey realized he'd moaned when Lochie started chuckling.

"Like that, do you?" Lochie did it again.

Right on cue, Jamey moaned again. He glanced over his shoulder at Jacko and saw him openly staring at Lochie's hands as they plucked the silver hoops.

Clearing his throat, Jacko quickly stood. "I'm going to call it a night. See you both in the morning." Jacko turned and walked toward the house.

"You don't have to leave," Lochie told Jacko.

"Yeah, I think I do," Jacko answered and continued on into the house.

As soon as Jacko was through the door, Lochie was pulling Jamey up onto his lap. Straddling Lochie's thighs, Jamey kissed him. The kiss was long and driven. Lochie's hands roamed over the twin globes of Jamey's ass. When the kiss finally broke, Jamey looked into Lochie's eyes. "I think we embarrassed him. He saw you touching me and there's no way he didn't hear my response."

"I don't think we embarrassed him, babe. I think we made him horny. I would never have suspected it a couple of months ago, but I believe my old mate swings the same way we do." Lochie ran his fingers over the seam that ran between Jamey's ass cheeks. The denim was so worn it was almost ready to separate.

Moaning, Jamey arched his back. "You make me want all sorts of wicked things."

Kissing Jamey's forehead, Lochie cleared his throat. "Is it just me that makes you want?"

Jamey stilled and looked into Lochie's eyes. "What exactly are you asking me? You know how much I love you. Right?"

"Sure I know. I wouldn't doubt your love for a second. I'm just asking if you want Jacko. You can be honest."

Chewing his lip, Jamey looked toward the screen door. He wasn't sure how to answer the question. He decided to take the easy way out. "Whether I'm attracted to him or not, I'd never cheat on you."

Grinning, Lochie gave him a quick kiss. "Good safe response. I know you wouldn't cheat on me. Now answer my question."

Taking a deep breath, Jamey thought about Jacko's gorgeous black hair, jade green eyes and body to die for. "Yeah," Jamey whispered, not sure of Lochie's reason for

asking. He'd hoped he hadn't been that obvious in his attraction to Jacko but it seemed Lochie had caught him looking once too often.

"Don't." Lochie lifted Jamey's chin back up. "Don't be ashamed of how you feel. Hell, I should know. I've wanted Jacko since I was a damn teenager. Do you have any idea how many years I loathed myself for wanting to fuck my best friend?"

Jamey had suspected as much on more than one occasion. "So you want him too? Where does that leave us? I mean you've known and cared for Jacko longer than me. I've only been in your life for six months." What if Lochie decided to dump Jamey and shack up with Jacko? Where would that leave Jamey? He could feel the tension creeping up his spine. Lochie must have felt it too.

Pulling Jamey more securely into his arms, Lochie stood and carried him into the house and down the hall toward their bedroom. Once they were both undressed and in each other's arms under the covers, Lochie finally spoke. "Have you ever been with more than one man at a time?"

"What?" Jamey knew his eyes were big as saucers as he looked at a grinning Lochie.

"I'm just saying that maybe we could all be together if that's what all of us wants. I love you, you love me. I think Jacko might feel the same. He watches every move you make, babe. I have to be honest and say that every time I see him do it, it makes me hard."

"That's funny, because I notice him watching you more than he watches me. At first I thought it was just the ease of being longtime friends, but I think it's a lot more than that." Jamey rested his head on Lochie's chest and began idly playing with Lochie's aroused cock. "Just thinking about it's getting you hard."

"Yeah. Now we need to figure out if this is what the two of us want. I won't risk our relationship to bring him into our bed." Lochie buried his fingers in Jamey's black curls. "I love you. That will never change for me."

"Ditto," Jamey agreed. He reached for the well-used bottle of lube and handed it to Lochie.

"You want my cock in this sweet ass?"

Jamey nodded, moving higher on Lochie's body. Lochie squirted a good dollop of lube onto his fingers and ran them down the crack of Jamey's ass before pushing his thumb into Jamey's hole. "Still stretched from earlier? Or did you play while you took a shower?"

Jamey felt the blush as it crept up his neck. "I like to play," he defended himself.

Lochie quickly added two more fingers. "I know you do, babe."

The sigh that came from Lochie troubled Jamey. "If you don't want me to do it, just tell me." As much as he loved the burn of being filled, it sure wasn't worth hurting his lover's feelings.

Lochie removed his fingers and replaced them with the blunt end of his cock. "It's not that. I don't care if you want to wear a plug up your ass twenty-four/seven, but I know you'd rather have the real thing." Lochie punctuated the statement by easing his way into Jamey's ass.

"Oooh," Jamey moaned as Lochie buried himself to the hilt.

"As much as I love fucking you, I'm not as young as I used to be. Maybe with Jacko's help we can keep you better satisfied."

The statement was like a slap to Jamey. He sat up, trapping Lochie's cock in his ass. "What's that supposed to mean? You're the best lover I've ever had and I know for a fact I've told you that on more than one occasion."

Lochie reached down and lifted Jamey's body enough to start a slow thrust in and out of him. "It has nothing to do with how good a lover I am. I'm damn good and I know it. But I also know you'd like it more than a couple of times a day. With work and stuff..."

Jamey felt he needed to reassure his lover. Taking over the pace, he began to ride Lochie's cock. Even though it bothered him, he knew Lochie was right. He'd always had a strong sex drive, but that didn't mean he was unfulfilled.

He decided to show Lochie how good it was between them. Bracing his hands on Lochie's chest, Jamey got his feet on either side of his partner's hips and fucked himself as fast as he could on Lochie's long cock.

For now at least, the subject was dropped as Lochie moaned in pleasure. It didn't take long for Lochie to lose his mind, gripping Jamey's calves in a bruising manner. Jamey knew it was a small price to pay to reassure Lochie the sex between them was fantastic.

The slap of his cock against his stomach had Jamey needing. "Grab my dick," he shouted, feeling his balls tighten.

Lochie released his hold on one of Jamey's legs to wrap around his bobbing erection, giving a tug to Jamey's piercing. "Yeah," Jamey groaned as he shot ropes of seed onto Lochie's chest.

"Down! Down!" Lochie shouted.

It took a few moments to decipher what his lover needed, because his mind was still reeling from his climax. "Gonna come, boss?"

At Lochie's grunt, Jamey ground his ass down against Lochie's groin, burying the cock deep. He watched as Lochie's entire body seemed to shake with the force of his release.

With them both spent, Jamey fell onto Lochie's muscled chest. "Love you," he whispered, plucking at Lochie's nipples.

"I know, babe," Lochie panted. "Love you too."

Chapter Two

Stumbling into the kitchen the next morning, Jacko made a fresh pot of coffee. He hadn't gotten much sleep the night before listening to the lovemaking going on in the next room. He didn't begrudge either man their very audible sex. Hell, it helped mask his own self-administered orgasm. *No*. What bothered him the most was the utter feeling of loneliness he woke up with this morning.

Running his hands through his hair, Jacko sat at the kitchen table and tried to decide what to do with his life. He couldn't continue to live like this. Maybe he should just chuck it all and move to the city. The thought of moving away from Jamey and Lochie left his chest tight and aching. He was startled by the sound of bare feet slapping against the floor. Jacko looked up to find a shirtless Jamey. He was running his hands through his wayward curls as he yawned a good morning.

Jacko motioned toward Jamey's new jeans. "I see Lochie finally convinced you to give our Aussie moleskin jeans a try. You won't be sorry. They'll draw the sweat away from your skin better than denim." Jacko realized he was speaking to Jamey's groin and raised his eyes to his face.

Jamey did a couple of squats in front of him. "Yeah, you're probably right. I just need to get them broken in. I've gotten used to my soft faded ones. But as they say, when in Rome..." Jamey winked at Jacko and walked to the coffeepot. He held the pot up. "Coffee?"

Nodding, Jacko tried not to notice the way the morning sun played off the shiny silver of Jamey's nipple rings. His mouth actually started to water. He looked away just as Lochie came into the room with water still dripping from the ends of his golden brown hair.

“Morning,” Lochie said as he walked over and took another cup out of the cabinet. He filled his cup and gave Jamey a quick grope before sitting down at the table. “You heard any weather yet this morning?”

Snapping out of his lust-induced trance, Jacko shook his head. “Sorry, I’m not really awake yet this morning. Didn’t even think about it.”

Jamey handed him his coffee and turned on the radio before sitting down at the table. They drank their coffee in companionable silence while they waited for the weather report. As soon as the weatherman’s voice came over the radio you could have heard a pin drop in the room. All thoughts focused on the rain forecast.

When the report was finished, Jamey stood and turned off the radio. “It still looks good for us. Do you think we should try to get some more seed in the ground before this afternoon?” He stood next to Lochie and put his hand on his shoulder.

Lochie wrapped an arm around Jamey’s waist and brushed the bare skin with his thumb. He looked over at Jacko. “Willing to put in a long morning until the rain hits this arvo?”

Focusing on Lochie’s thumb, Jacko nodded slowly. “Sounds like the smart thing to do.” He pushed himself away from the table. “I’ll get my boots and meet the two of you out on the verandah.”

* * * * *

As the clouds started to roll in, the three men were just finishing another paddock. They hadn’t gotten all the land seeded, but they had a damn good amount taken care of. Lochie would be happy with what they had even if they didn’t get rain again to plant the rest of the fields.

Shutting the little equipment shed door, Lochie looked up at the sky. The clouds were growing blacker and the smell of rain hung in the air. Inhaling deeply, he looked over his shoulder as Jamey pulled in with the ute. He walked over as the other man climbed out and shut the door. “Smell that?”

Taking a big deep breath, Jamey smiled. "When I was a kid I hated that smell. It meant I'd have to stop playing and go inside. Now I think it's the sweetest smell in the world."

Wrapping his arms around Jamey, Lochie kissed him. "You're catching on to the Aussie life. In this country, that's the smell of prosperity." They walked toward the verandah arm in arm. "Where's Jacko?"

Opening the screen door, Jamey winked and smiled. "The last time I spotted him he was bent over checking seed depth. I think he's putting off coming home."

Lochie grinned. "Enjoyed the view, did you?"

Taking Lochie's hand and holding it to his fly, Jamey smiled again. "You tell me."

Standing in the middle of the living room, Lochie put more pressure against Jamey's erection. He looked toward the screen door and saw no sign of Jacko yet. Falling to his knees in front of Jamey, Lochie quickly unfastened his new work pants. "I need a snack before Jacko comes back. Keep a watch out, will you?"

Pushing Jamey's moleskins down to mid-thigh, Lochie wrapped his hand around the pulsing erection. He could see Jamey's heartbeat evident in the Prince Albert piercing running through the head of his cock. Lochie touched the thick silver metal hoop with the tip of his tongue. He grinned wickedly up at Jamey as he hooked his tongue through the slit in the hoop and pulled.

"God. Yes." Jamey's knees started to buckle, but Lochie smacked his ass.

Working his way down Jamey's length, Lochie ran his tongue against the sensitive bulging vein that traveled along the underside of his lover's shaft. He released his hold on Jamey's cock to cup and apply just the right amount of pressure to his balls. His other hand was busy applying pressure to Jamey's puckered hole.

As Lochie started to suck, Jamey buried his fingers in Lochie's hair. "I'm gonna come."

Taking more of Jamey's shaft into his mouth, Lochie slipped a finger inside Jamey's ass. Jamey's hands automatically balled into fists as his body began to vibrate with his release. After enjoying his offering, Lochie grunted and tried to look up at Jamey. "Babe, you're about to pull my hair out of my head."

Jamey released his hold on Lochie's hair and slid to his knees in front of him. "Love you." He covered Lochie's lips with his own. Their mouths opened and Jamey was rewarded with the taste of his own seed. "Mmm. I taste good in your mouth."

"You sure do." They kissed a few more minutes until they heard the tractor pull up into the yard. "Pull your pants up. I'm going to get some tinnys and I'll meet you both on the verandah."

Getting one more quick kiss from Lochie, Jamey stood and stuffed himself back into his jeans. He walked out onto the verandah just as Jacko was coming toward the house. Jamey waved and sat in one of the chairs as Jacko walked up the stairs. "Have a seat. Lochie's bringing out some beer. We figured we'd wait here and pray for prosperity."

Jacko chuckled as he sat in the chair beside Jamey. "That's sounds like something Lochie would say." Taking off his hat and tossing it to the verandah floor, Jacko stretched his legs out in front of him.

Jamey couldn't help noticing the length of Jacko's legs. It was so hard to tell much about his lower body because he wore the baggiest pants Jamey had ever seen. Jacko caught him looking and Jamey's face turned red. "Sorry. I was just noticing how long your legs are. It's so hard to tell in your baggies."

Now it was Jacko's turn to blush slightly. "Believe it or not it's hard for me to find regular moleskins to fit. I always have to go up a size or two."

"Why? You're anything but out of shape. I'd think you wear the same size as Lochie." Jamey scratched his head and turned when a cold can of beer was pressed against his neck. He smiled up at Lochie. "Hey, give a guy some warning next time."

He shook his head. Jamey didn't know how Lochie could continue to surprise him with that particular trick, but his partner did every time.

Handing Jamey and Jacko their tinnys, Lochie bent over and kissed Jamey's forehead before sitting in the chair on the other side of Jamey. Looking over at Jacko, Lochie smiled. "You going to answer Jamey's question?"

Jamey didn't know what the joke was, but Lochie started chuckling and Jacko turned red as a beet. "What's the secret? Come on, you guys know I hate it when you have those little inside jokes between you."

When Jacko refused to answer the question, Lochie did it for him. "Jacko has to buy bigger jeans to accommodate his horse cock." Lochie winked at Jamey and looked past him to Jacko. "Isn't that right, mate?"

"Fuck off." Jacko ruined the grumpy words with a slight tilt of his lips.

Thinking about what Lochie said, Jamey's eyes naturally wandered down to Jacko's crotch. What he'd always thought was just extra material was, upon closer inspection, the world's biggest cock. "Damn," Jamey said softly as he licked his lips.

That made Lochie laugh even more, spewing beer out of his mouth and nose. Tears began to roll down Lochie's cheeks as his laughter escalated. Jamey looked over at Jacko and rolled his eyes. "Please forgive the eight-year-old next to me."

Jacko finally smiled. "I'm used to it." He took a drink of his beer and looked out at the dry, cracked landscape. "Why aren't we listening to the weather channel?"

Standing, Jamey stepped around the loon who was the man he loved and walked toward the door. "Sounds like a good idea. I'll get the radio."

As soon as Jamey was through the door, Jacko got up and punched Lochie in the arm. "Why the hell did you have to tell him that?" He sat back down in his chair and looked at Lochie.

Wiping the residual tears from his eyes, Lochie rubbed his arm. "He would have found out sooner or later. I was just preparing him for the sight of your horsemeat."

Narrowing his eyes, Jacko looked at Lochie. "How the hell would he find out sooner or later unless you've already told him or were planning to?"

Lochie shrugged. "I might have given him a hint, but I didn't actually tell him your cock is way too big to stuff into a normal pair of pants. He looks at it enough. I just figured he'd see for himself."

Shaking his head, Jacko looked at Lochie. "You say that as if you don't mind him checking out my package."

"Why the hell should I mind? I check it out often enough. Besides I love him and he loves me. There's no reason to be jealous just because he's been fantasizing about you. Now if you were any other man I might have to break your jaw but hell, I've fantasized about you since I was about thirteen."

Looking pissed, Jacko stood and walked down the verandah steps. He looked back over his shoulder at a wide-eyed Lochie. "You should've told me, mate." Jacko kept walking down the graveled road.

Lochie watched Jacko leave, totally dumbfounded. Jamey came out of the house carrying the radio. "I decided to take a quick shower... What's wrong? Where's Jacko?"

Pointing toward the road, Lochie looked at Jamey. "I guess I must have pissed him off."

Biting his lip, Jamey sat down on Lochie's lap. "Should one of us go after him?"

Pulling Jamey back against his chest, Lochie flicked the silver hoop in his nipple. "Let him cool off. He'll come back and then we'll talk it over." Kissing the side of Jamey's head, Lochie reached down and up under the white singlet Jamey had on. He idly played with his nipples as they watched the sky for rain.

"Love you."

"Love you too, babe."

* * * * *

Storming down the gravel road, Jacko kicked at the rocks. *Damn him*. He couldn't figure out what kind of game Lochie was playing, but he wanted no part of it. Why in the bloody hell would Lochie tell him that not only had Jamey been checking him out but Lochie had as well? Didn't he know what it did to him to see sweet Jamey wrapped around Lochie all the time? The confusing part was that he couldn't figure out who he'd rather be with, Lochie or Jamey.

He must have wandered the road and paddocks for about an hour before the first raindrops fell. Jacko looked up at the gray sky and smiled. It no longer mattered what Lochie meant by his comments. All Jacko knew was he wanted to get back and share the joy of the falling rain with the two most important people in his life. He began a brisk jog toward the homestead. Rounding the last curve before the house came into view, Jacko stopped to get his breath. With his hands on his hips he watched the two bloody idiots dancing in the yard. Laughing, Jacko took off running toward the dancing pair.

"It's raining," he said as he ran up to Lochie and Jamey.

"No shit," Lochie laughed and grabbed Jacko up in a big hug. Jacko was so happy he hugged him back. Lochie surprised him by kissing him. It was probably supposed to just be a quick I'm-so-excited-it's-raining kiss, but it turned into a fuck-this-feels-right kiss.

Pulling him even closer, Lochie devoured Jacko's mouth in a tongue-tangling kiss of ignited passion. Jacko was so blown away by the kiss he didn't think twice about returning it. Grabbing handfuls of Lochie's firm ass, Jacko ground his cock against him. How long had he craved Lochie's mouth? Lochie may be under the rain's spell, but Jacko planned to take full advantage.

Feeling another mouth trying to join in on their kiss, Jacko came up for air and stared into Jamey's face. At first afraid Jamey would be angry over the kiss he'd just

shared with Lochie, Jacko was put at ease by a hand skimming down his back. Jamey's hand was like a brand against Jacko's skin.

Standing on the balls of his feet, Jamey whispered in Jacko's ear, "Kiss me."

Fuck. What had he ever done in his life to deserve the look in Jamey's face? Closing his eyes, Jacko narrowed the distance between his lips and sweet Jamey's. He didn't know what sort of madness was going on at the moment, but he wasn't about to question it. As Jacko got his first taste of Jamey, he heard Lochie moan. Breaking the kiss, he looked over at his friend.

Without saying a word, Lochie removed his singlet and started in on his moleskin work jeans. Jacko's mouth went dry despite the lingering fresh taste of Jamey still on his tongue. He knew he'd remember this moment for the rest of his life. He could see the question in Lochie's eyes as he finished stripping. Glancing Jamey's way, Jacko watched as he too began to disrobe.

