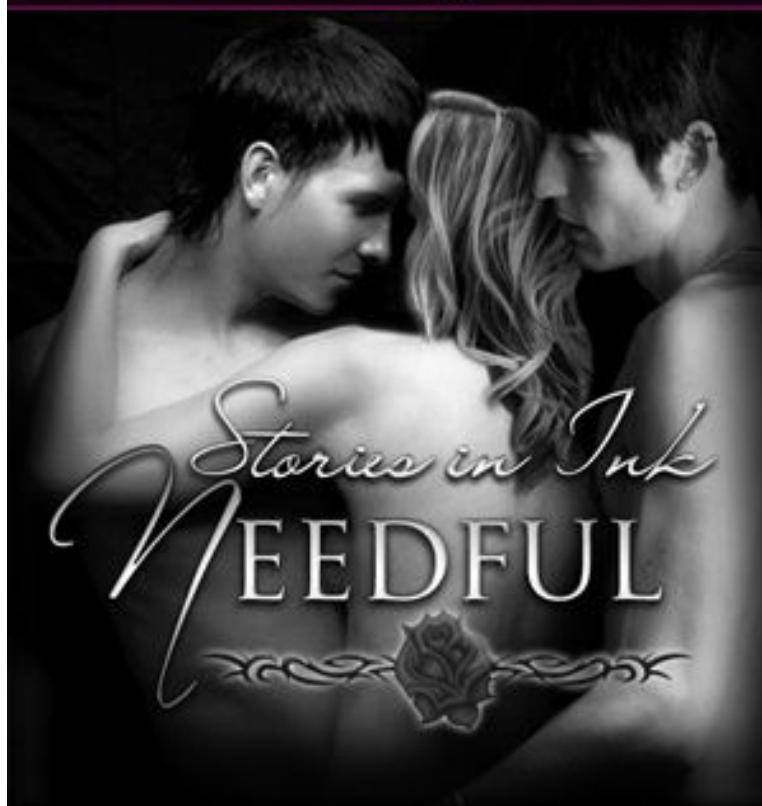


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

Morgan Sierra



Needful by Morgan Sierra

Stories in Ink:

Needful

By

Morgan Sierra

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Prologue

My name is Nick, and I own this parlor. It's old, but clean. And most importantly, reputable. The smell from the bakery next door sometimes wafts in, and I consider that a plus. No matter what, this baby is mine. I own her free and clear. Been in this business a long time, and I plan on working until the day I drop.

People come to see me when they want to decorate themselves with piercings or tats. I understand the urge to do it. Hell, I've got enough holes to start a mining company, and enough colors to be called a walking rainbow.

But sometimes I wonder about the people who come to see me. What makes them decide which piece of art represents them *so much* that they want a permanent reminder?

Most times, I just do the job they pay me to do. Sometimes I ask about it, though. And more times than not, they're willing to share.

When I asked for the details behind the twining vine of red roses I started to etch onto her lower abdomen, this is what she told me....

Chapter One

"How many Gabes do you know?"

Will's husky morning voice brought her out of a dreamy fade. Regan stretched languidly beside him, enjoying the way his lean length molded perfectly against her. "How many Gabes do I know? What do you mean?"

"You know Gabe White. Anyone else?"

Besides his best friend, no, she didn't. "No, babe. Why?"

"No one you work with or even someone from your past? Maybe a long time ago? Think about it."

She raised her leg a little, just enough to extend it over his while she reflected. The fine hair covering his thigh tickled her skin, but she loved the scratchy feeling. He flexed his leg beneath hers, his knee lifting her leg even higher. She'd fallen into bed nude last night, and his calculated move exposed her sex.

His hand snaked over her belly and traced a slow path around her navel. A grin grew on her face, and she turned so he could see it. How the hell was she supposed to concentrate when he deliberately distracted her?

Not that it mattered. She was certain the only Gabe she knew was Will's best friend and one-time lover. Before she and Will had gotten married, there had been a tense moment when she thought the friendship between the men might keep Will from allowing her to also serve as his best friend, but as gracious as ever, Gabe had stepped aside. The two men saw each other often, but her early feelings of jealousy were squelched

almost as quickly as they'd arisen. She hadn't known how to reconcile that they knew each other intimately, not until she and Gabe had a heart-to-heart talk that set all of her fears to rest. After that, she grew to love him as fiercely as Will did.

"You're not making it easy to think."

The fingers of his other hand were doing some very distracting things just beneath the curve of her ass.

