



Claiming it All
ANNA J. EVANS

Claiming it All
ANNA J. EVANS

Claiming it All

Anna J. Evans

For ten years, Tiffany has made a living making other people's sexiest dreams come true as an employee of Fantasies Unlimited. Now it's her turn. She's headed to surprise the only men she ever loved and hopefully convince them to recapture the threesome-that-got-away.

Oil man Aaron and sexy rancher Travis have a surprise of their own for their high school sweetheart. They've been secret lovers for years and know exactly how to give Tiffany – and each other – a night they'll never forget.

But when sex turns into something more, will these three long-lost lovers have the courage to seize their unconventional happy ever after? Or will they shy away from claiming it all?

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Claiming it All

ISBN 9781419925894

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Claiming it All Copyright © 2009 Anna J. Evans

Edited by Briana St. James

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication November 2009

The terms Romantica® and Quickies® are registered trademarks of Ellora's Cave Publishing.

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

CLAIMING IT ALL

Anna J. Evans

Dedication

To Briana St. James, for three years of awesome.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to my readers, who have kept me writing since 2005.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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

Bud Light: Anheuser-Busch, Inc.

Facebook: Facebook, Inc.

Google: Google, Inc.

Twinkies: Continental Baking Company

Chapter One

If Danielle found out what she'd done she'd kill her. Or fire her. Tiffany couldn't decide which would be worse.

There were nights when her job at Fantasies Unlimited was the only thing that kept her from losing her mind with loneliness. She'd never dreamed the big city would make her feel more isolated than Tavern, Texas—population six hundred and twelve.

She'd been so ready to get out of Tavern and into the world, to throw herself into the bosom of a bustling northern metropolis, that she hadn't thought twice about whether the city was the right place for her. Just another decision she should have thought through a little better.

She *did* love the frantic pace and fabulous restaurants, but cities were horrible places to live and even worse places to meet people.

"Are you sure you don't want another Bloody Mary? You look like you could use one." The male flight attendant leaned over a little too far, sneaking his third or fourth peek down the front of her little black dress.

Scratch that. Cities weren't bad places to meet *people*, they were bad places to meet *men*.

This dweeb was no doubt based out of some big city somewhere. Even if he'd once known how to act like a gentleman—if some mama or daddy and grammy in some small town had bothered to rear him up right—he'd long forgotten his training. She'd bet ten dollars he wasn't even willing to buy that drink he thought would loosen her up enough to tell him which hotel she'd be checking into once they landed in Dallas.

Never one to pass up a bet, Tiff batted her big green eyes and tossed her strawberry blonde hair. "Well," she said, letting her Texas drawl stretch the word into at least four syllables, "I would. But I'm all out of five-dollar bills."

Her lower lip slipped out into her signature Daddy-please pout. This was what men paid the big bucks for at Fantasies Unlimited. The dating service supplied escorts without any of the hanky panky. Well, mostly none of the hanky panky. Sometimes Tiff let things go a little too far, but only in the name of a good time. She wasn't a prostitute, she was just...lonely. And some of the men she met were very nice, if a little patronizing.

But who could blame them? That was her shtick. She played the innocent, sweet young thang for men looking for a naïve, younger woman to drape on their arm for an evening. Tiffany was a master of the art of coquettishness. Even though she'd celebrated her twenty-eighth birthday a few weeks ago, she didn't look more than eighteen. She credited her mama for slathering her pale redhead's skin with sunscreen from the time she could walk.

Ugh. Mama.

She was going to be devastated if she found out Tiffany had been within an hour's drive of Tavern and not at least made it home for supper one night. But Tiffany couldn't deal with seeing Daddy on top of everything else. She knew he thought she was some kind of prostitute and hadn't bothered reading the letters that she had written explaining what she did for a living. Daddy hadn't said more than twenty words to her in eight years. His annual holiday call and terse "Merry Christmas" had made her dread December twenty-fifth more than her annual dental exam. Still, her chest got tight when she thought about Mama's face, the sadness that would no doubt fill those green eyes when she found out Tiffany hadn't come by to visit.

Hopefully Aaron and Travis wouldn't tell her mama she'd been home...even if they left Dallas as angry as she feared they would be. Once they'd figured out the bachelor party they'd both been invited to was a hoax, once they learned why she'd really invited them to the penthouse suite of the Monet-Purdue Hotel, Tiffany wouldn't be surprised if they started a stampede on the way out of the lobby.

No matter how high her hopes, she kept reminding herself that the most she could reasonably hope for from this weekend was that Aaron and Travis wouldn't figure out that the company that had booked the room, Fantasies Unlimited, was a real corporation. If they did figure it out, and if they called to complain to the owner about being duped into some kind of perverted encounter, she would be dead. Or fired.

Ah, back to the dead or fired worries again. Maybe she *did* need another drink.

"Do you think you could help me out anyway?" she asked. "Even though I'm out of cash?"

"Oh well, we take credit cards," the attendant said with a smile.

"I don't have one of those." Tiffany's eyelashes fluttered again, without her even consciously thinking about it. Flirtation was ingrained at this point. If it were an Olympic event, she would have medaled. "My daddy said I couldn't be trusted with credit."

"Hm. That's too bad."

"Yes." The lip pushed out a little bit further. "It is. So bad, and so sad, especially since I am soooooo thirsty." Her tongue ran out to dampen her lips as she heaved a cleavage-enhancing sigh.

She could tell the boy was going to cave even before he opened his mouth.

"Okay, just one. But don't tell anyone," the man said as he quickly filled a glass with vodka and tomato juice and topped it with a tiny celery stalk. "This is just between you and me."

Tiffany smooched an air kiss in his direction and grabbed the drink. "Totally. Just between you and me."

"I'll see you after we land?" he asked, ignoring the passenger behind him who was obviously trying to get back to the rear of the plane to use the facilities.

"I'll wait by the baggage claim," Tiffany said, keeping a sexy little smile on her face until her new friend finally moved away to the next row of seats.

Lies, she was full of lies. She hadn't checked luggage.

Why bother, when most of her clothes for the weekend were lingerie? When they were teenagers, both Aaron and Travis had both talked about wanting to see her in something sexier than granny panties. But back in the day, her mama had purchased all of her underwear. Even when she'd started earning her own money—working as a carhop waitress at the local drive-in—she still couldn't find any underthings at the Tavern Dollar store worth dropping part of her precious “getting out of Tavern” stash on.

Besides, Aaron and Travis hadn't needed silk and lace to get turned-on. Even that night at the cabin after the senior bonfire, the night that Tiffany had known would be her last in Tavern, they'd both been excited. They'd pretended they were too trashed to put up any protest when Tiffany had pulled them both into the spare bedroom. They'd been angry that she'd secretly been dating them both, furious that they'd been the last in their small town to know their girlfriend was a two-timer.

But still...they'd fallen into the bed beside her and let things go a little too far before Travis grabbed his t-shirt and told them both to go to hell. Aaron hadn't stayed long after. He'd been sad rather than angry, but still obviously disturbed by Tiffany's betrayal and her confession that she wanted to be with them both.

At the same time.

Two men at the same time. The thought made her ache and squirm a little in her seat. It had seemed like an impossible fantasy, even a few months ago, but now she'd seen a threesome in action, seen the true happiness and love three people could find together.

Her coworker, Catalina, had two beautiful boyfriends and made it work, so why couldn't she? Sure, Aaron and Travis weren't a gay couple, so it would be a bit more difficult to convince them that they would enjoy a true ménage à trois, but Tiffany knew they would. She'd seen their faces that night ten years ago. The thought of being naked with another man had fascinated them. Both of them had an appreciation for the male

form that rivaled their appreciation for the female. Now all she had to do was see if they still wanted each other. And if they still wanted her.

If they didn't still hate her, despite the fact that they'd accepted her friendship on the social networking site she'd used to find them both.

Neither of them was married and they were both still living in Tavern. Surely they had been sufficiently bored by another decade in their tiny Texas town that they would be willing to try something new. They were adventurous men, passionate men, men who—if the pictures on their web profile pages were to be believed—were still as completely gorgeous as they had been in their late teens.

They could probably still go all night and half the next day, they could probably still get hard with nothing more than a sideways look, they could probably —

"They're probably going to kick your ass, even if you are a girl," Tiffany murmured to herself before taking another deep drag on her drink.

As the captain announced their initial decent, she tried to ignore the wicked little voice in her head that insisted even being punished by the only two men she'd ever loved would be enough to make her year.

Hell, maybe even enough to make her decade.

* * * * *

Travis downed his second beer in ten long gulps and let the glass fall heavily back to the bar. "Give me another."

"You're going to be drunk before she gets here," Aaron said, his blue eyes disapproving as he took another measured sip of his own beer. His first beer. Because, allegedly, Aaron wasn't nervous about coming out of the closet for the first time. Ever. To the high school girlfriend they'd both believed themselves to be madly in love with. Or lust with. Or whatever.

God, he needed another drink. Now. "Fill me up. Might as well take advantage of the fancy."

Aaron grunted as he pulled another Bud Light from the refrigerator behind him. "It is fancy. I've never been in a hotel room that had it's own bar."

"And dining room and living room and king-sized bed and orgy-sized tub," Travis added. He pushed his shaggy brown hair out of his face.

He should have made time to get a haircut, but he'd been too busy on the ranch, struggling to find a way to make ends meet without taking the money Aaron had offered him. He'd make it through the tough times without leaning financially on his partner. It was a matter of pride.

Not gay pride, however. He didn't have that luxury. In their small town there was no way he and Aaron would be accepted if anyone knew about their relationship. They had to keep their love and their commitment a secret. From everyone, even their parents.

That was why Aaron had wanted to come here tonight. He'd had a much harder time with the secrecy and finally wanted to tell someone what they were to each other. Tiffany hadn't been back to Tavern since the day she left so Aaron was sure she wouldn't have anyone to tell about what she learned tonight. And since she had tricked them into coming into Dallas with a fake bachelor's party invite, Aaron had no issues with springing something so unexpected on her.

Travis didn't quite feel the same way. In fact, a part of him kind of wished they were keeping their secret and he was meeting Tiff here alone. He and Aaron both slept with women from time to time—mostly to keep up appearances as freewheeling bachelors—and Travis hadn't been able to stop thinking about his old flame.

Man, he'd loved her. And lusted after her. That night they'd spend at the cabin had haunted him ever since.

What would it have been like if he'd had the courage to go for what he'd wanted? Sure, he and Aaron had connected only a few months later and started a relationship that had lasted nearly a decade, but still...he wondered. What if he and Aaron had

given Tiff what she wanted that night? How would things have turned out for the three of them?

"Maybe she wouldn't be a hooker," he said, only realizing he'd spoken the words out loud when Aaron responded.

"She's not a hooker." Aaron reached over to shove another errant strand of Travis' hair behind his ear. His own short, nearly black hair was, as always, perfect. "The woman I got in touch with said she works for an escort service."

"Isn't that the same thing?"

"Apparently not in this case. The place does fantasy fulfillment, but strictly dating. No extras. The woman was very clear about that." He shrugged, but there was a slight grin on his face. "I guess she didn't want us to get the wrong idea about what Tiffany would be doing for us in this suite."

"Right." Travis narrowed his brown eyes in his lover's direction. If he didn't know better, he'd think Aaron had something else up his sleeve. Something more than surprising Tiff with the news that they were together and knew all about her deception. "She's earning enough money going out on "dates" to be pay for a room like this?"

"Apparently. She booked it through her employer, but paid for it herself. That's why she's not getting fired."

"She's just not getting the satisfaction of her little surprise." Travis bit his lip, took another few deep swigs of his beer and wondered why Tiffany hadn't simply told them both that she wanted to get together? Why had she gone to all the trouble of booking a suite and sending out fake bachelor party invites?

Did she assume they would want nothing to do with her? Did she think maybe they wouldn't want anything to do with each other? And did she really want to renew old friendships like the party invite had said, or did she have another agenda? Could she be hoping for another chance at the three-way of her dreams?

The thought alone was enough to make Travis' tight jeans even tighter still. Damn. The thought of Tiffany, naked and willing and sandwiched between him and Aaron

was...provocative to say the least. Too bad his partner wanted no part of it. Travis hadn't asked outright and Aaron hadn't explicitly said "hell, no", but his lack of interest in anything outside of chat was apparent. Travis could tell when his lover of a decade was in the mood and when he wasn't.

At the moment, Aaron was as far from being in the mood as he'd seen him in a long time. He was oddly distant and even more uptight looking than usual. He still had his office suit on for God's sakes and it was nearly ten o'clock at night.

"So you're not nervous at all?" Travis asked, finishing his second beer and motioning for a third.

"No I'm not, and no, you're not getting another until she gets here."

"You're not my boss, dickhead." Still, Travis didn't rise to fetch his own beer. Tiffany should be arriving any second. He'd get his third beer—and possibly his fourth—soon enough. "So give it to me straight, you just want to rub her face in our gayness, don't you?"