Taking a deep breath, Jacko pulled the now-sodden blue singlet over his head. The rain came down steadily and the dirt under his boots began to turn to mud. Throwing his shirt aside, he bent and took off his boots. Barefoot and shirtless, the only thing left was his baggy jeans. Removing the cinched belt around his waist, he took a deep breath and unfastened his jeans. Without the aid of the belt, the jeans fell to his ankles and he stepped out of them and toward Lochie and Jamey who were now standing arm in arm watching him.

Jacko couldn't help noticing the flare of Jamey's nostrils. The closer Jacko walked to the two men, the thicker his cock became.

"Oh shit," he heard Jamey whisper as Jacko stepped right up in front of the two men. Taking a chance, he placed one hand on each man's bare chest.

Lochie and Jamey both put their free arms around his waist and pulled him even closer into a group hug. Looking into the eyes of first Jamey and then Lochie, Jacko finally spoke. "What are we doing?" If he was being played with, Jacko wanted to know up front.

Lochie leaned forward and whispered into his ear. "Becoming a family."

Jacko's knees threatened to buckle under him. Did Lochie really mean that? He turned to look at Jamey.

Jamey nodded his agreement and kissed him. Jacko opened to Jamey's probing tongue and savored the feel of the smooth, wet glide within the interior of his mouth. Jamey put his palm to Jacko's cheek as Lochie ran his large calloused hand down Jacko's back to land on his ass.

This time it was Jamey who broke the kiss and turned to give one to Lochie. Jacko watched as he caught glimpses of Jamey's tongue probing Lochie's mouth. Now that he was within their circle of arms, he could watch these two men kiss for hours and never get enough. Their love for each other was evident in each moan, caress and nip. *So where did he fit in?*

Standing naked in the rain was an utterly erotic experience for Jacko. He'd never even considered rain an aphrodisiac but the sight of two wet, naked men had his cock harder than it had ever been. Two minutes later, a hand ran up the length of his torso as he received another kiss from Lochie. Pushing into Lochie's body, Jacko moaned.

Feeling something wet and cold on his back, he looked over his shoulder to find Jamey grinning at him with a handful of mud. Jamey shrugged at Jacko's questioning look. "Body paint." Jamey continued to apply the mud to Jacko's back until all surfaces were covered. Jacko moaned as Jamey started drawing his fingers through the mud. "I used to love to finger-paint in school."

Soon Lochie got into the act with a handful of mud to Jacko's chest. Jacko looked at Lochie, knowing his friend would give him that killer grin and tell him they were just having fun. That everything would go back to normal tomorrow and Jacko would once again be left out. Deciding in that split second to grab what he wanted and do everything he could to convince Lochie and Jamey that he was good enough to keep around, Jacko pulled Lochie into his arms. This strange moment in time didn't appear to be about sex at all, but rather about discovery.

The three of them dropped to the ground as one unit. Lazily touching each other with muddy hands, they soon looked like children simply playing. Jamey put his head on Jacko's chest while Jacko rested his head on Lochie's. Jacko felt content for the first time in his life. He closed his eyes and ran his finger idly around Lochie's mud-caked nipple. "I've always loved you," he whispered, looking up into the rain.

He felt Lochie tense under his head and then two strong arms pulled him up, knocking Jamey's head from his stomach. Lochie looked into his eyes. "As much as I wish we had found each other years ago, I'm glad we didn't. I can't imagine not having Jamey in my life and if we'd already been together..." Lochie left the rest unsaid. "But now we *have* found each other. All of us. And we can make this work if you'll give me and Jamey a chance."

This close, Jacko noticed all the tiny lines around his mate's eyes—lines of wisdom and hard work. Reaching down, his hand circled Jamey's wrist. He tugged until Jamey joined them in a group hug. He turned to Jamey and looked into the bluest eyes he'd ever seen. "Are you okay with this?" *Please. Please.*

"If you're asking whether I'll get jealous if I see you touching or kissing Lochie, the answer is no. I know Lochie loves me and he knows I love him, but there's something that's pulling us both toward you."

They settled together peacefully, Jamey with his head on one of Lochie's shoulders and Jacko on the other. Jacko would've loved to pounce on both men, fucking one and then the other, but this moment was about more than that. Besides, as muddy as they all were it just wasn't practical. Holding hands with Jamey, they welcomed the falling rain until merely an hour later it lightened and then stopped. When the last rays of the evening sun slipped over the horizon, they all three sighed.

Looking down at their mud-caked bodies, Jacko couldn't help but chuckle. "Bloody hell. I know some women pay a fortune for this, but I'm ready for a shower."

Chapter Three

After showering in the hall bathroom, Jacko slipped on a clean pair of jeans. He pulled his belt out of the loops on his filthy moleskins and, after wiping it clean with his towel, put it on. He wished he had something more comfortable to put on, but without a belt, his pants wouldn't stay up. Deciding to leave off his shirt, he ran a comb through his short hair and walked out of his bedroom. He still wasn't sure how this was going to work. Would he sleep in the same bed with Lochie and Jamey? He knew Lochie had a king-sized bed, but both he and Lochie were big men and Jacko wasn't sure the three of them would fit comfortably enough for sleeping.

At the thought of being in bed with Jamey and Lochie, his cock started to harden. Smiling, he looked down at his baggy pants and shook his head as he entered the kitchen. Jamey was dancing to the music from the radio as he made up a plate of sandwiches. Watching Jamey's ass in those indecently sexy shorts he was fond of wearing tented Jacko's jeans even further.

Taking a deep breath, Jacko walked up behind Jamey and wrapped his arms around the smaller man's chest. Jamey stilled for a second and then dropped the cheese in his hand back to the counter. Leaning back into Jacko, Jamey sighed, "You feel good holding me."

The statement warmed Jacko's heart. He bent and kissed Jamey's neck. "How did you know it was me?"

Turning in his arms, Jamey leaned in and licked one of his nipples. "You smell different from Lochie. He's more sandalwood and you're more citrus. Me? I'm just Jamey. Lochie doesn't like me to wear cologne anymore."

Bending down, Jacko buried his nose in Jamey's neck. He inhaled deeply and nipped the suntanned skin. "I agree with Lochie. You smell good enough to eat just the way you are."

Strong arms wrapped themselves around both Jacko and Jamey. "Speaking of eating..." Lochie said, teasing Jacko's neck with his tongue. "Tea ready? I thought after we ate we could put some blankets on the floor and watch a DVD, maybe get comfortable with each other." Lochie finished his statement by grinding his cock against Jacko's ass. "Before we do, why don't you go put on something a little more freeing?"

Pushing his ass against Lochie's erection, Jacko shrugged. "Don't really have anything like that."

"Just wear your underwear then, for Pete's sake," Lochie said.

Jacko looked down to where Jamey had attached himself to his nipple. "Don't wear them, too binding."

"Bloody hell, Jacko. I'll find you a pair of boxers and you can wear those."

"I'm too long for most boxers," Jacko mumbled. He could feel his ears burning as his embarrassment crept its way up his face. He knew most men wished they had a cock as big as his, but the everyday practicalities of being much larger than normal, sucked.

Running one hand over Jacko's erection, Lochie moaned. "Perfect. I'll get the boxers now." With one last squeeze, Lochie left the kitchen.

Jamey released Jacko's nipple and looked up at him. "Help me set the table?"

"Sure." Jacko ran his fingertips down Jamey's cheek. "You're so beautiful. This whole thing seems like a dream."

"If this is a dream, don't wake me," Jamey chuckled, pulling Jacko's head down for a kiss.

Never breaking the kiss, Jacko moved the sandwiches aside and lifted Jamey onto the counter. Settling between Jamey's spread legs, Jacko ran his hands up the gorgeous man's bare thighs to the hem of those sinful shorts. Snaking his fingers under the ragged hem, he brushed Jamey's sac. "Your skin feels like silk," Jacko said as he brushed his fingers back and forth.

"That's because my baby doesn't have any hair, or didn't you notice earlier?" Lochie stood to the side of them and leaned against the counter. He kissed Jamey nice and deep and then turned toward Jacko and kissed him.

Jacko closed his eyes and enjoyed every nuance of the kiss he received, the minty taste of Lochie's toothpaste and the wet glide of his tongue as it found its way deeper and deeper into Jacko's mouth. Breaking away for some much-needed oxygen, Jacko opened his eyes. "You make me want so many things."

"What do I make you want?" Lochie seemed to be studying Jacko's face.

Everything. Jacko couldn't hold Lochie's gaze any longer and looked over Jamey's shoulder and out the window. His jaw tightened and he couldn't make himself speak for a minute. It was all too much emotion for a man not used to showing it.

"Jacko? What do I make you want?" Lochie had a hand on Jacko's chest, over his heart.

When Jamey leaned forward and rested his head against Lochie's hand it was too much for Jacko. He felt his eyes begin to burn but quickly blinked until the threat of tears passed. "A life. You make me want a life I've never even dreamed existed." He looked at Lochie. "I'd resigned myself to living and dying alone." Jacko shook his head. "Don't play with me. If you don't want me forever, it's best that you tell me now."

"Oh, bloody hell," Lochie said. He took Jacko's hand and started walking, "Come on, Jamey. We've got a man to love."

Jacko looked back over his shoulder as Jamey grinned and hopped off the counter. Lochie led Jacko into the master bedroom and stopped beside the bed. "You see this

bed? There's only ever been one man in this bed besides me. After tonight I hope there will never be only two of us in it again."

Jacko's head spun. Everything he'd always wanted was being offered up on a plate. He wasn't sure whether to cry or jump up and down with glee. He just hoped like hell the reality was as good as the fantasy for the men standing in front of him. What if they only thought they wanted a future with him?

Lochie started undressing himself and Jacko. When they were both naked he got in and held up the covers for Jamey and Jacko. Jacko bit the inside of his cheek and slid in next to Lochie. Jamey crawled in after him.

Holding Jacko's face in his large sun-bronzed hands, Lochie kissed him. "Does that answer your question?"

This close, Jacko could see the flecks of gold in Lochie's dark brown eyes. He studied the flecks while he thought about where he was and what he was about to do. A lump formed in his throat and he took a deep breath. "I've never made love before," he admitted. "I've fucked a time or two, but they were nameless, faceless strangers I picked up in the city." Jacko shook his head, "I'm not sure... I'm not sure if I can be gentle enough."

Jamey started laughing and wrapped his arms around Jacko. "Don't worry about being gentle with us, or haven't you heard Lochie through the walls?"

Rolling to his back, Jacko lifted his arm so Jamey could rest his head on his chest. Jamey was smaller than anyone Jacko had ever been with. "I don't want to hurt you, Jamey. I've never cared before." Jacko buried the fingers of one hand in Jamey's black curls and kissed the top of his head. He felt Lochie's hand on his chest.

"Don't worry about hurting him. I wouldn't let you fuck him if I thought you would. Besides he's a bloody tough little shit, even though he doesn't look like it."

"Hey," Jamey admonished. He lifted his head from Jacko's chest and stuck his tongue out at Lochie. "I'm not that little. Back home I was a normal-sized guy. I can't help it if all you bushmen are freakin' giants."

Leaning over, Lochie kissed Jamey slow and long. "I like your size." Jacko watched as Lochie ran his hand down Jamey's body to stroke his erection. "All of it."

Blushing, Jamey slapped Lochie's arm. "Oh, you are such a sweet talker, Lochlan McBride."

Lochie stroked Jamey a little harder. "I aim to please."

Thrusting into his hand, Jamey moaned. "And you do please me." Jamey reached down and for the first time ran his hand up Jacko's naked cock and gazed up at Jacko.

Knowing what he wanted, Jacko smiled and thrust his hips upward into Jamey's hand. "Suck me," he whispered.

When Jamey scooted down Jacko's body, Lochie soon joined his partner. "Let's love him together."

At Jamey's enthusiastic nod, Lochie ran his tongue from Jacko's balls to the tip of his cock. Swirling his tongue around the head, Lochie moaned. "Oh, bloody fuck, you taste good."

Jacko grinned. He'd had plenty of blowjobs in his life, but none he'd cared so much about. Knowing it was Lochie and Jamey made the experience all the more enjoyable.

While Lochie worked on the head, Jamey laved Jacko's sac. Jacko spread his legs farther apart and drew up his knees. He reached for two more pillows and stuffed them behind his neck until he had the perfect view of the best blowjob of his life. When Lochie's mouth enveloped the head of his cock, Jacko thought he'd come right then. Moaning, he couldn't help but to thrust his groin toward Lochie's face.

Chuckling around Jacko's cock, Lochie pulled off. "Trying to kill me? It's all I can do to get my lips stretched around you. Just let it happen."

"Sorry," Jacko said sheepishly. Lochie went back down and took Jacko's length in his mouth once again. Jamey released the suction on his balls and began lavng the area directly behind them. Jacko grunted and fell back onto the pillow. It took every ounce of

willpower not to thrust. When he felt a wet tongue glide across his puckered entrance he cried out. "Bloody fuck. I'm going to come."

Jacko's words seemed to spur both of them on, because Lochie picked up his pace, his head bobbing faster and faster. Jamey continued to lick at Jacko's hole but introduced a finger as well. It was all too much and his stomach muscles began contract as he felt his balls draw up tight to his body. When the first spurt of cum was released from the head of his cock, Jacko knew he'd never experienced anything so powerful. The seed continued to pump from his cock down Lochie's open and willing throat as Jamey introduced another finger. The physical sensations combined with the spiritual feelings were more than he could handle. "Too much," he grunted as Lochie sucked him dry.

When his cock began to soften, Lochie released his hold and pulled Jamey up with him. They both nibbled their way up Jacko's body until they reached his lips. First Lochie kissed Jacko, sharing his flavor with him and then Jamey kissed him.

Pulling them both tightly against his chest, Jacko sighed. "Never felt anything like that before." He pulled both of their heads down for a three-way kiss. Tongues stroked and tasted as three mouths became entwined in a heated dance. Breaking the kiss, Jacko whispered against their lips, "I want to taste."

Smiling, Jamey pointed to Lochie. "You haven't lived until you've tasted Lochie. His cum tastes like sunshine and sunflowers."

Blushing, Jacko looked at Lochie. "I always wondered what you'd taste like." He repositioned himself to kneel between Lochie's spread legs. He looked at Lochie again. "I can't believe I'm finally getting to do this." He leaned down and caught a drop of pre-cum with his tongue. He drew his tongue into his mouth and moaned. He'd never thought of pre-cum having a particular taste. It was just what he'd had to do to reciprocate after having his own cock blown, but now that he thought about it... "You're right, he does taste like sunshine and sunflowers." He winked at Jamey and went back to the cock in front of his face.

Jacko stretched his lips over Lochie's erection and took him as far down his throat as he could. He wasn't used to deep throating, so it felt a little awkward at first. Soon he became comfortable with his ministrations as Lochie started to moan. Without breaking contact with Lochie's cock, he looked up the length of his new lover's body. Jamey was straddling Lochie's head. The look of bliss on Jamey's face let Jacko know exactly where Lochie's tongue was. Jamey had his eyes closed and was plucking at the silver hoops in his nipples. He didn't know it was possible, but Jamey looked even sexier in that particular position. He focused on the Prince Albert running through the slit on the tip of Jamey's cock. *Fuck, that's sexy.*

Focusing on the thick silver hoop at the end of Jamey's shaft, Jacko continued to suck and bob on Lochie's cock. He could see drops of pre-cum dripping off the tip of Jamey's crown to run down the side of his length. Jacko couldn't resist the temptation any longer. He pulled his mouth off Lochie's cock and leaned forward enough to swipe his tongue across the head of Jamey's shaft. The metallic flavor of the PA combined with Jamey's own taste sent Jacko's senses into overdrive. He leaned in again and licked the pre-cum off the length of Jamey's cock. "Oh fuck, you taste good."

Lochie grunted his agreement and lifted Jamey's ass off his face. He gave Jamey's butt a swat. "Get the lube, babe, and ride me. Let Jacko suck you off while I'm buried deep in your ass."

Grinning and nodding his head eagerly, Jamey reached over to the table and retrieved the bottle of lube. He handed it to Lochie and leaned forward onto his hands and knees. As Lochie prepared Jamey's entrance, Jacko ran a hand down the side of the smaller man's face. "You're so damn sexy. Don't know how I'm going to be around you now and not want to touch you all the time."

Jamey nipped Jacko's lower lip. "Luckily we have three people now to do the chores, so we've got plenty of time for play." When Lochie swatted Jamey's ass again, Jamey chuckled and repositioned himself straddling Lochie's hips.

Jacko watched with utter fascination as Jamey impaled himself on Lochie's cock. "Bloody hell." He tore his eyes away once Jamey was fully seated and looked at the drips of pre-cum spilling onto Lochie's trimmed pubic thatch from the tip of Jamey's cock. "Mmm," Jacko groaned, as he bent over and licked Jamey's pre-cum off Lochie's groin. With his cock hard again, Jacko reached down and started stroking himself.

Feeling a hand hit his ass, Jacko jumped and looked up to the source of the smack. Lochie was eyeing him. "Swing my way and let me taste you again."

Smiling, Jacko straddled Lochie's head. He licked the root of Lochie's shaft as it slid in and out of Jamey's ass. He ran his tongue over the stretched skin of Jamey's hole as he worked his way to Jamey's heavy bouncing cock. When he finally reached the crown of Jamey's shaft he ran his tongue over the cold piece of silver. At Jamey's moan, Jacko gave the piercing a gentle tug with his teeth.

"Oh, Christ!" Jamey bucked, shoving his cock in Jacko's face. Chuckling, Jacko wrapped his lips around Jamey's cock. He ran his tongue along the bulging vein running up the underside of his shaft and hummed like he'd seen in a movie once.

Lochie must have liked the idea because he soon joined in with the song. The vibrations on his own cock threatened to set him off. Damn, he'd had no idea how good that would feel. He continued to bob and hum until Jamey reached down and grabbed his own balls. "Gonna come, loves."

Jacko felt the endearment all the way to his soul. Even though he was sure it was just a pre-orgasmic slip of the tongue, it filled spaces within him that had long been empty.

Humming louder, Jacko waited for the taste of Jamey's seed. When it happened, Jacko definitely wasn't disappointed. Pulse after pulse of creamy cum filled his mouth as he shot his own essence into Lochie's throat. Jacko could tell by the feel of Lochie's stomach muscles under his hands that Lochie was coming deep inside Jamey.