He chuckled before nuzzling the soft area between her neck and shoulder with his mouth. She settled against her pillow again but tilted her head, giving him all the access he wanted. "It's not a hard question."

"It's not, but I gather you are?"

Her eyelids fluttered closed when he shifted, his hardness sliding between her thighs and confirming what she'd already guessed.

"Are you going to answer me?"

"Are you going to stop teasing me?"

He pushed himself between her thighs, allowing the friction there to stimulate him into granite. Each slow withdrawal and thrust forward brushed against her bare lips, sending waves of excitement rippling outward.

"Baby, the sooner I get an answer from you, the sooner we can move on to...other morning activities."

That sealed it. Hurriedly, she replied, "I'm sure. No Gabes except yours. There. Better?"

His hips continued their slow roll. "Almost." He drew in a deep breath, and she almost turned to face him. She knew that sound. Whatever he wanted to say next made him apprehensive. "I'm not angry; I want you to know that."

"Will?" This time she did try to turn, but he pressed a firm hand on her shoulder to stop her movement.

"If you look at me now, I might lose my courage. Hear me out, okay?"

Heart racing, she nodded. "Sure, sweetheart."

Softly, he said, "After four years of trying, it might be time to explore other options."

Regan sucked in her breath this time. She went cold, stunned that he brought up this painful topic from out of nowhere. Where was this conversation going? "Will, the doctor says we're both fine. There's no reason why—"

"I've never mentioned it before, but you talk in your sleep."

If she thought she was confused before, the change in the subject thoroughly baffled her now. "What?"

"I always thought it was cute. Sometimes it's indecipherable. Sometimes it's as clear as a sunny day." He paused again. "The first time I thought you said Gabe's name, I chalked it up to my own imagination. But you said it more than once, Regan. Always with a breathless sigh that let me know just exactly why you were saying his name deep in your dreams."

Oh, Jesus. How could she have done something so cruel? And more than once!

"Will, I never... I don't..."

"Shh, baby," he cooed. Suddenly, he was there, pushing into the wetness he created with his teasing movements. "I had to be certain it was him you dreamed about because I've gotta tell you, something about that turns me on. I like that you're attracted to him but choose me. You *are* attracted to him, aren't you?"

She moaned against his intrusion, savoring the way her body accepted his girth. He kept his hand beneath her thigh, holding her open. The way he slid forward, gliding without interruption, proved just how ready she'd been for him. That he positioned her to take him in was almost redundant.

"I love the two of you more than life itself, Regan," he continued, his words gentle. "I need you to know that any child of his would be a child of mine."

Where had this come from? Shaking her head from side to side helped clear some of the confusion and push aside the eroticism of his body sheathed by hers. Her mind a whirl, she tried to protest, but only a low whimper of need issued from her mouth.

His unhurried pace quickened. The only sounds in the room were

her rapid breathing, the gentle sounds of her pussy embracing him, the soft slap of his skin hitting hers. A deft maneuver put his fingers on the bundle of nerves sure to send her careening toward orgasm.

"Let Gabe give you your heart's desire."

Her heart's desire. Yes—she wanted a baby so badly. But did he really want her to have his best friend's baby? Had he thought this through? They were still young. Surely, they couldn't have reached this point already?

"I can't," she choked out after a minute passed. She wouldn't risk their marriage for this.

"We can. For you. For me. For us, Regan. *We can.*" His voice thickened, and she knew he was close to tears. He wanted a child as badly as she did. Every month, disappointment dragged them both into a depression that took the support of the other to pull out of. "*Please.*"

Will wrapped his arm around her waist and brought them closer. So afraid of his desperation, and of hers, she took his hand and squeezed. She didn't need to peak at this moment, she only needed to savor him, her husband.

Their bodies rocked together in a timeless expression of love. She had the sudden knowledge that he'd planned this down to this astonishing detail. He made love to her at the same time he gave his permission for her to sleep with another man. With his best friend.

She turned a corner, and the ecstasy she held at bay blossomed to life. Behind her, Will's breathing grew more strained. His warm breath fanned against her neck, his lips touching down in sweeping caresses against her fevered skin. Rushing toward the place where she would float among the stars, her heart hammered against her ribs.

For you. For me.

For us.

She spoke in a weak, tremulous whisper. "I won't do this without you, Will. I love you."

"I love you, Regan," he avowed. "We'll do this. The three of us, together."

His words reassured her, calming her frenzied mind before she was

carried into bliss.

Chapter Two

Our baby will be conceived in love. Not in a lab.