"Our 'gayness'?" Aaron lifted one eyebrow.

"Is this your twisted way of getting even with her for what she did?"

Aaron sighed. "I got over what she did a long time ago."

"Then why are we here?"

The muscle at his jaw leapt, betraying his easy tone. "I told you, I thought it would be nice to tell an old friend what we are to each other."

"Right. And what about her? Why do you think she booked this fancy suite and invited the two of us over to play?"

The door clicked closed behind him and he knew instantly that Tiff had arrived. The light smell of honeysuckle and lime, the same scent he remembered from high school, drifted through the air, teasing at his nose.

"Um, because playing is good?" Her voice sounded the same as it ever did, high and sweet with a touch of Texas twang and a hint of laughter. Tiffany always sounded

like she was telling a joke or a secret, like every word out of her mouth was something worth grinning about.

Travis saw the appreciation in Aaron's eyes and guessed, even before he turned around, that Tiffany was looking as good as she ever had.

Chapter Two

When Travis swiveled his stool around to take a look for himself, he realized the impossible was, indeed, possible. Tiffany Webber had gotten even cuter and, judging from the tight little black dress, still had that body that had made him willing to stand on his head for hours if that's what it took to get her into bed.

"So I guess ya'll figured out there's no bachelor party..."

"Rick Turner had no idea he was getting married," Aaron said. "His divorce isn't even final yet."

"You found him? I thought... I couldn't find him anywhere," Tiffany said, biting her lip. "No Facebook, no Google hits."

"I'm good at finding people. And discovering the identities of people who book hotel rooms under their company's name."

"Wow. Well, you were always smart..." She looked nervous, unsure of herself. But then why shouldn't she? The last time she'd seen them, they'd both told her to go to hell.

"Aaron's not a baron of industry for nothing." Travis smiled, instinctively trying to put her at ease.

He'd always done that with Tiff. Even before he'd fallen for her, he'd felt for her. Her dad was one of the biggest bullies in Tavern and her poor mom one of those shadowy women who had faded into life's background in order to keep peace in her marriage. Tiffany's childhood hadn't been easy. He knew that, no matter how relentlessly cheerful she always seemed at school and church and work and just about everywhere else.

"I'm sorry." She returned Travis' smile. "I just didn't think that—"

"I spoke with your boss yesterday," Aaron said, his voice even and friendly, nothing in his tone betraying the fact that this was the first time they'd seen this girl since they'd left her bed ten years ago.

"Oh god, no! Am I fired?" Her green eyes went wide and her little brown bag hit the floor with a thud. "I'm fired, aren't I?"

"Well...that remains to be seen. Danielle—that's her name, right?"

Tiffany nodded and her pale skin seemed to grow a little paler. What the hell was Aaron up to? He'd just told Travis a minute ago that Tiffany's job wasn't in danger.

"Danielle said Travis and I could each file a complaint on Monday."

"Two complaints?" She paled even further.

"And since you apparently have one complaint in your file already..."

"But that was totally different! That was his fault! He was a pervert, but a really good liar. Danielle believed him instead of me, even though she shouldn't have because I was the one telling the truth," Tiffany said, pacing the floor around her bag and gesturing wildly with her small, slender hands. She'd always had beautiful hands. "I think Danielle felt bad about it later. And it happened when I was brand new on the job so I doubt she would take a client's word over mine if that happened now, but—"

"Maybe not," Aaron interrupted. "Maybe she'll believe you when you tell her you didn't try to charge us twenty grand for the privilege of sharing your bed tonight."

"What?" She froze. "Twenty grand? I would never—"

"Is that too much? Not enough? What is the going rate for a three-way these days?"

Tiffany narrowed her eyes in Aaron's direction. "There is no going rate. I don't do that sort of thing. That's not what my job is about."

"Then why are we here?" Aaron moved out from behind the bar and ambled slowly in Tiff's direction. He looked like a predator, a coyote sneaking up on an animal separated from the herd. "Don't tell me the fancy hotel room is just a nice place for us to hang out and chat about old times?"

Her fingers twisted the silk tie at her waist. "I just thought it would be nice to—"

"To try to get me and Travis back in bed again?" Aaron asked, his voice low and angry. "To stage your own little tenth anniversary party?"

"No." But Tiffany's blush gave her away. She had been planning—or at least hoping—to finish what they'd started that night in the cabin.

"I think you're lying. But that's okay." Aaron smiled, a mean grin that made Travis want to punch his lover in the mouth. "We can lie too. We can tell your employer you charged us for—"

"We're not going to tell her boss shit, Aaron." Travis stood up. He'd had enough of this. If his partner thought he was going to help him bully a girl he'd been half in love with for years, he was sadly mistaken. "I'm sorry, Tiff, I had no idea this was what he was up to."

"No he didn't," Aaron confirmed. "He thought we were just going to tell you we were together and that would be it."

"You're together?" Tiffany asked, clearly surprised by Aaron's revelation. But if he wasn't mistaken, surprise wasn't the only thing he heard in her voice. She also sounded a little...intrigued.

"We are, but I don't think Travis would mind hooking up with you again," Aaron said. "He didn't ask a whole lot of questions when we got your invitation."

So that was it. Aaron was pissed at *him*.

"You're jealous," Travis said.

"In your dreams, cowboy." Aaron's jaw tightened again.

"You *are*. You're jealous and you're taking it out on Tiffany."

Aaron shrugged and the spark of anger faded from his eyes. "You loved her. She's the only girl you ever loved. You'd have wanted to come here...even without me."

"You loved her too," Travis reminded him, his voice soft.

"And I loved you both," Tiffany said as she reached out to take Aaron's hand in hers. Surprisingly, he didn't pull away. "I *still* care about you both. I've never been able to forget...and I just...I wanted to see..."

"To see if we were any more open-minded than the last time you tried to get us both in the sack?" Travis asked, deliberately keeping his tone light. He and Aaron hadn't had the chance to discuss this and he didn't want to make Tiffany think they were up for something his partner didn't think was a good idea. Still...the sight of Aaron's hand in Tiff's was encouraging.

And arousing. He could just imagine how that little hand would look trailing over Aaron's bare chest, how her fingers would tease down his taut abdomen. And then she'd keep going until she fisted Aaron's cock in her hand just as Travis had done so many times in the years since they were all three last together.

"I don't know about his mind, but I think Travis' dick is on board," Aaron said.

Travis shifted on his stool, but it was too late. Aaron had clearly seen the hard-on pressing against the zipper of his jeans.

"And what about you?" Tiffany turned to Aaron and took his other hand, completing the circle. "Would you and your dick be on board?"

Damn. Maybe it was just him, but hearing two people he was wildly attracted to use the word "dick" in less than two minutes turned him on. A lot. A whole lot.

Aaron's eyes slid over to catch Travis'. In that instant, Travis knew that his partner had been hoping for this all along. He'd wanted to fuck Tiffany. He'd wanted to watch Travis fuck Tiffany. He'd wanted the three of them to spend the night in a sweaty pile of hands and mouths and hot, eager flesh.

As his cock swelled impossibly thicker in his jeans, Travis nodded, giving his silent consent. He wanted the same thing Aaron wanted, even if a part of him feared this night would change their strong, steady relationship forever.

"You want to be with us both? At the same time?" Aaron asked, turning back to look at her.

Tiffany nodded, almost too aroused to speak.

Oh god, they were going to do this. They really were going to do this.

A shiver worked through her body as Travis eased off his stool and ambled across the room with that cowboy swagger she remembered so well from when they were kids.

He and Aaron had been opposites back then, but now the differences were even more pronounced. Travis was scruffy with a dark tan and a body honed from hours working out in the hot sun. Aaron was even more serious and reserved, his blue suit clung to an equally sculpted body earned with hours at the gym. Travis was an easy smile, Aaron was a long, intense look. Travis was a ray of sunshine that could burn with its intensity, Aaron was cool moonlight with a hundred sexy, sensual secrets in his ice blue eyes.

Together, they were everything she'd ever wanted, everything she'd ever need. And she was going to have them—at least for a night. And it wasn't even going to be as difficult as she'd thought. They were already together. They'd discovered for themselves what her gut had told her years ago. They were meant for each other.

And for you.

No not for her. Aaron was still angry, no matter that he held one of her hands as he reached the other out toward Travis. And Travis...well, Travis, with his constant joking, was harder to read. He could still care—the way he'd stood up to Aaron had been encouraging. Or he could just be horny. Travis was notoriously horny.

Thank god.

"Before we do this, some ground rules." Aaron took Travis' hand and then Travis reached down to thread warm, calloused fingers through Tiffany's. "We use protection, we call it quits the second anyone decides they're uncomfortable and—"

"And we don't stop until everyone's come at least twice," Travis said with a wicked grin.

Aaron returned the smile, then pulled Travis close. Tiffany forgot how to breathe as Aaron's lips claimed Travis' for a kiss that was rough, passionate and extremely thorough. The boys had always known how to kiss and it seemed their skill had only increased with practice.

Practice with each other. Seeing them touch was even sexier than she'd imagined.

"Double that number for Tiffany," Aaron mumbled against Travis' lips. "If we can't make her come at least four times, we're not half the men we think we are."

"Amen," Travis said as he shot a heated look Tiffany's way. "Now let's get you out of that dress and see if that pussy is as sweet as I remember."

Oh. My.

Tiffany's panties had already been wet and all she'd done was hold Travis and Aaron's hands and watch them kiss. But now, hearing Travis talk dirty to her the way she'd been dreaming about for years, watching Aaron circle around behind her to unzip her dress the way she'd fantasized about when she'd chosen her clothes earlier today, was enough to make heat gush between her legs.

"Are you sure you're ready for this?" Aaron whispered softly into her ear as he pulled her zipper down and slid cool hands in to caress the curve of her back.

"I've been ready for years," she whispered back, shivering as Travis pressed a soft kiss to her lips.

"We're not boys anymore, Tiff. We're not going to let you call the shots," Aaron said. His fingers played with the top of her bikini panties, dipping in to run back and forth from hip to hip as Travis grasped her dress and pulled it off her arms and down to the floor.

"I don't want to call the shots." It was true. She was sick of manipulating men. She just wanted to be herself, to be vulnerable and real for one night.

She stepped out of the puddle of her dress as Travis stood up. Suddenly she was nearly naked, stripped down to bra and panties between two unbelievably perfect men. She could smell the crisp scent of Aaron's aftershave and the smell of hay and fresh, cold spring that had always clung to Travis. This was real, no matter how surreal the moment seemed now that it was finally here.

"Oh hell, you know you do. I can't believe you've changed that much," Travis said. Tiffany's nipples drew tight inside her black lace bra, jutting through the thin fabric as Travis leaned in to brush her lips softly with his. "You think you're in control. After all, you're the one who started this."

"But we're going to finish it," Aaron said, dropping a kiss to her bare shoulder and then sliding the strap of her bra slowly down her arm.

"Sounds like a good idea to me." Travis kissed her lips again, his slight stubble scratching her face, reminding her of the whisker burn she'd had at the end of every one of their dates in high school.

Tiffany's breath rushed out and her brain turned to mush as Travis' tongue pushed into her mouth, teasing, tasting, exploring, while Aaron dragged his teeth over the sensitive skin at her neck again and again, each nibble sending shocks of awareness shivering down her spine. The world spun behind her closed eyes. Aaron's fingers dug possessively into her hips and Travis cupped her face in his hands, holding her prisoner as he intensified their kiss.

"I think it's time for this to go." Aaron deftly unhooked the back of her bra, then untangled Tiffany's arms from around Travis' neck so he could slide the lace off her completely.

No sooner had the fabric whispered to the floor than Aaron's smooth hands were on her breasts, cupping her from behind, teasing her nipples with the faintest brush of his cool fingers over the heated tips. Tiffany moaned and arched into his touch, a movement that brought her lips in deeper contact with Travis and her ass into a sudden intimacy with Aaron's cock.

Aaron's hard cock. The man was as aroused as she'd ever felt him. She could feel the topography of that familiar shaft even through his boxers and suit pants. The thick ridge at the center, the rounded sides, the decadently plump head—she suddenly couldn't wait to see them again. She'd been dreaming about fucking this man for most of her adult life. It was time to see if her memory was as accurate as she believed it to be.

She reached questing fingers behind her even as she tilted her head to one side to allow Travis even greater access to her mouth.

"Not yet." Aaron pushed her hand away from his groin.

"Nope, not for a while yet," Travis agreed when he finally pulled his lips from hers, leaving her feeling strangely desperate for air. It stood to reason that she should breathe better without his tongue in her mouth, but then reason was something she had abandoned when she put this plan in motion three weeks ago.

"But I think these can go." Aaron hooked the edges of her panties in his thumbs and pulled them down around her ankles. He crouched down to follow the lace to the floor and stayed on the ground, kneeling behind her, urging her thighs further apart. "Spread your legs and tilt your hips. Let me see you."