When the loud moans receded, the three men fell into a pile of arms, legs and mouths. Stroking and kissing each other, they didn't talk for quite a while, merely

enjoyed the afterglow of their first time together. It had been his first threesome. He wondered if the other men had done this before. The experience had been so incredible, Jacko began to think ménages should be the norm for everyone. At the sound of Jamey's stomach growling, they all three laughed and began untangling.

After a quick cleanup, Jacko went to put his jeans back on but Lochie stopped him with a hand on his wrist. In the other hand he held a pair of brand-new boxer shorts. Jacko took the shorts and held them up. "You two sure you want me walking around the house like this? I might as well wear nothing at all."

Slipping on his short-shorts, Jamey laughed and winked at him. "Teasing is what gets Lochie hotter than anything. I'd go with the boxers, but be prepared for his wandering hands."

Putting on his own shorts, Lochie scowled and grunted. "I'm going to see if our sandwiches are dried to bloody hell. Meet me in the kitchen." He left the room without looking back.

Jacko looked at Jamey. "Did we piss him off?"

Jamey rolled his eyes. "He's such a tease. He wants us to go in the kitchen and ask what we can do to make it up to him for talking about him. It's a game we play. I call it the 'burly boss and the lowly worker' game. Lochie calls it foreplay."

Jamey chuckled as Jacko slipped on the boxers. Even soft, the head of his cock stuck out about a quarter of an inch below the leg of the underwear. Jamey's jaw dropped. "Oh, I can't wait for Lochie to see that. Even though he'd probably argue otherwise, he's been wearing my ass out lately. Good to know he'll have something else to grab his attention."

Jacko looked down at his boxers. When he bent over, the bottom hem slid down enough that he couldn't really see his cock hanging out. He looked at Jamey and shrugged his shoulders, not seeing anything really wrong with the shorts.

Jamey put his arms around him and kissed him. Jacko opened his mouth and took the kiss deeper, pulling Jamey against his body. "The reason Lochie's so damn horny is

probably for the same reasons I am,” Jacko informed Jamey. “No sex for years and the sexiest thing on two legs parading around the house in the tiniest shorts known to man.” Jacko used his superior strength to lift Jamey up into his arms. With his hands on his ass and Jamey’s legs wrapped around Jacko’s waist, he carried him to the kitchen while kissing him again.

“Holy fuck, that’s hot,” Jacko heard Lochie moan. Jacko sat down in the kitchen chair still attached to Jamey’s mouth.

Hearing Lochie set the plates on the table, Jacko finally broke the kiss. He squeezed Jamey’s butt in his hands. “I want in this ass.”

Wiggling around on Jacko’s lap, Jamey smiled innocently. “If you’re planning that I’m going to go run and slip something in me.” He hopped off Jacko’s lap and raced toward the bedroom.

Jacko was left with an empty lap and his hands in the air. He looked over at a laughing Lochie. “What the bloody hell was that about?”

Lochie winked. “He’s going to put one of his plugs in so he’ll be nice and stretched when the time comes. The fun part will be watching him try to sit through dinner and a movie with that plug shoved up his tight little ass.”

Jacko reached down to grab his hardening cock. The harder he became the more of his cock he flashed to anyone interested in looking. He scooted his chair up to the table so he wouldn’t tempt Lochie any further. He knew he only had one good fuck left in him before bed and he wanted it to be in sweet Jamey’s pretty ass.

Coming back into the kitchen, Jamey’s face was flushed. Lochie looked over at Jacko and winked. He picked up the fresh platter of sandwiches and held them out toward Jamey. “Hungry?”

Jamey wiggled in his chair. “Yeah, thanks.” Jamey took two sandwiches and reached for the bag of chips, moaning as he moved.

Looking over at Lochie, Jacko could see the strain on his face as he tried to keep from laughing. Jacko took a couple of sandwiches off the platter and took a bite of one. He looked over at Jamey and smiled. "You okay?"

Jamey stopped squirming and swallowed his bite of sandwich. "Yeah, I'm okay." Jamey took a sip of tea and asked, "So do you think we got enough rain today?"

Jacko looked out of the window and shook his head. "I'd say enough maybe for what's planted, but not enough for the rest of the fields. Creek might have a little more water in it today, but it'll probably be sucked back down into the beds tomorrow. Takes a hell of a lot of rain to make much of a difference when you've been in drought as long as we have."

Finishing his second sandwich, Lochie pushed his plate away and retrieved a can of beer out of the fridge. "I'll have to sit down tomorrow and try to figure out how much more we need to get planted to make it through. We can try irrigating a small portion but as low as the river's getting the water allocation is getting smaller all the time."

Jamey watched as before his eyes both men became sullen. *Damn*. He hadn't meant that to happen, especially as horny as he was. He'd used the biggest plug in the drawer and sitting on the hard kitchen chair he felt every inch of it whenever he moved. Deciding to taunt the men into a better mood, Jamey stood and took the three plates to the sink. Stretching, he brushed his hands over his nipple piercings. "I'll do the dishes in the morning after breakfast." He walked over and opened the door to the refrigerator. Bending over, he almost groaned as the plug moved against his prostate. He pulled three cans of beer out and stood. "How 'bout we watch that movie now?" He sauntered past the open-mouthed men at the table and called over his shoulder, "Hey, boss, did you get a good look at Jacko's boxers? *Damn*."

He didn't even make it to the sofa before he heard chairs scraping against the floor and feet coming his way. *Yep. I've still got it.*

Jamey dropped to the pallet he'd already made on the floor. Tired of being subtle, he positioned himself on all fours as his men ran into the room. Jacko's gasp was all the reassurance Jamey needed. He wiggled his ass and lowered his shoulders to the blankets, presenting himself.

Lochie chuckled and picked up the tube of lube from beside Jamey's elbow. "Eager, are you?"

"Hell yes," Jamey groaned, the plug shifting inside him with every movement he made.

Jamey saw Jacko's borrowed underwear fly across the room as he knelt behind him. "Do you have a bigger one of these?" Jacko asked, jiggling the plug.

Unable to speak, Jamey shook his head. He watched as Lochie bent over to inspect the plug. "Nope. That's the biggest of the lot."

"Shit," Jacko cursed. "This is gonna take some time then."

Jamey reached out and grabbed Lochie's hand. "Tell him," he croaked as Jacko began to pump the plug in and out of his ass.

Lochie placed a kiss on Jamey's cheek. "Jamey likes the burn, don't you, babe?"

Jamey squeaked, hoping it sounded like a yes. All he wanted was Jacko inside him, the sooner the better.

"The burn is one thing, but I don't want to hurt you," Jacko informed him. Jacko pulled Lochie out of Jamey's grip. "You fuck him first. Get him good and loose."

Oh shit.

Jacko removed the large piece of silicone. Jamey wanted to cry at the loss, but within moments the tip of Lochie's cock filled the void. "Hard," Jamey cried.

Lochie's entire length surged inside. Yes! Jamey reached under him and wrapped his fingers around his cock.

"So pretty," Jacko murmured, stretching out to lie beside Jamey.

Jamey lifted his head enough to receive a deep kiss. He felt Jacko's fingers rimming the stretched skin of his hole where it clung to Lochie's cock. "I'm going to fill this ass. Push in so deep you'll feel me in your throat."

Jamey moaned, seeking another kiss as his hand continued to jerk his own cock. When Jacko's fingers pushed their way deep alongside of Lochie's cock, Jamey wasn't the only one affected. "Fuck!" Lochie howled, losing his rhythm as he came.

Jacko's fingers continued to stretch Jamey's hole even further. The added sensation threatened to tip Jamey over the edge. "Don't come yet," Jacko commanded.

Trying to do as Jacko asked, Jamey released his cock. "Hurry," he panted.

Jamey heard Jacko and Lochie arguing over something, but his mind was so befuddled he didn't pay much attention. Lochie pulled out of Jamey and he felt the incredibly wide head of Jacko's cock press against his hole.

"Tell me if it hurts too much. No matter how far into it we are, I'll stop," Jacko informed him.

Jamey watched as Lochie picked up the tube of lube. With Lochie's cum already dripping out of his ass, Jamey didn't see the need for more lube, but he kept his mouth shut. He knew his lovers were just worried for him.

As Jacko began to push inside, Jamey felt more lube being applied around the taut skin. Exhaling, he tried to relax his muscles. Once the crown of Jacko's cock was past the outer ring, he stopped. "Take as much of me as you can," Jacko told him.

The burn was most definitely there, but still not overwhelming. Jamey began to rock back and forth, taking Jacko's length in slowly. At one point he stopped moving to regain his breath. He knew once his body became accustomed to the invasion he'd be fine. Holding on to that thought, Jamey began to move once again.

When he felt Jacko's balls slap against his ass, he sighed audibly. He couldn't believe he'd taken the whole thing and on his first try.

Lochie's face appeared in front of him. "You're doing good, babe." He bent further to whisper in Jamey's ear. "From the look of Jacko's face, he's not going to last long."

After several moments, Jamey wiggled his ass as much as he could. "Okay. You can move."

With a grunt, Jacko's length began receding before pushing slowly back inside. "Shit!" Jacko growled.

Lochie started chuckling. "Yep, he's hanging on by a thread."

Armed with the information of Jacko's pending climax, Jamey began stroking his cock. As Jacko moved behind him, Jamey's hand sped up. "Come with me," he panted over his shoulder.

Lochie tugged on Jamey's nipple rings, sending him over the edge. His cock erupted with streams of pearly white seed. He felt Jacko pull out a second before heat shot onto his back.

Jamey managed to look over his shoulder. Jacko looked like a wet dream, kneeling with his head thrown back and his cock in his hand. It suddenly occurred to Jamey what the argument had been about earlier. There were no condoms in the house. He wondered whose idea it was for Jacko to pull out.

Collapsing onto the floor on the other side of Jamey, Jacko sighed. "Thank you."

Jamey couldn't help but to giggle. "No. Thank you. I always wondered what it would feel like to be fisted."

At Jacko's surprised look, Jamey shrugged. "I seriously doubt it could be much worse."

"Are you saying you'd like to try it?" Lochie asked.

"Oh hell no. The Muppets are okay to watch, but I never wanted to be one."

Lochie and Jacko laughed, cuddling Jamey between them. "Good to know," Lochie said.

Chapter Four

Making coffee, Jamey jumped when a large hand smacked his butt. "Lay off the ass," he said sleepily. It had been almost three weeks since they'd opened their hearts and their bed to Jacko.

Arms came around him and he was swallowed in Jacko's embrace. "I'm sorry. Did I make you sore?"

Turning in Jacko's arms, Jamey wrapped his hands around the bigger man's neck and kissed him. "Don't be sorry. I loved every second you're inside me. This morning, however, it feels like I've had a two-by-four shoved up my ass." He nipped Jacko's chin, seeing the distressed look in his lover's eyes. "Don't. I loved it and I'll want more. Just not today. Being sore for a little while is a small price to pay."

With a jerk to his head, Jacko nodded. "I'm just going to grab some fruit and head out to the paddock. Lochie's in the shower."

"Okay," Jamey said and kissed him again. He watched Jacko walk out of the kitchen and wondered whether Jacko was regretting the last few weeks. Everything so far he thought had been going perfectly but the downcast head that walked out of the kitchen didn't look happy.

Leaning against the counter drinking a cup of freshly brewed coffee, Jamey squirmed a little. He hadn't been joking when he'd told Jacko his ass was sore. He knew it was only a matter of time before his body got used to Jacko's own brand of lovemaking. It honestly wasn't so much Jacko's size anymore, but the man did love rough sex. Jamey had no idea a man could thrust his hips as hard and fast as Jacko did. It was absolute heaven to be on the receiving end, but it did make for a painful day after.

Coming into the kitchen, Lochie walked up to Jamey and gave him another good morning kiss. Jamey smiled at the way the water dripped off the ends of Lochie's hair to land on his shirt. It was all so familiar. "Morning, boss."

After kissing him again, Lochie reached for the already filled second cup sitting on the counter. "Where's Jacko?"

"He went out to the field already. Said we could meet him out there." Jamey chewed on his lip as he studied Lochie. "He seemed kind of...sad or something. Do you think he's regretting being with us? Or maybe I hurt his feelings this morning."

Lochie took a drink of his coffee. "We've only been awake for thirty minutes. How could you have already hurt his feelings?"

"Well, I got on him this morning for smacking my ass, it's sore as hell. And I might've compared his cock to a two-by-four." Jamey suddenly realized how that might have sounded to Jacko. "Oh my God. I can't believe I said that to him."

Wincing, Lochie set down his cup, and wrapped his arms around Jamey. "He's always been self-conscious about his size. I never really understood it. He's big, yeah, a hell of a lot bigger than anyone I've ever been with, but I've seen bigger cocks in porn flicks." Lochie shrugged. "But I think maybe you have some making up on your agenda for the day."

"Yeah. I think you're right." Jamey grabbed a couple of mangos out of the bowl. "You about ready? Better that I eat my crow early in the day."

Laughing, Lochie drew his hand back to smack Jamey on the butt. Jamey sidestepped his hand and shook his finger at Lochie. "No." He narrowed his eyes. "Or are you trying to get me to feel bad and make it up to you too?"

Shaking his head, Lochie put his arm around Jamey's shoulders and led him out of the kitchen and to the verandah. "Sorry, just forgot. I was in your position three days ago, remember."

Jamey thought back to the pillow Lochie had insisted on sitting on the day after his last round of lovemaking with Jacko. Geez, that man loved to fuck hard and deep.

They got in the SUV and Lochie drove them to the field they'd been planting. None of them knew whether or not the seed would germinate with the dry soil, but they'd all agreed to give it a go.

The fields they'd planted before the rain were sprouting pretty green shoots already and they'd all breathed a sigh of relief. At least, barring any unforeseen problems, they would have a crop to harvest.

Lochie stopped and Jamey gave him a kiss. "I'm gonna go find Jacko and see if I can't get him in a better mood." He winked as he got out of the SUV.

Before Jamey got too far into the paddock, Lochie stopped him. "Hey, Jamey." Jamey stopped and turned around. "Maybe you should take Jacko into town for a bite of tucker later this arvo. I need to take a trip over to Red's and tell him about the three of us before he finds out from someone else."

Running his hands through his hair, Jamey gazed at Lochie. "You sure you want to do that by yourself? We're all in this together. If there's going to be repercussions, they should happen with all of us there."

Shaking his head, Lochie got out of the truck and walked toward Jamey. He gathered him into his arms. "I know you had a bad experience with him, but Red's a good bloke. I'm the one he's had feelings for in the past and it should be me that tells him."

"Just be careful. I don't want anything to mar that handsome face of yours." Jamey kissed his partner. "Love you."

"Love you." With one more kiss, Lochie walked back to the SUV. "I'll see you both later." With a wave he drove down the graveled road.

Jamey watched him drive away and then turned and headed toward the billowing dust cloud of the tractor. He waved to Jacko as he neared and Jacko shut down the engine. Climbing up the two steps and opening the door of the air-conditioned cab, Jamey tried to gauge Jacko's mood.

"Something wrong?" Jacko asked as he leaned back in the seat and turned toward Jamey.

Taking a deep breath, Jamey shook his head. "Can I sit on your lap while we talk a bit?"

Jacko looked at Jamey for several seconds and then turned completely sideways in the seat. He patted his lap and held out his arms. Jamey climbed into the cab and shut the door against the quickly heating morning, trying not to wince when he sat down on Jacko's lap. He must have done a good acting job, because Jacko wrapped his arms around him. "Feeling better?"

"Yeah," Jamey said, snuggling against Jacko's chest. "You know I was only teasing this morning, don't you? I love the feel of you inside me. I would never want to give you the impression that I didn't."

Resting his chin on the top of Jamey's head, Jacko smoothed his hand down Jamey's back. "I worry. I've never had two people who I've cared about so much. Before, when I'd scratch my itch it was with men I didn't give a bloody fuck about. I didn't have to worry about whether they were sore then, or the next day, because I'd be long gone. It's different now."

Jamey sat up and put his hands on either side of Jacko's face. "You're right. It is different. Now you have two people who are very quickly falling in love with you. Our bodies will get accustomed to your size, but our hearts would be empty if we didn't have you with us."

Closing his eyes, Jacko nodded slowly. When he opened them again to stare into Jamey's eyes, he grinned. "You love me?"

Leaning in, Jamey came to within a hairsbreadth of Jacko's lips. "Yes. I love you." He closed the distance and kissed him.

Jacko pulled him even tighter against his chest and took the kiss deeper. There was a world of love in that one penetrating kiss. When he pulled back he grinned. "I love you too." He reached up between them and playfully plucked at Jamey's nipples.

Jamey knew talking about his feelings wasn't easy for Jacko. The man had spent too many years buried in the closet to the people who knew him and the admission was made even more special because of it.

"You're the sexiest, sweetest man I've ever known and I can't believe you love me back," Jacko whispered.

Jamey reached down and quickly removed his tight t-shirt, baring his pierced nipples to Jacko's gaze. "Oh, I want you back. Don't ever think otherwise. And for the record, Lochie and I both discussed your beauty way before we all got together. You're perfection personified to us. The black hair, the dazzling green eyes," Jamey reached down and ran his hand over the long, thick erection in Jacko's jeans, "and this. No one person could ever ask for more than what you are. A kind, gentle man trapped in a Greek god's body. The fact that you're willing to share yourself with two people is amazing."

Bending Jamey back over his arm, Jacko brought his mouth down on one of the shiny silver hoops. Jamey moaned as Jacko twirled the piercing with his tongue before latching on. Jacko sucked the pebbled nub into his mouth and Jamey knew he would be left with a mark.

Jamey's groin thrust up. "Oh fuck, that feels good," he gasped.

Without breaking his hold on Jamey's nipple, Jacko reached down and opened Jamey's fly. He fished Jamey's erection out and tugged on the piercing.

"Oh shit. Gonna come."

Releasing Jamey's nipple, Jacko stroked fast and with more pressure. He looked down toward Jamey's cock and licked his lips. "Come for me."

As if on command, Jamey's cock erupted in a river of pearly white cum. Jacko didn't stop stroking him until the last spurt. When Jamey was finished and feeling boneless, Jacko raised his hand to his mouth and licked away Jamey's seed. "Mmm. Love your taste."

Closing his eyes, all he wanted to do was take a nap, but the hard ridge of Jacko's cock needed attention. Opening his eyes, he pulled Jacko's head down and gave him a kiss, tasting himself on Jacko's tongue.

Sliding off Jacko's lap, Jamey positioned himself beside the tractor seat. "My turn."

Jacko unzipped his moleskins and pulled out his weeping cock. Jamey took the shaft out of Jacko's grip and wrapped both his hands around the long, thick length. Knowing his mouth wasn't big enough to do a proper blowjob on Jacko, he reached down between his own legs and found some cum that Jacko had missed earlier. With his hands well lubed, Jamey started stroking Jacko's cock.