Will's voice played in her mind over and over again as she paced the living room. Gabe had needed a lot of convincing that his role wouldn't strain any of their relationships. They'd pointed out to him that he might not necessarily provide the smoking gun. He simply increased their odds exponentially. But it seemed Will's final line about conceiving in love cinched his decision.

The ovulation kit said between today and tomorrow the time would be right. Thank God it was the weekend.

A shiver crept down her spine.

Forty-eight hours of pleasure. Two whole days where she turned herself over to the man who held her heart and the friend who'd stood by him through almost all of their lives.

She pushed her hand through short blonde hair, wondering where all of her common sense went. If this worked, one of two things would happen: friendships would be damaged beyond all hope of repair, or a bond would forge between the three of them that could never be torn apart by anyone or anything.

She prayed like hell the latter outcome prevailed.

Her heart thudded to a stop when the door opened, spilling sunlight from the outside into the living room. She whirled on her feet to face her future. Washed by the light's glow, Will stood in the doorway, his face a mask of concern and love. Her gaze drifted toward the movement

edging closer and landed on Gabe's hesitant smile.

As they stood side by side, she once again compared the two men. They were both dark haired and dark toned. In fact, after a quick glance, someone who didn't know them might assume they were brothers. But she knew her man too well to make that mistake. Will's angular face hinted at Native-American descent, while Gabe's strong profile betrayed a northern Italian heritage. Will's bright green eyes were a stark contrast to Gabe's dark blue.

Will carried his weight in his torso, with broad shoulders that made buying off the rack an almost impossible task. Although he towered over her, his height had been provided from the waist up. Gabe, on the other hand, was stockier up top but used long legs to stride with ease.

Her husband smelled of pine trees and running streams. His scent was clean, natural. Gabe wore spicier cologne that blended with his own woodsy scent. Yes, the two men looked somewhat alike, but it had been Will from the first moment who'd caught her eye. It was his quiet nature, his verve, that held her attention. Gabe would make a fine husband for someone one day, but as attractive as he was, he had never been her first choice. That she dreamed of him was still a source of wonder, but at the same time, it wasn't...

"Are you okay?" Will's soft voice brought her out of reverie.

Forcing herself to look away from Gabe, she nodded at him. A smile pushed the corners of her mouth up, but it had all the sincerity of a politician. In a shaky voice, she replied, "Fine."

She turned and walked in the direction of the bedroom.

Gabe's voice rang out. "Regan, wait... It's not too late."

She ignored him. They were past the point of debating. And arguing. And reconciling. Together, they had agreed to this weekend. She was grateful to Gabe for allowing her this one chance to back out, but she knew she wouldn't.

The sound of their hushed voices, probably voicing one final argument, floated through the doorway, but she kept her back to it, working to unfasten her clothes. Will's familiar voice soon fell silent, and a warm presence pushed against her back. His hands came around her

waist and captured hers, preventing her from completing the task.

Regan tilted her head, once again allowing him access to that sensitive place he loved to nibble. She could set a watch by him. Sure enough, warm breath trailed down her neck before his moist tongue touched her skin. A shiver knifed through her.

Eyes closed, she let her head fall back and rest against the strength of him. The slow rise and fall of his chest caressing her provided another sense of comfort. Of belonging.

He worked quickly, removing her clothing, all the while caressing her with his mouth, murmuring soft nothings that made her wet every single time simply because he spoke them. One thing about sex with her husband; almost everything he did turned her on. Something about the glint in his eyes, his sharp inhalations of breath, his sometimes frantic desperation to remove her clothes meant the fire remained alive between them.

He turned her around, his mouth seeking and finding hers. Her thoughts scattered as his tongue tangled with hers, his lips teasing over hers. Before long, he'd distracted her until she stood nude before him.

She dropped to her knees, wanting—needing—to return the favor.

Will's fingers threaded into her hair, his strokes loving and tender as she worked to unfasten his belt. The slow rasp of the descending zipper filled the air only seconds later. But when she spied the beauty of his erection peering through the gap she'd made in his clothing, she drew in a soft breath.

How she loved the length of him. From the soft head of his cock, to his thickness wrapped in tight skin, she could spend an eternity on her knees paying homage to him. Some women might have thought her dedication to his cock had some deep, twisted meaning, but truth be told, it was because it was his, an extension of him, that she loved it with all of the passion she knew how to show. She ran her tongue through the drop of moisture beaded at the top. The sweet-salty tanginess she knew as her husband's unique taste.

Regan caught movement slightly behind Will out of the corner of her eye. Rapt in her attention to the task at hand, to the soft breathy moans

of her husband, she almost ignored it. But Gabe shifted closer.