Tiffany hesitated only the briefest moment before obeying. Aaron had never been like this before. He'd always been a little shy under that cool reserve. His parents, the latest in a long line of wealthy oil barons, could have bought and sold every other resident of Tavern twice over, but his wealth hadn't made him cocky. Something else had. Tiffany wondered what it was, what had turned the sweet, sensitive boy she'd known in to a man who commanded others with such ease.

Not that she minded being commanded, especially by a man who was obviously prepared to reward her greatly for her obedience.

"You smell...so good." Aaron inhaled her most intimate scent as he pressed soft kisses up and down her inner thigh, making her pussy throb. She felt so heavy and

eager, couldn't remember a time when she'd ached to have a man kiss her, touch her, push his fingers, tongue, anything inside her. "I want to taste this."

Tiffany gasped as Aaron's tongue flicked out, dipping into where she was hot and wet.

"I think I'll join you." Travis had seemed content to hold her and watch what his partner was doing over her shoulder for a few moments, but obviously his patience with playing the spectator had ended.

Together, Aaron and Travis guided her to the carpet. So far she hadn't made it more than four feet into their massive suite, but at the moment she couldn't care less. She had two magnetic men kneeling in front of her, each one gripping one of her ankles, each looking down at her nude form as if they'd discovered bona fide Texas Tea. She'd never felt so desired, not in her entire life.

She knew she should be nervous that she was naked and they were still completely clothed. She knew she should be unsure about how this would work between the three of them—just the mechanics of a threesome, let alone the emotional part of sharing herself with two men she still had big-time feelings for—but she wasn't. She knew she should worry and fret and fuss and be the girl she was back in the city when she wasn't playing the part of the dim young thang for the men who hired her for the night.

That worrier was the real Tiffany. At least it was when she was alone. But here, with Aaron and Travis, when she could reach down and run her hand through shaggy brown and crisp black hair, she couldn't feel afraid. She only felt treasured, privileged, almost...loved.

No. Not love. Don't fool yourself. That's where you're going to run into trouble.

Right. Not love. But definitely mutual lust. And caring, enough that she knew she could trust these two, that she could let them spread her wider, wider, until every inch of her was bared to their gaze. Enough that she could watch in wonder as both of their mouths moved forward, closer and closer to where she ached for them.

God, they were going to do it. They were going to kiss her. There. Both of them. At the same time.

Aaron's tongue delved into her center even as Travis went to work on her clit, teasing and licking, circling the hard nub while Aaron stiffened his tongue and moved in and out of her, going deeper and deeper with each thrust.

Tiffany's cried out. The pressure in her pelvis increased and her body began the climb toward an orgasm unlike any she'd known in a damn long time. As her flesh hummed and her nerves shot alive with pure desire, a part of her mind was already beyond rational thought. The other part was chanting three words over and over.

Don't ever stop. Don't ever stop. Don't. Ever. Stop.

She didn't want this to end. Ever. She wanted to feel their strong hands on her body, their warm breath mingling as they kissed and licked at the very core of her forever. She wanted to smell them, hear their moans as they tasted her and found her delicious and went back for more. She wanted to be able to reach down and find smooth skin on one cheek and a two day stubble on the other and know that these two men were going to be in her life again and that, this time, they weren't going to leave.

You're the one who left.

Details, details. She didn't want to dwell on details. Besides, she was also the one who'd come back.

She'd thought the city held the key to her life's happiness. But what if it didn't? What if happiness had been right there in Tavern, in that tiny, dusty little town, waiting for her to come to her senses and come back home and claim it? What if—

"Oh!" All thought vanished as Aaron's slick finger began to circle the ring of her ass, testing her, giving her a second's warning, a chance to tell him to stop before he pushed inside.

Tiffany didn't say a word. She didn't want him to stop. She wanted anything he could give her. She was willing to take it all.

Chapter Three

Damn, what had he done? What had he done?

Aaron's heart was lodged in his throat. He should never have allowed himself to make that phone call. He should never have let anger and jealousy spur him into action before he had the chance to think about the action's consequences.

But he'd been so angry with Tiffany. Who was she to think she could breeze back into his life, into Travis' life, and pick up where they left off? She hadn't even bothered to send a letter in ten years. Ten. Fucking. Years. And now she wanted to show up—unexpectedly, in a highly deceptive fashion—and treat them like her own personal sex toys? Just because she'd gotten a wild hair up her butt and decided fucking the two of them was once again something interesting enough to be worth her time and effort?

Wild hair up her butt. Her ass. His finger was in her ass, his tongue was in her pussy and she was loving every minute of it. What's more, *he* was loving every minute of it.

He'd figured they might all end up in bed—he'd known Travis wouldn't be able to resist the first, and only, girl he'd ever loved—but he hadn't dreamed he'd enjoy it this much. Hell, he wasn't enjoying it. Enjoy was a pale word not fit to describe how his body felt shot through with pure...life.

Life. Alive. He felt fully, incredibly alive for the first time in years. Even with Travis, even when they were hot and sweaty and naked and loving each other with every last ounce of passion in them, it was never like this.

Sharing Tiffany with Travis, being able to smell his partner's hops-and-barley-scented breath mingling with the salty sweetness of Tiffany's body, to feel the rough brush of whiskers on his left cheek and the silk of Tiff's thigh on the other—it was more

arousing than he'd ever dreamed. There were so many sights and sounds and smells to take in.

Her pale pink nipples pointed toward the ceiling as she arched her back, pressing her pussy closer to his and Travis' eager mouths. Her body gushed liquid heat on his tongue, tasting like some exotic fruit he'd denied himself for far too long. Her ass was so tight around his finger. It made him wonder if she'd ever had a man take her in the ass, if she would let him spread lube across that second hole and slide himself inside? If maybe she would let Travis take her pussy while he took her ass, if she'd —

"Wait." Aaron pulled back, standing up just as Tiffany dug her heels into the carpet and came with a cry. He couldn't do this, not until he told her the truth.

Travis moved in to take over, his tongue delving into Tiffany's cunt, licking her, sucking her cream as she reached down and tangled her fingers in his hair. He brought her slowly down from the edge, cradling her ass as her buttocks sank back onto the carpet.

Only when her eyes blinked open and she pushed up onto her elbows to stare up at Aaron did Travis turn and shoot him a glare. His partner wasn't pleased with him. But what else was new? Ever since he started having money troubles at the ranch, Travis had been in a foul mood. He refused to let Aaron help him financially and had pulled away from him emotionally as well. It frustrated the hell out of Aaron and colored his own worldview decidedly gray. Combined with the hardship of keeping their feelings a secret for so long, he'd lost the last of his sense of humor.

Maybe that was why he'd made that call without a second thought.

Or maybe he was just a huge jackass.

"What's wrong?" Tiffany asked, eyes wide and a little frightened. But then, he couldn't really blame her. He'd already threatened her once. God, and he hadn't even meant to do that. The words had just...leapt out of his mouth, a knee-jerk response to the jealousy he'd felt when he'd seen Travis' eyes light up when Tiffany walked in the room.

Yep, it was pretty much confirmed. He was a jackass.

"I...I made a phone call tonight. Before we drove into Dallas."

"Fuck, Aaron. You didn't call her boss again, did you?" Travis asked, sitting up and pulling Tiffany onto his lap as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"No. I didn't." Aaron braced himself for another wave of envy...but this time, it didn't come. After seeing the way Tiffany had looked at both of them as they lowered their mouths to her pussy, he couldn't be jealous. She'd wanted them both, had been equally thrilled to have both him and Travis there with her, fulfilling a fantasy he knew she'd had for a hell of a long time. She hadn't come here to pull them apart, she'd come here hoping to bring all three of them together.

And maybe for more than a single night.

It seemed crazy, but the look in her eyes...the way she reached a hand up to him to pull him back to the floor beside her and Travis...it spoke of more than a longing for a one-night stand.

"So who did you call?" Tiffany asked, tugging on his hand until he felt compelled to fall to his knees beside her and Trav.

"I was angry." Aaron sighed and squeezed her hand softly, hoping she could read his apology in his touch. "So I...I called the last people I figured you'd want to know that you were coming into town."

"Oh god, no," she said, hand flying to her mouth. "My parents?"

"Her parents?" Travis echoed at nearly the same moment, his disgust clear on his face.

"I told them you were going to be in town tomorrow."

"You know what her dad is like," Travis said.

"I know." Aaron met Tiffany's eyes, trying to read a reaction there. But she was just staring at him, considering him with a level gaze.

"And she hasn't been back in ten years."

"I know."

"And her mom only went to visit that once," Travis said, revealing he'd been keeping up with the Webber family more than he'd ever let on to Aaron. Of course, it was hard not to know all the gossip in a small town. Aaron knew the story too. Tiffany's mom had gone to Chicago and come back to a husband who'd screamed at her for a week after. She'd never left town again.

"I know."

"Then why would you do something like —"

"He didn't want to be tempted to stay the weekend," Tiffany announced, a strange satisfaction in her voice. "He wanted to make sure we'd only have one night."

"Because you don't trust me?" Travis asked, his eyes narrowing in anger. "Because you think I'm going to fall for her again and forget everything we've been to each other for ten years? If that's the case, then I don't —"

"No that isn't it. Is it, Aaron?" Tiffany leaned forward to wrap her arms around his neck. With a little shift of her thighs, she eased over onto his lap.

Aaron was suddenly highly aware of the fact that she was nude, and pressed against him, and...nude. Fuck, but she was a beautiful woman, the woman he held every other female lover he'd had up to in comparison. None of them had ever measured up. None of them had Tiff's perfect, peach-sized tits. None of them had that sweet upturned ass that filled out a pair of jeans and strained the seams just a bit. None of them had that wicked, sweet smile, or green eyes that flashed like sunlight on river water.

None of them had ever made his heart ache the way she did, even now.

"You just wanted to make sure you were only here for one night. Right?"

"Right, Tiffany," Aaron said, making certain his tone was even and passionless. "If I had more than one night with you, I might fall completely in love with you again. I just wouldn't be able to help myself. You're that good a lay."

Tiffany flinched, but she didn't look away from his eyes, even when Travis started to cuss him in that colorful way only Trav could.

"What happened to you, Aaron? You never used to be..." She left the sentence unfinished but Aaron had no trouble filling in the blank. An asshole. A jerk. Cruel. He had never been any of those things when they were young and in love. But that was a hell of a long time ago. "What happened to make you so sad?"

Sad. That wasn't what he'd expected at all. But really, that's what he was. Sad. Disappointed. And a little bitter.

Aaron swallowed. It was impossible, but somehow Tiffany knew. After twenty minutes and less than twenty sentences, she had latched on to something even his lover of ten years had missed. She'd seen what living a lie was doing to him, how it was chilling a part of his insides that he needed to truly be himself. A part of him was dying every time he had to pretend Travis was just his beer drinking buddy, that he enjoyed double-dating with the other bachelor-around-town, that he didn't wish he was being invited to Sunday dinner at his lover's mother's house as a son-in-law and not merely a friend of her son's.

He swallowed again and shook his head, just the slightest motion, but Tiffany apparently picked up on it.

"You don't have to tell me." She leaned in to kiss his cheek with a sweetness that made the heart lodged in his throat shoot up to stick to the roof of his mouth. "But you do have to make it up to me."

"You're trying to take control again," he whispered against her lips as she moved to kiss his mouth, this time with decidedly less sweetness. Her tongue slipped between his lips and her breasts pressed tightly against the crisp fabric of his dress shirt. He pulled her closer, running his hands down her bare back, over the curve of her bottom and down to her thigh which he tugged forward, pressing her against where he was hard and aching.

Damn, she made him crazy. He couldn't keep from imagining what it would feel like to slide inside her, to sink into where she was so wet and tight. He wanted to feel her strong legs wrapped around his hips, urging him to go deeper, faster. And he wanted Travis there with them. Maybe touching Tiff, maybe touching him, maybe just sitting back and watching and touching himself.

Aaron groaned softly into Tiffany's mouth as he imagined Travis with his cock in hand, jerking himself as he watched Aaron fuck the woman neither of them had ever been able to get out of their minds.

Tiffany pulled her lips from his with a sigh. "You called my parents. I have to go to Tavern tomorrow." There was an edge of hardness in her voice that betrayed how difficult that trip was going to be for her. Of course, that was what he'd counted on, the way he'd planned to get his revenge without costing her the job she obviously cared about. "So you're going to make it up to me, right?"

Aaron looked deep into her eyes, then turned to look at Travis. Travis didn't look as angry anymore. Instead he seemed...curious, very, very curious. Aaron hadn't realized until that moment how distant they'd become, despite the fact that they fucked each other at least three times a week.

But looking into Trav's eyes, realizing that the man he loved had no idea what he was going to do next, realizing that Travis was actually afraid of what Aaron was going to say, was all it took for his decision to be made.

"What do want me to do?" he asked.

"Finish what you started. But this time, you and Travis are going to be naked too." She smiled. "And we're going to go make use of that bed. I think I've had enough rug burn for one night."