"God, you make me feel so good." Jacko leaned back against the window and let Jamey continue his ministrations.

Jamey took Jacko's cock into his mouth, concentrating on the head, as his hands continued to pump the shaft. Watching that his teeth didn't scrape the tender flesh of Jacko's crown, Jamey used his tongue to delve into the wide slit.

"Bloody hell," Jacko shouted, gripping a handful of Jamey's hair and spreading his legs farther apart.

The new position afforded Jamey easier access to Jacko's ass. Removing one hand from the wide girth of his cock, Jamey pushed his hand between the moleskins and Jacko's butt. Using two fingers, he began pressing against the hole. When he lost concentration on the cock stuffed into his mouth, his teeth accidentally scraped across Jacko's crown. The next thing he knew Jacko's cum was shooting into his mouth with the force of a fire hose. Pulling off just enough to loosen his jaw, Jamey put his lips over the slit and finished swallowing Jacko's seed. When at last Jacko's cock was drained dry, Jamey licked him clean and looked up at the man he loved.

"Come up here," Jacko beckoned.

Jamey crawled back into Jacko's lap. He gave him a deep kiss and groaned. Pulling back, Jamey worked his sore jaw back and forth.

With Jamey's jeans still undone, Jacko slipped his hand down the back waistband and ran his fingers up Jamey's crevice. When his fingers stopped at Jamey's rosette and started to enter, Jamey couldn't help but to wince. Jacko stopped mid-stroke and looked at Jamey. "I know you told me this morning that you were sore, but why didn't you tell me when you crawled into my lap that you still hurt?"

Chewing his lip, Jamey looked down at his lap. "I didn't want you to keep feeling bad about it."

Removing his hand, Jacko's hugged him. "Always tell me the truth. Even if you think it'll hurt my feelings. The last thing in the world I want is to hurt you."

Jamey nodded his head against Jacko's chest. He quickly decided to change the subject. "Lochie suggested we go into Mandarra for supper. He went to Red's to tell him about the three of us before he finds out from someone else." Jamey kissed Jacko's chest. "I thought maybe we could go a little earlier, because I have some business at the bank and I want to run by the department store."

Kissing Jamey's forehead, Jacko looked out over the field. "Let me do about another hour of planting first then we'll go home and I'll get cleaned up. I guess while we're in town I should buy something a little more decent to wear around here in the evenings too."

Jamey ran his hand over Jacko's spent cock. "I like you in the boxers."

"Yeah, but what if someone stops by or something while I'm outside with them on? It would be better if I found some pajama pants or something."

Jamey crossed his arms in front of him. "I don't know whether I can get through a meal anymore without reaching under the table and being able to pet my new friend."

Chuckling, Jacko nipped Jamey's lower protruding lip. "I'll see what I can find. I wouldn't want you to feel deprived in any way."

* * * * *

Pulling into Red's ten-thousand-acre Kurrajong Station, Lochie stopped next to the verandah. He opened the back door of the ute and looked at Blue. "Come on, boy." Blue jumped out and looked up at Lochie. "Okay. Go find your mates." The blue heeler let out a bark and headed toward the barn.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Lochie looked around. He'd agonized over this conversation for weeks. Despite the way Red had treated Jamey in the past, he was still a good friend. Now that Jacko was a part of his family, he wasn't sure how Red would react. Red's earlier admission of love had thrown Lochie, but he couldn't make his own heart feel something that just wasn't there. He just hoped to hell Red understood that.

He decided to try the house first. Knocking on the screen door, Lochie peered inside through the wire meshed screen as he called out. "Red?"

"G'day, mate," Red's deep voice sounded behind him.

Turning, Lochie flashed Red a smile. "Where the bloody hell did you come from? Don't you know better than to sneak up on a bloke?"

Pulling a rag out of his back pocket, Red wiped his greasy hands. "Just over in the equipment shed working on the tractor. Heard you drive up." Climbing the steps, Red motioned toward the rockers on the porch. "Have a seat and I'll get us a couple of tinnys."

Lochie nodded and sat down while Red disappeared into the house. Looking out over the station, Lochie could see several new faces. The bang of the screen door signaled Red's arrival and he turned to take his beer. "Thanks." Lochie opened his beer and motioned toward the man unloading sacks of feed into the barn. "New bloke?"

Red glanced up from his beer and to where Lochie pointed. "One of my new jackaroos, Ned. Right enough fella. Already had to fire my new manager though. Bloody bigoted ass. I just don't have the stomach for it anymore."

Taking another drink of his cold beer, Lochie chanced a glance at Red. "So, do you still hate me?"

Waving his hand to swat away a fly, Red shook his head. "I needed some new help anyway."

"You know what I meant."

Turning toward Lochie, Red shook his head slowly. "You know I could never hate you. Just wasn't meant to be. No worries."

Although relieved, Lochie couldn't hold Red's gaze any longer and looked out over the station again. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Something I need to say. Something you need to know before you find out from someone else."

"All right," Red said, as he swallowed the last of his beer and crushed the can in his fist.

Clearing his throat, Lochie set his tinny on the floor of the verandah. "You know Jacko's been living with us."

"Yes."

"Well..."

"Bloody hell. Don't tell me you finally noticed the man's in love with you? Bugger, it took you long enough."

Lochie's head snapped toward a grinning Red. "You knew?"

"We all knew. You might've been blind for the past twenty-odd years but none of the rest of us were. Since we were teenagers, Jacko's had eyes for no one but you."

Lochie's mind was reeling. Had he been so afraid of being outed growing up that he hadn't even noticed all his friends were exactly like him? He wondered if subconsciously he'd remained friends with the small group of men because they were all alike. It made sense. He'd hung around quite a few people when he was younger, but only the group he now considered his closest mates had stuck by him.

Red's next question had Lochie's hackles on the rise. "So what's this mean for the kid?" Red asked.

Gazing over at Red, Lochie narrowed his eyes just a bit. "We're all a family now and that's all I'm going to say on it." He wouldn't open his relationship further, even though Red was an old friend.

"Fair enough," Red said as he stood. "Want another?" He motioned toward Lochie's beer on the floor. "Maybe stick around and have some tucker?"

Swallowing around the lump still lodged in his throat, Lochie looked at his longtime mate. "That would be good." He knew in that moment everything had worked out for the best. At least he no longer had to worry about losing a friend.

Chapter Five

Driving into town, Jamey looked at his watch. *Damn*. Maybe they shouldn't have taken their shower together. "You think the bank will still be open by the time we get there?"

Running a hand up Jamey's thigh to cup the ever-present bulge behind his fly, Jacko chuckled. "Well, if someone weren't so bloody horny all the time we'd have gotten to town much earlier. We'll just have to see how it goes." He gave Jamey's cock a slight squeeze before putting both hands back on the steering wheel.

Leaning over, Jamey ran his tongue up the side of Jacko's face. "Can't help but to be horny around a stud like you."

That made Jacko laugh as the ute veered around a hole in the road. "Oh right. I'm such a stud." He winked at Jamey. "Never been called anything like that in my life."

Jamey didn't know what was wrong with people in the bush. Couldn't they see how hot Jacko was? Yeah. They probably could, but were afraid to voice their observations. It was Jamey's turn to tease, so he ran his hand over the baggy crotch of Jacko's moleskin jeans. Yep. Just as he suspected, Jacko was already half-hard. "I'm sure half the county has thought it but you can be a little off-putting when you want to be."

That seemed to surprise Jacko. "What do you mean off-putting?"

Shrugging, Jamey started to unzip Jacko's jeans but Jacko pulled Jamey's hand away and shook his head. "You start that and we'll never get you to the bank on time. Now answer my question."

"You just seem kind of indifferent to the people around you. I noticed it right away." At Jacko's raised brows, Jamey tried to explain further. "You were friendly enough, don't get me wrong. It's just that you're always so quiet. Like you're thinking life through and don't have time to be bothered by anything else."

Slowing the SUV, Jacko leaned over and gave Jamey a bone-melting kiss. "Didn't have a reason to be all smiles and jokes. Mom died when I was just a boy and Dad turned into a drunk." Jacko looked out the windshield, away from Jamey. "Wasn't happy until recently I guess." He looked at Jamey and winked. "I think I'll make up for it though."

"You bet your sweet ass we'll make up for it." Jamey hadn't had an idealistic childhood by any stretch of the imagination, but at least he'd had two sober parents who loved him. The fact that he no longer spoke to his father was an adult decision, not one brought on by horrible childhood memories.

Seeing the change in Jacko's mood, Jamey changed the subject. "Now let's get to town and take care of business so I can *get* to that sweet ass of yours."

Shaking his head, Jacko picked up speed. "Like you're really going to have a go at my ass. You like being the bottom and you know it."

Jamey blushed and sat back in his seat. "Yeah, but who would blame me?" He looked over at Jacko and pursed his lips in a loud kissing sound. "Feel free to top me whenever the mood strikes."

"Oh, I plan on it."

* * * * *

They barely made it into town before the bank closed. Jacko pulled up in front of the old building and looked at Jamey. "You go on. I'm going to the parts store before it closes. I'll meet you over at The Imperial when you're done. We should have enough time to eat and get over to the department store before they close."

Nodding, Jamey got out of the ute and watched as Jacko pulled away. Turning toward the bank, he was stopped by a big brutish man. The guy looked a little familiar, but Jamey couldn't quite place him.

"Hey, you're that poofter of Lochie's, aren't you?" The man towered over Jamey and narrowed his eyes.

Nervously, Jamey stepped to the side and tried to get around the hulking beast.

The man sidestepped and blocked Jamey's way again. "You don't remember me, do you?"

Jamey shook his head and looked at his watch, wishing he were already inside. Looking toward the bank door, he saw a man with a set of keys walking toward the door. "If you'll excuse me. I need to see if they'll still let me in." Sidestepping again, Jamey tried to politely get around the man. He knew physically the man could pound him into the ground. If swallowing his pride and being polite to the asshole would get the bully to go away, then so be it.

"I lost my job because of you. And unless you're going into the bank to get me some of the money you've lost me, the answer's no." The man gripped Jamey's arms so hard Jamey knew he'd have bruises. It wasn't that he was a weakling, but the man was built like an ox.

Looking into the stranger's face, Jamey finally figured out who it was that had a hold on him. A vision of the big man kicking at Jamey's ribs flashed through his mind. "You used to work for Red."

"That's right. Name's Brian. I had a nice-paying job as station manager until you."

Brian gripped Jamey's arm tighter and he couldn't help but wince at the pain. "I didn't ask for you and your friends to beat the shit out of me. I went to what I thought would be a barbecue and ended up almost dead. If anyone's to blame it's you for your own narrow mind." By the time Jamey managed to get his arm free of Brian's grip the closed sign was on the door of the bank. "Great."

"Get out of this town, poofter." Brian started walking down the sidewalk but called back over his shoulder as Jamey started to run across the street. "If you know what's good for you you'll get the bloody hell out."

When Jamey was safely across the street he watched as Brian disappeared down an alley. He bent over and put his hands on his knees, afraid he was going to vomit. It was the first time since the night of the attack that he'd been confronted. Had the guy been

in town all this time? Jamey thought he'd heard the ex-manager had moved on. With the parting threat Brian made, Jamey didn't think the guy planned to go anywhere anytime soon. *Shit*. Taking a deep breath, Jamey walked the block to The Imperial and went inside the pub to wait for Jacko.

He found a table at the back and ordered a beer and a shot of whiskey. Pulling the sleeve of his t-shirt up, Jamey saw the beginnings of an ugly hand-shaped bruise. "Dammit," he mumbled to himself. How was he gonna explain that to the two alphas in his life? He knew he couldn't keep what happened to himself. After the beating he'd sustained both Jacko and Lochie had made him promise to tell them if he was ever bothered again.

Pulling the sleeve down, Jamey picked up the shot of whiskey. He looked at the amber liquid just before downing it. Feeling the burn travel down his throat to his stomach, Jamey inhaled sharply. "Whoo."

Setting the shot glass down, he picked up his beer just as he heard Jacko's voice greeting the bartender. The last thing Jamey wanted was to start a fight between Jacko and Brian. The town still didn't know Jacko was gay and this definitely wasn't the way to come out of the closet. He decided to wait until they got home to tell Jacko and Lochie about his run-in with the town bully. He still had to find out what a poofster was. Brian kept calling him that and he remembered the whole group that had beaten him up at Red's called him that. He wasn't a complete idiot. He knew it had to be a derogatory term for his sexual preference, but if people were going to continue to volley it at him, he wanted to know exactly what it meant.

Jamey felt a warm hand on his shoulder and smiled as Jacko sat down, beer in hand. "Did you make it to the bank in time?"

"Uh...no. I'll have to come back earlier in the day sometime this week. Get what you needed at the parts store?" Jamey took a drink of his beer as he flipped open the menu.

"Ordered it. It'll be here on Friday. Can you wait that long to come back to the bank or do you want me to run you back into town tomorrow?"

"Friday's good." Jamey winced at the slight crack in his voice, but he wasn't in any hurry to chance meeting up with Brian again. He hoped to hell Jacko hadn't noticed.

"You okay?" Jacko's foot nudged Jamey's.

Jamey glanced up. He could see the concern in Jacko's face. "Yeah, I'm fine. I think I'd rather get something to go and eat it on the way, though. Kinda want to get you alone." He mentally crossed his fingers Jacko would buy it. "We can come back later this week and go to the department store."

A foot slid up his leg to his shin. "Okay."

While they waited for their steak sandwiches, Jamey drank two more beers. Jacko kept a close eye on him but said nothing until he went to order a third. "Trying to get pissed?"

"Huh?" Jamey said as his head shot up. "I'm not mad."

Rolling his eyes, Jacko chuckled. "Haven't you lived in Oz long enough to know the slang? Pissed means drunk."

"Oh. Uh...no. I'm just thirsty."

"Then I'd suggest a cola." Jacko leaned in and whispered in his ear. "Can't very well fuck the life out of you if you're passed out."

That was enough to have Jamey pushing his beer bottle toward the center of the table. "I'm done."

Laughing, Jacko slapped Jamey on the back. "I thought you might say that." Suddenly Jacko stopped laughing and stared toward the bar.

Peering over his shoulder, Jamey saw Brian standing with three of his friends, looking at them. Jamey didn't know if the guys beside Brian were the other people who had beaten him up that night but from the look on Jacko's face he guessed they were.

When Jacko started to stand, Jamey put a hand on his arm. "Forget it. Let's just get our food and go. We have better things to do than try to fight four men."

Jacko glanced down at Jamey for a few seconds and then back to the smirking men. "You're right. Lochie would kill me if anything happened to you." Jacko signaled for the waitress. She held up her finger and went back toward the kitchen.

Reaching over, Jamey snagged his beer and finished it off. *Man, he was going to hear it when Jacko and Lochie saw his arm.*

The waitress brought over a to-go bag and handed it to Jacko. She followed Jacko's stare to Brian and his mates. "Best if you two get out of here while the pub is still in one piece. Charlie said the food was on the house."

Digging money out of his front pocket, Jacko smiled at the waitress and handed her some money. "That's okay, Miranda. Keep the change." Nodding toward Jamey, he looked toward the bar. "Let's go."

Jamey stood and tried to hold his head high as he walked past Brian. He was almost to the door when he heard Brian call him a poofter again. He turned back just in time to see Jacko stop in his tracks and turn around toward Brian. "Jacko. Come on. Let's go home." Jamey turned and left, heading as quickly as he could to the SUV. He just prayed Jacko would follow.

Several seconds later, Jacko walked toward Jamey. They climbed into the vehicle and headed out of town. Jamey dug out the sandwiches from the bag and unwrapped Jacko's for him. Handing it to him, he had to ask, "What's a poofter?"

He could see the muscles in Jacko's jaws tighten several times before he answered. "I don't want you to ever say that word again."

"Fine. I won't say it. But at least tell me what it is. I've heard it several times now, and I don't even know what kind of look to put on my face. I mean, I can tell it's not good and I imagine it has something to do with me being gay, but I'd like to know." He took a bite of his sandwich before he realized that his mouth was as dry as dirt. Picking up the bottle of water he had in the SUV, he took a drink and waited.

"Any man who doesn't act like an ill-bred mongrel like Brian and his mates, they reckon is a sheila."

"Oh." Jamey noticed Jacko's hands gripping the wheel until his knuckles were white. He decided to keep his mouth shut until they got home. He wouldn't put it past Jacko to turn around and tear the pub apart.

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Getting out of the SUV, Jamey noticed the sexy man lounging on the verandah. He smiled and walked up the steps. Lochie was sound asleep with his comfy shorts on. God, did he love those shorts.

Looking over his shoulder to make sure Jacko was coming, Jamey turned back toward Lochie. He was so cute when he slept. His bottom lip always jutted out in a childish pout. He felt Jacko behind him and was pleasantly surprised when Jacko's hand ran over his ass. Well, maybe Jacko wasn't as mad as he'd thought.

Wiggling his ass for Jacko, Jamey leaned in and placed a kiss on Lochie's lips. Lochie opened his eyes and his mouth at the same time as Jamey pushed his tongue into his mouth. *Someone's been drinking whiskey.*

He broke the kiss when he felt Jacko's hands on his cock, rubbing him through the thick denim. "Mmm. That feels nice."

Lochie's hand joined Jacko's as they worked together to get Jamey's jeans unfastened. As Lochie unzipped him and started pulling his pants down, Jacko bent over and took off Jamey's boots. Once his jeans were off, Jamey stood looking from man to man. "Well? You've got me mostly naked and hard. Now what?"

Not wasting time, Lochie unzipped his shorts and pulled out his hard cock. Spitting into his palm, he spread the moisture over the length of his cock. "Ride me."

The chair was just wide enough for Jamey to get a foot on either side of Lochie's hips. Stepping up on the chair, Jamey felt hands separating his ass cheeks. Jamey

wincing and jerked his body forward, away from the touch. "Sorry. Still a little sore back there."

Jacko removed his hands and kissed Jamey's neck. "Thanks for being honest."

Jamey shrugged. "I guess a few good things have come out of our talk earlier." Which reminded him. "Carry me inside, boss. I want to go to bed and hear about your visit to Red's house." Jamey batted his long curly black lashes and grinned.

Rolling his eyes, Lochie looked over at Jacko. "Can you carry this big baby to bed? I can't very well stand up and walk with my damn shorts around my ankles."

Jamey nipped Lochie's chin. "Your baby."

"You know it."