She looked up, catching his gaze. With the tip of her husband's cock in her mouth, she took in the way Gabe's lips parted. A quick dart of his tongue swiped over his lips before retreating into the safety of his mouth. His gaze slowly dragged between looking in her eyes and where she engulfed Gabe. He seemed torn, at a loss as to whether he should be watching, but based on how long he lingered, very much wanting to.

He and Will had been lovers a long time ago. Long before she came into the picture. She'd never confessed it out loud, but the image of the two of them fucking turned her on immensely.

Perhaps this weekend...

Perhaps.

Chapter Three

Will pulled her to standing. His clothing lay in a puddle around his feet. With a glance over his shoulder, he urged Gabe into action. "We're burning daylight, man."

Gabe took a step back. "I shouldn't be first."

Regan walked over to him, her steps unthreatening and lithe. His gaze traveled over her, unable to stop to rest on any point of her nude body. He took another step back as she approached. He licked his lips, swallowing hard. The apprehension in him was almost palpable, so she stopped a foot away. She reached up to him, pushing a strand of his dark hair to the side. "And why not?"

His wide eyes sought aid from Will. Shaking his head, Gabe clamped his mouth shut.

Poor baby. Still so unsure of his role in this.

"What would it take?" she asked huskily. She stroked her neck, slid her hand down to drag a finger through the cleft between her breasts. He followed her movement as if mesmerized before he caught himself. Gabe sought the comfort of Will's approval with a quick, sideways glance.

She stepped into his way, blocking his vision. Whatever barrier prevented him from moving forward needed to be broken now. It wasn't her husband's permission he needed anymore. He already had it. What he needed was permission from himself to not just participate, but to enjoy this time.

With outstretched arms, she waited with infinite patience for Gabe

to step into her embrace. Fearless, she looked into his warm blue eyes. Lust reflected in them, but his damnable loyalty to Will, his apprehension, held it at bay. It also kept him frozen in place, so she took matters into her own hands. Before he could protest, or maneuver away, Regan moved forward until she wrapped her arms around his back.

He stiffened, but she ignored it to rest her head against his chest. Her eyes closed when arms that weren't her husband's pulled her closer to him. Warm lips brushed over the crown of her head, tentative and still seeking permission. She tilted her face to his, kissing, tasting the stubble-roughened skin of his neck, his chin. His breathing quickened, the rapid rise and fall of his chest as stimulating as any words could be. Although his mind might wrestle with morals, his body held no such compunction. If she wriggled just *so*, the evidence of his arousal prodded her lower belly. She didn't care what he might be thinking. Not many red-blooded men wouldn't react to a naked woman in their arms.

Will's familiar hand caressed down her back and cupped her cheek before dipping a long digit into her pussy. He moved closer, reaching around and sliding his other hand between her and Gabe. Pressed tightly between them, a shudder overtook her when his hand found Gabe's erection. The same rhythm he used to push inside of her rubbed between their bodies.

Always uninhibited, Will worked at arousing them both. When a second finger joined the first, probing inside her soft folds, she curled her fingers into the hair at Gabe's neck and brought his head down to hers. A moan broke between them when their lips connected. Whether it came from her or from Gabe, she couldn't tell. Her focus, her undivided attention, moved to the taste of him, the force of his tongue against hers.

When Will's mouth joined theirs, traveling between her and Gabe, inserting and retreating, this time she knew it was her moan. Her sigh of pleasure at this level of intimacy. Jesus...what a sensation to share in a kiss with two amorous men. She was at once grateful to Will. He knew how to shatter the wall between the three of them. He'd always been the peacekeeper, the ender of disputes, the calm to any storm. Now, he was their strength.

She pulled Gabe's shirt from the waist of his trousers, where his abdomen bunched and flexed. His daily ten-mile run paid off in spades. Regan already knew what lay hidden beneath his clothing, but to run her hands over it now was just shy of heavenly.

"Touch her," Will said. His gentle command had been directed at Gabe, although the way she was sandwiched between them ensured they touched. What he meant, what her body screamed for while Will continued to use his fingers to fuck her, was that he wanted her to come from their hands alone. He loved to listen to her when she came. It embarrassed her all to hell the way she couldn't stop herself from calling to him as her body shuddered, but he would spend hours bringing her to soaring heights again and again if she'd let him.

Her beautiful, generous lover. Damn, she adored him.

"She wants us both to fuck her, Gabe. Learn her body. Feel her reaction to you and to me."

