



Lust Bites

ALL OR NOTHING

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

ALL OR NOTHING

Jessica Jarman

Dedication

To Claire and Chris – for all you do to make TEB an awesome place to be and for believing in me.

Chapter One

"Wow, he's hotter than I remember."

Shannon Delaney followed her friend's gaze and frowned. Holly was checking out Zac Malloy – best friend to Shannon's husband and their current houseguest.

"I wonder what he looks like in uniform. You know I love me a military man. Is he involved with anyone?" Holly asked.

Shannon turned back to her friend. Holly stared at Zac like she could she was starving, and he was exactly what she craved.

"Hol, be careful there," she warned. "He's hot, no denying that, but the man is just..." she struggled to find the right words, "intense."

"Intense can be *good*." Holly chuckled, but sobered when she met Shannon's gaze. "What's up? Has he been bothering you or done something to piss you off?"

"No, nothing like that. Hell, he doesn't really talk to me. He's been here for a couple of weeks and he's maybe said five words to me." Shannon shrugged. "Sometimes he'll just stare at me, like he's going to say something, then nothing. He seems happier on his own, that's all. I mean, look at him now. Everyone's here, enjoying the barbeque, and he's standing away from the group, all by himself. He's not even making an effort to fit in."

She glanced back towards the man in question and, as if he knew they were talking about him, found his gaze on her. Her heart skipped and her stomach tightened. *That* was the real problem – how she reacted to the stares. He watched her so intently. She half-expected him to pounce on her, and the sad part was the thought of it excited her. And *that* made her feel guilty as hell.

"Have you talked to Nate about it?"

At the mention of her husband, Shannon felt her face heat, and she looked away from Zac quickly.

"No, of course not. Zac's his best friend. I'm not going to whine about him *looking* at me. Besides, he'll find his own place soon and will be out of here. So it really doesn't matter."

"You know, maybe you're being too hard on the guy, Shan," Holly said. "He's been out of the country for the past year and a half. Maybe he's just doesn't know what to say or how to start a conversation with you. Heck, he hardly knows you. You've been married to his best friend for a year, and the only time he's ever seen you was when he was on leave for the wedding. Maybe it's just awkward for him."

Shannon thought about it. Everything Holly said was spot on, and it wasn't like Shannon had gone out of her way to welcome the man. Guilt settled heavily in her gut. This was her husband's best friend, and she hadn't even made an effort. She sighed.

"You're right. I've been a real bitch about the whole thing," she admitted.

"Well, no time like the present to change," Holly said brightly.

"What?"

"Looks like the man is out of beer. Bring him a fresh one, and be your wonderful charming self. If not for Zac, then for your man." She gave Shannon a small shove.

Shannon sighed and headed over to the cooler resting on one of the tables. After grabbing two bottles and popping the tops, she walked slowly over to where Zac leaned against the back porch. *Just be nice*, she told herself. *Give him the beer, make a little small talk, and all's good.*

"Hey, you looked like you could use another cold one." She held out one of the beers and smiled – a forced smile, but at least it was a smile.

Without a word, Zac took the bottle from her. Shannon sucked in a shaky breath when his fingers brushed hers. God, what was it about this man that made her feel like a gawky teenager? He lifted the bottle to his lips and took a long drink. She struggled not to stare, but couldn't pull her gaze from his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. Who'd have thought *that* would be sexy?

Shannon licked her lips. "So, how are you doing?"

He tilted his head to the side and studied her a moment. Shannon resisted fidgeting as his gaze swept from her face downwards. Her cheeks heated when it lingered on her breasts. Mortification filled her as her nipples peaked under her sundress. The corners of Zac's mouth quirked up as he lifted his gaze back to her face.

"I'm fine." He straightened and took a step forward.

Barely an inch separated them. Shannon focused on keeping her breath even, but refused to back away. She wouldn't let him know he intimidated her. No way. She tilted her chin up to look into his eyes. The amusement in his dark brown eyes made her grit her teeth.

"What about you, Shannon?" Zac slid a finger from her shoulder to her wrist. "How are you doing?"

"I-I—" She stammered as his fingers danced over her pulse. "Stop."

He moved even closer until her breasts touched his chest. The linen of her dress abraded the pert tips, and Shannon bit back a groan.

"Zac," she pleaded and despite her resolve, stepped back.

"Shannon." He moved with her and circled her wrist with his hand.

"You can't do this." She glanced around, and relief filled her when she saw no one was even paying attention to them.

"Do what?" he murmured.

"You can't touch me like this and look at me like..."

"Like what? How am I looking at you, darlin'?"

Shannon's stomach clenched at the warm tone and endearment. *Stop*, she scolded herself. *He's your husband's best friend.*

"You know damned well how you're looking at me," she snapped. "And it needs to stop. I'm married to your best friend, for God's sake. Nate would flip out if he found out you—" She stopped as a laugh rumbled in Zac's chest.

"You don't know your husband very well," he said with an amused shake of his head.

She yanked her arm away from his caressing hand. "You're wrong. I know Nate, and I know all about what you two used to do. He told me all about it. The sexual games, the sharing women. But that's the past. I'm Nate's *wife*, not some girl the two of you picked up at a club."

Zac didn't say anything. He simply stared at her. Shannon squirmed under the intense look.

"Just stop, okay? I can't—" she drew in a deep breath, "I don't want to ruin your friendship with Nate. It means a lot to him. I know that, but I can't deal with this from you."

Still, he didn't respond. He simply watched her with a little half smile. Damn it all, did he not get it?

She turned to walk away. She scanned the large yard and froze when she saw Nate watching her from where he stood near the dock. Oh shit. He was too far away to see his expression. Had he seen her arguing with Zac? Had he seen Zac touching her?

She felt Zac behind her before he even spoke. His hard warmth pressed against her back. Unbidden, heat settled in the pit of her belly. He rested his hands on her shoulders and leaned down. His breath whispered across her cheek as he spoke in her ear.

"He's picturing us together, right now. He's imagining what it'd be like to watch me take you. To push that sexy little dress up to your hips and sink into your sweetness."

The heat in her stomach unfurled and spread, right between her thighs. Shannon pressed them together and wrestled to find something – anything – to say.

"And the thoughts, the pictures in his head, don't piss him off, darlin'. I guarantee you, he's rock solid imagining what I'd do to you. What we'd do to you." His fingers tightened, digging deliciously into her flesh. "Are you thinking about it, Shannon? Can you imagine what Nate and I would do to you?"

Oh hell yeah. Shannon shook her head immediately, cheeks flaming. Damn him. Damn her for letting him put that into her mind.

"You're wrong," she forced out before walking away.

* * * *

A few hours later, Shannon stood in the yard after cleaning up. With a sigh, she raised her arms over her head to stretch tired muscles. Two large arms slid around her waist, causing her to jump and yelp. Nate's chuckle next to her ear calmed her.

She slapped at his hands. "Damn it, Nate, you scared the crap out of me!"

"Sorry, baby." He nuzzled her neck. "Hmm, you feel so good. I've been wanting to hold you all day."

Shannon moaned and let her head fall back, allowing him further access to her neck. The slide of his lips across her skin ignited a flurry of sensations throughout her body. He pressed forward, nestling his cock against her lower back.

"Did you have a good time today?" he asked before sucking gently on her ear lobe.

She struggled to grasp a thought, to form an answer to his question. He made it all the more difficult as he moved his hands up to cup her breasts. "God, Nate."

He laughed softly and plucked at her nipples, pinching, pulling, rolling them between his blunt fingertips. Pleasure arced downward, straight to Shannon's clit. She pushed back against Nate, rubbing against his erection.

She gasped when he stopped abruptly and spun her around. He captured her mouth with hers, plundering the depths with his tongue. Shannon closed her eyes and held on for dear life. Nate lifted her onto the table, never breaking contact with her mouth.

"You're so beautiful, Shan," he murmured. He pushed her dress up her thighs and chuckled when he slid his hand between her thighs. "No panties? Good thing I didn't know that earlier. I would have neglected our guests."

He lowered her until she lay on the table. Leaning over, he suckled her nipple through the fabric. Shannon buried her hands in his thick black hair, holding him fast where he was. He caught the sensitive tip between his teeth just as he grazed her clit with his fingers. Her hips jerked upwards into his touch and pleasure curled tightly in her belly.

"Nate," she cried, tightening her grip on his head.

He trailed kisses along her breast bone to her neck. He used his lips, tongue and teeth to tease her skin. Circling her clit until she squirmed beneath him, he drove her higher and higher. Shannon spread her legs wider, desperate for more of his touch.

"Nate, please." She lifted her hips, pulsing against his hand.

"Please what, baby? What do you want?" He traced her lower lip with his tongue.

"In me. I want you in me." She pressed a hard kiss to his mouth and nipped his lips.

Nate shifted his hand and glided two fingers into her sleek sheath. "Like this?"