"Oh you poor thing." Travis' hands moved to Tiffany's back, smoothing down to caress the base of her spine. "You do have rug burn."

"I know." She turned to him, matching his light tone. "Horrible, right?"

"I bet that orgasm was just torture for you. You sweet thing."

She laughed, a high, breezy sound like a little kid, but naughtier. "It was. Just horrible. I don't know how I'm going to recover."

"I can think of a few ways to ease your pain." Travis claimed her lips with a laugh that turned into a moan as her tongue slipped into his mouth. They kissed slowly, deeply, while Aaron looked on and his cock grew so hard it seemed it would burst through the close of his pants.

Travis trapped Tiffany's bottom lip between his teeth for a second before letting the flesh pop free and turning to Aaron. "I bet Aaron can think of a few ways too. Can't you?" There was a challenge in Travis' brown eyes. Or was it a threat?

Whichever it was, the message was clear. Aaron had better do his best to make sure Tiffany had the night of her dreams or the two of them were going to have problems. Big problems.

Even a few minutes ago, that look would have made him angry, but not now. He didn't want to let anger or bitterness or that sadness Tiffany had sensed inside of him ruin this night. For one night, he simply wanted to give and receive pleasure, to forget that he was part of a couple that his small town would never accept, to forget that sharing a woman with his partner was something just about everyone he knew would call downright perverted.

Hell, what they'd done to Tiffany a few minutes ago might have been perverse, but Aaron couldn't remember the last time he'd been so hot, the last time he'd wanted a woman—or his partner—as much as he had while his tongue was buried in Tiff's pussy and Travis was reaching down to rub his cock through his pants.

"Aaron?" Travis asked, frustration and concern mixing in his voice.

"Yes." Aaron hugged Tiffany closer with one hand and reached out to grab Travis behind the neck with the other. He pulled his partner close and claimed the other man's lips, hard and hot, with an intensity he hoped left no doubt of his enthusiasm. "The only problem will be getting everything I have in mind in before morning."

Tiffany's breath whispered out from between pursed lips. The way she was looking at him and Trav left no doubt she found watching them together insanely arousing. "Well damn, boys. Then we'd better get started."

Travis was the one who scooped her into his arms and carried her toward the bed, but it was Aaron's heat Tiffany could feel burning her from a few feet away. It was Aaron who held her gaze as he swiftly and efficiently unknotted his tie and made quick work of the buttons on his shirt. Something had changed in the past few minutes, something that had made Aaron unleash himself in a way he hadn't when he and Travis first pulled her to the ground a half hour before.

Maybe it was his confession that had freed him to fully engage.

Or maybe it was that moment of understanding that had passed between them when she'd asked him why he was sad. Tiffany couldn't say for certain. She was just grateful that he was really here with her and Travis, that he was ready to let go and let himself be loved.

Physically loved, of course. She was still holding the emotional stuff at a distance. It was for the best, especially considering she was going to have to head back to Tavern tomorrow morning. If she was going to see Mama and Daddy and the old house for the first time in years, she was going to have to keep her emotions firmly in check. Otherwise, she'd never be able to get through an hour with her parents without losing it, let alone an entire day.

An entire day. It was going to be hell.

She should hate Aaron for doing this to her, but she didn't. Hellish or not, a part of her was dying to go home. Even knowing home would never be what it had been before she left ten years ago, even knowing it had never been the warm, safe place it should have been, it was still home. And her mama and daddy were still her mama and daddy and a part of her wanted to see them. A part of her was happy to have the excuse to walk into that house that always smelled of pork chops and fried okra, of mashed

potatoes and chicken stock and the pink detergent her mama had used since she was a kid. Even if her daddy would no doubt do his best to make her visit miserable.

But she wasn't going to think about that now. She wasn't going to think about anything right now. She was just going to feel. And watch, and taste, and touch.

Travis laid her on the king-sized bed, but didn't join her until he'd ripped off his threadbare gray t-shirt and faded blue jeans.

"Still wearing tighty-whities?" she asked, her heart racing as she took in his tanned skin and sculpted chest. The boy was bigger than he'd been in high school, but no less lean or built. He was like a fried Twinkie at the state fair—golden and irresistible and highly addictive.

And probably bad for her. But she didn't care. She was ready to be bad, as bad as her boys would let her be.

"You know it. Got to have support when you're carrying around something like this." Travis cupped himself through the tight, white fabric with a naughty grin.

Aaron was suddenly behind Travis, reaching around the slightly shorter man, placing his hand over his lover's. "Travis is very proud of the fact that he's got huge balls."

"Huge, hairy balls," Travis corrected, moving his hand on top of Aaron's and urging the other man's fingers higher, to wrap around his arousal.

"Ew!" Tiffany giggled, but she wasn't really grossed out. She was turned-on. Watching Travis and Aaron touch each other, watching them tease and make each other laugh, seeing the obvious love and passion between them was...unbelievable. It made her want to be a part of their lives more than ever.

"I'd rather have a huge cock, myself." Aaron stroked Travis as he said the words, his large hand moving up and down the other man's cock, drawing a low moan from Trav.

“Well, we both know you’ve got that covered,” Travis said with a laugh. “No need to brag about it, jackass.”

“I don’t think either of you are hurting in the size department,” Tiffany said, unable to keep her hands off both of them for another second. “But I could be confused. My memory isn’t what it used to be. I think I should take a look for myself.”

She sat up and reached for them, pleased when Aaron moved out from behind Travis, putting himself within easy reach of her questing hands. She was even more pleased when both men’s breath rushed out as she grabbed the top of their underwear—tighty-whities on one side, silk boxers on the other—and tugged them down below their hips, baring two of the most beautiful cocks she ever seen.

Her mouth practically watered at the sight of them, making it clear what had to happen next.

“Damn, just as big as I remembered,” Tiffany said with a grin as she moved her head slowly forward. “And looking good enough to eat.”

She flicked her tongue out across the tip of Travis’ cock, then did the same to Aaron’s. Even those two simple actions were enough to make her head spin, to make her skin burn, to fill her entire body with a feeling of pure elation. She was really here, this was really happening. She had permission to touch and taste and claim these two beautiful, amazing men and hell if she wasn’t going to make the most of it.

Starting that very second.

Chapter Four

Travis couldn't believe this was really happening, and he sure as hell couldn't believe the way it made him feel. In his fantasies, he'd always imagined sharing Tiffany with Aaron would be hot, but he'd never dreamed it would make his blood pressure rise so fast he actually felt dizzy. But he did. As he watched Tiffany slip her mouth over the top of Aaron's cock and suck, the world blurred and his head spun.

Damn. It was almost as good as having her mouth on his on cock. Feeling Aaron's hand grip his a little tighter, hearing the swift intake of breath as Aaron was sucked deeper and deeper between Tiff's lips, watching his partner's cock emerge from her mouth, slick and wet and as hard as Travis had ever seen it—it was the most erotic experience of his life.

And they were just getting started.

"You're shaking," Tiffany whispered as she moved her mouth back to him, flicking her tongue across the leaking tip of his erection before sucking him inside.

"You need to lie down?" Aaron asked.

"Nope. I'm good right where I am." Travis moved one trembling hand down to Tiffany's head, smoothing her strawberry blonde hair over one shoulder before reaching down to capture one of her breasts, to roll her nipple between his fingers. The other hand he moved to Aaron's slick cock, fisting and stroking, determined that he wasn't going to be the only one shaking with desire. At least not for long.

Tiffany sighed and wiggled her bare hips. Aaron thrust forward into Travis' fist with a groan while Travis' cock slid in and out of Tiff's mouth. God. Damn. This was good. It was so damn good. But it could be better. It was time for Tiffany to get a little of that payback she so rightly deserved. Aaron was going to start making up for that phone call. Right now.

“Lick her, Aaron. Get between her legs and lick her clit,” Travis said, the thrill of giving the orders for one of the first times in their relationship making him even harder, hotter.

“With pleasure.” Aaron shot a heated look in Travis’ direction before crawling up onto the bed. He was on his back and scooting between Tiffany’s legs a second later. His large hands cupped her rounded buttocks and pulled them down, forcing Tiffany’s pussy down onto his face.

Tiffany hummed her pleasure around Travis’ cock, drawing a groan from his lips. God, his balls felt like they were going to explode. They were so heavy, so full, so past ready to come, and watching Tiffany roll her hips, knowing each movement was rubbing her bare pussy against Aaron’s lips was only making the aching worse.

Travis moved both hands to Tiffany’s hair, tangling his fingers in the soft strands and gently pulling her away. If she kept at it much longer, he was going to lose control. As amazing as it would be to come in her mouth, to shoot himself between those sweet lips, he could think of something even better.

He knelt beside the bed and claimed her lips for a long, slow kiss, tasting himself and Aaron mingling in her mouth. The mixture was unspeakably hot and also strangely heartbreaking.

How perfect was it to have this woman here with them. Accepting them on every level, bringing them together in a way they hadn’t been before. It made him never want this night to end, it made him wish...things he shouldn’t be wishing.

He and Aaron couldn’t even openly be together, let alone openly be together with Tiffany, even if that’s what she wanted. Which it surely wasn’t. Tiffany was here for a night of fantasy fulfillment—both hers and theirs. It was stupid to think of this any other way.

It was stupid to think at all when he could be concentrating on feeling. And fucking.

"You want me to get the condoms?" Travis asked, determined to get his wayward thoughts back on track.

"God, yes. They're in my bag," Tiffany said, her back arching as Aaron intensified his efforts between her legs. The movement brought her flushed breasts and those perfect, tight little nipples right in front of his face, an invitation Travis couldn't resist.

He leaned forward, sucking one tight tip into his mouth while he captured the other with his fingers, rolling and plucking until Tiffany's breath came faster. Until she squirmed wildly on Aaron's face, until her back arched impossibly further and she came with a scream.

"Yes, god, yes," Aaron mumbled between her legs. Knowing his lover was sucking down Tiffany's cream, seeing Aaron's rigid shaft pointing straight up to his navel, almost purple, sent a savage bolt of desire surging between Travis' legs.

He was across the room and ripping open Tiffany's bag in ten seconds and back to the bed with condoms and lube in even less time. Thankfully, his hands had quit shaking enough to tear the foil open and pull the condom free. His fingers were steady as a surgeon's as he slid the rubber down and around Aaron's cock and then took Tiffany by the hips and pulled her down his love's body, down until her lips were even with Aaron's face, until her pussy was pressed against Aaron's cock. From there, it took only a little shifting to get Aaron's swollen head positioned and sliding inside.

"Travis," Aaron muttered against Tiffany's lips as he pressed his heels into the mattress, raising his ass, lifting Tiffany up into the air.

Travis knew what the movement meant without Aaron having to say another word. He reached for one of the pillows at the head of the bed and slid it under Aaron's hips then reached for the lube. Now his hands were shaking again, but that was okay. It was only natural to be overwhelmed. The sight before him was definitely awe-inspiring and tremor inducing.

Tiffany was riding Aaron's cock. Travis could see her body clenched around his partner as he thrust in and out, emerging slick with feminine juices. Above where they

joined was the tight pink pucker of Tiffany's ass. Travis' cock twitched at the idea of sliding inside her, of thrusting in time with Aaron, their cocks separated only by the thinnest barrier of slick, wet female.

But Travis wasn't sure Tiffany was ready for that, wasn't sure she could handle both him and Aaron at the same time. The last thing he ever wanted to do was cause Tiffany pain. He wanted her to remember this night as nothing but pure pleasure, as one, long, unending orgasm that left her weak and boneless and smiling for months afterward.

No. There was no reason to go there yet, if at all. Not when Aaron had so willingly offered up an equally mind-blowing alternative.

Travis spilled lube on the comforter and even more on Aaron's lightly haired thigh as he rubbed it over his cock, but he barely noticed. All he could think about was getting slick enough to slide inside of Aaron, to get his cock encased in that tight heat as they thrust together toward bliss with Tiffany pressed between.

"Yes!" Aaron cried out as Travis pushed inside, tunneling into the man he'd been with hundreds of times before, a man whose body he knew as well as his own.

But this time, it was all different. Maybe it was feel of Tiffany's back against his chest, maybe it was the way her feet twined around his knees, hugging him close, or maybe it was just the knowledge that they were three now instead of two that made Travis know he wasn't going to last four strokes.

All he knew for certain was that this was where he belonged. As the pressure in his sac built to the breaking point and he lost himself inside Aaron's body with a cry echoed shortly after by both Tiffany and Aaron, Travis had no doubt that he never should have walked away that night ten years ago. He had no idea how he was going to make himself walk away tomorrow morning.

"I want you next," Tiffany said, twisting around to kiss him on the cheek. Her hand reached back to grip his ass and pull him closer, pressing the three of them more tightly

together, making it clear she didn't want anyone to pull away just yet. "Any chance you're as resilient as you were in high school?"

"I'll be hard again in five minutes," Travis said.

"I might need a little longer to recover." Aaron reached down to take care of the condom, stiffness in his movements that made it clear he was ready to get up.