Jacko scooped Jamey off Lochie's lap and headed for the bedroom. Jamey felt safe and loved in Jacko's strong arms. He cuddled against the bigger man's chest and sighed. "I love it when you guys carry me." He knew it wasn't very manly of him, but what the hell. If he liked it and his guys liked it, what was the problem?

"You need to use the bathroom?" Jacko asked, when they reached the hall.

"Yep," Jamey answered. He had a very set bedtime ritual which involved peeing, brushing and usually lubing his hole, but tonight he'd just take care of the first two items.

Jacko set Jamey on his feet. "Can you walk to the bed when you're finished or should I wait and carry you, Your Highness?"

"Thank you, servant boy, but I can manage from here." Jamey winked as he shut the door.

After cleaning up, Jamey looked into the mirror and peeled the sleeve of his t-shirt up. "Oh fuck," he whispered as he looked at the bright purple and blue bruise. Lochie and Jacko would have no problem seeing how it got there either. You could almost take fingerprints off the bruise. The perfectly formed purple and blue finger impressions were as plain as day. Jamey knew he had to hide the bruise for at least the rest of the

night. He wouldn't put it past them to storm into town and get into a fight with Brian and his buddies.

With the shirt sleeve back in place, Jamey turned off the bathroom light and headed toward the bedroom. He found Jacko and Lochie already undressed and cuddled together in the center of the bed. "Is this a private party or can anyone join?"

They broke apart just enough to look over at Jamey. They each extended a hand but it was Lochie who spoke. "Not just anyone, but you'd better get that sweet ass over here before we come and get you."

Flipping off the bedroom light, Jamey began undressing in the dark. "Hey," Jacko grumbled. "What, no strip show tonight?"

Divesting himself of the rest of his clothes, Jamey slid between the sheets only to be pulled into the center of Jacko and Lochie's embrace. "Didn't want to get the two of you too excited. I'm sleepy," he lied.

Jacko's rough hands traveled down Jamey's torso to his half-hard cock. He plucked at the piercing as Lochie's hands found their way to Jamey's nipple rings. Jacko chuckled as Jamey's cock quickly began to fill. "Don't seem too tired to me."

"I'll never be too tired to get it up with two gorgeous men fondling me." He thrust into Jacko's hand. "Okay, you've convinced me. Do your worst, guys. Just stay away from the ass." Jamey spread his arms and legs as far as he could and let his two men love him.

Chapter Six

The sound of Blue barking woke Lochie in the middle of the night. It took him several seconds to untangle himself from the bundle of arms and legs. Getting free, he pulled on his shorts and walked toward the verandah. It was unusual for Blue to bark like this unless something was trespassing on the homestead. Usually it was nothing more than a wild animal but just in case, Lochie grabbed his registered shotgun from its place over the door.

"Bloody hell." Lochie turned back and opened the door. "Jacko, wake up. I need you and Jamey out here *now!*" Lochie screamed, and then took off toward the small equipment shed fully engulfed in flames. Lochie yelled at Blue to stop barking and get to the verandah.

Instead of following his master's orders, Blue went to the road and continued to bark. "Blue," Lochie yelled, as he turned toward the barking dog. He was just about to reprimand Blue again when a thought struck him. He ran over to Blue and knelt down, setting the butt of the rifle on the ground beside him. "Is someone out there?" Lochie looked down the graveled road. It was still too dark to see anything but the way Blue was carrying on, he was sure something or someone was there. What if the person who'd set the fire was still around? Was he just trying to draw them out of the house so he could do something worse? *Shit.*

Spotting Jacko and Jamey stumbling out of the house and racing toward the shed, Lochie called to them. "I'm over here. Blue seems to think there's someone down the road. You two stay here. I'm going to get the ute and see if I can find whoever's responsible for this." Lochie took off without a backward glance.

Jamey glanced at Jacko. "Why aren't we trying to put out the fire?"

Jacko wrapped an arm around Jamey and kissed his forehead. "This homestead is set up to withstand one of the buildings catching on fire. Around here unless it's a matter of life or death you don't waste the water trying to fight it. These buildings are set far enough apart that unless a strong wind comes up it should be contained to that shed."

Leading Jamey by the hand, Jacko walked into the big shed and picked up a couple of shovels. He handed one to Jamey. "Our job will be to make sure the fire doesn't spread. Not much grass around, but there are a few blades here and there. Just flip dirt over the top of any sparks you see."

Nodding, Jamey gave him a quick kiss. Turning back toward the fire, he looked at the burning building. "Lochie has insurance, right?"

Closing the equipment shed door, Jacko walked with Jamey toward the burning building. When they were as close as they could get he turned toward Jamey. He started to say something and stopped abruptly, his eyes zeroing in on Jamey's arm.

Jamey knew before he even started questioning that Jacko had seen what he'd tried earlier to hide. He flinched as Jacko lifted Jamey's arm toward the firelight. Jacko's jaw started clenching and unclenching. "Who did this?"

Taking a deep breath, Jamey pulled his arm out of Jacko's grasp. "My arm's not important right now. We've got a fire to watch."

Narrowing his eyes until they were mere slits, Jacko took another step until he was nose to nose with Jamey. "Fuck the bloody building. You're more important to me than a shed. Now I'm going to ask again. Who did this?"

Jamey tried to look away but Jacko reached up and held Jamey's face in a gentle but firm grip. "Jamey?"

"Brian. He stopped me before I could go into the bank." Jamey jerked his face out of Jacko's hand. He knew Jacko was just concerned and feeling protective but Jamey couldn't help but to feel like a weakling who couldn't take care of himself. He'd never

really had this problem before coming to Australia. Not that he'd been in a lot of fights, but he sure as hell hadn't backed away from them either.

He tried to break away from Jacko but he was held in a tight embrace. Jamey pushed against the other man's chest. "Look. You get mad when those guys call me a poofter yet you and Lochie both treat me like one. So yeah, maybe I let you two carry me around, but that doesn't make me any less a man. I'm a man, dammit! Stop treating me like some fragile weakling." He pushed hard and Jacko finally let him go with his mouth open in surprise at Jamey's outburst. "Let's just watch the fire. I told you I'd talk to you later." Jamey picked the shovel off the ground where it had fallen and walked around to the other side of the shed.

He didn't know how long he walked the perimeter of the shed looking for stray sparks but when he heard Lochie's truck, he stopped and looked up. He swallowed, knowing what was coming. It wasn't that he didn't appreciate the obvious show of love and concern from the two men, he was tired of being protected. He needed to stand up and pull his own weight if he was going to last in the Australian bush for the long haul.

Deciding to meet the problem head-on, Jamey walked toward the vehicle where Jacko was already in an animated conversation with Lochie. As he approached the two men, they both stopped and looked at him with their hands on their hips. Jamey held up a hand to stop their questions before they started. "Later," he replied. "Tell me what you found out there." Jamey motioned toward the gravel road.

Looking at Jamey, Lochie's gaze went immediately to the bruise on his arm. He started to reach out but seemed to stop himself. "I followed a cloud of dust for miles. There was definitely someone else driving in front of me, but I never caught up to them. At this time of night, and with us being miles from other homesteads, it tells me the fire was intentionally set." He looked at Jamey's arm again. "I've a strong feeling it was the same person responsible for that." He nodded his head toward Jamey's arm.

Jamey peered back over his shoulder at the burning shed. It was burned almost to the ground now and he could see the blackened skeletal remains of the four-wheelers he'd just bought Lochie, Jacko and himself. The shed held only them and some miscellaneous tools. Nothing that couldn't easily be replaced but what would Brian and his blokes torch next? That's what he was afraid of. The fire was set because of him. No one in town, including Brian, knew that Jacko was even with them. Unless...had they overheard him tell Jacko they needed to go home? Had he outed Jacko without even realizing it? Jamey's stomach turned at the thought of someone setting fire to the house while they slept. He loved these two men with all his heart but if walking away would keep them safe he'd do it.

Making up his mind, he turned on his heel and started toward the house. When he heard Lochie and Jacko start to protest, Jamey held up a hand. "I need a moment." He kept walking without turning around.

* * * * *

After Jamey disappeared into the house, Lochie looked at Jacko. "What's wrong with him? Doesn't he know how much we love him?" Lochie ran a hand down his dusty face. Eating dust for almost two hours while worrying about Jacko and Jamey had taken its toll.

Slipping his arm around Lochie, Jacko pulled him in for a comforting kiss. "He's angry. I'm not sure if it's at us or himself. He told me earlier when I questioned him about his arm that you and I get angry when people call him a poofteer yet that's the way we treat him." He shook his head at Lochie, questioning, "Do we treat him like that? He just seems so small and fragile compared to us. I can't help but want to protect him after what happened at Red's barbie."

"I don't know. Up until now, I thought Jamey liked us babying him, carrying him around and shit. Now I'm not so sure. The one thing I am sure of though is that Brian and his mates wouldn't hesitate to hurt Jamey again. I know he's a man. Bloody hell. If

he wasn't I wouldn't be in love with him. Even so, he's no match for Brian. So how do we let him save face while still protecting him?" Lochie asked.

They walked hand in hand toward the smoldering shed. "Let me think on it awhile, while we wait for the fire to burn itself out," Lochie added. He picked up a shovel and started flipping dirt onto the burning charred remains of the shed.

A few moments later, Jamey rejoined the effort, but refused to look at either Lochie or Jacko. Lochie decided to give Jamey the space he seemed to need, at least for now.

An hour later, Lochie felt the fire was sufficiently contained. "I think that's good enough. Why don't you go get a shower, Jamey?" He hated to sound like he was ordering Jamey around, but he needed to talk to Jacko in private.

With a short nod of his head, Jamey handed Lochie his shovel and retreated to the house. Lochie looked over at Jacko and sighed. He watched as smoke continued to rise through the loose tan soil, wondering what to do next. The sun was up and it was already getting hot. Wiping his brow, he looked toward the house. He hoped like hell Jamey would cool down enough to talk because they had a lot of it to do.

Walking back over to where Jacko still shoveled dirt, he touched his arm. "Come on. Let's go get this over with."

Jacko stopped and looked at Lochie. "If we decide to go after Brian and his mates we'll have to include Jamey. It's the only way."

"They'll bloody kill him if he tries to fight back."

"He's a man. He needs to stick up for himself or he'll lose self-respect. It won't be easy on either of us, but we'll be there to patch him up. I'm afraid if we try to deny him he'll leave."

Lochie's jaw dropped. "He wouldn't do that, would he? Leave us because we won't let him fight?"

Leaning in to give Lochie's dirty face a kiss, Jacko nodded. "I think he just might. If the position were reversed I think we'd do the same thing. Maybe he wouldn't leave right away but sooner or later he would."

Biting his bottom lip, Lochie looked into Jacko's eyes, trying to think about a future without Jamey. "Guess we need to talk to him. I'll try to refrain from carrying him around at the drop of a hat. Maybe ask if he wants us to teach him how to fight." Lochie wrapped his arm around Jacko's waist and the two men walked toward the house. "I just hope you're right."

They found Jamey sitting at the kitchen table with a cuppa in his hand. Jacko walked over and bent to give him a kiss on the top of his clean head. "We're going to take a quick shower. Pour two more of those and we'll be back."

* * * * *

Clean and dressed in their work clothes, Jacko and Lochie returned to the kitchen. Jacko sat across from Jamey, while Lochie took the chair to his right. Picking up his tea, Lochie took a drink while trying to assess Jamey's mood. Setting the cup down, he reached across the table and took hold of Jamey's hand and Jacko's. Jacko reached for Jamey's other hand, forming a united circle.

Gazing down at the table, Jamey still hadn't made eye contact. Lochie cleared his throat until Jamey looked up at him. "I love you, babe."

"I know," Jamey whispered. "I love you both." His eyes went from Lochie's to Jacko's. Jacko nodded his head in reciprocation.

Giving Jamey's hand a slight squeeze, Lochie continued. "We need to figure out what to do about Brian and his mates so we'll be ready the next time. Jacko and I talked about it and we want you with us when we confront them."

Jamey's eyes rounded as he looked from Lochie to Jacko. "You want me there? To fight?"

Lochie nodded his head. "We're a family. We solve a problem together or we won't solve it at all."

Appearing stunned, Jamey blinked several times. "Why the change?"

"Because Jacko made me realize that we might be protecting you too much. I don't want you *ever* to think we see you as less than what you are. It's natural for us to want to protect you, but that's because we love you so much. After what happened at Red's..."

"We don't ever want to see you that hurt again," Jacko finished for him. "Brian and the rest of those blokes won't fight fair. We all know you're just not as big as we are."

Lochie saw the hurt of Jacko's statement in Jamey's face. He pushed back his chair and held out his arms. "Come here." He could tell Jamey wanted to come to him but didn't want to appear like a weakling. "Jamey," he looked at him and continued to hold out his arms, "if Jacko weren't so damn big I'd have him in my lap all the time too. If you want, I'll try to refrain from carrying you around, but there's nothing wrong with sitting on my lap. Now get that sweet ass over here."

With a deep breath, Jamey stood and straddled Lochie's lap. Lochie pulled him against his chest and sighed. "I love holding you. I love that you're who you are." He tilted Jamey's chin up with his finger. "You're as sexy as hell and I would be lying if I told you I didn't like the thought of protecting you from the world. It's part of who I am. But I understand why you need to prove something to Brian and yourself. When it's just us here at the house though I like that you let me pamper you. I like that you're so much smaller than I am. You fit perfectly in my arms."

Lochie watched as a single tear slipped over the rim of Jamey's eye and trickled down his cheek. "If me being here is going to cause you harm I can't do it. I love you too much. What if that shed had been the house? You didn't have these problems until I came here."

"I didn't have love either. I was lonely and bitter." Lochie wiped the tear from Jamey's cheek and kissed him.

"You and Jacko would have found each other eventually. You've loved each other for a long time. It just took the right circumstances for you both to open up."

"You're that circumstance. You are the glue that holds this family together. Bloody hell, we're both two strong-headed blokes. Left alone we'd probably kill each other in the first month. You're our creamy filling."

Jacko must have felt left out because he stood and towered over Jamey and Lochie. "Let's take a nap." He didn't wait for an answer just turned and started pulling off his clothes on the way to the bedroom.

Looking at Jamey, Lochie winked. "You feel like a nap?"

Faking a yawn, Jamey stretched his arms out. "God, I'm feeling sleepy. Do you mind if I have a nap?"

Chuckling, Lochie placed his hands on Jamey's ass and stood. Remembering his earlier resolution, he released his lover and let his feet touch the floor. With a shake of his head, Jamey climbed back up Lochie's body and wrapped his legs and arms around Lochie. Jamey kissed Lochie's neck and whispered in his ear. "I'll always be your baby, and if you feel like carrying me, I won't stop you."

Lochie grinned as he carried Jamey toward the bedroom. He must not be the only one who enjoyed the intimate gesture.

Chapter Seven

After stopping by the police station the next morning to file a report on the burned shed, Lochie and Jacko escorted Jamey to the bank. Lochie brushed his hand over Jamey's back as they entered the small-town establishment. "We'll wait here by the door."

Jamey turned and smiled at him. "I think you two look like a couple of bodyguards. It's obvious Brian isn't here so why don't the two of you wait outside." He gave Lochie a pleading look and batted his long eyelashes.

Taking one more look around the bank, Lochie gave Jamey a short nod. "We'll be just outside." He turned to Jacko who was still scoping out the small lobby. Lochie shook his head and chuckled. "We look more like we're getting ready to rob the place to me. Come on." He tugged on Jacko's arm until he got his attention.

"What?" Jacko seemed annoyed all the sudden.

"Let's wait outside for Jamey to take care of his business." Lochie turned and pushed open the door and waited for Jacko to have one last look around before following him.

When they were standing on the sidewalk, Lochie stuck his hands in the front pockets of his jeans and leaned against the building. "What's with you this morning?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacko's eyes swept over the street and sidewalk. "Thought he'd be safe when I dropped him off before. Don't plan on making the same mistake twice."

It was then that Lochie saw the strain on his lover's face. Lochie had been so tied up with thoughts of the fire and Jamey's bruise that he hadn't really stopped to think how all of it was affecting Jacko. He pushed off the side of the building and walked closer to

the man he loved. When he was standing next to him, he lowered his voice so as not to be heard by passersby. "It wasn't your fault."

Not looking at him, Jacko's eyes continued to roam the landscape. "Really? You think if I'd been with Jamey, Brian still would have grabbed him like that?" He took his eyes off the street long enough to glance over at Lochie. "What if something worse than a bruise on the arm had happened? Would you still say it wasn't my fault?"

Taking a huge chance, Lochie took Jacko's hand. "It's Brian's fault and we'll deal with him." Lochie gave Jacko's hand a brief squeeze before letting go again. He refused to entertain thoughts of what might have happened.

They stood side by side on the sidewalk until Jamey came out. Lochie and Jacko automatically separated and Jamey stepped in between them. He looked up at Lochie. "Now what?"

"Do you have any other business to take care of before we go get a drink?" Lochie's voice was calm and smooth.

Biting his lip, Jamey scratched his curly head. "Well, we could go by and see about ordering some new four-wheelers."

"I think we'll wait for the insurance money to replace them. We can make do with the utes for now."

Crossing his arms, Jamey's bottom lip protruded just a bit. "But that could take months. I like our evening rides. Why can't we just buy them now and you can pay me back when the insurance money comes in?"

Smiling, Lochie shook his head. He never could say no to Jamey when he did that cute little lip thing. He was sorely tempted to bend down and take a nibble of that plump bit of pink flesh. "Come on then."

A wide grin broke out over Jamey's face. His cute dimples were just begging for Lochie's tongue as he headed for the farm store. They'd have to order the four-wheeler, but at least they'd have them within a couple of weeks. Jamey turned to Jacko and nudged him with his elbow. "I'm getting red this time. What about you?"

His smile was so infectious that Jacko actually grinned down at him. "Doesn't much matter what color it is. You'll only be able to see the paint job for a couple of weeks before it gets buried under a thick layer of dust and dirt."

Rolling his eyes, Jamey picked up the pace. "You guys are no fun."

* * * * *

After placing their orders for three new four-wheelers, Lochie led the way to The Imperial. Jacko wouldn't relax until they were safely back in the ute driving home. He politely nodded to people he knew as they called out but refused to get into a conversation with anyone. Right now all his attention was centered on finding and dealing with Brian.

Stepping into the dark smoky pub, Jacko blinked several times trying to adjust his eyesight. He followed Lochie and Jamey to a back corner table, taking a seat with his back toward the wall. They knew before coming into town they might have to wait for quite a while. According to their information from Red, Brian made a habit of stopping by the pub at some point every evening.