Shannon's pussy clamped around the digits, and she exploded as he stroked in and out. The orgasm flowed through her like hot oil. Every nerve ending vibrated with the release, and Shannon cried out against the onslaught. Nate didn't let up. He continued to fuck her with his fingers, drawing out the sensations.

"I need you in me. I need your cock, need you to come inside me," she pleaded, rising up on her elbows.

She reached for the waistband of his shorts and made quick work of the button and zip. Sucking in a deep breath, she watched as his thick cock sprang free. She circled the engorged

head with her finger, catching the drop of pre-cum oozing from the slit. Meeting her husband's gaze, she brought her finger to her mouth and savoured the salty essence of his arousal.

With a low groan, Nate withdrew his hand from between her legs. He gripped her hips and pulled until her ass was at the edge of the table. Shannon watched as he grasped his cock at the base and positioned it at her entrance. She wrapped her legs around his hips and tried to pull him closer, anxious to have him filling her.

Nate surged forward and buried himself in her pussy. Shannon gasped at the invasion, the slight pinch of pain as he stretched her, the overwhelming pleasure of having his cock in her to the hilt.

"God, you feel so good, so fucking good," Nate murmured.

Pulling out, he waited a moment—until she was ready to beg—then slammed into her. He set a frantic pace. Shannon grabbed the edge of the table beneath her as he pounded into her. She loved that she drove him to this, to near desperation. Loved that he wanted her so much he nearly lost control.

Nate released one of her hips and laid the heel of his hand over the bundle of nerves between her legs. He added pressure, rubbing in circles as he stroked in and out of her pussy.

Shannon tightened her legs around him and arched her back as another orgasm swept over her.

"Again," Nate said between gritted teeth and quickened his thrusts.

Her pussy clutched at his cock, spasming around the engorged shaft. Shannon felt him jerk within her and the hand on her hip tightened. She relished the small pain and lifted to meet his strokes. Impossibly, he seemed to swell even more inside her, until he burst. The force of his release pushed Shannon over again. She turned her head to the side, overwhelmed by the intensity. A movement caught her attention. She shifted her gaze to the upstairs window. Her inner muscles contracted almost painfully, sending another ripple of exquisite pleasure through her body, when she realised it was Zac. God, he was watching them!

Nate collapsed atop her, and she wrapped her arms around him.

"I love you, Shannon."

She couldn't tear her gaze from the illuminated window where Zac stood. "I love you, too."

She pressed a kiss to Nate's shoulder, overcome with emotions. Mostly guilt, because it wasn't anger that filled her when she thought of Zac watching her and Nate making love. No, God help her, it was excitement, pure and simple.

Chapter Two

Shannon walked into the kitchen, yawning broadly. After a sleepless night—a night of jumbled, confusing thoughts about her husband and his best friend—she needed caffeine. God, she'd kill for a cup of coffee at this point. A smile kissed her lips when she saw the full coffeepot. Nate had made her coffee before he left.

She grabbed an oversized mug from the cupboard and filled it. She inhaled deeply before taking her first sip. Closing her eyes, she leaned her hip against the centre island and tried to focus on her to-do list for the day. Her mind kept wandering, though, to their houseguest. She wondered if he was still in bed. Most mornings, she didn't see him before the workday began. What did he do all day? She sincerely hoped looking for a place to live factored into his schedule.

"Good morning."

Speak of the devil. Shannon opened her eyes and lost her breath at the sight of Zac—wearing nothing but a pair of cotton pyjama pants—before her. His hair was damp and mussed, like he'd just gotten out of the shower. She stared at his broad, tanned chest and dropped her gaze past his abs to where the waistband of the pants rode low on his hips. Before she could catch herself, she licked her lips.

Zac chuckled and walked past her to get himself a cup of coffee. The gravelly sound grated on Shannon's nerves. She set her coffee on the counter and tried her damndest not to squirm under his gaze. Damn it, why? Why couldn't she be cool and collected and...sane around him?

"You look good," he drawled as he lifted the mug to his lips. "All prim and proper."

Shannon glanced down at the black skirt suit she wore and shrugged.

"You all prim and proper underneath?" When she started to walk away without answering, he continued, "I bet not. What is it, darlin'? Lace? Silk? You got a sexy garter belt and stockings under that straight-laced get up?"

Shannon stopped abruptly. She'd been determined not to rise to the bait, not to react the way he obviously wanted. She didn't want to admit his words turned her on, that her

panties—silk ones, the bastard—were damp since she'd first seen him. She focused instead on anger. The good ol' fallback emotion.

She spun around. "What is your problem? I told you yesterday to stop. You just can't help yourself, can you? Can't stop acting like a horny teenager going after what he can't have. That's it, isn't it? You can't have me, so you're bound and determined to make my life hell while you're here."

Zac lifted a brow and remained silent.

Shannon kept on going, unable to stop the words. "Did you have fun last night? Watching Nate and me? You came on to your best friend's wife, so I suppose it shouldn't shock me that you'd watch us have sex. Did you get off on that? Jerk off as you watched?"

"Hell yeah, I got off." He set his coffee aside and, stepping forward, gripped her arms. "It was fucking hot."

"Let me go," she whispered as tendrils of heat slithered through her body at his touch.

He just pulled her closer. "Did I jerk off? Yeah. The look on your face while you came was gorgeous and pushed me right over the edge."

Her clit pulsed as he talked, and Shannon sucked in a deep breath, inwardly groaning when the scent of his soap invaded her senses.

"You shouldn't have watched, Zac," she said lamely.

"Why are you so upset?" He ran his hands up and down her arms. "Is it because I watched or because the fact I watched makes you hot as hell? And it does—I can see it in your eyes. Knowing that I watched Nate take you on that table has you wet and aching, doesn't it?"

She shook her head. Damn it, she wouldn't admit that to him, to anyone. She was in love with her husband, for God's sake! What the hell was wrong with her?

"Did you tell Nate about yesterday? Did you tell your husband that his best friend came on to you, talked dirty to you?" He lowered his head and nuzzled along her ear, igniting her nerve endings with the light, yet erotic, touch. "Did you tell him I made you wet and made you imagine all kinds of naughty things?" He straightened and released her. "You didn't. Why not?"

Shannon watched him amble over to retrieve his coffee. Mug in hand, he crossed the room and lowered himself into one of the chairs at the table.

"I don't want to ruin your friendship. I told you that. You mean a lot to Nate. That's why this—" she gestured between them, "will never happen. Ever. Get that through your head. This stops now."

"You aren't protecting our friendship. Quit lying to yourself."

Shannon shook with hot anger. "How dare you? You don't even know me. I love Nate, and he cares about you—though I'm finding it very hard to understand the more I get to know you. I don't want him hurt by this."

"You didn't tell him because you're afraid of his reaction." He smiled.

She wanted to go over and smack the smug look off his face. He was so infuriating. "I'm not afraid, because I didn't do anything wrong. If he gets mad at anyone, it'd be you. Not me."

"No, darlin', you aren't afraid that he'll be pissed. You're afraid he *won't* be upset."

"That's ridiculous. That's just...just...stupid." She took a few steps and picked up her purse and briefcase she'd left on the counter the night before. "I sure as hell hope you're looking for a place to stay, because I want you the hell out of my house."

She spun on her heel and strode to the door that led to the garage. She paused when he spoke.

"Tell him, Shannon. Tell him everything."

Closing her eyes briefly, she inhaled and told herself to get a grip. She pushed aside her rioting emotions—the arousal, the guilt, the anger, and yes, fear—and left the cause of them behind her. Even if only for a few hours.

* * * *

Nate Delaney sat in his favourite restaurant, sipping a glass of ice water as he waited for his wife to meet him. It would be nice to have lunch, just the two of them. Their schedules lately hadn't allowed them to meet as often as they normally did, and with Zac staying with them, meals weren't a cosy twosome. Add in the constant tension between the other man and Shannon, and it could be downright awkward. Shannon was like a skittish doe around Zac. Nate just hoped Shannon would relax and be comfortable around him soon. He knew better than anyone that Zac could be more than a little intense.

"I'm so sorry I'm late!" Shannon rushed towards him, her wavy, red hair bouncing on her shoulders. She pressed a kiss to his lips before sitting. "I've had a hellish morning and fell way behind. Have you been waiting long?"

"Don't worry about it." He smiled and reached for her hand. "Sorry you've been having a bad day. Wanna talk about it?"

Shannon's face flushed, and she lowered her green eyes. "No...no, it's nothing. Just distracted by some things and had a hard time focusing on what I needed to do. No biggie. Um, how's your day been going?"

Nate wondered about her sudden nervousness and change of subject, but let it go. "Great. We won the bid for the big job I was telling you about. We're going to be very busy the next couple months. I wish Zac would agree to come to work with me." Both he and Zac had engineering degrees, and he'd invited his friend to come on as a partner in his consulting firm, but so far, Zac had refused to commit to anything.