Travis slid out of his partner and moved to sit against the headboard, pulling Tiffany along with him. Aaron's breath rushed out as he bolted into a seated position and swung his legs off the side of the bed.

"I'll be back in a few. Don't feel like you have to wait," he said with a tight smile before turning and walking swiftly toward the bathroom across the room. There was a second bath right next to the bed, but Aaron was choosing to get as far away from them as possible. Travis didn't miss that. Tiffany didn't miss it either.

She sighed as the door clicked closed behind Aaron and the water turned on in the shower. "I'm going to try not to take this personally."

"You shouldn't. He's...not himself lately," Travis said, feeling a little odd talking about Aaron to someone else. On one hand, it felt wrong, as if he were betraying his lover's trust. But on the other hand, he was dying to talk to someone and at least Tiffany knew them both.

Really knew them both. Damn, it was still hard to believe he'd shared her with Aaron even when her bare skin was pressed against his. She leaned into his chest and her fingers played with the hair on his arms, petting him with absentminded little strokes that gave him the chills. In a way, this was as intimate as the sex, maybe even more so. He was feeling closer to Tiff every minute...while his lover of ten years was hiding in the bathroom, obviously less than thrilled with what they'd done.

"So it's probably not because I'm the worst lay in the world?" Tiffany asked, a hint of laughter in her voice Travis could tell she didn't really feel. She was really worried that she'd failed to perform up to Aaron's expectations.

"You're crazy. Aaron was blown away."

"Really?"

"Hell, yes. I've been with the man for a decade. I know when he's turned-on." Travis hugged Tiffany closer. "In fact, I should really be jealous. He hasn't had that kind of look on his face with me in a long time."

Tiffany was quiet for a second. "So...are you having problems? In your relationship? I mean, I wouldn't ask, but —"

"No it's okay. I mean, you have the right to ask." Travis dropped a kiss on the soft skin of Tiff's neck, wishing Aaron would come back. It felt so good to hold her, but it would feel even better if Aaron were here, lying beside them. "I honestly don't know if we're having problems. Sometimes things are great, just like they've always been. And sometimes...he's not with me. Distant."

"Yeah. I felt that. I mean, I obviously don't know him as well as you do anymore, but..." Tiffany let her words trail off. "Do you think we should go talk to him?"

"I don't know." Travis sighed. The guilty feeling was growing again, but thanks to the way Tiffany's ass was snuggled tight to his crotch, so were other things. He was getting hard already. Just thinking about the way Tiff had said she wanted him next, remembering how unbelievably hot it had been to see Aaron buried inside that pale, pink pussy.

"He does still owe me. I'm not going to forgive him that easily," Tiffany said, moving away from Travis, onto her hands and knees, as if she would crawl across the bed, jump to the carpet and chase after Aaron. Instead she stopped in the center and turned to look at Travis over her shoulder. "But then again, I'm not sure we should get him just yet. He might get jealous that you're already ready for more. You are ready for more, right?" Her ass twitched back and forth, drawing his attention between her legs, where her flushed sex was already slick.

Oh she was bad. So, so bad.

"You're a bad girl," he said, laughing even as he came onto his knees and reached for another condom.

"I know. I think I might need a spanking." She smiled as she watched him roll the condom on. "Or a fucking."

"How about a spanking and fucking?" Travis reached for her hips, pulling her back toward him.

She blinked big, faux innocent green eyes. "If you can do two things at once, that would be great."

"Girl, I can do more than two things at once. You just wait." Travis dug his fingers into her hips as he positioned his cock and slid inside where he'd been dying to be from the moment she'd walked into the room. Her pussy gripped him, her walls clenching around his shaft, making him groan. She felt so damn good. "You won't even miss that extra pair of hands."

Tiffany sighed and arched her back, taking him even deeper into her body. "Oh but I will, Trav. And you will too."

And he would. No matter how wonderful it felt to begin moving in and out of Tiff's pussy, no matter how hot it was to let his palm come down on her ass, hearing the sharp smack of flesh against flesh. No matter how sexy the little sounds she made when he reached around to finger her clit, or the unbelievable way her pussy pulsed around his cock as she came, the moment still wasn't complete without Aaron.

He needed his partner here with him. Not just at that moment, not even just tonight. He needed Aaron with him. Period.

"God, that was..." Tiffany let her forehead drop onto her folded hands, but made no move to pull away. Instead she wiggled backward, driving him deeper inside her once more. "You're still...you didn't?"

"I couldn't," Trav said, forcing the words out through gritted teeth. He was sick of this shit, sick of Aaron pulling away from him. It was bullshit. Especially tonight. How could he be wasting precious minutes in the shower when—thanks to his bratty phone call—they only had one night with Tiffany? One night to make up for all those nights they'd missed out on because they'd been chickenshits when they were kids.

Well not anymore. He wasn't going to be a chickenshit any fucking more.

"Is it me? Did I—"

Travis pulled gently from Tiffany's body and tugged her up into his arms, silencing her with a deep, slow kiss that he hoped left no doubt how sexy he found her. His hands played over her ass, cupping and squeezing. "Sweetheart, you're one of the hottest things that's happened to me in my life."

"But?" She pressed her palms tight to his face, pinning him in place as she gazed deeper into his eyes, as if she could read the truth if she looked hard enough.

Travis smiled. He had no plan to withhold the truth from Tiffany. Or Aaron. It wasn't the type of man he was.

"But I love that man," he said, turning to kiss her palm. "And it doesn't feel right to do this without him here."

"I know you do. I'm sorry, I—"

"It's not your fault. It's mine." Travis took her hand and pulled her from the bed. "And for the record, I also hate that man for being a big, pouty baby and ruining our good time."

"It isn't ruined," she said, following him across the room.

They were both buck naked, but Tiffany didn't seem to care. It was one of the many things he'd loved about her when they were teenagers. She had absolutely no shame when it came to her body. She'd skinny-dip anywhere, anytime. It made him ache to take her back to the ranch, to show her their old swimming hole was even deeper and cooler and wetter than it had been back in the day.

"Really, Trav, believe me, this has already been even better than I imagined."

"And it's going to get even better. I promise." Travis lifted his fist and knocked on the door. "Get your ass out here, Aaron."

Nothing but the sound of the shower running. Travis waited for a beat, then knocked again. "Aaron! Open the door."

Tiffany leaned close, pressing her ear to the door. "Maybe he can't hear us," she said, fingers playing on the handle. "Maybe we should just..." She pushed the lever down. It gave under the pressure. Aaron hadn't locked the door.

"He nearly killed me one time for coming into a bathroom uninvited," Travis whispered. "He's pretty uptight about his personal cleansing time."

"He needs to get less uptight." Tiffany smiled and pushed the door open. Steam spilled out of the bathroom, carrying the scent of sage and lemon soap.

"Right." Travis followed her as she crept inside. "But we'll tell him this was your idea."

"Chicken," Tiffany hissed over her shoulder.

Chickenshit. That thing he wasn't going to be anymore. With that thought in mind, Travis stood tall and moved around Tiffany, heading straight for the sliding glass door of the shower and the unsuspecting man behind it.

Chapter Five

Aaron was getting close to regaining control when the door to the bathroom eased open. He could hear the faint squeak of the hinges and feel the puff of colder air above his head as air-conditioning from the room beyond swirled inside. Travis or Tiffany? Or Travis and Tiffany?

As he placed the soap back in the dish built into the wall, he sent out a silent prayer that it was Travis and that he was alone. Travis he could deal with. He'd been dealing with him for ten years. He was good at hiding his feeling from Trav, but Tiffany...

She was another matter altogether. She'd seen inside him far too easily. And when they'd been together, when she'd been riding his cock and staring down into his eyes while Travis took his ass...god, it had been hot, so hot. So amazing, yet so absolutely terrifying at the same time.

He'd never felt so exposed, so close to being turned inside out and having all his secrets spill out onto the floor.

"Aaron?" Damn. It was Tiffany. The glass door began to slide open, but Aaron reached out and shoved it closed again. He couldn't look her in the eye again. Not just yet.

"I'll be out in a second." Aaron took a deep breath, struggling to slide his own personal walls back into place the same way he'd slid that glass door. He had to repair the shield behind his eyes that kept him safe, that kept other people from knowing how raw he felt eighty percent of the time.

"A second is going to be too long. You shouldn't have left." So Travis was out there too. Great.

Aaron's jaw tightened. He wasn't going to freak out. He was an extremely successful businessman, the head negotiator for his family's oil company. He was cool,

calm and collected, able to negotiate multimillion-dollar deals without breaking a sweat. Too bad he'd never been able to say the same about his personal life.

"Just finishing up," Aaron said, shoving the glass closed again when Trav tried to open it.

"Open the door, you damn coward."

Coward? Where the hell did he get off? "Get out, Travis. I'll be out in a minute."

"Maybe we should go, Trav, maybe—"

"No. I'm done with this," Travis said, interrupting Tiffany's soft whisper. "I'm not going to tiptoe around Mr. Cranky's precious feelings anymore."

Mr. Cranky. It was a stupid thing to say, a childish thing to say, but still it hurt Aaron. It made him frustrated, sad and very, very angry.

"Go away. Now," he said, knowing he was about to lose it in an epic fashion. If he said the things on the tip of his tongue, if he let go of his defenses and finally told his partner how he really felt, he wasn't sure he and Travis would survive.

And no matter how annoyed and angry he was, Aaron wanted them to survive. He needed them to survive. Travis was the only real thing in his life. It wasn't always easy, but loving Travis was his reason for getting up in the morning. Without him...he wouldn't be the same man. His life would be empty. Without Travis, he would become the same kind of cold, unfeeling person his father had always been, a man who got off on golf and ignored his life partner for drinks at the club.

"I've always been proud of being an honest man, Aaron," Travis said, tugging the door open. He was still nude and so was Tiffany. She stood just behind him, concern in her green eyes. "But I haven't been honest with you."

"You haven't?" Aaron asked, keeping his voice firm and even. He wasn't going to let Travis see how his words made his heart race with fear and the hot water pelting down on his shoulders suddenly feel colder.

"No I haven't. You've been an asshole lately and I don't know why. I haven't wanted to say anything because I care about you," Travis said, hands on his narrow hips, oblivious to the fact that he was still sporting a hard-on and a condom. He and Tiffany must have started something they didn't finish. Strangely, the thought didn't make him angry. Or not as angry as what Travis was saying anyway. "But I think it's time you know that you being a cold, cranky bastard half the time sucks."

"It sucks." Aaron could feel his teeth grinding together at the back. "And you're letting me know this because you are proud of being such an honest man?"

Travis blinked, then narrowed his brown eyes. "Yeah. I am an honest person, Aaron, you know that."

Oh hell, here it went. There was no preventing it now. They were going to have the argument, the one that had been building between them for at least the last six years, maybe longer.

"You're such an honest man that you've lied about our relationship for ten years," Aaron said, shutting off the water and stepping out of the shower. Travis stepped back, as if he could feel Aaron's rage shoving against him. "You're such an honest man that you'd rather let your ranch fail than take help from a man who loves you?"

"That has nothing to do with—"

"You're such an honest man that you've dated women and taken them home to meet your mama?"

"You've dated women too," Travis protested. "You've—"

"I've kept up appearances, but I've never made a woman think I was in love with her. I've never made an innocent person think I was getting ready to get down on one knee and give her the happy ever after she's always wanted."

Travis glared and his fists balled at his sides. "Regina wasn't my fault. I didn't know she was going to get so attached."

"You dated her for over a year and a half, Travis," Aaron shouted, his voice echoing off the tile walls. Of all the places he'd imagined having this showdown, it had never been buck naked in the goddamn bathroom. "What the hell did you think was going to happen? She and your mom were planning the fucking wedding."

"I'm going to wait out in the room," Tiffany said, backing toward the door. "This is a private thing between—"

"No please, I want you to stay," Aaron said, his chest getting tighter as he turned to reach a hand out to Tiffany. It was like he couldn't turn off the honesty switch now that he'd started flapping his lips. "Being with you tonight helped me realize how sick I am of all this. When we were...when we were together I...it was the first time I've been able to let go for a really long time."

As far as confessions of affection went, it wasn't much, but Tiffany seemed to know exactly what he meant to say. That he'd meant to say he'd felt like they were making love, that all three of them were making love in a way he and Travis hadn't in a long time. The lies got in the way of the love. Aaron was afraid the lie would kill what he and Travis had completely if the truth went untold for much longer.

Tiffany smiled and closed the distance between them, going on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. "It was perfect. I...care about you so much, Aaron. But I know you love Travis."

Aaron grunted. "I don't love the lies. I can't live like this anymore."

"You want to tell everyone the truth? You want to tell your dad and your mom?" Travis snorted and reached down to pull the condom off his softening erection. Aaron couldn't help but be a little pleased that he was killing Travis' buzz. The other man had been killing his for a while now.

"I've wanted to tell them for years. You know that," Aaron said, taking the hand Tiffany slipped into his. She seemed to sense that this wasn't easy for him, that he needed to draw strength from her in order to have this conversation.