It had taken a lot of talking to keep Red away from town today. Jacko imagined Red still felt guilty not only about the way he'd treated Jamey himself, but also about Brian and the other three hired hands that Red had fired after they'd beat Jamey up.

It was still a little early for lunch, so they all ordered soft drinks as they settled in to wait. Glancing over at Jamey, Jacko could tell he was nervous. Fidgeting in his chair like a boy, Jamey couldn't manage to sit still.

He caught Jacko looking at him and shrugged. "I've never really been in a fight. I mean, I've thrown a few punches, but I was the guy everyone liked growing up. Of course, I'm not counting the fight at Red's since that really wasn't a fight at all."

Jacko rubbed his booted foot against Jamey's. "You'll do fine. Just try to pick out the smallest bloke if it comes to that."

"Yeah right. Have you seen the smallest bloke in here? You're lookin' at him. I don't know what you all ate growing up, but I'm sure it had some sort of growth hormone in it." Jamey spotted a huge man at the bar with his back to them. He nudged Jacko's foot with his and pointed toward the guy with blond hair. "See what I mean? You ever see anyone so big in your life? Damn hormones, I'm tellin' ya."

Once again Jamey's sense of humor eased Jacko's tension. He felt his shoulders loosen just a bit and he actually grinned. "A bloke's got to be strong to live and survive in the bush." He reached across the small table and poked Jamey's biceps. "You're filling out nicely. Just wait. A couple of years from now you'll be as strong as any bloke in the state."

That made Jamey crack up. "No shit? Will I grow another six inches too?"

"Behave," Lochie said, as he tried his best to keep from laughing. "I like you just the way you are. You get too big and I won't be able to cart you around."

They joked around for another hour before ordering lunch. After eating they were all starting to get a little cranky. Jacko watched Jamey drain yet another bottle of pop. Being the predictable guy that he was, Jamey soon stood.

"I'm going to the restroom." Then he got a mischievous gleam in his eye. "Cover me." He crouched down like he was about to embark on a covert operation.

Lochie threw his balled-up napkin at him. "Smart-ass."

Jacko laughed too, but stood and looked at Jamey. "I'll do just that. I need to go as well." He followed Jamey into the men's restroom.

When they pushed the door open they were both surprised to see the blond from the bar at the first urinal. Shaggy blond hair fell just to the man's shoulders and his blue eyes sparkled when he looked over at them. Jacko noticed Jamey staring at the guy with his tongue practically hanging out of his mouth.

"Hey," Jamey greeted and walked over to the urinal, unzipping his jeans.

"Hey," the Adonis said back. "I know this isn't exactly the time to ask, but I'm looking for a ride to Kurrajong Station. I wasn't supposed to get in until Friday but some things changed and I'm early. I tried to call but no one's answering. I could always walk, I guess, but well..."

"That's Red's place. We can take ya. You're American, right?" Jamey asked, eyes sparkling.

Jacko felt like growling a warning to the blond stud to keep away.

"Born and raised in Montana. You're a Yank too, I take it." The blond guy shook off and zipped up.

"Yeah. I'm from Kansas City. Name's Jamey." He nodded toward Jacko. "That's Jacko."

"Nice to meet you two. I'm Zeb River. Red hired me over the phone. I'll be the new station manager at Kurrajong." Zeb moved toward the sink and washed his hands as Jamey and Jacko finished up.

Jacko looked Zeb up and down before speaking. "You go on out. There's a table right outside the door with a big rough-looking Aussie. His name's Lochie and he's with us. We're Red's mates. Just introduce yourself and have a seat. We'll be out in a few minutes."

Zeb looked at Jacko for a few seconds and then nodded as he walked out the door. As soon as the door was shut, Jacko had Jamey pressed against it. Jacko devoured his mouth as he ran his hands through Jamey's curls. "Mine."

Chuckling, Jamey stared into Jacko's eyes. "Yeah. So?"

"I don't like you looking at other men." He pressed his hardened cock against Jamey.

"Was just looking. I've got no need to touch." He ran his hands up Jacko's arms. "I've got all I can handle with you and Lochie."

Jacko already knew that, but it was nice to be reminded. After kissing him again, Jacko pulled back and looked into Jamey's eyes. "Just remember that." He ground himself against Jamey. "I'm going to fuck you into the mattress when we get home."

"Promises, promises." Jamey winked and pinched Jacko's nipple.

By the time they got out to the table, Lochie and Zeb were having a discussion about Brian and the reason Red was in need of a new manager. Jacko was surprised to see the compassion in Zeb's eyes as he neared the table. His opinion of Zeb shot up dramatically.

Jamey took a seat and smiled around the table. "Talking about me, I see."

"Just trying to fill Zeb in on why we can't take him to Red's straight away." Lochie took a drink and sighed. "Although I'm getting bloody bored just sitting here."

Holding up a finger, Zeb's eyes twinkled. "I've got a deck of cards in my duffel if anyone's interested in a game."

Jacko and Lochie both looked at Jamey. "As long as it's for fun and not money. Take it from us, Jamey's a shark," Jacko chuckled.

* * * * *

They spent the afternoon getting to know Zeb and playing cards. Jamey was still a little sore that they wouldn't play him for money, but he tried to make the most of it. At home they didn't play for money either. Usually it was for clothes, which Jamey didn't mind a bit. Today's games weren't nearly as exciting although he did catch a couple looks from both Lochie and Jacko. Apparently he wasn't the only one thinking about their wild games of strip poker.

"Damn, Jamey. Lochie and Jacko weren't kidding when they said you were a card shark." Zeb threw his losing hand on the table just as loud voices carried through the door of the bar.

Jamey knew who it was without even looking. Jacko and Lochie had both gone tense. He watched as Lochie's hand clenched into a fist. He wanted to reach across the

table and soothe the savage beast but knew that would only get them into a fight that much faster. Standing, Lochie let his presence be known to Brian and his group of friends.

“Well, if it isn’t Lochlan McBride and his girlfriend,” Brian bellowed across the bar.

Jamey winced at the reference.

The statement brought Jacko to his feet in seconds. He looked over at Lochie and then at Jamey. “You sure you want in on this?”

Before Jamey could stand, he noticed Zeb push back his chair to stand beside Lochie. Taking a deep breath, Jamey stood and turned toward the men at the bar. The look of hatred on Brian’s face knocked him back for a second. Why should he be hated? He’d never done a thing to Brian. Thoughts of his beating at Red’s and the fire at Lochie’s vanquished all rational thought and Jamey marched toward Brian, shaking with rage. “What the hell is your problem? I’ve done nothing to you. Or is that the problem? Would you like me in your bed instead of Lochie’s?”

That was the last lucid thought Jamey had before a fist came flying at his face. In the next second he was sent crashing against Jacko’s steel-hard chest as blood erupted from his nose. “Son of a bitch.” He tried to regain his footing but Jacko pushed him behind his back.

“You proved your point, Jamey. Now it’s our turn.”

Jamey watched Jacko return to the erupting fight as he dug a rag out of his pocket and held it to his nose. When he saw two men trying to take on Jacko he stood and tried to get his balance. No way was he going to hide in the corner.

Pushing himself away from the table, Jamey went to help Jacko. He landed several good hits before he was knocked back once again. Picking himself up this time, Jamey went back for more. Hell, by that point his face was damn near numb anyway. Standing up for himself felt good though. Even if he knew he’d pay for it later.

He wasn't sure what had happened but the next thing he knew he woke in Lochie's arms with one hell of a headache. Reaching up, Jamey tried to hold his head when Lochie grabbed his hand.

"Sit tight, babe. Jacko's getting the ute from down the street. We've got to get you to emergency."

Emergency? Trying to look at Lochie was making him dizzy. He saw two gorgeous faces gazing down at him. "What happened?"

"Nathan hit you on the side of the face with a stubby. You've got a fairly large split running the length of your jaw. Just relax and we'll get you taken care of." Lochie ran his free hand down across Jamey's chest.

What the fuck? He'd been hit with a beer bottle? He thought that only happened in the movies.

"What about Brian?" he asked.

Lochie looked toward the door. "They gave up and dragged their wounded out about five minutes ago, muttering something about them getting the bloody hell out of town."

Jamey had more questions but he couldn't keep his eyes open. His world faded to black.

* * * * *

Looking in the rearview mirror, Lochie made eye contact with Jacko. "He doing okay?"

Jacko glanced down at the sleeping man in his arms. "He's all right. I don't know what the doctor gave him but it's knocked him out good."

Lochie nodded and peered over at Zeb, who was nursing sore knuckles. Their new friend had done a good job of keeping him and Jacko from killing Brian's partner in crime, Nathan, when they saw Jamey hit the floor. Zeb had quickly taken care of the bloke he was fighting and went to Nathan. Wrapping his arms around Nathan, he said

something Lochie couldn't hear but then Nathan's eyes got big and he nodded. When Zeb released him, Nathan called out to his mates and picked Brian up off the floor where Lochie had left him. They were out of the bar within minutes.

Thinking of it now, Lochie turned to Zeb. "Thanks for the help back there, mate."

Still rubbing his bruised knuckles, Zeb smiled at Lochie. "I haven't had that much fun in a while. Thanks for letting me join in." Zeb looked at Jamey in the backseat. "Let me know if you have any more trouble. He's a nice kid."

"Not a kid," Jamey piped up from the backseat.

Lochie slowed down and pulled to the side of the road. Turning around in the seat, he reached back and ran his fingertip over Jamey's lips. "Hey, baby. How're you doing?"

Jamey opened his eyes and kissed Lochie's fingertip. "Sore. I'm a lover, not a fighter." He tried to smile but winced when the stitches in his jaw pulled tight.

"You're a great lover. Although I saw you did manage to get a few punches in of your own." He ran his fingers through Jamey's hair. "We'll be home before you know it. Why don't you curl back up in Jacko's arms and go to sleep? We've got a lot of boo-boos to kiss when we get you home."

"Mmm. I like the sound of that." Jamey squirmed in Jacko's lap and soon his eyes fluttered closed.

Lochie watched Jamey until he was sound asleep and then turned back around and put the ute into gear. He realized that Zeb had heard what he'd said to Jamey. "Sorry if I made you uncomfortable." He wasn't about to apologize for what he'd said, but he did realize that not everyone was comfortable with words of love being spoken between two men.

"Don't be sorry. If everyone had that kind of love in their lives the world would be a much happier place." Zeb turned and looked out his side window.

"You have anyone special back in the States?" Lochie couldn't help himself from asking.

"Not anymore," Zeb mumbled.

Chapter Eight

Pulling into Kurrajong Station, Zeb nodded. "Nice operation," he said, looking over at Lochie.

"Red's set up real nice out here. He's lucky he has the river running through the middle of his station. Good for the cattle and the crops." Lochie pulled up and parked next to the verandah. "How'd you find out about the job, if you don't mind my asking?"

Running his fingers through his messy, windswept hair, Zeb paused before answering. "I wanted to get out of the States for a while and saw Red's ad on the internet. Since I grew up on a large cattle ranch in Montana, I thought it would be a perfect fit." He opened his door and stood beside the ute. "So, before he shows up, can you give me any pointers on my new boss?"

Smiling, Lochie stood on the other side of the ute. "Red? Aw, he's a pussycat. He likes managing the business side of the station more than actually working it. He does get out with his jackaroos a couple times a year for roundup and culling but he should stay out of your hair for the most part. You've already got a distinct advantage going for you."

"Yeah? What's that?" Zeb got his duffel and saddle out of the back of the ute.

"Well, you're obviously not turned-off by the sight of gay men. Red has very little tolerance for bigots. He's lost not only the four we fought with today but also the manager he hired to replace Brian because of it." Lochie opened the back door and stuck his head inside, getting a few tender kisses from Jamey and Jacko. "You stay here with Jamey while I introduce Zeb to Red."

Lochie didn't need to look far. Red was quickly approaching from the direction of the house.

"It's about time you guys got here."

Lochie waved at Red. "Yeah well, after we called to let you know we were coming, the doc decided to give Jamey a couple of X-rays just to make sure there were no broken bones." Lochie left Jamey in Jacko's capable arms and walked toward Red. Shaking hands, the two friends gave each other a quick hug.

Red looked through the open window at Jamey and shook his head. "How's the face?"

Still a little groggy from the pain medicine, Jamey shrugged and lifted his hand to his bandaged jaw. "Well, no one will call me pretty after this."

That got a reaction out of everyone, especially Lochie and Jacko. Walking back over to the ute, Lochie stuck his head through the open window. "Are you crazy? Nothing's sexier than a beautiful man with a scar." He looked back at Zeb and Red. "Isn't that right?"

"Hell yes, that's right. The scar will make you even sexier." Realizing he'd just called Jamey sexy, Red glanced over at Zeb.

Zeb held up his hand to assure Red he wasn't a bigot. "Relax. It's hard to be prejudiced against your own kind."

Red cleared his throat until Lochie, Jamey and Jacko looked over. "You want something cold to drink before you get back on the road?"

Lochie shook his head. "I think we need to get Jamey home. Thanks for helping us out, Zeb." Lochie turned his attention to Red. "Hopefully Brian and his blokes will leave us alone, but I might need to call on the two of you again if that's all right."

"Anything you need, mate. You know that." Red shook Lochie's hand and then Jacko's. He stood in front of Jamey and ruffled his hair. "We may not have started out on the right foot, but I consider you a friend now. In this country friends stand up for one another."

Lochie walked over and shook Zeb's hand and patted him on the back. No words were needed, so none were spoken.

Glancing in the rearview mirror, Lochie made eye contact with Jamey. Despite knowing it had done Jamey's confidence a world of good to stand up for himself, Lochie still couldn't stomach the memory of Jamey going down after being hit with the bottle. "Love you."

Shifting a little in Jacko's lap, Jamey reached forward and ran his fingertips over the bruise on Lochie's cheekbone. "Love you." Jamey turned his face toward Jacko and gave him a light kiss. "Love you too."

Jacko squeezed him tighter and kissed him back. "Good. Because the two of you own my heart."

Fingering his bandage again, Jamey looked from Jacko to Lochie and tried to smile. "That was one hell of a fight, wasn't it?"

Laughing, Jacko ruffled Jamey's curls. "It bloody well was. Did either of you see Zeb fighting that really big guy? It was like he was just playing with the man. It wasn't until he saw Nathan hit Jamey with the bottle that he finally got serious." Jacko shook his head. "I don't know where that man learned to fight, but my guess is he's done a lot of it."

Lochie nodded and looked back out the windshield. Yep. There was something about Zeb that he just couldn't put his finger on. He smiled at the thought of Red having his hands full with his new station manager. Although the way Zeb seemed to be checking Red out, Lochie'd guess Zeb would like to be Red's handful. The thought had him chuckling.

A bronzed hand landed on his shoulder. "What's gotten into you?"

Looking back at Jacko, Lochie smiled. "Just thinking about Zeb and Red." He gave Jacko a wink. "I give them ten days, two weeks tops before they're sharing a bed."

Eyebrows raised, Jacko whistled. "You got all that in the ten minutes we were there? Damn. If you're that good at reading people why'd it take you so long to read me?"

Lochie reached up and covered Jacko's hand with his own. "Because I was so ashamed of who I was I didn't dare look too closely at you." He squeezed Jacko's hand. "I'm sorry about that. But it's good now, right?"

"It's good. If I didn't have this sleeping man in my arms, I'd be all over you." He kissed the top of Jamey's head. "But when we get home your ass is mine."

The thought of Jacko's cock buried deep in his ass had Lochie's cock filling instantly. He squirmed in his seat and pushed the gas pedal a little closer to the floor.

Chapter Nine

Two days later Jamey was sitting alone on the verandah when a cloud of dust appeared down the road. He automatically got out of his chair and went into the house, locking the front door. He knew Lochie and Jacko were working in the sunflower field by the river and would be there for at least another two hours.

Peering through the curtain, Jamey watched as a pickup pulled into the yard and parked behind Jamey's SUV. He let out a sigh of relief when he saw two of Jacko and Lochie's old friends, Trev and Chooka, get out of the dusty truck. Unlocking the door he walked out onto the verandah. "Hey, guys." He hadn't seen much of the two men since the night of Red's barbecue. He sure hoped he wasn't the reason they'd been staying away.

Making their way up the steps, both Trev and Chooka gave Jamey a friendly hug, putting his mind at ease. When he happened to see the looks passing between the two men, he knew they weren't here for a friendly visit. Jamey backed up a little and narrowed his eyes at his new friends. "Who told you?"

"Red," Trev said as he walked toward one of the chairs on the verandah. "Called and told us to keep a lookout for those blokes whenever we were in town." He sat down and took off his hat, sitting it on his knee. "Where's Jacko and Lochie?"

"They're in the north field. You guys care for a beer?"

Chooka nodded and took a seat beside Trev. "Sounds good."

Jamey nodded and went into the house for the beer. He still couldn't read Chooka and Trev very well. Sometimes they looked and acted like lovers and then other times they looked like they were merely friends. Pulling out three cans of beer, Jamey went back out to the porch. "Here." He gave one to Trev and then one to Chooka and took a

seat. "So how're your crops looking this year?" Jamey knew the two men farmed land that sat side by side.

Chooka took a drink of his beer and looked at Jamey. "Who the hell knows for sure what the season will produce? Out here it's always a crapshoot. We managed to get all the sorghum planted and with a little irrigation it seems to be sprouting nicely but..."

They all three nodded. Life wasn't easy when you were a farmer during a drought. Jamey was searching for something else to say when the phone in the house rang. He stood and looked at his company. "I'll be right back."

Jogging through the living room, Jamey picked up the phone on the fourth ring. "Hello?"

Jamey waited for a reply. When none came he said again, "Hello? Is someone there?"

"I'm coming for you."

Pulling the receiver away from his ear when the dial tone sounded, Jamey bit his lip and closed his eyes. Dammit, hadn't they gone through enough? He placed the phone back in its cradle and dug out three more cans of beer. He stopped on his way out of the kitchen and looked at the phone hanging on the wall. He knew he needed to tell someone or face the wrath of his lovers upon their return.

Picking up the beer, he made his way back out to the verandah. Chooka looked up when Jamey came out the screen door.

"What's wrong?" He took one of the beers Jamey held out.

Licking his lips, Jamey gave the other can to Trev and took his seat. He reached down and picked up his earlier drink, finishing it off in two swallows.

"Jamey? Who was on the phone?" Trev asked.

Opening his second beer, Jamey looked from Trev to Chooka. "Brian, I imagine."

Trev scooted to the front of his chair and leaned toward Jamey. "What do you mean you imagine? What did he say?"

Swallowing, Jamey looked at Trev. "That he's coming for me." Jamey jumped at the speed in which Trev and Chooka got to their feet.