"Speaking of Zac, do you know if he's found a place yet? Or has any prospects?"

Nate frowned. "Not that I know of. Why? Is there a problem with him staying with us? There's plenty of room in that big house with just the two of us."

Shannon didn't answer right away, and Nate inwardly questioned her silence. He'd seen the two of them talking at the picnic the day before. The conversation looked pretty heated—an argument, even—though he'd pushed that thought aside when Shannon didn't bring it up with him. Now he wondered if more had happened than he realised. He knew his friend, knew what he wanted. And God help him, he wanted it too. The thought of Shannon between the two of them... He shifted in his seat to alleviate the pressure on his hardening cock. Yeah, the prospect of fucking his wife while Zac fucked her was enough to nearly make him come in his pants. But he would never force that on Shannon, ever. He'd come to terms with the fact that fantasy would remain just that—a fantasy.

"Shannon?" He squeezed her hand gently.

"No, there's no problem with his staying at our house. I just figured a single guy like him would want his own place, that's all." She shrugged.

Nate's response was cut off when the waiter approached to take their order.

"Nate, can I ask you something?" Shannon asked, once the waiter left.

"Of course you can. Anything," he encouraged.

"Do you miss it? The things you used to do with Zac? The—" she lowered her voice, "sex games, sharing women?"

Nate released her hand and sat back. Now he knew something had happened between her and Zac. It was the only thing that explained why she'd bring this up.

"Baby, I told you you're the only woman I ever want to be with. I wouldn't have asked you to marry me otherwise," he stated firmly. "I don't want anyone else. Just you."

"But..." she pressed her fingertips to her eyes briefly, "you don't miss sharing a woman with Zac? You don't want that again?"

Nate pushed back the niggling anger rising and struggled to hold on to his patience. They'd gone over this time and time again before they were married. He thought they were past all the bullshit.

"What's really going on, Shannon? Why are you asking about this?"

She caught her bottom lip between her teeth and stared at him. "With Zac," her voice broke, "with him around, I just wondered if you missed things. That maybe seeing him reminded you of what you had before."

He studied her carefully, from the nervous fidgeting to the growing blush on her cheeks. Her eyes were bright with... God, why hadn't he seen it before? She wasn't nervous around Zac because he was intense. It was attraction. "You want him."

"W-w-what?" Her eyes widened and her brow furrowed.

"You're attracted to Zac. That's what this is about. Did he come on to you?" he asked quietly.

"No, no, of course not," she said hurriedly. "Nate, how could—"

"You need to be honest with me. Stop questioning me, and tell me if anything has happened between the two of you."

"Nothing happened. I wouldn't let anything happen. I promise."

"But you are attracted to him?"

"I-I-I just..." She closed her eyes for a moment before meeting his gaze. "I'm not attracted to him. I'm not."

Her initial hesitation had told him all he needed to know. Hurt and anger flared inside him at the dishonesty of her reply. Deep down he understood, he really did, but he couldn't make the emotions disappear.

"Who are you trying to convince there, Shan? Me or you." He stood. "Maybe instead of questioning *my* wants, you should figure out what the hell *you* want."

"You're mad? I told you nothing happened," she said, frantically shaking her head.

"I get pissed when my wife lies to me. Figure out what you want, Shannon. Be honest with yourself. Then we'll talk."

* * * *

Nate let himself in the house, headed straight to the fridge and pulled out a cold beer. He popped the top and drank. It'd been a helluva day. He glanced at the clock and realised Shannon would be home any minute.

They needed to talk. He regretted walking out earlier. It hadn't solved anything, though it had given him a chance to get a rein on his emotions. He'd overreacted, but damn it, he wanted honesty from her. Did she think he'd flip out if she admitted she was attracted to Zac? Hell, would *she* flip out when she learned that just the opposite was true?

He sighed and took another swig. Well, they'd figure it out. Together.

"Hey, man." Zac walked in from the garage, holding several take-out bags. "I picked up Chinese for dinner. Wanna grab me one of those?" He nodded towards the beer as he started emptying the bag.

Nate opened the fridge and got another beer. He handed it to his friend and went to the cupboard for plates.

"We've got sweet and sour chicken, beef lo mein, dumplings, and spring rolls." Zac took the plates from Nate and placed them around the table. "Is Shannon home yet?"

"Not yet." Nate grabbed some silverware to dish out the food, then sat and stretched his legs in front of him.

"Is she going to be late or should we wait for her?" Zac questioned, lowering himself into the chair next to Nate.

"She didn't call to say she'd be late, but then I wouldn't expect her to." Nate chuckled humourlessly.

Zac lifted a brow in question.

"We had lunch and I walked out," Nate explained.

"Why?" Zac held up a hand as soon as he asked. "Was it about me?"

Before he could answer, the door opened and Shannon stepped in. She stopped just inside the doorway when she saw them at the table. The inquiring look she gave him made Nate shift guiltily in his seat. Damn, she was an expert at making him feel like a heel, he thought with an inward chuckle.

"Hey, baby. Zac picked up Chinese. You hungry?" he asked.

She gave him a small smile as she set her briefcase next to the door. "Yeah." She sat between them and reached for a container. Peering inside, she hummed. "Beef lo mein, my favourite." She scooped some onto her plate and glanced around the table. "Chopsticks?"

"Right here." Zac held them out to her.

Nate watched as Shannon reached for the wooden utensils. Zac's fingers glanced over hers as she grasped them. Her breath quickened and yanked her hand away quickly, dropping the sticks in her haste.

Zac chuckled and picked them up. "Careful, darlin'." He laid them on her plate, then reached up to tuck a stray lock of hair behind her hair.

Shannon frowned at him before glancing nervously at Nate. Her little pink tongue darted out to moisten her lips. Nate groaned, and nearly laughed when he heard an identical sound come from his friend.

"Um, I actually have some work to do, so I'm just going to take this into the office and eat while I work." Balancing the plate of food, she stood, grabbed her briefcase and rushed from the room.

"You're pushing too hard," Nate told Zac as he began to eat.

"You're not pushing hard enough," Zac countered.

Nate sighed. He knew how Zac was – when he wanted something, he pursued it single-mindedly.

"I'm not forcing her into anything. I told you that. If anything is going to happen, it has to be because Shannon wants it a hundred percent. Otherwise, no deal."

Zac's jaw tightened as he studied Nate. Finally, he spoke. "I would never force her, or any woman for that matter. You know that. But how the hell is she supposed to decide on anything when she doesn't know the options? Unless," he tilted his head to the side, "you've decided you don't want to share her."

Nate snorted. "Don't be an idiot. It doesn't suit you."

Zac shrugged. "Hey, if you decided against it, I'd totally understand. I'd be disappointed as hell, but I'd understand."

Nate met his friend's gaze. "I haven't changed my mind. Not about wanting to be together, the three of us, and not about insisting that all three of us are into it completely."

"Hey, I don't know what you're thinking, man. Maybe you changed your mind about the whole thing. Maybe you have someone else in mind to be with the two of you."

Nate burst out laughing. "Is that what this is about? You gonna be a whiny little bitch who needs reassurances that you're the only one I'd want with my wife in our bed?"

"Fuck you," Zac drawled before shoving sweet and sour chicken in his mouth.

Nate chuckled as he turned back to his meal. After a few minutes, he looked at his friend. "In all honesty, other than you, I'd kick any man's ass who even thought of touching my wife."

Zac nodded. "Good to know." He stood and brought his plate to the sink. "Glad my ass is safe, because from the looks I've caught, I'm pretty sure your wife likes my ass just the way it is."

Chapter Three

Shannon sat on the edge of the bed, hands clasped together, waiting for Nate to come out of the adjoining bathroom. She cursed her nervousness, but it wasn't everyday you admitted to your husband that you were attracted to someone else. Logically, she knew that being attracted didn't mean anything. There were a lot of good-looking people out there. She was sure there were women Nate found attractive. Of course, the thought of that made her want to hurt those women, but that was neither here nor there.

After Nate had walked out of the restaurant, she'd had a lot of time to think. He was right. She should have been honest with him. She would expect that from him. So she was going to admit she was attracted to Zac and tell him everything that had happened. She didn't know what to expect once it was all out there, but she'd...they'd deal with that.

She looked up as Nate came out of the bathroom, nude. Her mind went blank for a moment as she watched his muscles move under sleek, tanned skin. He crossed the room and sat beside her.

"I'm sorry about earlier. Walking out was inexcusable." He grimaced.

"No, it's okay. I understand." She took a deep breath and forged ahead. "I should have been honest with you. I guess I was just... I don't know, scared of your reaction."

"You can always be honest with me, baby. Always."

"I know. I just forgot that for a minute." She smiled even as her stomach jumped with anxiety. "You were right. I am attracted to him, to Zac. I tried not to be, and it doesn't mean I don't love you or that I'm not attracted to you. I am—as much as I've ever been. I don't know why he affects me the way he does. It's maddening really." She stopped and inhaled deeply.