"Do I? You never said anything. What am I supposed to be, a mind reader?"

"I've told you, Travis. You know I have," Aaron said softly, willing Trav to remember all those times they'd lain together in the darkness, when Aaron had spun tales of what it would be like not to have to hide anymore.

What if he didn't have to park his car on the other side of Travis' property and wait for his lover to come pick him up so no one would see Aaron's vehicle parked on the ranch night after night? What if they could just date each other instead of bringing along two women they both had to pretend to be into so that no one would suspect the truth? What if they could hold hands in public? Maybe not in Tavern, but somewhere...on a vacation to California, Europe, Mexico, any place where they wouldn't be spotted by someone they knew?

But Travis had never wanted to take that vacation. He'd never taken his lover's wonderings in the dark seriously.

"I can't hide anymore. At the very least, I need our families to know," Aaron said, standing a little taller and reaching for a towel. Tiffany's silent support had given him a strength he wasn't sure he had. He was going to have to tell her how much that meant to him, especially after he'd been so tough on her when she first arrived.

And run away the second they were finished making love. God, he was a dick. But he wasn't going to be a dick anymore.

"Our families? As in my mom too?" Travis asked, his shock clear in his voice.

"I'm sorry I left right after," Aaron said to Tiffany, ignoring Travis for the moment. His partner hadn't even suspected. He hadn't even thought about telling his remaining parent about the man he loved. The realization hurt. A lot more than Aaron had even imagined it would.

"It's all right. I understand," Tiffany said. "Just don't let it happen again."

Aaron smiled. She wanted to be with him again. It was a bright spot in this horrible moment. "I swear it won't."

"Don't ignore me, Aaron." Travis stepped in between Aaron and Tiffany and grabbed the damp towel from Aaron's hands. "You can't really be serious about this?"

"I'm dead serious."

Travis took a deep breath and ran a hand through his shaggy hair. "Okay, fine, we'll tell your parents if you want, but not mine. I can't do that to my mom. It would kill her."

Aaron swallowed the reply on the tip of his tongue. Couldn't Travis see it was killing him to live like this? Weren't his feelings as important as his precious mama's? Didn't what they have matter enough to him to take a risk?

But he didn't ask those questions. He just nodded. It was a start. Maybe it would be enough, maybe it wouldn't. But it was more than he'd had before.

And he was tired of wasting time. This was his only night with Tiffany and maybe one of his last nights with Trav. He wasn't going to spend any more of it worrying about what might happen in the future. They had the next few hours and it was time to make the most of them.

"Fine. We'll talk about when to break the news to my family tomorrow." Aaron leaned over and kissed Travis on the cheek, ignoring the tension that still hung in the air around the other man. Let Travis be the one who felt uncomfortable for a change. "For now, I'm done talking."

Tiffany took the hand Aaron held out toward her. She could still feel the pain simmering behind the forced smile, but she knew better than to say anything about it right now. This was nothing that could be solved in a cramped bathroom with both men nursing hurt feelings.

What she needed to do was get Travis alone and help him get a clue.

There came a time in a person's life when their romantic partner had to come first. Even with her family problems, Tiffany had always been a big believer in honoring her father and mother. But honoring the man or woman you loved was even more important. When you fell in love and committed your life to a person, that person became your first priority. Tiffany had always hoped her parents would love and

respect the man she chose to marry—when and if that ever happened—but she’d known who she would choose if it came down to it.

She would put her husband’s feelings and needs first. If she were Travis, what Aaron needed would be her first priority. Protecting her mama’s feelings would come second.

So you’d tell Mama all about Aaron and Travis if your happy ever after three-way came true?

Oh man. Could she tell Mama she shared her bed with two men? Tiffany was sure her mama suspected she’d been with more than two men in her life, but Barbie would never dream her little girl had been with two men at the same time. She would have a heart attack. Literally, there was a chance news like that would send her already sky-high blood pressure shooting through the roof with disastrous consequences.

Tiffany took Travis’ hand in hers and squeezed.

“Think about it later.” Tiffany was talking to herself as much as to Trav. There was no need for her to worry about what to tell her mama. Neither Travis nor Aaron had made any noises about continuing a relationship with her after tonight. She was putting the cart before the horse. Hell, she probably didn’t even have a cart. Or a horse.

But she had the next few hours and, like Aaron had said, she thought they should make the most of them.

“My brain isn’t as easy to control as you might think,” Travis said, though he let himself be pulled out of the bathroom.

“Come on, Travis, you know there ain’t a thought in that pretty little head of yours,” Tiffany teased, determined to recapture the fun, sassy feel of earlier in the evening.

“You’d be right about that a lot of the time.” Travis grinned. “At least not any thought worth sharing with good Christian people.”

“I think you’d be surprised about some good Christian people.” Tiffany paused near the large oak bar, tugging on the men’s hands. It seemed a shame to head straight

back to bed without taking advantage of everything the room had to offer. "Some of us are also very naughty when we want to be."

Tiffany turned the men loose and climbed up onto the barstool. She reached over the bar, grabbing a tiny bottle of whiskey from the collection on the counter. There were dozens of bottles, enough to get ten grown men drunk and still have a few left over. She supposed most people who booked a room this size planned on having quite a party. That could be fun, she supposed, but not nearly as fun as being alone with the two men behind her.

She could feel their eyes drifting over her body as she stayed bent over the bar. The knowledge that they were looking at her bare pussy made her ache, made her lips plump and swell and the slick place between her legs get slicker. One of them was going to make a move to touch her if she stayed like this much longer. She wondered which one of them it would be.

Aaron. His large hand smoothed over her hip and his thumb teased close to her opening, making her gasp.

"Want a drink?" Tiffany asked.

"I think I want two if it means you'll stay like this for a few more minutes." Aaron laughed softly, but Travis didn't join in. She guessed he was still pouting. But he wouldn't be for long, not if she had anything to say about it.

"What about you, Trav? You want a drink?" Tiffany looked over her shoulder just as Aaron slid his thumb inside her. She sighed and her eyes fluttered closed, but not before she saw the desire on Travis' face. He was ready to play. He just needed a little more encouragement. "How about a shot?"

She reluctantly pulled away from Aaron and turned around, shifting her ass up onto the bar and then lying down on her back. She twisted open the mini bottle of whiskey with a grin in the men's direction. She could tell Travis was getting the idea, but Aaron still looked a little puzzled. But then Aaron wasn't the kind to go to strip joints where the girls offered body shots. Travis was.

Tiffany enjoyed strip clubs from time to time, when she was in the mood for cheesy music, cheesier outfits and watching silly men drool over women they'd convinced themselves actually cared about their problems. Other times, however, she preferred to head for home when her coworkers at Fantasies Unlimited decided to have a strip club night. If she were one third of a threesome with Travis and Aaron she'd have company no matter what her mood.

They could have so much fun together. Too bad it seemed the men's life was complicated enough without her.

"So, who likes whiskey?" She poured half the liquor into the well of her navel, then downed the other half in one swift gulp, relishing the feel of the warm liquid burning a trail down her throat. Her Bloody Marys had worn off a long time ago and she suddenly needed a little numbing. It was getting harder and harder to think about leaving these men and heading back to the city.

"Travis is the whiskey man," Aaron said, reaching back for his lover's hips and angling Travis in front of him. They both moved closer, Travis stepping up to the bar and Aaron pressing in close behind. Travis leaned over and sucked away every last bit of sweet, potent liquid, his tongue flicking out to lick up the last drops, sending shivers of excitement flowing down to where Tiffany's clit had begun to tingle.

Tiffany watched Aaron's hand wrap around Trav's waist as he stood up. The taller man found his lover's flagging erection and fisted it, tugging slowly from base to tip. Trav's eyes slid closed for a moment and Tiffany could see the tension leak from his shoulders.

"You're next," Travis said, smiling as he reached back and dug his fingers into Aaron's bare ass, then pulled him around in front. Aaron's cock was already hard even before Travis began to stroke him up and down, setting a slow, sensual rhythm that made Tiffany shift restlessly on the bar. She wanted one of those hard cocks inside of her. Ten minutes ago.

But first Aaron needed a little loosening up.

"Pick your poison," Tiffany said, pointing back in the general directions of the mini liquor bottles. "I think we've got tequila, vodka, gin—"

"I don't need a drink," Aaron said, leaning down and capturing her lips, kissing her until she was dizzy. His tongue pushed into her mouth, sweeping away the taste of whiskey and leaving something sweeter behind. She could feel more in that kiss than simple lust. She could feel need and thankfulness and passion. A hell of a lot of passion.

She moaned into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck, welcoming the feel of his fingers questing between her thighs, finding where she ached and slipping slowly inside. His touch was light, but strangely even more erotic than his forceful caresses earlier in the night. His fingers easing through her slick flesh, exploring every inch of where she ached, made her forget how to breathe.

When he pulled his lips away, Tiffany couldn't think of anything to say. Words had abandoned her. All she could do was stare into his bright blue eyes and struggle to remember how to pull air into her lungs as his fingers continued to torment her, bringing her closer and closer to the edge. He watched the effects of his touch on her face with a quiet fascination that made her feel beautiful, and so very desired.

"Well, I guess I'll take your shot for you." Travis reached over her head, grabbing another tiny bottle of whiskey. "What about you Tiffany, you want a little more?"

"Sure, why not?" More whiskey wasn't going to help the spinning in her head, but it couldn't hurt either. Besides, she had a feeling Travis needed another drink before he'd be willing to try what she was dying to do next.

Chapter Six

The whiskey burned the inside of his mouth as he took a pull on the bottle, but held the liquor on his tongue instead of swallowing it down. Travis caught Tiffany's eyes with a wink, making sure she knew what he was up to before he leaned down and claimed her lips.

She hummed her appreciation as he let the liquid flow from his mouth to hers in a slow, controlled stream. She sucked every last bit down and then teased at his tongue with her own, licking away the last of the burn.

Damn, but her tongue felt amazing against his. He couldn't remember the last time he'd gotten so turned-on by a kiss. Aaron was an amazing lover, but their kisses were never this soft and sweet. Travis would assume it was simply one of the many differences between loving a woman and loving a man, if he weren't suddenly feeling uncertain about everything he'd ever believed about his and Aaron's relationship.

How could Aaron have kept his feelings secret for so long? Why hadn't Travis realized his lover's bad temper was a direct result of his own unwillingness to come out of the damn closet? Was he a thick-skulled, dumbass cowboy without a clue or was Aaron an uptight, chilly bastard incapable of communicating his damn feelings?

He had a feeling the truth lay somewhere in between, just as he had the suspicion the solution to their problems lay on the bar between them, her nipples pulling tight as Aaron played with her pussy.

How much better would he and Aaron be if Tiffany was always there to help them get out of their own way and tell each other what they needed? How much stronger would their love be with a little sweet, southern glue to help cement their relationship? Tiffany was perfect for them. Not perfect for Travis or Aaron alone, but perfect for *them*, for the men they were when they were together.

"You okay?" Aaron asked. Travis nodded and leaned over to claim Aaron's lips over Tiffany's body. Knowing that she was watching them kiss, watching him swirl his tongue inside Aaron's mouth and nip Aaron's lip as he pulled away made the moment even hotter. Sex with two lovers was quickly becoming way more addictive than any liquor.

Still, he couldn't let the last of his mini bottle go to waste.

"I think I need to test the taste of this whiskey on that sweet skin one more time," Travis said, smiling as he trickled the last of the whiskey over Tiffany's chest and bent to lick away the amber liquid.

His tongue swirled over the soft flesh of her breasts and then up to claim first one tight, pink nipple and then the other. He suckled and teased, nipping at the sensitive skin, making her gasp and writhe beneath him. Her fingers threaded through his hair and tugged, pulling him closer. Travis obeyed, sucking her breast deep into his mouth, trapping her nipple inside and flicking it with his tongue.

"Oh god. Bed. Now." Tiffany tried to sit up, but Travis took her wrists in his hands and pressed them up and over her head, forcing her back onto the bar.

As if reading his mind, Aaron gripped her inner thighs and spread her wide. Neither of them were letting Tiffany up until she came.

Aaron's mouth was between her legs a moment later. For a moment, Travis was a little jealous that his lover was getting to lick that sweet little cunt twice when he'd yet to have the chance to go solo down there, but jealousy soon faded as he watched Tiffany's back arch and her cheeks flush pink. How could he be jealous of anything that made their woman's eyes roll back in her head and her sweet lips part in a sigh of pure pleasure?

Travis transferred both of Tiff's wrists to one hand and used his free fingers to roll and pluck at her nipples. They were so hard and tight, and so fucking sensitive. Tiffany would have squirmed her way right off the bar if Aaron weren't there, holding her tight, pinning in her in place as he licked and sucked. For a man who hadn't performed

oral sex on a woman for years, Aaron was clearly amazing. Tiffany was so close to the edge, every muscle strung tight, her body trembling as she neared her release.