Looking out over the yard, both men stood in front of Jamey. Trev looked back over his shoulder. "You need to call Lochie and Jacko."

"I can't. The satellite phone isn't working, and I haven't bought another one yet." He took another gulp of his beer even though his stomach was tied into knots.

Chooka looked at Trev. "Why don't you go find them and bring them back here?"

Trev nodded his head and looked back at Jamey. "Which paddock are they working?"

"The one Lochie calls the north paddock, by the river."

Walking down the steps to his truck, Trev stopped as he opened the door. "Why don't the two of you wait inside? Chooka, maybe you should call Red?"

Nodding, Chooka stood. He opened the door and waited for Jamey to enter first. He waved and Trev roared off in a cloud of dust.

* * * * *

Out of the tractor checking his planting depth, Lochie spotted the dust cloud on the road in the distance. He stood and started walking across the newly planted field toward the road. A horn sounded and Lochie picked up his pace. Soon he was running toward what looked like Trev's pickup.

"Where's Jacko?" Trev yelled before Lochie could reach him.

By the time Lochie made it to the truck he was out of breath. "Down the road." He bent over with his hands on his hips, trying to catch his breath. "Why? What's wrong?"

"Someone called to threaten Jamey a few minutes ago. Told him he was coming for him. I had Chooka take him in the house and put a call in to Red."

His first instinct was to go home to protect Jamey, but Lochie knew how Jacko would react to the news coming from someone else. He started running toward his ute, hell-bent on finding Jacko as quickly as possible. He yelled back at Trev. "Go back to the

house with Jamey. I'll go find Jacko and meet you there. If you need it, there's a licensed shottie over the front door and shells in the silverware drawer in the kitchen." He wanted to add shoot the bastard on sight, but didn't.

Getting in the ute, Lochie fired it up and took off in a spray of gravel. He caught sight of the old tractor Jacko was using and started honking the horn. Slamming on the brakes, Lochie ran toward the tractor, waving his arms. The tractor stopped and Jacko climbed down and started running toward Lochie.

Motioning Jacko toward his vehicle, Lochie ran back and turned the ute around while waiting for Jacko. The door was thrown open and a breathless Jacko jumped into the front seat. "What's happened?"

With the gas pedal pushed to the floor, Lochie sped toward home. "Someone called Jamey, most likely Brian. He told him he was coming for him. Trev and Chooka are with him and Chooka was calling Red."

Lochie tried to remain as calm as possible as he sped down the dirt and graveled road. At least Jamey wasn't alone. *Shit*. What would've happened had Chooka and Trev not been there?

"Fuck," Jacko shouted and pounded his fist against the dash. "We need to call the law. Something needs to be done."

Lochie pulled into the yard in a cloud of dust. He barely managed to get the ignition turned off before he was racing toward the house and up the stairs. The door opened for him and Jacko as they reached it. Jamey flew into Lochie's arms.

Burying his face in Jamey's black curls, Lochie held him tight, being mindful of his still-injured jaw. "Don't worry, babe. We'll get him before he can hurt you again." He kissed Jamey's forehead and tilted his chin up. Lochie searched Jamey's eyes. "You doing okay?"

"I'm fine. Just glad you're home." Jamey held out his arm for Jacko.

Not appearing to care that Chooka and Trev were there, Jacko immediately stepped into the three-way embrace. Lochie looked over Jamey's head to Chooka. "You get a hold of Red?"

"He'll be here as soon as he can. I think he was going to try to find his new manager to come with him. He said he had a license and would bring a couple more shotties."

Lochie cursed silently. He hated getting his friends involved. With the county's gun laws, any of them were likely to get into trouble for brandishing a weapon, license or no license.

"I think I'll go put a call into the authorities," Lochie said, giving Jacko and Jamey a kiss before going into the kitchen.

Jamey watched his partner leave, the tension obvious in the set of his shoulders. He wanted to follow Lochie, but he didn't want it to appear that he was hiding out. "Would anyone like something to eat?" he offered.

Jacko squeezed Jamey's hand. "That would be great. We might be here awhile."

As Jamey started to leave the room, he heard Jacko issuing orders to his friends. "Chooka, I think we need to close the curtains and make sure the windows are all locked."

Jamey turned and walked into the kitchen. Lochie was on the phone cussing at the police, he presumed. Looking in the fridge and freezer, Jamey couldn't even remember why he'd come in. When Lochie slammed down the phone, Jamey sighed. "No luck, I take it."

"Assholes. They said since there's been no real threat made their hands are tied. They told me if something changes to give them a call and they'll send someone out." Lochie scrubbed his hands over his face and back through his hair. He looked up at Jamey. "What are you doing in here, babe?"

Turning back toward the fridge, Jamey got out the stew meat he'd cut up earlier in the day. "I need to keep busy, so I thought I'd cook something for everyone to eat. Does everyone like beef stew?"

Lochie raised a brow. "Can't say as I've ever had it. I can remember my dad making something like that with lamb but not beef."

"Okay. Well then I'm making beef stew. You want to help me chop some vegetables? Since I reckon Jacko will want someone to be in here with me, I don't see that I should have to do all the work." He sauntered up to Lochie and ran his hands around Lochie's waist. "I'll let you kiss the cook."

Rolling his eyes, Lochie gave him a quick kiss. "Hold that thought while I go tell Jacko and the mates what the police said."

Lochie left and Jamey got out the big skillet and turned on the gas burner. He suddenly realized he hadn't seen Blue. Jamey turned off the burner and ran to the living room. Lochie was standing in front of the large picture window talking to Jacko, Trev and Chooka. "Blue," Jamey said, as he skidded to a halt. "I haven't seen Blue for a while."

Lochie looked from Jamey to Jacko. "Have you seen him?"

Jacko's jaw tensed as he shook his head. "Did he come out when Trev and Chooka drove up?"

Jamey shook his head. "Why didn't I notice?" No sooner had he got the words out than four arms enveloped him.

Kissing Jamey's temple, Lochie sighed. "We'll find him, babe." Lochie looked at Trev and Chooka. "One of you want to come with me to the big shed? That's usually where he sleeps during the day if he's not under the verandah."

Grabbing at Lochie's sleeve, Jamey shook his head. "You can't go out there. If something's happened to Blue then that just proves someone's out there. Can't you just try calling him first through the window?" Jamey ran a hand through his messy hair.

Trying to soothe him, Lochie gave him a slow, deep kiss. "We'll try it."

Lochie walked over to the door and opened it a crack. "Blue? Come on, boy!" Lochie whistled and repeated the call several times. You could've heard a pin drop as they waited for some sign from their beloved pet.

A thought struck him and his knees went weak. "If Blue didn't come running when Chooka and Trev pulled up that means that Brian and his thugs were already here or are here." He grabbed onto the front of Lochie's t-shirt. "Please don't go out there. It hurts enough that something's probably happened to Blue. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if something happened to you too. Please."

Looking at the tears shimmering in Jamey's eyes, Lochie felt his own beginning to burn. He blinked several times, trying to dispel the moisture. He'd never live it down if his mates saw him cry.

Jacko leaned in and gave both of them a kiss. "We'll see what happens when Red and Zeb get out of their ute. They're pulling up now." Jacko picked up Lochie's shotgun and went to the front door. He looked over at Chooka. "Keep your eyes peeled to those sheds. Brian and his friends will probably be hiding behind one of them."

Chooka nodded and stood to the side of the window, peering out.

Stopping his truck behind Lochie's ute, Red—with Zeb right behind him—didn't waste any time getting into the house. Red had his shotgun and Zeb had a large canvas bag Lochie assumed was carrying shells and other gear. Closing the door behind them, Jacko threw the lock into place.

Jamey looked at the rifle in Red's hand for several seconds. "You think the guns are really necessary?"

Lochie nodded. "I don't know why Brian's targeting you, but if he's out there, it isn't a friendly visit." Lochie turned toward the rest of the group. "What's the plan? Are we going to wait for Brian and his blokes to attack us or do we flush them out?"

Zeb stepped forward and looked at the group. "The first thing that we need to do is post someone at windows on all four sides of the house. Let's give it an hour to watch for any movement in the yard. If no one sees anything within the hour, we'll go out."

"But there are only two guns," Jamey interjected.

Lochie nodded. "We should team up into pairs if we have to go out. Whoever stays in the house will have to arm themselves with whatever else they can find."

"I agree," Zeb said, opening the canvas bag he'd carried in. He withdrew three walkie-talkies. "I only have three but one should stay in the house. When we go outside each pair will carry one."

He stopped talking and looked Lochie in the eye. "If we go outside only one of you should go."

"What the hell are you talking about? Jacko and I should go out together as a team." Lochie stalked toward Zeb until he was nose to nose. "Who made you the boss anyway?"

Red put a hand on Lochie's forearm. "He knows what he's doing. Let him finish."

Lochie pulled his arm away from Red and looked at Zeb.

Moving his head from side to side until his neck popped, Zeb continued. "If you and Jacko go out there together and something happens, it will most likely happen to both of you. Jamey doesn't strike me as the type to get over the death or injury of the two people he loves."

Hearing a noise behind him, Lochie spun around. Jamey had knocked the lamp off the end table. His lover was as white as a sheet. "Jamey," Lochie said, starting for him.

Jamey held up his hand. "I don't want this. Any of it." Jamey's eyes zeroed in on Lochie's. "I won't risk losing you and I sure as hell won't risk your friends. This is my fight."

The men around Lochie exploded with denials. He reached out and put his hands on Jamey's shoulders. After pointedly looking at Chook and Trev, he returned his

attention to the man he loved. "Brian's targeting you because he sees you as weak simply because you're gay. Look around, babe. This room is full of gay men. You may not think it's our fight, but it is."

Jamey glanced around the room. "Can I at least make a suggestion on how to do this?"

Lochie searched Jamey's face. He knew his answer meant everything. This is the point where he allowed the man he loved to step up. "Sure," he finally answered.

With a smile and a satisfied nod, Jamey turned to the rest of the group. "Brian wants me. Whether it's because I'm weaker, queer or he secretly finds himself attracted to me. Whatever the reason, it's me he's focused on."

Lochie didn't know if he liked the way this was going. He reached out and grabbed Jamey's hand.

"I say we give him what he wants," Jamey declared.

"No!" Jacko shouted, coming up to stand in front of Jamey.

Jamey gave Jacko a quick kiss. "Yes. But you didn't let me finish. I'll go out with two of you holding shotguns. The others can try to sneak up on them from behind. I'll try to draw Brian into a verbal assault first. That should give us his location."

"And then what?" Jacko asked. "We just let him shoot you?" Jacko shook his head. "No. No way."

Lochie rubbed the back of his neck. "I hate to say this, but it's a damn good plan."

"Are you crazy?" Jacko turned his anger on Lochie. "Who's to say the minute Jamey steps out that door Brian doesn't just start shooting?"

"Who says they even have guns?" Jamey interrupted. "Hell, there's a roomful of farmers and ranchers right here and we only have two shotguns between us. This isn't the United States where anyone can get hold of a gun if they want one."

Jamey gave Jacko a hug. Lochie could see the tension in Jacko's shoulders as he wrapped Jamey in his arms. "I can't lose you," Jacko whispered.

Jamey put his hand to the side of Jacko's face. "I really don't have a death wish. If I seriously thought I'd be shot walking out that door, I wouldn't do it." Jamey gave Jacko a soft kiss. "I need you to believe in me. You guys spend all your time doing for me and trying to keep me from harm. Well, now it's my turn."

Jacko looked at Lochie. "I'd like to walk out with him."

Lochie wanted to stomp his foot and refuse, but did he have the right? If the three of them were equal partners, why should his desires come before Jacko's? Besides, if he really thought something would happen to either of his men, he wouldn't have agreed to the plan in the first place.

Without answering Jacko's request, Lochie turned to his friends. "Can you guys take the watch while I take the two men I love into the bedroom so we can have a few minutes before we go out?"

They all nodded and Red went to sit beside the front window, out of sight but still able to see out. The rest of the men dispersed in various directions.

Lochie led both Jacko and Jamey down the hall by the hand. When they closed the bedroom door and made sure the curtains were drawn, Lochie pulled them both down on the bed. "You both know how much I love you, right?"

Jamey and Jacko nodded. "I think Red and Jacko should walk out with you," he told Jamey. "But know that I'll be close. I won't let anything happen to either of you."

"I know," Jamey said, trying his best to smile. "We'll get the shitheads run out of town so they'll never give us a moment's trouble again."

Done talking, Lochie kissed Jamey, delving his tongue into his lover's warmth. He could be perfectly content to lie here and wrap himself in his love for these two men. A grunt from Jacko let him know someone was feeling left out. Breaking his kiss with Jamey, he watched as Jacko kissed their man.

He knew he'd never be able to express to Jamey just how proud he was. After this crap was all said and done, none of them would ever again think of Jamey as the weakest of the group.

Knowing the longer Brian and his crew stood out in the heat, the angrier and more agitated they'd become, he smacked Jamey's ass. "We'd better get this over with before I chicken out of the whole idea."

Standing, he pulled his lovers to their feet. "Let's go take out the trash."

Before his eyes, Jamey seemed to grow by inches. With his shoulders squared and determination on his face, Lochie knew he was looking at his future. Regardless of what happened, Jamey was a changed man. Lochie suddenly felt guilty. Had his constant babying done more harm than good?

He was still mulling it over when they stepped out of the bedroom.

While Red, Jacko and Jamey made a show of standing at the front door, Lochie, Chooka, Trev and Zeb slipped out the back. Lochie gestured for them to spread out and circle around behind the sheds.

He gripped the shottie in his hand tighter. At the last moment, Jacko had given him the gun and told him he'd trust Red to keep them safe until Lochie could find Brian. As Lochie made a large circle through the untended brush, he hoped Jacko's faith was founded.

He was only about a third of the way to his targeted shed when he heard Jamey's voice, calling Brian out of his hiding place.

"I'm here. You want me, you cocksucker? Well, here I am."

Lochie inwardly cringed. The point of Jamey walking out of the house was to create a diversion, not piss Brian off even more. Lochie picked up his pace. A warning shout across the yard drew Lochie's attention. His guess was Zeb had caught one of the little fuckers.

Evidently Brian had the same idea. From that point on, everything seemed to happen in slow motion. A crack sounded and Lochie watched as Jamey was thrown back and onto the ground. Jacko immediately tried to cover Jamey's body with his own.

Lochie tried to run toward Jamey and hold his shotgun to his shoulder at the same time. He spotted Brian step out of the shadows at the side of the big equipment shed with a rifle aimed toward Jacko. Diving toward his partners, Lochie put himself between Jacko and the gun aimed right at his back.

Hearing another shot rend the air, Lochie watched as Brian crumpled onto the dirt. Several more gunshots were heard as Red tried to protect the men on the ground, but Lochie was too concerned about Jamey. After making sure Jacko was okay, Lochie scooped Jamey up and started running toward the house as the gunfire continued. When he reached the verandah the post beside the stairs exploded. Lochie ducked and took the stairs two at a time. Jacko pushed past him and opened the door.

Placing Jamey on the bed, Lochie saw the rapidly growing crimson stain on the front of his t-shirt. He left Jacko and ran to the bathroom. He came back with towels and a pair of scissors. Lochie cut Jamey's t-shirt at the ribbed neck and tore it down and off. He saw the hole in Jamey's shoulder right below the clavicle and covered it with a towel.

Looking at Jacko, Lochie felt numb. "Go and call the district hospital. Ask them if they have a helicopter available." Jacko looked down at Jamey's pale face and took off.

"Come on, baby. Stay with me. You know we can't make it without you. Remember? You're our cream filling, our glue." Lochie was so engrossed in talking to Jamey and applying pressure to the wound, he didn't even notice when the gunfire stopped. It wasn't until he heard Zeb yelling and running down the hall that he looked up.

Zeb came barreling through the door with his canvas bag in hand. "Jacko's talking to the hospital." He went around to the other side of the bed and opened his bag. "I need you to trust me, Lochie. I can help him until we can get him to a doctor." Zeb pulled out a box of first-aid supplies and set it on the bed. "Do you trust me?"

Lochie was so confused he didn't know what to say. Finally he nodded and looked back down at Jamey. "Help him if you can."

Pulling the blood-soaked towel away from the wound, Zeb looked at it and then looked at Lochie. "I need you to help me turn him to his side. I need to look at his back."

Rolling Jamey gently, Zeb came around to Lochie's side of the bed and looked at Jamey's back. "The bullet's gone clear through. That's good. Our main problem is we need to stop the bleeding. I'm going to pack his wound with gauze and then we'll apply as much pressure as we can until help arrives."

Jacko was back and standing over Lochie. "They don't have anything in the area. We'll have to drive him. They'll be ready for him when we get there. I also told them we have two other injuries but the police will need to transport them. Red's calling the police." Jacko gripped Lochie's shoulder. Lochie turned his head and kissed his partner's hand.

"What happened to the rest of Brian's men?"

"Trev and Chooka have two of them tied up and Brian and another one aren't going to be running anytime soon," Jacko whispered as Zeb began to pack the hole in Jamey's shoulder.

"So Brian's not dead?"

"No. But thanks to Zeb he'll permanently have a limp."

Lochie's head shot up and he looked at Zeb. "Thank you. That was some bloody good shooting."

Other than a slight nod of acknowledgement, Zeb didn't comment on his actions. When he had the wound fully packed he grabbed two more towels off the bed. "Red, I need you to hold this against the wound and I need Jacko," he handed Jacko the other towel, "to hold this to Jamey's back. Apply as much pressure as you can while I try to get that sliver of wood out of Lochie's arm."

"Huh?" Lochie asked, confused. "What are you talking about?"

Pointing toward Lochie's arm, Zeb took the scissors and cut away the long-sleeved shirt. Embedded in Lochie's arm was a piece of wood from the post that had been shot as he was getting ready to climb the stairs. The wound looked painful as hell to Lochie but the funny thing was he didn't even know it was there.

Checking out the chunk of debris, Zeb shook his head. "I don't think I'm going to mess with it. Right now there isn't much bleeding but that's a pretty big piece of wood. I have no way of knowing how deeply it's buried. You'd be better off waiting and having a doctor remove it."

Lochie nodded, "Let's stop worrying about my splinter and get Jamey to the hospital."

Jacko waited for Zeb's hand to replace his on the towel. Once Zeb had taken over, Jacko nodded and picked Jamey up off the bed. Running through the house with Red and Zeb still trying to apply the pressure needed to Jamey's shoulder wasn't easy. Jacko looked at Lochie, who'd passed them in the hall. "We should take Trev's pickup. I think we'll need to ride in back so we can maintain pressure on the wound. There won't be room for all of us in the ute."