Nate cupped her face and met her gaze. "I never doubted your love. Wanting him doesn't make your feelings for me disappear."

Relief filled her, spreading through her like a balm. Of course, now came the *really* hard stuff. "That's not all. Zac did come on to me. Sort of. I mean, it wasn't your typical come-on. He talked about being with me...with you. The three of us together. I should have told you right away, but it just freaked me out, I guess."

"Why?" he asked quietly.

"Why'd it freak me out? Because he's your best friend." Wasn't that obvious?

"And because the thought of being with both of us turned you on." He didn't ask—he stated it as fact.

Shannon jumped to her feet and began pacing the room. "What do you want me to say, Nate? That it *did* turn me on. That I started fantasising what it'd be like to have both of you in my bed?"

"If that's the truth, yes." He rose and stopped her movement by wrapping his arms around her waist and pulling her against him.

With a sigh, she laid her cheek against his warm chest. She closed her eyes and listened to the thumping of his heart, enjoying the feel of his embrace. They stood silently for a few moments, wrapped around each other. Shannon's thoughts raced. She really didn't know what to say. The thought of being with Zac—with Nate and Zac—overwhelmed her. She wondered what it'd be like to be pressed between their bodies, to be filled by both of them. But to put those thoughts into words, to say them to Nate was hard as hell.

"Baby, listen. Turnabout's fair play, so here's some honesty from me." He released her and returned to the bed. "The thought of watching you with Zac makes me harder than steel. I can imagine what he'd do to you, how good he'd make you feel, and that's fucking hot. Now, imagining fucking you while Zac fucks you... It's almost enough to make me come just thinking of it." He held up a hand when she opened her mouth to speak. "I'd never, *ever* consider it with another man, Shannon. I trust Zac, always have, always will. I know it's hard for you to understand. I don't want to share women with him. That was over long ago and put to fucking bed when I married you. I want to share *you* with *him*. Me, you, him—it's the only mix that I'd ever consider."

"You want that?" Shannon backed up a step and rolled everything he said around in her mind. "The three of us...sex..."

Nate chuckled, though it was hardly a happy sound. "Only if you do. If you don't want this, it won't happen. I don't want you to feel pressured into anything. It's your choice. Period."

"And if I said no way in hell? You'd be okay with that?" Shannon watched as he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, and doubt filled her. If she said no, would that ruin her marriage? But saying yes to sex with another man? Wouldn't that hurt it?

He met her gaze. "If you say no, I'd be fine with it. Would I be disappointed? Yeah, but I love you, Shannon. You're my wife, and I'll be damned if you are pushed into anything you don't want to do."

Shannon believed him. He'd always been honest with her...about everything. She just didn't know what to do. Going to bed with another man, even if her husband was involved, went against everything she knew, but she couldn't deny the temptation to say yes and see where it all went.

"I don't know, Nate. I just don't think I can do that. I'll admit a part of me wants to." She licked her lips and nearly groaned at the image flashing through her mind—heat and tangled limbs. "But I—"

"Shhh. You don't need to say anything. Just think about it."

Oh, she'd think about it. She'd thought of nothing else that day.

"If you decide it's something you want, we'll go from there. If not, nothing changes."

She let out a short laugh. "Tell that to Zac."

"I'll talk to him again. He'll back off."

Yeah, she'd believe that one when she saw it. If she'd learned anything about Zac Malloy in the past couple of weeks, it was that he was one determined son of a bitch. She sighed. And he could make her wet and aching with a look. Damn it.

* * * *

Shannon flopped onto her stomach and punched the pillow. She couldn't sleep. Again. She played her conversations with Nate over and over again in her head. Zac's whispered descriptions crept in all too often. She pictured both men naked sprawled on the large bed, beckoning her to join them. That was the crux of it, really. Could she? Could she accept this threesome? More questions followed though. What was expected of her? Was she there to scratch either of their 'itches' whenever they wanted? Was this a one time thing—they'd be

together once and then Zac would be on his merry way out of their marriage, sliding back into the role of best bud?

Despite the seriousness of her thoughts and questions, the things she imagined them doing had her squirming between the sheets. She was hardly a prude. In fact, her and Nate's sex life was more adventurous than anything she'd previously experienced. He'd introduced her to many new pleasures already. What would being with both men bring? She'd had anal sex before, but what would it feel like to have one man in her pussy and another in her ass? Imagine how full, how cherished a woman would feel with two men loving her. Her pussy clenched and her folds swelled. She pressed her thighs together and moaned softly.

Giving up on the prospect of sleep, she rolled over and kicked the covers off. Fantasising about Nate and Zac wasn't going to resolve anything. Maybe a cup of tea and a bit of reading would relax her enough to sleep. She stood and left the bedroom. The light in the hall bathroom cast a dim glow through the hallway, and Shannon easily made her way towards the stairs. A low sound made her freeze just outside the guestroom. There it was again. It sounded like a moan, and not of the sensual variety.

Shannon stepped closer to the door, which was open slightly. She rested her palm against the wood and hesitated, not wanting to invade Zac's privacy. The moans and mumblings grew louder and more frequent. She shoved aside the doubt and pushed the door open.

Zac tossed around on the bed, the sheets twisted around his lower body. He groaned as though in pain and mumbled incoherently. Shannon crossed the room to his side. She laid a hand on his arm, finding it cold and sweaty, and gave a little nudge.

"Zac." She kept her voice low but firm. "Zac, wake up." She shook him again, hoping to wake him up from what was obviously a terrifying, or at least painful, dream.

It took some more prodding and coaxing, but finally he opened his eyes. In the dim light, Shannon noted the wild, confused look in his gaze.

"Shhh, it's okay. You were having a bad dream," she crooned to him as she would a child. "Are you okay? Do you want something to drink? Some water?"

He sat up and looked around until focusing his gaze back on her.

"Zac?" Concerned, she pushed the sweat-damp hair from his forehead. He trembled beneath her touch. The poor thing was really shaken up. She smiled reassuringly at him. "It's okay."

Without a word, he reached out, grasped her waist and pulled. She landed firmly in his lap, too surprised to react. His warm breath whispered across her lips, and she stared into his dark eyes as his mouth covered hers.

Shannon put her hands on his shoulders to push away, but when his tongue slid past her lips and delved inside to dance with hers, instead of pushing, she found herself leaning into the kiss. Even as her mind screamed *What are you doing*, she moaned into Zac's mouth and shuddered as he cupped her breasts.

His touch awakened every cell in her body. He rolled her nipples between his fingers and her pussy flooded with hot pleasure. As he tweaked, pulled and pinched the tight crowns, his hard cock pressed against her ass, and all Shannon could think was *more, more, more*.

Zac closed his eyes and focused on the feel of Shannon's soft lips beneath his. Threads from the hellish nightmare still clung to his mind and he struggled to shake them free. The last thing he wanted to do was analyse the dreams that had plagued him since he'd been discharged. And with Shannon's sweet body against his, he had more enjoyable things to focus on. She slid her tongue forward to dance with his and all other thought vanished.

He'd waited so long to touch her, kiss her, be inside her. Hell, since he'd first laid eyes on her at her and Nate's wedding, he'd fantasised about nothing else, and he'd walked around with a fucking hard-on since he'd been staying at their house. After talking to his friend, he knew this shy woman would hesitate to invite him into their bed, but the heated glances she didn't know he saw told him the hesitation wasn't deep-rooted.

Shannon wrenched her mouth away, her breath ragged. "Zac..."

"Shhh, just enjoy, darlin'." He licked along her bottom lip and trailed his lips across her jaw.

"We can't. I just came in to make sure you were okay, not for this." She clenched her fingers in his hair, holding him to her, contradicting her protests.

"I'm okay. More than okay." He sucked the delicate skin below her ear, tasting the sweet saltiness and pulling a strangled moan from deep inside her. He moved lower and kissed along the neckline of the thin tank she wore. Even in the darkened room, he could see the shadows of her puckered nipples beneath the fabric.

"You taste so damned good." He took one of the tight nubs between his teeth.

With a quiet cry, she shifted to straddle him. Her heat nestled against his erection, the tiny shorts she wore and the sheet around him not much of a barrier between them. She squirmed against his length, and pleasure slithered through his cock and tightened his balls. Fuck, it'd been so long since he'd been with a woman—since he'd first seen her—he was on the edge already.

Zac slid his hands down her sides to her hips and held her still, but tightly, against him. He returned to her mouth, kissing her thoroughly. She fought his hold and tried to rock against him, her movements jerky, almost desperate. His cock twitched as she made a low, keening sound.

"Hold on, darlin'," he whispered, "just hold on a sec. You keep moving like that, I'll be undone. And I want this to last, want to be inside you when I come."

His words seem to flip a switch inside her. She stilled and leaned away from him. The frown on her lips made him curse inwardly.

"Shannon," he said in a low voice.