Travis intensified his efforts at her breasts, fingertips flying back and forth across her nipples. Tiffany cried out, her back arching, her wrists straining against Travis' hand.

"Yes!" She screamed. Travis looked down just in time to see Aaron's tongue swirling around her clit, making her come in one long, blinding flash that seemed to go on forever.

Travis was pretty sure his head was going to explode before it was all over. Watching Tiffany's face as she came, seeing her flushed pussy spread wide for Aaron's mouth, counting the strokes of Aaron's tongue as he speared inside her, licking up every bit of her cream—it was going to drive him insane. He needed to be with them, he needed to be pressed between them, driving inside that pussy, feeling Aaron's blunt cock shoving inside his ass.

"Bed. Now," Travis said, echoing Tiffany's earlier command. Thankfully, this time they all seemed to be on the same page.

Aaron moved back and Travis pulled Tiffany into his arms, carrying her toward the bed.

"I can walk," she said, her laugh breathy.

"Not fast enough, you can't." Travis caught Aaron's eye as his partner climbed onto the bed just ahead of them. Aaron smiled and reached for the lube without Travis having to say a word. He just knew the look in Trav's eye.

Damn, how could he risk losing a man like that? A *person* like that? He had to figure out a way to tell his mother because he knew Aaron too well. He knew telling Aaron's parents wouldn't be enough. Aaron needed them to be out to all the people who mattered in their lives. He was tired of hiding and wouldn't tolerate it much longer. Travis was going to have to step up or bow out.

"Here, let me." Tiffany took the lube from Aaron and squeezed it onto her hand before reaching for Aaron's cock.

"God, you feel..." Aaron's words trailed off as his head fell back and his cock seemed to swell even longer, thicker. His erection was so flushed it was nearly blue. It looked on the verge of being painful. Aaron needed some relief and Travis was more than prepared to give it.

He tried to reach for the lube, but Tiffany pulled it away. "Nope. None of this for you. You're not going to need any."

"I beg to differ, darlin', I—"

"I'm wet, Trav. And ready. You're not going to need any lube, I promise." She coated Aaron's cock with one last dollop, then handed him the bottle. "You do me next?"

Before either of them could protest, Tiffany had pushed Trav back onto the bed and straddled his own, aching erection. Her slick pussy pressed against the heated flesh, making him moan. She grabbed his wrists and pushed them up and over his head, pinning them to the mattress.

"I'm clean, Trav, what about you?" she asked as she rubbed her pussy up and down, coating his cock in her juices.

"Tested a month ago and haven't been with anyone but Aaron."

"Good. Condoms are so overrated. Don't you think?" Then she was lifting her hips and moving the tip of his cock to her entrance and Travis lost the ability to speak.

He could only feel and breathe and struggle not come before Tiff was pleased as thoroughly as she deserved.

"Come on, Aaron. I want to feel you," Tiffany said. "I know you're clean."

"That's not what I'm worried about. I don't want to hurt you," Aaron said, his voice tight as he watched Tiffany drop her hips, encasing Travis in her heat.

God, he wanted to join them, wanted to be balls-deep in Tiff's ass, to feel both of the people he loved thrusting with him. He could imagine the way it would feel—so tight, so perfect. His cock ached and throbbed between his legs. He'd never been so hot, so ready, but he couldn't give Tiffany what she wanted. He was too afraid of hurting her, of introducing even a moment of pain into her life.

"Travis, lift your hips." Aaron reached for the pillow Trav had used on him earlier. They'd simply reverse their positions. Aaron could slide into Trav's body as Tiffany rode him. It would be better that way, safer.

"No. I want you inside me, Aaron." Tiffany leaned forward and spread her legs, baring the delicate pink swirl of her anus. She kissed Travis once on the lips, then grabbed his hands, positioning them on her buttocks, urging him to help spread her wide. "Please."

The sight of Trav's rough, tan, rancher's hands on Tiffany's pale skin made Aaron groan. The pair of them together were perfection. They were everything he wanted—soft and hard, rough and smooth. His hands reached out to them against his will. He brushed the coarse hairs on the back of Trav's hands and then the soft flesh of Tiff's ass, he felt the way their skin burned hot beneath his fingertips, he heard them both moan as Trav bucked beneath Tiffany and his cock drove deeper into her pussy. Aaron's pulse raced and his vision swam.

"Fuck me, Aaron." Tiffany tilted her hips, presenting herself to him. "I want you inside me. I want both of you inside me."

God help him, but he couldn't resist a second longer. He spread lube on his fingers and moved them to Tiffany's ass, massaging, stroking, preparing her as Travis' strong hands moved her up and down on his cock. Trav was taking it slow, waiting for Aaron, waiting for all three of them to be together. The realization made Aaron's chest tighter. He loved that man. He loved this woman too, no matter how crazy it seemed. But he couldn't deny that there was more to this moment than pure sex.

The way he delved first one finger and then two inside Tiffany's ass—taking such care, working so slowly, making certain she felt only pleasure—was motivated by love not lust. He wanted to make this perfect for her more than he wanted to get off, and that was saying something. Because he'd never wanted to come as badly as he did at that moment. The sounds Tiffany and Travis were making were driving him crazy. He could hear their bodies coming together, the sound of flesh meeting slick flesh and coming away harder, hotter, closer to the edge.

"Now please, Aaron. Now," Tiffany said, turning over her shoulder to meet his eyes.

Aaron surged forward, claiming her lips, slipping his tongue into her mouth and tasting her even as he let the head of his cock press against her second hole. It was going to be a difficult fit. She was small and tight. So tight. God.

"Yes!" She sucked in a breath against his lips and all three of them froze for a moment as Aaron sank deeper and deeper. There was no turning back now. She was going to take him, all of him.

"Fuck, Aaron," Travis said once they were all melded together, his bliss clear in his voice.

Aaron imagined his partner was feeling the same thing he was—the tightness of Tiff's body getting even tighter, the pressure of a rigid cock snuggled tight against his own, separated only by the thinnest of walls, the almost painful pleasure of his aching balls pressed tightly to an equally swollen sac. He couldn't imagine what this was like for Tiff, however. Was she in pain? Was it too much for her?

"I don't want this to end. Ever." She sounded on the verge of tears, but Aaron could tell it wasn't due to physical discomfort. "Fuck me, please. Both of you."

And then they were moving, he and Travis pulled back and thrust forward at the same time. Aaron didn't know about his partner, but he was pretty sure this was as close to heaven as he'd ever been.

Tiffany, wedged between Travis and Aaron, abandoned control to the two men with their hands on her hips, giving herself up to pure pleasure. It was so perfect, everything she'd dreamed it would be and more. They filled her completely, banishing every inch of emptiness, pushing out every fear and worry, leaving room for nothing but the two of them. Her two men.

God, she wished they were really hers. For now, for always.

"Tiff, you feel...so..." Travis whispered against her neck. The smell of his whiskey-tinged breath made her mouth water.

She'd never wanted to taste anything the way she wanted to taste him. Both of them. She wanted to kiss them both at the same time, to feel three tongues twisting and tangling together. But not now. Next time. There had to be a next time. She didn't know if she could handle it if this was all the three of them would ever had.

No. This was too amazing not to be repeated. God, they felt so good. Aaron in her ass, and Travis in her pussy, both of them stroking in and out, loving her, twisting the fist of tension low in her body tighter and tighter until she felt she would die from how good it felt to love them.

She turned to kiss Travis, driving her tongue into his mouth, mimicking the long, deep thrusts he and Aaron were making with their cocks. He moaned, and her lips vibrated with the sound. The vibration seemed to ricochet through her body, bouncing along sensitized flesh until it ended between her legs. Her clit tingled, a tingle that became more and more intense with every bump against Travis' pubic bone, with every thrust of Aaron's cock deep into her ass.

She was so close. They all were. She could feel release simmering in every hard, clenched male muscle that brushed against her heated flesh. But none of them wanted to give in and let go, none of them wanted it to end so soon.

"I'm going to come," Travis said, fingers digging into the soft flesh of her thighs. He shifted his hips, and his next thrust ground his body against her clit. No matter how much she wanted to delay, Tiffany couldn't fight the sizzle of bliss spreading out from

her clit, warming her belly, singing along every nerve cell, making her scream with pleasure.

"Travis, Aaron!" She called both their names, but after that Tiffany couldn't say what was coming out of her mouth.

She was making noise, maybe mumbling words, but all she could concentrate on was the feel of her pussy clamping down around Travis' jerking cock, the way Aaron's cock seemed to swell inside of her before he came with a groan. She could feel the hot stream of their cum shooting inside her, marking her in a way they never could have if they'd both been wrapped up. She was suddenly so grateful for the Pill that she could cry.

There were indeed tears on her face when she finally collapsed onto Trav's chest, but they definitely weren't for the wonder of birth control. It had just been so perfect, was still so perfect. Travis lay spent beneath her and Aaron's comforting weight pressed down on her from above. She'd never felt so wonderful. They were all hot and sticky and smelled of sex and a hint of whiskey, but it was all wonderful. She felt safe, loved. If she had a magic wand, she would have frozen them all in that moment, stickiness and all.

But she didn't have a magic wand. And it was nearly four in the morning.

"I guess we should get some sleep," she mumbled against Trav's lightly furred chest. She loved the crisp golden hairs there, wanted to rub her cheek against them and fall asleep just as they were. But even she had to admit their present position was starting to get a little uncomfortable. "Should we shower first?"

"We definitely have to shower." Aaron kissed her shoulder and then her neck, his lips lingering near the base of her ear, making her shiver. "A long, hot shower."

"A very hot shower," Travis agreed.

Tiffany smiled. "Guess ya'll don't have to be back to Tavern until late?"

Travis ran a finger down her cheek, the simple caress enough to reawaken the aching between her legs. "I don't care if we ever get back."

"If we get there by noon, we'll be fine," Aaron said as they untangled themselves and Travis rose to help both of them off the bed. "I don't think your parents are expecting you until lunchtime. When I talked to them on the phone, they –"

"I don't want to talk about my parents," Tiffany said, cutting Aaron off with fingers on his lips. He looked hurt for a second, but the look vanished when Tiffany smiled. She wasn't mad, just not in the mood to think about anything but the three of them.

"I don't want to talk about anyone's parents." Travis' fingers twined with hers and tugged her toward the bathroom.

"I don't want to talk at all," Aaron said and followed them.

Tiffany took his hand and held on tight, wishing she never had to let go.

Chapter Seven

The wind whipped through the yard, tossing the blossom-heavy irises she'd helped her mama plant fifteen years ago. They were still as lovely as they'd been the first time Tiffany had watched them bloom. Mama's flower garden was legendary in Tavern. Somehow she made things bloom, even during the hottest, driest part of a Texas summer.

Now in the first flush of warm spring weather, the garden was pure magic.

It made Tiffany hopeful and terrified all at the same time. How could something horrible happen inside that little white house when she was walking through such beauty to get there? But then, how could something good come of seeing her father for the first time in ten years? He'd made it clear how he felt.

Tiffany smoothed the fabric of her new floral-print dress over her fluttering stomach, then bent over and tugged at the skirt, making sure it fell all the way to her knees. She hadn't packed a single thing appropriate for Sunday lunch at her mama's, so she'd hit the hotel gift shop before she, Travis, and Aaron headed out of town. The sweet peach and white floral was just the type of thing her daddy would have loved to see her in. Before.

Before she was a slut with an embarrassing job who he wished had never been born.

God. She wanted to turn around and run. Now.

"I can do this. I can do this," she chanted beneath her breath, standing up a little straighter. Travis and Aaron had both said she looked beautiful, adorable, a true southern belle.

Too bad they couldn't be here with her. She wished they were here, wished she was still holding a big strong hand in each of her own. But who was she kidding? She was just lucky they had even given her a ride into town.

Both Aaron and Trav were terrified that they would be seen in her company, she could tell. They hadn't been the same men this morning. They had been edgy, unsettled. They wished they could erase what they'd done with her last night, she just knew it. It was something she'd realized she should to be prepared for, but it still hurt. The silent car ride had nearly killed her. She'd wanted to laugh and chat and remember, she didn't want to simmer in silence filled with regret.

There was a flutter at the yellow curtains in the kitchen. Her mama? Or Daddy?

Tiffany's heart beat faster. This was it. She had to hurry now, no lingering on the walk, pretending to inspect the irises. Her parents were expecting her. It didn't matter that they both felt like strangers to her now. It didn't matter that her daddy hated her and she resented her mama for letting him.

It didn't matter that she'd just lived a dream only to realize her dream was bigger than she'd thought and that she would never be happy with just one night with the men she loved.

She loved them both. So much.

The thought of getting on a plane later tonight made her physically ill, and it wasn't because she'd be heading back to the big, bad city. She'd finally realized—after ten years of stupidity—that it wasn't the “where” of things that mattered. Small town or bustling metropolis, the location was just a backdrop. Happiness was found in the people who surrounded you, who cared about you.

Who loved you and who you loved in return.