Lochie nodded and ran out of the house. Trev was in the yard with Chooka watching over their prisoners. Both Brian and Toby were holding their legs. Brian had a belt wrapped around his. "Trev, we need to take your truck."

"Keys are in it. Call when you find out something."

"Hey, what about us?" Brian yelled. "You can't just leave us here to bleed to death."

Watch me. Lochie spat on the ground next to Brian. "The police will be here in a few. Guess you should have thought of it before you came onto my station wielding guns. I've no room in the truck for a bloody bastard like you." Lochie gave Trev and Chooka a nod and ran to the truck.

They quickly loaded Jamey in the back, still in Jacko's arms with a heavy blanket thrown over him. Red and Zeb continued to apply pressure to the wound. Jacko hit the

back window to signal to Lochie that they were ready and he took off at lightning speed toward the hospital.

* * * * *

"Jamey? Jamey, it's time to wake up. Come on, babe, open your eyes for us." Lochie's voice wrapped around Jamey like a warm blanket, pulling him up out of the darkness. He tried to open his eyes several times but only managed a flutter of his lashes.

"That's it. Come back to us. Jacko and I need to see those baby blues of yours."

Trying again, Jamey was able to open them a crack. The bright light in the room hurt his sensitive eyes and he closed them again quickly. "Too bright," he croaked through a dry and scratchy throat.

"Why don't you turn off the overhead light?" Lochie asked Jacko. "Okay, Jamey. Try it for us again."

Jamey slowly opened his eyes a slit and looked into the faces of the men he loved. He gave them a slow smile. "Water," Jamey pleaded.

Reaching over to the small side table beside his bed, Lochie poured water from the pitcher into a small glass already set up for him. He held the glass and placed the straw at Jamey's lips. "Just a few sips." Jamey took several sips and nodded to Lochie. After putting the glass back on the table, Lochie bent and gave Jamey a kiss. "We were so worried."

Elbowing Lochie out of the way, Jacko bent and brushed his lips across Jamey's. "Don't ever try to protect us like that again." He kissed Jamey again. "Love you," Jacko whispered against his lips.

"Love you too," Jamey sighed. His brain was so fuzzy he couldn't remember what had happened after he walked out of the house. "Brian?"

Jacko looked over at Lochie and then back to Jamey. "He's down the hall. After he shot you, Zeb shot him in the thigh. Zeb's still at the police station trying to get

everything sorted. The others are in police custody. They'll probably be charged with possession of unregistered firearms, something the police and Zeb, oddly enough, seemed very interested in.

"The main thing you need to know is that Brian will never again hurt you. He'll go to jail for sure. He not only came after you but was stupid enough to shoot an unregistered rifle without a license. Australian police don't think too highly of that." He squeezed Jamey's hand. "Brian and his mates were there before Chooka and Trev arrived. Seems they were waiting for Lochie and me to get home. Brian wanted the two of us to see you die." He smiled and winked at Jamey. "One of his mates is singing like a bird to the police. None of them know why Brian hates us all so much. He kept insisting to them that he needed to rid the bush of perverts."

Jacko bent over and kissed Jamey's forehead. "No one will ever again hurt you."

Jamey tried to look down at his chest. He vaguely remembered the pressure to his chest as he was thrown back by the impact of the bullet. "How am I?"

Lochie took over the conversation as he brushed the hair out of Jamey's face. "You'll be okay. You lost a lot of blood but we were lucky that Zeb was there. He packed the wound, which helped. You'll be sore and you'll have to go through some therapy. The bullet tore through some of the muscles but the doctor doesn't think you suffered any lasting damage. You'll have another scar to add to your collection though."

"Blue?"

Lochie's jaws tensed and he slowly shook his head. "Chooka found him behind the equipment shed. It appeared that he didn't suffer much."

Jamey felt the burn in his eyes moments before the first tear fell. He knew how much Lochie loved his dog. "He was a damn good dog," Jamey whispered.

Looking down at Jamey, Lochie wiped the tears from his cheeks. "I asked Chooka and Trev to bury him deep in the ground under the verandah. It was his favorite place to sleep on a hot day. I think Blue would be pleased."

"I'm sorry, boss." Jamey squeezed Lochie's hand.

Lochie simply nodded and wiped at his own tears.

Jamey yawned and Lochie cupped the side of his face. "Go back to sleep, babe. Get strong so we can take you home where you belong." Jamey nodded and his eyes drifted shut.

* * * * *

A week later, Jamey was back in Jacko's arms for the ride home. He'd promised to go back into town three days a week for additional therapy but for now all he cared about was getting home.

Snuggled against Jacko's broad chest, Jamey felt happy and safe. "I wanna do something for Chooka, Trev, Red and Zeb." Jamey looked up at Jacko. "What would you suggest?"

Kissing his forehead, Jacko seemed to think about it for a moment. "You could let them win at poker from now on." He grinned down at Jamey.

"Yeah, like that's gonna happen. I was thinking more like a party or something. Maybe a new piece of farm machinery. I don't know. Something to help them out." Jamey couldn't help himself as he burrowed his warm hands under Jacko's t-shirt. The feel of Jacko's skin had his cock stirring for the first time in a week. That more than anything told him he was getting better.

"They won't take your money but a barbie might not be a bad idea. Of course it should wait until after harvest, which is still several months away. We could do a long weekend barbie. Would you want just them or everyone that lives around?"

Pushing up Jacko's shirt, Jamey licked the dark pebbled nipple. Jacko's thighs automatically spread as he moaned. "Just them, I think. I want to be comfortable enough to kiss the two of you if I want. Maybe we could all go away on a short vacation. Lord knows I have the money." Jamey finished by latching on to Jacko's nipple and sucking up a mark.

Groaning, Jacko started unzipping Jamey's jeans. "Been too long. I need to feel you."

The ute swerved as Lochie looked in the rearview mirror. "Bloody hell. Wait ten more minutes and we'll be home so we can all play."

Evidently, Jacko couldn't wait that long and pulled Jamey's hard cock out of his pants. He began stroking Jamey as he licked his lips. "Damn. I just need a little taste." As he was bending over, Lochie slammed on the brakes, almost throwing Jamey out of Jacko's arms.

Within seconds Lochie was in the backseat, devouring Jamey's mouth as he waited his turn on Jamey's cock. "Mmm," Lochie moaned. He reached down and thumped the back of Jacko's head. "My turn."

With his lips wrapped around Jamey's shaft, Jacko shook his head. He sucked harder as Lochie started his way down Jamey's body. Jamey thrust up into Jacko's mouth and moaned his appreciation. "So good." God, he'd missed being the center of Jacko and Lochie's attention. The worst part of spending the week in the hospital was sleeping alone at night.

When Lochie went to give Jacko a shove, the motion jarred Jamey's shoulder and he cried out in pain before he could stop himself. Both men immediately stopped what they were doing and looked at Jamey.

Now it was Jacko's turn to cuff Lochie on the head. "See what you did?"

"Me? I'm not the one holding him," Lochie bristled.

"Guys. Guys! Can we stop laying blame and maybe just get home where we can all stretch out and be more comfortable?" Jamey rolled his eyes at the two men. "I swear. Sometimes it's like I'm the referee between the two of you."

Both men looked at Jamey with sheepish grins on their faces. Lochie leaned forward and kissed him. "See, babe. I told you. You are the glue that keeps us together. I'll get us home." Lochie looked at Jacko and pointed his finger. "And you stay off his cock until we get him to bed."

“He bloody well started it.” Jacko looked down at Jamey. “Behave yourself for another ten minutes.”

Jamey wrapped his hand around his aching cock. “I’ll keep my hands to myself for the rest of the drive.” He gave his cock a few strokes and moaned.

Lochie jumped in the front seat and set a new speed record for getting home.

Epilogue

"Come on, Jacko. Please," Jamey begged as he batted his lashes at Jacko. For all Jacko's bravado, Jamey secretly knew he'd get his way in the end.

"What if someone comes by? How in the bloody hell are you going to explain three naked men in a sunflower field?" Jamey grinned and Jacko grudgingly began to undress. "You know you're never going to develop those pictures, don't you?" He tossed his shirt to the ground and started on his boots.

Geez, Jamey remembered Lochie him saying almost the exact same thing last harvest.

"Oh, but I can. I bought a digital camera and the color printer to go with it." He stuck his tongue out at Jacko. "Now stop being a baby and take it off."

Sighing, Jacko removed his pants and stood in front of Jamey completely naked. "There. Now what?"

"Pick up your clothes and follow me." Leading Jacko and Lochie by the hand, Jamey walked into the sunflower field. He'd found a spot earlier in the day that would be perfect for his photo session. They walked into the small ten-foot-by-ten-foot clearing he'd created, where he already had a blanket spread. "I want some pictures of the three of us in front of the sunflowers, and then I'm planning to take a few shots on the blanket. I packed a picnic so we can stay until sunset because I want some silhouettes of the three of us against the fields."

Raising his eyebrows, Jacko looked at Lochie. "Is he serious?"

Nodding, Lochie rolled his eyes. "Yeah, he's serious. We had to do this photo shoot thing last year too. Although I have to say the pictures turned out bloody terrific."

Jamey stood with his hand on his hip. "Are you satisfied now, Mr. Skeptical?" At Jacko's grin and nod, Jamey positioned them against the flowers. He went over to the ladder he'd set up earlier in the day and climbed on top.

Peering through the lens, Jamey was disappointed to see that although Lochie was hard as usual, Jacko wasn't. It must be the nerves getting the better of his manly man, Jamey thought. Although still damn impressive soft, Jamey wanted pictures of his men in full glory.

With a wicked grin on his face, Jamey started stroking his own erection while trying to balance on top of the ladder.

"Are you crazy? You're going to fall. Get down from there." Jacko started to walk toward Jamey, but Jamey put his hand up.

He'd have to think of something else. Fidgeting with his camera, Jamey bobbed up and down a little on the rung of the ladder. It was just enough movement to make his cock bounce. Looking through the viewfinder, Jamey grinned as Jacko's cock began to fill. He noticed Lochie's was beyond full and starting to drip pre-cum. "Lochie, reach down and give Jacko's cock a few sturdy strokes. I want him as hard as you are for this shot."

Glancing down at Jacko's cock, Lochie smiled up at Jamey. "I'll do better than that, mate." He dropped to his knees and began licking his way around Jacko's filling shaft. The picture the two men made was pure art and Jamey began snapping photos.

Jacko looked like every man's fantasy with his hands on his hips and his head thrown back in apparent ecstasy. When he started thrusting into Lochie's mouth, Jamey got so excited he almost dropped the camera. He took a few more shots before he positioned the camera on the tripod and set the timer.

Falling to his knees in front of Jacko, Jamey ran his tongue around the base of his cock while Lochie swallowed the crown. Running his mouth lower, Jamey swiped his tongue over Jacko's heavy sac.

Gripping the top of Jamey's head, Jacko grunted. "I'm going to come."

Quickly working his way back up to the dark-colored shaft, Jamey swirled his tongue just under the crown and smiled as Jacko yelled their names as he came. Lochie did well to catch most of Jacko's seed, but Jamey was rewarded when Lochie released his hold and Jamey slipped his lips over the head.

After licking Jacko clean, he looked up to find his two loves kissing so passionately, Jamey almost lost it. He crept quietly away and took his camera off the tripod and started shooting more pictures. Jamey was in awe of the love he was witnessing right in front of him and captured it forever on his memory card. "Damn, you two are beautiful," he whispered reverently.

They broke their kiss and Lochie held out his hand to Jamey. "Come here."

Jamey put down the camera on the blanket and motioned Jacko and Lochie over. "Why don't the two of you come over here and cuddle with me on the blanket?"

Not waiting for an answer, Jamey spread out in the center of the blanket, his body open and waiting for his loves. He opened his eyes when he felt a wet tongue on the tip of his aching erection. Smiling, Jamey looked down at Jacko. "You see something you're hungry for?"

"Always hungry for you." Jacko relaxed his jaw and swallowed Jamey down to the root.

"Uhh. Oh. Christ." He couldn't help but to thrust himself farther down Jacko's throat. He turned his head to see Lochie digging in his jeans pocket for a small tube of lube. "Whatcha doing with that?"

Lochie squirted out a good-sized dollop and ran his hand up and down his weeping cock. "Thought I'd grease the pole for you, babe."

"Yes." Jamey hooked his arms under his knees and brought his legs up to his chest. Jacko helped him hold his legs as he continued to lick and fondle Jamey's cock. "Fuck me."

Squeezing a little more lube from the tube, Lochie ran his fingers over Jamey's tight pucker. Slipping one finger inside, he leaned over and kissed Jamey. "You think you want this?"

Surprising him, Lochie went from one finger to three, stretching Jamey quickly. There was a moment when the pinch of pain threatened to overwhelm him but it was gone as soon as Lochie brushed his finger over his prostate gland. "Oh yeah. Right there."

Grinning, Lochie pegged the gland again and pulled his fingers out of Jamey's body and replaced them with the head of his shaft. With a devilish look on his face, Lochie thrust all the way in Jamey's ass.

"Oh fuck!" Jamey screamed as his body arched up off the ground. "Hard. I need it hard."

When Lochie's hips started pistoning against Jamey's ass, Jacko pulled off his cock and took Jamey's mouth in a tongue-tangling kiss. "This is too pretty to waste." Jacko reached over to the corner of the blanket and retrieved Jamey's camera. He started snapping pictures. First of Jamey's face in ecstasy and then a few close-ups of Lochie's cock sliding in and out of Jamey's body.

"Fuck," Jacko said as the camera's low battery light came on. "Do you have more batteries?"

Jamey managed to point toward the camera bag. "Better hurry though, because I'm about to blow."

Jacko changed the batteries with the speed of a professional photographer. Jamey reached down to stroke his cock and Jacko was right there, snapping pictures. "We are so getting arrested for these pictures."

"Gonna come," Jamey wailed at the top of his lungs.

Trying to decide between taking pictures of Jamey's spurting cock and taking them of his beautiful face, Jacko decided he had to capture that perfect face. Jamey would probably argue that fact with him, given his long facial scar, but Jacko still thought it was perfect. By the time he turned the camera back to his cock Jamey was almost finished. "Squeeze one more out for me, Jamey. I want a picture so you can see how perfect you are when you come."

Gripping his cock at its base, Jamey pulled up to the crown once more and Jacko got his shot. He then turned the camera on Lochie's face. "Come for me," he whispered to Lochie.

Throwing his head back, Lochie called Jamey's name as he poured his essence deep inside the tight lean body. Once Jamey's ass had milked Lochie dry, he collapsed on top of Jamey and began kissing his chest.

After taking a few more shots, Jacko put the camera down and snuggled up to his men. "You're right, Jamey. Taking pictures is fun. It gives you a whole new perspective on the art of making love." Jacko ran his hand up Jamey's torso. "Every shot told its own story. I think I could really get into it."

Chuckling, Lochie pulled Jacko toward him and kissed him. "One amateur photographer in the family is enough."

The three of them continued to touch and kiss as they waited for the sun to set. Jacko was snuggled on one side of Jamey and ran his finger over the still-pink scar. Although Jamey was still embarrassed by it, Jacko considered it a badge of courage. The difference in Jamey since he'd met him was unbelievable. His lover had finally come into his own and Jacko was honored to have witnessed the transformation. "Every day I thank the heavens that I didn't lose you." He looked into Jamey's eyes. "I love you." Jacko reached across Jamey and cupped Lochie's cheek. "And I love you."

That started another round of kissing and love words until Lochie pulled away from them and retrieved his jeans. He brought an envelope back to the blanket and set it on Jamey's chest. "Open it."

Giving Lochie a strange look, Jamey took the envelope and looked at it. "What's this?"

"My gift to you and Jacko for bringing meaning to my life. Now open it."

Looking over at Jacko, Jamey held the envelope up. "You wanna open it?"

Shaking his head, Jacko placed a kiss on Jamey's scarred jaw. "You've earned the right."

Taking a deep breath, Jamey tore open the envelope. Inside was a piece of paper. Unfolding the document, Jamey knew what it was immediately. He looked over at Lochie. "I don't understand. It's the deed to McBride's Pride."

Circling Jamey's nipple with his fingertip, Lochie grinned. "Well, I'm glad all those law classes were good for something. What else does it say?" When Jamey gave him a blank look, Lochie continued. "Under ownership, babe."

Reading the piece of paper again, Jamey's eyes grew round as saucers. "You put me and Jacko on the deed as joint owners? Why? This homestead has been in your family for generations."

"You two are the only family I'll ever have. It's fitting that the three of us share this place equally. We're equal in everything now."

Grinning, Jamey poked Lochie in the side. "That means the two of you just became very wealthy men." When Lochie and Jacko started to protest, Jamey held up his hand. "Share and share alike or no deal. Besides, I already called and had the paperwork started. All I have to do now is go into Sydney to sign stuff." He crossed his arms and stuck his bottom lip out, knowing how it got to the two men.

They both narrowed their eyes at him. "Just because you say it doesn't mean we'll spend it," Jacko said.

"Yeah, that's true, but now I won't feel so guilty about buying stuff that I want."

"Like what?" Lochie asked.

"Like the vacation that I've already paid for. I'm going to take us and the rest of the gang on the vacation of a lifetime after harvest." Jamey smiled at them, feeling pretty damn happy with himself.

"Where are we going?" Lochie asked. Jamey loved the excitement in his lover's voice. He doubted Lochie had taken many trips in his life, and Jamey couldn't wait to share his dream vacation with them.

"Oh...let's just say we'll be able to get away from it all while having it all. And that's all I'm going to say on the matter."

"Yeah well, I can't wait to see you convince our mates to leave their stations long enough to take a vacation. I don't think any of them have been any farther than Sydney." Jacko pulled Jamey on top of him. "They'll put up a fight. I can almost guarantee it."

"Let them try. I've got fluttering, flirty baby blues in my arsenal." Jamey batted his lashes and laid his head on Jacko's chest. He felt so at peace, he sighed.

Running his hand down Jamey's back, Lochie kissed his shoulder. "What is it?"

"Nothing. I feel totally at peace for the first time in a long time. I have everything here. You and Jacko. A good group of friends." He spread his arms out and looked toward the field. "And all the sex, sunshine and sunflowers I can handle. Who could ask for more?"

About the Author

I've been a reading fanatic for years and finally at the age of 40 decided to try my hand at writing. I've always loved romance novels that are just a little bit naughty so naturally my books tend to go just a little further. It's my fantasy world after all.

When I'm not being a mother to a five-year-old and a six-year-old, you can usually find me in my deep leather chair with either a book in my hand or my laptop.

Carol welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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