"Oh my God." She brought her fingers to her mouth and stared at him.

After a tense moment of silence, she tried to move off him, but Zac tightened his grip and held her fast against him.

"Zac, please let me go. I can't do this to Nate. Please."

The tears in her eyes nearly undid him and made it impossible to be angry at her denial.

"Shannon," he repeated. "Listen to me. You aren't doing anything *to* Nate. You can do this for him, with him."

She shook her head, but didn't make a move to get off him again. Zac could practically see the gears turning in her head. He tried to be understanding. After all, it wasn't the most conventional situation he and Nate were proposing.

"Did you talk to Nate?" he asked softly.

She nodded. A movement behind her caught Zac's attention. He shifted his gaze slightly and saw his friend leaning against the doorjamb. How the hell long had Nate been standing there? The other man gave him a slight nod of encouragement, and Zac turned his attention back to the woman in his arms.

"And? You still think he would be upset that you're in here with me?"

"Yes...no. Damn it, I know he wants the three of us to be together, but I didn't give him an answer. I can't go to bed with you without even talking to him, without him knowing."

Relief filled Zac. She wasn't refusing him, or the possibility of their threesome. She just wanted Nate to be in on everything—every move, every decision, and that was fine with him.

"Answer this—do you want me?" He released her hips and pushed the hair back from her face.

Shannon closed her eyes for a moment, took a deep breath, then met his gaze. "Yes."

He smiled and cupped her cheek. "Do you want to be with Nate and me? Feel us both loving you? Both inside you, surrounding you?"

A shudder wracked her body. "God, yes."

"Then he has your answer." He leaned forward and caught her lips in a brief kiss. He heard Nate cross the room, and at her gasp, knew the moment Shannon heard as well. He withdrew and waited.

Nate crouched beside the bed and reached for Shannon's hand. "Baby, it's okay."

"How long have you been here?" she demanded, though she didn't sound angry, just confused.

"Long enough." He smiled gently, rubbing his thumb across the back of her hand.

"I didn't come in here to fuck him, Nate. I heard him having a nightmare, and —"

"Stop," he interrupted. "It wouldn't matter to me if you did come in here to fuck him, Shannon. Get that in your head." He shifted slightly and pressed a kiss to her lips.

Shannon moaned and wrapped her arms around Nate's neck. As the kiss deepened, she rocked her hips, grinding down against Zac's cock. Zac leaned back, supporting his weight on his elbows. The sight of their duelling tongues and the feel of Shannon's pussy rubbing against him pushed him closer to orgasm. He struggled to control himself, damned if he was going to come all over the sheets and not in her tight pussy.

“Are you wet, baby?” Nate licked her lips. “Are you imagining Zac’s cock inside you right now? He is, I guarantee it. Show him what it’s like to fuck you. Show him that little slice of heaven.”

Shannon lifted off of him, and for a moment, Zac felt a stab of fear that she would leave. She stood next to the bed and looked down at her husband, then over to Zac. She caught her lip between her teeth, and her chest rose and fell with her rapid breaths. Then she grasped the hem of her shirt and lifted it up and over her head.

Zac’s cock twitched as her breasts were revealed. The pale globes weren’t overly large, but she could hardly be described as flat. They were perfect, rose-tipped, and he ached to touch them. His hands itched to cup them, to feel their weight in his palms, but Zac remained still and waited.

Shannon slid her thumbs beneath the waistband of the tiny shorts she wore, but before she could push them down, Nate covered her hands with his. He worked the shorts over her hips, exposing her to both men’s stares. Once the garment was off and thrown to the side, Nate leaned forward and pressed a kiss above the dark tuft of hair shielding her sex. He ran his hands up and down her legs and nuzzled her stomach. When he pulled away, he placed his palm against the small of her back and gave her a slight push towards Zac.

She knelt on the bed next to Zac and, with a trembling hand, drew the sheet down. She gave a slight gasp when she realised he was naked beneath, and when her gaze landed on his erect cock, she licked her lips. Zac’s patience evaporated. He reached out, grabbed her wrist and pulled. She tumbled on top of him with a startled cry. She braced herself with a hand on either side of his head. She seemed to search his face—for what he had no clue. She turned her head to look at Nate, who moved forward and kissed her.

“I love you,” she murmured.

“I love you, too, baby.” He slid a hand down her back and up again before standing and stepping back.

Zac’s chest tightened at their declarations. Never in his life had he felt the urge to say those words, or hear them returned. Who knew hearing them exchanged would ignite a jealous spark deep inside him? Fuck it all.

Shannon turned back to him and, without hesitation, lowered her head to take his mouth. She slid a hand between them and encircled Zac's hard cock. Pushing her tongue past his lips, she glided it in and out his mouth in time with the strokes of her hand.

Good God, how was he supposed to hold off, make it last, when she'd suddenly become the aggressor?

Nate stepped back and, without taking his eyes off the two on the bed, used one hand to drag the only chair in the room closer. Before sitting, he pushed his boxers down his legs and kicked them aside. Leaning back in the chair, he wrapped his hand around his cock and lazily stroked..

The sight of his wife stretched out over Zac turned him on more than he'd imagined. He'd watched Zac with other women, had fantasised about Zac with Shannon, but nothing had come close to the real thing—seeing her paleness against Zac's tanned skin, smelling the sweetness of her rose-scented soap mixed with the smell of her arousal, knowing her pussy would soon be stretched by his friend's cock...

He chuckled inwardly as Shannon became more aggressive. He knew it was her way of pushing past the doubts she still had. Her small hand wrapped around Zac's cock and she began to pump, slow at first, then faster. Nate timed his own strokes to match hers.

She broke the kiss and straddled Zac's hips. Positioning the head of his penis at her entrance, she turned her head and met Nate's gaze as she sank down.

Both men groaned.

"Fuck, she's tight, Nate," Zac said through clenched teeth.

Shannon rose up above him and began moving on his cock. Little cries escaped her lips as she fucked him, grinding her clit against him on each downward stroke. Zac cupped her bouncing breasts and plucked at her nipples.

Pre-cum oozed out the slit of Nate's cock. With his thumb, he rubbed it into his skin, imagining the feel of Shannon's sheath surrounding him. He watched Shannon cover Zac's hands on her breasts, grasping wildly.

"Harder, Zac," Nate gasped out. "Pinch her nipples harder. Drives her fucking crazy."

"Ohhhh," Shannon exhaled as he obeyed. "Oh God, that's good."

Nate's balls drew up close to his body and, with a curse, he gave them a swift pull, bound and determined not to come until they did.

Zac jerked upwards, sitting up and wrapping his arms around Shannon's waist. He teased her nipples with his lips, tongue and teeth before kissing her mouth. He moved his hands lower until they rested on her ass.

"Imagine," he said so quietly Nate had to strain to hear, "the next time one of us fucks your delectable pussy, the other will be so deep in your ass. Can you imagine that, Shannon? Both of us fucking you?"

He pulled her cheeks apart, and even though Nate couldn't see, he knew when Zac found her tight back entrance. Shannon let out a harsh cry and pushed back against Zac's hand.

"You can, can't you? You want both of us taking you, to be so full you don't know if you can take any more."

A sob caught in Shannon's throat, and Nate knew she was close to coming. Her head fell back, and as Zac pushed his finger farther inside her ass, she came with a scream. She grabbed at his shoulders, her nails digging into the flesh as she rose and fell on his cock. Zac buried his face in her neck, and Nate closed his eyes as his friend's muffled cry reached his ears, knowing his friend was shooting inside his wife's pussy.

He tightened his hand around his own cock and quickened his strokes, ready to find his own release. His eyes flew open when a small hand stopped his movements. And there she was, kneeling between his knees. Sweat glistened on her pale skin, and she smiled up at him.

"Let me," she insisted before taking him in her hot, wet mouth.

Nate cursed when his legs shook from the sensations she pulled from him. Even after all this time, she could drive him crazy. He glanced over her towards the bed. Zac lay back against the pillows and watched Shannon swallowing Nate's cock. The heat in his gaze showed how much the sight turned him on.

As Shannon pulled up, she ran her tongue along the underside of his cock. She cupped his balls, squeezing and rolling them in her palm. Humming with pleasure, she sped up.

Nate ran his fingers through her hair and lifted his hips to meet her strokes. After watching the two of them fucking, he wasn't going to last long. And Shannon had a wickedly talented mouth made for sucking cock.

"I'm gonna come, baby," he groaned.

With what he thought was a chuckle, she swallowed around his cock, and that was it. He came, and came hard. She took every bit, swallowing and licking until his cock was clean and glistening.

He pulled slightly on her hair, and she slid her body up until she lay over him. Kissing her, he tasted himself on her lips and tongue, and his spent cock twitched.

"Love you," she murmured sleepily.

He nipped her lower lip and, with her in his arms, got to his feet. "I love you too, baby."