All she wanted was to be with the two men who had completed her in a way no one ever had, no matter where they were located in space. But that couldn't happen, or it *wouldn't* happen. Every awkward look and cramped silence in the forty-five minute

drive to Tavern had made that clear. Their one night was over and what she wanted didn't matter.

Nothing mattered but putting one foot in front of the other until she reached that door, then one word in front of the other until she made it to the kitchen table, then one mouthful of food after the other until lunch was finished and she could call a cab to take her back to the airport.

Her flight left at eight o'clock and there was no reason to delay leaving. No one in this town really wanted her around.

"Tiffany, wait!"

Tiffany froze, certain she was hallucinating. Her ears were only hearing what they wanted to hear. There were no heavy steps running up the walk behind her, there was no low, hushed voice whispering for her to wait.

She took another step.

"Tiff! Hold up!" A different voice this time. It was Travis. He was really here. They both were. Aaron's hand closed gently around her wrist.

Before she spun around to face them, Tiffany sent a silent prayer skittering through the spring flowers.

Travis wanted to pull her into his arms and squeeze her. Hell, he wanted to wrap his arms around both Aaron and Tiff and hold them tight, let them both know he wasn't ever going to let them go. But he couldn't. Tiffany's parents could be watching from the window, neighbors out walking their dogs could be spying from the street. Until all three of them had agreed, they couldn't risk anything public.

But soon enough. Maybe. Hopefully. If Tiffany really wanted both of them.

They were just waiting on her. He and Aaron had already decided to wait to tell their own folks about their unconventional relationship until they found out just how

unconventional they were going to be. Were they gay? Or were they bisexual members of a threesome?

Travis wasn't sure which would sound worse to his mama, but he knew which sounded best to him. He wanted Aaron and Tiffany and he wanted their future together to start right now.

"Tiffany, me and Aaron were talking and —"

"Yes!" Tiffany laughed, but Trav could see the tears shining in her eyes before she leapt into Aaron's arms, hugging him tightly about the neck before she turned and hugged him in the same, fierce way.

Travis' chest felt like it was about to explode, but he laughed along with her as he hugged her tight, lifting her feet off the garden path. "You don't even know what we were going to ask."

"Yes, she does," Aaron said, a smile on his face as he reached out to lay a hand on the back of Tiff's head. Her soft hair slid through his fingers, making Travis think of the way Aaron had shampooed the strands less than eight hours before. Damn, he wanted to be back in the shower with these two. He wanted to be anywhere that they could be alone and naked. "You're easy to read, Travis. The question was all over your face."

"Yours too. Neither one of you could keep a secret to save your life," Tiffany said. "I love you for it."

"We love you too," Travis said. "So much."

"We never stopped. As soon as you got out of the car, we talked about it and..." Aaron swallowed, and Travis could tell he was close to tearing up right along with the woman they loved. "We never want to stop."

"I never want you to stop either." Tiffany turned back to Aaron and pulled his face down to hers for a kiss.

Aaron hesitated for a split second, then went to her, tugging her into his arms, kissing her like they'd both just said their vows. The garden would be a beautiful place

for a wedding. Tiff's mom was amazing. Her yard was straight out of a magazine. But they wouldn't be getting married here or anywhere. And Tiff's daddy might come after them with his shotgun if he saw her out here kissing one of them, let alone both.

Still, when Tiffany reached for him, Travis went to her, to her and Aaron. Their mouths met in a three-way tangle that was awkward for a moment, but quickly became one of the most amazing things Travis had ever experienced. The feel of both of their tongues, the taste of the man and the woman who he loved, the smell of Tiff's light perfume and Aaron's aftershave—it was perfect.

Or it would have been perfect if the door to Tiffany's childhood home hadn't opened just as the kiss was really beginning to build momentum.

"Tiffany, honey, what are you doing?" Her mother's voice was hushed, but Trav could still hear the shock and fear clearly in her whisper.

Tiffany pulled away from them and faced her mother across the yard. "Hi, Mama. You know Travis and Aaron." She took both of their hands in hers and smiled.

She looked completely confident and at ease, but Travis could feel her trembling. She was afraid, but she wasn't going to back down. In less than a few minutes, Tiffany had made the decision it had taken him ten years to make. She had a lot of courage and a lot of faith. Travis swore in that moment to be worthy of her faith and trust, to never make her regret choosing to openly be with both him and Aaron. Not now, not ever.

"I do. I...hello boys." Tiffany's mom smiled. It was a nervous smile, one that flashed on her tired face and was gone in a second, but it was a smile. A real smile. "I'd invite all of you in, but Daddy's not feeling well."

Tiffany sucked in a breath and let it out slowly. "I had a feeling he might not be feeling well today." She paused, turning to look at a clutch of irises nearby before turning back to her mom. "Well, tell him I love him. I love you too, Mama."

"I love you too, honey. And I promise you we'll have a nice long visit soon. I've almost got enough saved for a plane ticket and—"

"How about my house for dinner tonight, Mrs. Webber?" Aaron asked. "I think Tiffany's going to be staying with me for a while."

"I am. I definitely am. Him and Trav," Tiffany said, just in case her mother hadn't gotten them message with the kiss and the handholding. "But I'd love for you to have dinner with us. That would be great."

Tiffany's mom looked over her shoulder for a second, but then turned back to them with a nod. "I can probably make it. I'll heat up leftovers for Daddy and be there around six."

"Daddy can come too."

Tiffany's mother laughed, a high, sweet sound that reminded Trav of Tiffany. "No, honey, I don't think so. But that's okay. Sometimes I do things on my own now." She stood up a little straighter.

"Good for you, Mama." Tiffany sounded like she was about to cry, but the smile on her face was the most beautiful thing Trav had ever seen. It was all he could think about, all he could focus on as they said their goodbyes and turned back toward the road, to where Aaron had parked the car a little ways down the street.

That smile was coming home with him, with him and Aaron. No matter how much he dreaded breaking the news to his mother, Travis knew it would be worth it. Getting to love these two people freely, openly was going to be the greatest thing that ever happened to him. He knew it, with every last piece of his heart.

Aaron couldn't believe it. They were going to have two dinner guests. His mom and Tiffany's had both agreed to come over for dinner. Travis' mother and Aaron's father had both been considerably less enthusiastic and accepting, but Aaron had hope that his dad would change his mind...eventually.

It was the truth about Travis that had made his straitlaced father lose his infamous cool. Aaron could tell he was shocked and disappointed that his only son was gay. Or bi or anything other than plain old heterosexual. He'd shouted for a few minutes, then left

the room, then had come back and told his wife he was going to play golf without sparing a glance for his son or the two people sitting next to him on the couch.

But that was okay. Aaron hadn't expected this to be easy.

He'd expected it to be hard, damn hard. Tiffany's mom's and his mom's willingness to give the three of them a chance was a wonderful surprise. One that he was hoping to make the most of.

"I should go flip the steaks in the marinade," he said, trying to rise from the bed, but being pulled back down onto the pillows by four hands—two rough and two soft.

"Stay, we've got time." Travis kissed his shoulder and looped one bare leg over his.

Aaron could feel the familiar swell of Travis' cock against his hip. They'd all made love less than thirty minutes ago, but it seemed Travis was ready to go again. He was insatiable.

But who was Aaron to judge? His own cock grew thicker, longer, the second Tiffany wrapped her fingers around his shaft. He wanted to be inside of her again. Or inside of Travis. Either one was wonderful, better than wonderful. It felt so good to know that they weren't hiding from the people they loved. For the first time in ten years, Aaron felt free. It was intoxicating.

Speaking of intoxicating...

"I should at least go open the wine, give it a chance to breathe."

It was Tiffany's hand moving on his cock—stroking up and down, up and down until his shaft throbbed—that kept him in bed this time. Her breath tickled his ear as she nipped at his ear lobe and sighed.

"You're not going anywhere. Not yet." She kissed her way down his neck, his chest, lower and lower until her lips brushed the head of his cock. Now it was his turn to sigh. "I made you a promise."

"I can take a rain check," Aaron said, knowing he would do no such thing. He was dying to feel her lips around his cock, to watch her sucking him while Travis took her from behind.

As if reading his mind, Travis rose from where he lay, running a hand over Tiffany's back down to her sweetly arched bottom as he came to kneel behind her. "I don't think so, Aaron. No rain checks. I can't wait for rain to be inside this pussy."

"You shouldn't wait for rain," Tiffany said, tilting her hips as she urged Aaron up to kneel before her, putting his cock at level with her lips. "You shouldn't wait another second."

"Yes, ma'am." Travis groaned as he gripped Tiffany's hips and slid inside her from behind.

Aaron echoed the sound when Tiff's lips parted and she sucked him inside the wet, heat of her mouth. His hands threaded through her hair, sliding through the soft strands while her tongue rolled against his aroused flesh and Travis drove in and out of her pussy. Every sight, every sound, every touch was more than he could have dreamed of even a few days ago. He was really here, making love with the two people he cared about most in the world, two people who had openly committed themselves to him and to each other.

The thought alone was enough to make him harder, thicker, to make the tension coiled low in his body build almost to the breaking point. He was going to come soon, but first he was going to make sure his lovers came right along with him.

Tiffany moaned around Aaron's cock as he reached down and found her breasts, rolling her nipples, pinching and tweaking with just the perfect degree of force. He already knew her body so well. So did her other lover.

Even as Aaron played with her nipples, Travis slid his hand over her hip, down and around until his fingers trapped her clit. Every thrust of his cock drove her forward,

rubbing her clit against those fingers, building the pressure inside her until she squirmed.

Breathless, she braced herself on Aaron's hard thighs and sucked him deeper even as she pushed back into Travis' thrusts. If they were going to make her come, she'd be damned if she'd come alone.

Deeper and deeper she took Aaron, until her jaw ached and the bittersweet taste of his pre-cum flowed down her throat. It was, by far, one of the best things she'd ever tasted. She loved the way both of her men tasted, the way they smelled, the way they felt and smiled and made love.

God, she *loved* the way they made love. Nothing had ever been better, nothing had ever made her feel so shattered and whole all at the same time. They could make her fall apart in seconds, make her come with a power that was almost frightening.

"Yes, damn it, yes." Travis picked up his pace behind her, instinctively sensing how close she was. His fingers flew back and forth across her clit until her body tightened around where he thrust inside her. Her pussy gripped his cock, triggering a wild cry from Travis.

She felt him jerk inside her just as Aaron jerked between her lips. He moaned and tightened his fingers in her hair, trying to pull her away, but Tiffany stayed right where she was, sucking at his cock, swallowing down every last drop of his cum. She loved the taste of him, the feel of him softening between her lips. She didn't know if she'd ever get enough of him, of either of them.

"I'm not going back," she said as Aaron lay back and pulled her into his arms and Travis cuddled against them.

"Of course you're not, we wouldn't let you," Travis said.

"At least not alone. The three of us could fly up for a long weekend next week, help you pack up your things," Aaron said, a wistful note in his voice. "We could finally have that vacation I've been planning for a few years."

"Sounds perfect." Travis leaned over to kiss Aaron. Tiffany watched them with a smile. There was more to that kiss than just passion or affection, they were sealing a pact, moving forward together with a newly restored commitment.

She felt so lucky to be a part of what they were, to be loved by two men who loved each other. "I love ya'll."

They turned to her at the same time, with matching smiles. They couldn't be more different – Aaron calm, cool and collected and Travis impulse and fire – but when they smiled they looked strangely alike. They were a matched set, *her* matched set. She didn't wait to hear them say the words back to her, she just leaned in to join the kiss.

And they kissed the way they had in the garden, the way she knew they would for years to come, giving it all, taking it all, being everything they had always dreamed of and more.

About the Author

Anna J. Evans came back to her true love of writing fiction after working Off-off-off-Broadway and in a few Hollywood C-movies. She quit the biz to become a stay-at-home mom/writer and she's loving every minute of it!

Anna lives in Arkansas with her Air Force husband—her real-life romantic hero—their three kids and all the stories still making their way from her imagination to the page.

Anna has been awarded multiple Recommended Reads for her paranormal and fantasy erotic adventures, but her favorite feedback always comes from fans. So feel free to drop her a line or join her newsletter:

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/anna_j_evans_newsletter/

Anna welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Anna J. Evans

As the Lady Wishes *with December Quinn*

Decking the Hollisters

Deep Cover

Demon's Triad *with December Quinn*

Ellora's Cavemen: Dreams of the Oasis II *anthology*

Ellora's Cavemen: Jewels of the Nile II *anthology*

Ellora's Cavemen: Seasons of Seduction IV *anthology*

Enchanted

Ink Me

Love Fool

Off the Deep End

Perfectly Wicked: Bad Apple

Perfectly Wicked: Beauty Sleep

Perfectly Wicked: Main Attraction

Perfectly Wicked: Sinfully Sweet

Risking It All

Seducing the Enemy

Dark Pantheon: Taming the Madam

Wicked Delicious

Wicked Witch of the West Village



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com