He led her to the bed, where Zac moved to the far side. After laying her next to his friend, Nate stretched out on her other side. Zac pulled the sheet up over them, and with a contented sigh, Nate wrapped an arm around his wife. Zac draped his arm over her hip, just under where Nate's rested. Shannon's lips curved into a small smile and her eyes drifted closed. Soon, her even breathing told them she was sleeping soundly.

Nate met Zach's eyes and grinned.

"She's perfect, man," Zac stated softly. "Fucking perfect."

Nate couldn't help but agree.

Chapter Four

Shannon slowly woke, and as she opened her eyes to the morning sun filtering through the thin curtain, myriad emotions bombarded her. She couldn't believe what she'd done. And couldn't believe she enjoyed it. More than enjoyed it—having sex with another man while her husband watched had turned her on more than she could have ever imagined. She didn't quite know how to feel about that.

She felt a warm body behind her and an arm was flung across her waist. Shifting her gaze downward, she noticed no wedding ring on the hand and realised it was Zac. Nate was gone. A quick glance at her watch told her he probably hadn't left for work yet. She looked over her shoulder and was relieved to see Zac sleeping soundly. As carefully as she could, she lifted his arm and slid from his embrace.

She grabbed her shorts and tank from the floor and bolted from the room. Once in her bathroom, she quickly cleaned up and donned her robe before heading downstairs to the kitchen. There, she found her husband sitting at the table, cup of coffee in hand, paper in front of him.

Nate glanced up as she crossed the room and sat next to him. Without a word, he stood and went to the coffee pot. He placed a full mug in front of her and resumed his seat. They sat in silence, and Shannon struggled to figure out what to say. Her thoughts were as jumbled as her feelings at this point.

Nate grasped her hand, lifting it to his lips. "Baby, you're thinking way too hard."

She sighed. "I just don't know what to expect, you know? What do *you* expect? What does Zac expect? Was this a one-time thing or long-term?"

"Shan, stop. We don't expect anything. We can take this one day at a time. If you regret last night—"

"It's not that," she said sharply. She didn't regret it. That was part of the problem. She'd expected to be overcome with guilt and regret, and she wasn't. Most of all, she felt uncertain. This was uncharted territory for her. And, if she thought about it, for the men, as well. Sure,

they'd shared women in the past, but from what Nate'd told her, there was never a commitment between any of the involved parties—certainly not on the level of marriage.

"Do you want Zac to leave?" he asked simply.

She didn't answer immediately. She rolled the question around in her head and pondered how she'd feel if Zac walked out the door that moment. She shook her head.

"No, I don't want him to leave, and I don't regret last night. It's just all a bit overwhelming, and it happened really fast. Give me a little time to adjust, okay?"

Nate nodded. "Of course. I swear to you, Shannon, if you decide you don't want this, it's over."

She smiled. "I know." Surprisingly, even though nothing had really been resolved, she felt better. Knowing that Nate supported whatever decision she made reassured her, as did the fact that he was so relaxed and comfortable the 'morning after'.

Her heart stuttered when, at that moment, Zac stumbled sleepily into the room, clad in only boxers. He went straight for the coffeepot. He poured a cup and came to the table. Once seated across from the couple, he stared at Nate a moment before turning his gaze towards Shannon.

"So..." he drawled, "everything okay or do I need to pack my shit and hit the road?"

Nate chuckled and took a sip of his coffee, leaving it to Shannon to answer. The wary look in Zac's eyes surprised her—he actually looked worried that she'd tell him to leave. Yet another thing she hadn't expected—a hint of vulnerability.

"Everything's fine. You don't have to leave. We'll just," she glanced at Nate, "take it one day at a time." Giving both men a small smile, she stood. "Well, I'd better get ready for work."

Nate pushed back his chair and yanked the hand he still held, pulling Shannon in his lap. Her back pressed against his front and his cock dug into her ass.

"It's still early yet," Nate murmured, lips against the side of her neck. "We've got some time."

Shannon closed her eyes as he nibbled on the sensitive skin beneath her ear, but the sound of a chair scraping across the floor had her opening them. Zac stood and walked around the table until he was in front of them. Nate glided his hands to her middle and pulled on the belt of her robe. After it was undone, he parted her robe, and goose bumps

erupted along Shannon's nude body as it was exposed to her husband's hands and Zac's gaze.

Nate cupped her breasts, tweaking the hardened nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. A shudder wracked Shannon's body, and her pussy flooded with moisture. She dropped her head back to rest on Nate's shoulder and lifted her eyes to Zac's face. He watched Nate's hands on her breasts intently. When Nate lifted slightly, presenting her flesh like an offering, Zac licked his lips, and Shannon groaned. Her clit fluttered, causing her to squirm against Nate's hardening cock.

Zac leaned forward, placing his palms on her upper thighs, and captured a rosy tip in his mouth.

"Oh sweet God," Shannon cried as he used his teeth.

Both men chuckled. Nate continued gently kneading her breasts and his friend bit, licked and teased first one tip, then the other. Shannon rocked her hips as pleasure streaked through her body. Nate spread his knees, opening her legs. Zac kissed a trail between her breasts down her stomach as he knelt between her thighs. He straightened and watched as Nate lowered his hand and combed his fingers through the curls shielding her pussy. Shannon gasped as Nate spread her outer lips, revealing her swollen clit and glistening folds.

"Beautiful," Zac said quietly. He reached up, wrapped his hand around the back of her neck and pulled her forward. He kissed her, darting his tongue inside her mouth just as he plunged two thick fingers into her slick sheath. At least she thought they were his fingers. The sensations they pulled from her body made it a tad difficult to keep track of whose hands were where...and hell if she cared. She just wanted to feel.

When he pulled back, she sagged back against Nate. Zac licked his way down her body again and, when Nate returned his hands to Shannon's breasts, buried his head between her legs. Shannon bit back a scream as he settled his mouth over her clit and sucked, all the while pumping his fingers in and out of her pussy. He continued teasing and tormenting the bundle of nerves as he fucked her with his hand.

"You have no clue how hot you look right now," Nate whispered harshly in her ear. "I'm about ready to come watching him go down on you. I can imagine how you feel and taste — so fucking sweet."

His words swept over her, and when he pinched her nipples hard, her hips jerked, pressing her into Zac's face. Zac hummed and scraped his teeth across her clit. Shannon whimpered and reached back to run her fingers through Nate's hair. She rested her other hand on Zac's head as she pulsed her hips in time with his strokes. She caressed both men as they played her body expertly, dragging her through pleasure after pleasure.

Tight heat burrowed deep in her belly. Every muscle in her body tensed and she bit her lip in anticipation. When Zac pulled out of her, she cried out in protest. He chuckled and circled her anus with his slick fingers, dipping in slightly then retreating. She pushed against his finger, knowing a few strokes – in her pussy or ass – would send her flying. But instead of giving her release, Zac withdrew his hand and lifted his head.

Without thinking, desperate for what she knew would be a mind-blowing orgasm, she pushed down on his head. "Get back down there!"

"Nuh uh, darlin'. I need to be in you." He worked his way up her body and kissed her hard. "And I told you last night, the next time one of us takes your pussy, the other would fill your ass."

Shannon's muscles clenched in sweet pain as she imagined both cocks filling and stretching her. Zac took both her hands and pulled her to her feet. He released one, but it was immediately grasped by Nate, who stood behind her. The men exchanged a look, and Zac gave a small nod, then led them from the room. The trio walked together upstairs and down the hall to Nate and Shannon's room. They stopped next to the bed. Zac turned to Shannon and slid the robe from her shoulders. It slithered down her arms and pooled at her feet.

Shannon bit her lip, suddenly overcome with shyness. It baffled her. She had no reason to be shy. It was a bit silly, really. She'd already had sex with him, and, not two minutes before his face had been firmly planted between her legs. With determination, she pushed it all aside. She'd made her decision – they were going to see where this led, and damn it, she was going to be an active participant.

She laid her hands on Zac's chest and ran her fingers down, enjoying the way his abs contracted as he sucked in a ragged breath. She liked that, that her touch affected him. She grasped the waistband of his boxers and glanced back at Nate. He was slowly stripping off his shirt and tie as he watched, his blue eyes dark with desire. She smiled then turned back to the task at hand. As she worked the shorts over Zac's hips and down his legs, she moved to

her knees. Her mouth actually watered as she took in the sight of his erection. It wasn't as thick as Nate's, but it was slightly longer, and she knew full well Zac knew how to use it. Moisture trickled over her folds at the memory of that cock moving inside her.

She leaned forward, sucking the swollen head into her mouth and swirling her tongue around it. The slightly bitter taste of his pre-cum danced in her mouth.

"Aw fuck," Zac bit out as he pushed the hair from her face.

Shannon smiled inwardly and took him deeper, gliding forward until the tip nudged the back of her throat. She reached up to cup his sac and massaged as she moved up and down the hard shaft. Zac's hands fisted in her hair, and he groaned as she ran her teeth lightly on the sensitive skin.

As she worked his cock, Shannon pressed her fingertips against her pulsing clit. She circled the nub furiously. An orgasm built within her, hotter, stronger than before. She moved more quickly, wanting that release, but also wanting to bring pleasure to Zac. She ached to feel him come, to know that she brought him that. She heard Nate move around them and sit on the edge of the bed. She could feel his stare and shifted her eyes, never breaking her rhythm.

Zac began to shake and his balls pulled up close to his body. Almost there. He took a step back and his cock slid out of Shannon's mouth with a 'pop'.

She looked up at him with a frown.

"Don't look so disappointed, darlin'. Get your ass on the bed."

Shannon's stomach flipped at his command and she stood on shaky legs. Nate scooted back, swung his legs onto the mattress and leaned back against the pillows.

He held his hand out to her. Taking it, she moved to straddle his hips. The tip of his erection teased her entrance and her toes curled in anticipation.

"Take me in, baby. All the way." He cupped her face and kissed her fiercely, plundering her mouth with his tongue, nipping her lips.

Shannon lowered herself onto his cock and revelled as he stretched and filled her quivering pussy. Once he was fully seated inside her, she stilled a moment and met his eyes.

"I love you." She ran her fingers down his cheeks.

"Love you too. Now ride me," he said, his voice rough.

She lifted until he was nearly out of her channel, then slammed back down. The impact on her clit sent sparks of bliss throughout her system. She set a hard, fast pace and watched her husband's face as she brought him closer to the edge.

He clenched his jaw, closed his eyes for moment. When he opened them, he looked over her shoulder and bit out, "Lube's in the drawer."

Startled, Shannon slowed. God, she'd been so focused on Nate, she'd nearly forgotten Zac was going to join them. The thought of Zac taking her from behind had her pussy tightening. Nate groaned and gripped her hips, fingers digging.

She rose up and slowly slid down his shaft, again and again, unsure of who it drove crazier—him or her. The bed dipped slightly as Zac moved behind her. With a palm against her back, he pushed until she lay flat over Nate's chest. He ran a finger down the length of her spine and between the cheeks of her ass. She closed her eyes tightly as he found her puckered hole. After a quick caress, he pulled away, but only a moment passed before a cool, lubed finger pressed into her.

Nate wrapped his arms around her, holding her still, as Zac worked the digit in and out of her ass. Soon, he added another, scissoring his fingers, stretching her, preparing her. The slight burn intensified the sweet sensations swimming through her. She felt incredibly full, and it was only two fingers. She bit her lip, unsure. Would she be able to take both of them? She didn't even want to think of the disappointment she'd cause if she couldn't handle what was to come.

Nate kissed her forehead. "Look at me." She complied. Sweat beaded on his forehead and his eyes swam with need. "We're going to make you feel so good, baby. You're going to come so hard."

Shannon shivered and her muscles clamped around his cock and Zac's fingers. Zac chuckled behind her and pressed a kiss to the small of her back. He removed his hand and positioned himself to enter her. When he didn't move, she craned her head to look at him questioningly.

"You okay?" he asked quietly.

She nodded. He leaned over her and caught her mouth with his. The movement caused the tip of his cock to slide in slightly. She whimpered against his lips.

"Anything you don't like, just say so."

His low voice slid along her skin like a caress, and Shannon felt her heart melt just a bit at the concern in his tone. He straightened again and, holding her hips, glided his cock into her bit by bit until his hips pressed against her ass. Then he stilled, obviously giving her time to adjust.

The fullness was overwhelming. Shannon's legs shook and her heart raced. Zac massaged her hips and Nate ran his hands along the length of her back. She knew it was difficult for them to wait for her. She could feel both cocks jerk inside her and her muscles' answering squeeze had both men groaning.

"Just breathe," Nate whispered close to ear. She realised then that she'd been holding her breath. She let out a long exhalation and, without meaning to shifted, back slightly. Heated bliss curled deep inside her at the tiny movement—every nerve ending awakened.

"Please, move," she said, her words muffled again Nate's chest.

"You want to stop?" Nate asked, and Zac started to pull out of her ass.

Shannon cried out at the delicious slide and nearly came. "No, I didn't mean that. I want you to move." She lifted her head, glanced back at Zac, then turned to meet Nate's eyes. "Fuck me. Both of you. Now."

In answer, Zac pushed forward, causing both Nate and Shannon to groan. Zac held her hips as he and Nate stroked in and out of her slowly. The sensation of two cocks pumping into her, two bodies surrounding her pushed her higher. Stoked the fire burning deep inside her.

"Aw fuck," Zac bit out. "Don't know how much longer I can—" He trailed off with a harsh groan. His cock swelled inside her ass, building the pressure intensely.

Nate's eyes were closed, and a muscle in his cheek ticked as he clenched his teeth together. Shannon slowly licked along his jaw.

"I'm close," she said, her voice breathy and light. "Please, don't stop."

They quickened their strokes. Nate cupped her face and kissed her breath away as Zac ran his hands up her sides and between her and Nate. He cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples, pulling hard on the hard tips.

The orgasm washed over her, energising every cell, every pore of her body. Her muscles convulsed around the men's cocks, and she shook uncontrollably as sinful bliss enveloped her.

Nate fisted his hands in her hair tightly and buried his face in her neck. He came with a loud groan, his cock pulsing within her as his seed coated her womb. Seconds later, she felt Zac's cock swell impossibly in her ass, and with a harsh cry, he emptied. Shannon's muscles tightened deliciously, and she helplessly rode another release as Zac leaned forward, his chest slick with sweat sliding against her back.

She didn't know how much time passed with them pressed together, the men still inside her. She floated happily, her body sore but immensely satisfied. When Zac pushed himself off her, she stirred slightly. He ran his palm over her hair and down her back before walking into the bathroom.

Lifting her head, she looked down at her husband. From the wide grin, she supposed he was just as satisfied as she. He gave her a quick hug and kiss on the lips.

"As much as I hate to fuck and run," he laughed, "I have to get to work."

"Hmmm," she nuzzled his chest, "me too. Sucks, doesn't it?"

She climbed off of him and watched as he gathered up his discarded clothing, greatly appreciating the sight of his bare ass. The men passed each other as Zac left the bathroom and Nate entered.

Zac came over to stretch out on the bed next to her. He reached over and took her hand. Instead of the awkwardness Shannon had expected when he returned, she felt nothing but contentment. Odd, but she sure as hell wasn't going to question it.

"Gotta get ready for work." She gave Zac's hand a quick squeeze, then scooted off the bed and headed to her closet. After she grabbed what she needed, she walked toward the bathroom to clean up.

"Shannon?"

She paused and looked over at him, eyebrows raised questioningly.

"Rest up at work, because we're not done." He grinned.

Flutters erupted in her belly at his words. It was going to be a helluva long day.

Chapter Five

Six weeks later

Shannon strode into the restaurant, bone tired after a long day. She was meeting Nate and Zac for dinner and looked forward to a relaxing meal with her two men.

Her two men. God, how things had changed. The three of them had settled into a cosy routine. Zac was doing some contract work for Nate, though she knew he was still keeping his work options open. Hardly a night had gone by when they didn't share a bed. Shannon found she loved being nestled between their bodies every night. When Zac had spent a weekend out west visiting a friend, she'd had a hard time sleeping without his warm body at her back.

She spotted them sitting at a table in the back and headed towards them. They stood as she approached, and each kissed her quickly before she took her seat between them.

"You look tired, darlin'," Zac commented.

"Well, you know how to compliment a girl." She rolled her eyes.

He leaned towards her, running his hand along her thigh. "You look as delicious as always. Just tired."

"It was a long day, that's all. Everything that could go wrong did. But it's done, and I'm starved." She picked up the menu that lay in front of her and scanned the choices.

The waitress approached and listed off the specials. Shannon narrowed her eyes as the woman rested her hand on Zac's shoulder and leaned down, giving him an up-close-and-personal view of her cleavage. Annoyance flared, and Shannon tried to push it aside. Zac and Nate were attractive men. Of course women would try flirting with them.

They ordered and conversation centred around a job the men were working on. Shannon tried to focus on what they were saying but her attention was on the flirty waitress, who found every excuse under the sun to return to their table and come on to Zac. Did they want to try a different wine? More water? Some complimentary bread? And Zac just ate it all up with a shit-eating grin, being all sweet and charming.

By the time the meal ended, Shannon was seething. She wanted to scratch the bitch's eyes out. Could she be any more desperate and obvious? As they walked out, Shannon glanced back and saw the woman sidle up next to Zac. She slipped a piece of paper into his jeans' pocket, her hand lingering far too long.

Before Shannon did something she regretted—she hated public scenes—she let go of Nate's hand. They'd driven separately, since she'd come right from work.

"I'll see you at home, hon," She kissed his cheek and hurried out of the restaurant. The entire way home, she berated herself for overreacting. Zac was a free man. After all, it wasn't like she and Zac were married. Their relationship was physical, period. And she fucked two men. Why should she expect Zac to be faithful to her?

She arrived at the house before the men and, after changing out of her suit, went to the kitchen. She stood at the counter, flipping through the mail, when the men came in. Nate walked over and pulled her into his arms.

"Why'd you rush out like that? You okay?"

She pulled away and forced a smile, then turned her attention back to the envelopes in her hand. "I'm fine."

"Ooookay," he drawled. "Zac, you want a beer?"

"Sure." Zac sat at the table. Shannon could feel his gaze on her, but refused to look at him.

After a few minutes of listening to them talk, Shannon horrified herself by blurting out, "So, are you going to call her?"

They looked up, confused frowns on their faces. Shannon stared at Zac, held tilted, waiting.

"Call who?" he asked slowly.

"The waitress."

"The waitress?" he repeated dumbly.

"Yes, the waitress. You know, the one who couldn't stop touching you, talking to you, finding any reason to come back and be near you. The one who slipped her number into your pocket." Her voice rose with each word, and her heart pounded painfully.

"Shan—" Nate started.

She held up a hand. "No, I want to know. I mean, she was attractive, I guess, if you go for the overly obvious, trashy look. I'm sure she'd be a great lay."

Zac stared at her, jaw tight, hands clenched in his lap. "You think I'd do that? That I'd go off and fuck another woman when we're..." he trailed off.

"We're what?" She hardened her voice, unwilling to let the pain she felt be visible. "Come on, it's not like we're committed to each other. Nate's the one I'm married to. You're free to do whatever the hell you want."

"God, Shannon!" Nate stalked over to the sliding glass door and stared out into the darkness.

Zac stood and studied her with cold eyes. "Good to know where we stand, darlin'." He walked to the door and, hand on the knob, added, "I threw away the fucking number before I even left the restaurant."

With that, he walked out. Shannon braced her hands on the counter and drew in a stuttered breath that nearly turned into a sob. How the hell could this hurt so bad? She shifted her gaze to Nate. He still stood rigidly with his back to her. When he didn't turn around, she swiped at the tears that managed to escape and left the room.

She went to their bedroom, changed into pyjamas, and crawled into bed. God, why had she gone off like that? All she'd managed to do was drive Zac away, and that was the last thing she wanted.

The bedroom door opened, and Shannon tensed as Nate walked in. He said nothing as he undressed and slid into bed. They lay silently for a few minutes. Shannon wracked her brain for something to say. Anything to make it better. Only thing was nothing could make it better. Finally, Nate spoke.

"You hurt him, Shan. A lot."

She choked back a cry. "I didn't say anything that wasn't true, Nate. He isn't committed to me."

"If you believe that, you're blind," he snapped. "If you would just open your eyes, you'd see that he's half in love with you, and it's more than obvious that it's more than just sex for you. Your reaction shows that clearly."

"I love *you*, Nate," she said firmly. And Zac wasn't in love with her. She'd know if he was...wouldn't she?

He sighed. "When are you going to see that loving Zac doesn't mean you don't love me?"

Did she have feelings for Zac? Did it even matter? She'd succeeded in pissing him off—and hurting him if Nate was right—and probably ensured he wouldn't come back. God, was there any way for her to make this all go away?

"He got a job offer the other day, and I think he's going to take it after tonight." Sadness wove through Nate's words, and Shannon frowned.

"Well, that's good, right? Or does it bother you that he won't be working with you anymore?"

"It's out west. California," he bit out.

California? Shannon felt as if something were squeezing the air from her chest. Zac was moving across the country? Tears welled up in her eyes and she didn't bother wipe them away as they fell.

* * * *

Nate and Zac sat out on the deck, sipping cold beer. Shannon wasn't home. She'd left before either of them had woken up. Zac sighed. When he'd left the night before, he'd gotten in his car and just drove. He'd never been so angry. That Shannon thought he'd be with another woman... Fuck, that just pissed him off. Even though he'd never said the words, he thought his feelings for her were pretty damned clear. Telling him that they had no commitment, that he was free to go fuck anyone he chose... He hadn't thought he could hurt as much as he had when she said that.

When he'd returned, he'd resisted the urge to climb into bed next to Shannon. Instead, he'd spent a restless night in the guest room.

"You don't have to move." Nate glanced at him. "Shannon didn't realise what she was saying last night. She was just upset."

Zac sighed. "I think at this point my staying would just cause tension and problems between the two of you, and the last thing I want to do is screw with your marriage."

"What about you? Your loving her doesn't matter?"

Zac shot a look at him. "You were there first, my friend."

"Fuck that. Shannon loves you, Zac. Even if she isn't ready to admit that to herself, I can see that she does, just like I can tell you love her." Nate tipped his bottle towards him. "Don't give that up."

"What if she can never admit it? What if she can't accept this relationship long term?" He set his beer on the table between them and stood. He crossed to the railing and leaned on it. "Every time we argue, is she going to throw it in my face that I'm not the one she married? No, I think it's best if I leave now."

The sound of the garage door shutting reached them, and Zac braced himself. Damn, this was going to be hard—the saying goodbye. He wasn't one to just slink off without a word.

"Hi."

He turned to find Shannon standing in the doorway, hands in her pockets, looking at him with sad eyes.

Nate stood and went to her. He kissed her briefly and moved to go into the house. Zac smiled, knowing his friend wanted to give him a private moment with Shannon.

She grabbed Nate's arm, stopping him. "Stay. I want you here for this. Please." She turned towards Zac. "It's not that I don't want to be alone with you. It's just this is about the three of us, right? All three of us should be here."

Zac nodded, but remained silent. Shannon came to stand in front of him, stopping when less than a foot separated them. When she met his gaze, he noticed the gleam of tears. Aw fuck.

"This is hard for me, so I'd appreciate it if you didn't interrupt me. Just let me get through this, okay?" She twisted her fingers together nervously.

"Okay," he agreed. Not having to talk right away would give him a chance to figure out how to respond to whatever she was going to say.

"All right. I don't want to continue the way we were. I can't spend days and nights with you, share a bed with you, then see you with someone else. You agreed!" she protested when he opened his mouth to speak.

He clamped his mouth shut and nodded for her to continue, though some of the anger from the night before began to surface.

"I know when we started this...arrangement...we agreed to take things one day at a time. You both told me," she glanced at Nate briefly, "you didn't expect anything from me, and that's what I needed to hear at the time.

"I love Nate, Zac. I vowed to be with him forever."

Nate moved to stand behind Shannon, resting his hands on her shoulders. She looked down, as if trying to figure out what to say next. Zac's chest ached. This was it. This was where she told him that she wanted her marriage back the way it was.

She lifted her gaze. "I love you, Zac. It took me a bit to figure that out." She placed her palms on his cheeks. "I love you, and I make you the same vow I made Nate. Forever. If you can't commit to forever, then you should take the job in California, because I can't settle for anything less."

Zac knew he was gaping at her like an idiot, but he couldn't help it. Had he heard right? She wanted a commitment? From him?

"There are expectations now." She laughed. "If you stay, that's it. It's forever. No more 'one day at a time'. It's all or nothing, Zac."

He searched Shannon's face. "Are you sure?" He barely choked the words out.

She blinked back tears. "Oh, I'm sure." She reached into her pocket and withdrew a small box. "Nate and I exchanged rings when we made our vows. I want you to be a part of our marriage, our lives, so I want to give you this."

With shaking hands, he took the box and opened it. Nestled inside was a silver wedding band, identical to the ones Nate and Shannon wore. Zac's heart stuttered at the meaning behind the gift.

"I know I can't legally marry both of you, but my vow to you is just as meaningful as the one I made to Nate, and you deserve to have a symbol of that." She frowned. "I mean, you don't have to wear it. I know it probably seems silly to you—"

"Stop right there," he interrupted. He pulled the ring from the box and slipped it on his finger. "All. My answer is all, darlin'."

He pulled her to him and kissed her hard. Shannon sighed and wrapped her arms around waist, pressing close to him.

"I love you, Shannon," he said against her lips.

"I love you." She shifted in his embrace and held a hand out to Nate. "I love you, too." Her voice cracked.

Nate took her hand and stepped closer. "Love you, baby."

Shannon slid an arm around Nate's waist and tightened her other arm around Zac's middle. She sighed contently. "There. *This* is where I belong."

Zac glanced at Nate, then at Shannon. He pressed a kiss to the top of her head. *Me too darlin', me too.*

About the Author

Jessica Jarman has been weaving stories for many years, starting in her childhood when she'd entertain her younger sister every night. The stories, though simple, involved love and a happily-ever-after ending. It is no surprise she has come full circle and is now penning romances.

Jessica currently lives in Minnesota with her wonderfully supportive husband and their four children. Although family keeps her busy and on her toes, she manages to squeeze out time to put the characters and plots that live in her head onto paper.

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