Gabe groaned a low sound. Something that sounded like a hissed out, "Yes."

She managed somehow to free Gabe's cock from his clothes, and it pulsed, warm and lengthening, in her hand. But by then Will found a new toy. His thumb moved up, rubbing and sending sparks of rippling pleasure over her puckered anus. Her back arched, her body seeking more of that decadent touch.

Then Gabe captured her mouth, devouring her in a kiss of passion. A kiss of unspoken promises.

His hands cupped her breasts, teased her nipples. When one sneaked down, over her stomach and across her mound, she knew he'd joined them at last. Deft fingers split her lips, opening her to him. Her clit already ached for attention, and when exposed to the air, to his touch, her hips bucked.

She lost track of time. Her senses went no further than the two men—one standing in front and one behind. Their fingers danced over her lower body, inciting her cries. Gabe's mouth connected with hers, feasting, needful. Desperate gasps for air that separated her from him were filled with Will's blazing kisses. His tongue pushed past her lips, his mouth

swallowing her moans.

They held her aloft, for her legs provided no support. Her body went into overload; her sensitive bundle of nerves being manipulated by Gabe, her pussy and ass filled by Will. She perspired, over stimulated by their masterful arousal, by the heat generated between them as they moved.

"Give yourself to us, baby," Will mumbled against her neck. His erection brushed against her thigh, a streak of his sticky moisture connecting them before breaking. She took him in hand, somehow managing to stroke him and Gabe in tune. Her thumbs brushed over their tips, their pre-cum lubrication for further strokes.

Then the world fell out from beneath her as a wave of pleasure crashed into her, sending her senses sprawling. This shock was explosive, meant to shatter her into a million bright shards.

Will did something, some trick that connected his fingers deep inside her body, and Regan held her breath.

Her body tightened. Her mind shut down.

The pulse in her neck pounded with the force of the heavens.

Gabe whispered a brief command in a sensuous, husky voice. "Come for us, Regan."

She whipped her head to the side, trying to force this weight bearing down on her away, but it would not be swayed. Gabe's fingers plucked so deliciously on her clit that she had to, she had no choice in the matter, she *had* to rock her hips and chase that glorious sensation.

"Let us see it. Don't hold back..."

Her head fell back again, and Will was there. Her strength, her rock, held her steady as she trembled. Tremors turned into shudders.

Regan stiffened, her body no longer under her control.

With Gabe's fingers on her over-stimulated clit, Will filling her pussy with three fingers and his thumb stretching her ass, she was helpless to do anything other than what he commanded.

Chapter Four

Gabe swept her into his arms when she finally collapsed. Her throat burned from her hoarse cries. Curled against him, all she could do was cling to him as he walked to the bed in the center of the bedroom. She'd already turned down the pale yellow sheets. Decorative pillows were pushed against the headboard.

The sound of running water came from the adjoining bathroom, and she lifted her head in time to watch Will walk out, using a towel to dry his hands. Gabe lowered her to the bed, his face flushed not from exertion, but excitement. There was no disguising the glint in his eyes or the way his gaze roamed over her breasts, down her belly.

With one hand, she reached out to stroke his jaw as he leaned over her, watchful. "I want to watch the two of you together," she murmured.

The corner of his mouth curved in a smile, and he glanced over at Will who crawled onto the bed with them. Her husband arched a brow in response, and he lifted a shoulder.

Gabe shrugged too, turned slightly, and pressed a brief kiss onto her palm. "Later, perhaps. We take care of you, first."

Will stretched out beside her on the bed, resting his hand on her belly. "You've never mentioned any interest in our past before."

This time, she shrugged. "The three of us are naked on the same bed together. If ever there seemed a good time to bring it up, it would be today, right?"

He laughed softly then kissed her. "If you're sure..."

"We've been disappointed so many times, Will. Let's not make this weekend too serious. Let's enjoy ourselves. I know that sounds strange, but I don't think I can stand it if we get our hopes up again only to—" She looked up at Gabe who rested on his elbows, still keeping most of his weight off of her. "All of us, let's enjoy it. Whatever happens as a result happens, okay?"

Gabe rolled his hips, his pelvis grazing against her pussy. "We take care of you first, Regan. Whatever happens after that...happens."

She sucked in a breath and nodded. She wrapped her legs around Gabe's waist as he began to move, the hard lines of his abdomen rocking against the soft curves of hers. Will's hand moved up to cup her breast. He rubbed the ball of his thumb over her nipple, arousing it into a stiff point. When apparently satisfied with his progress, he lowered his mouth to the brown tip and pulled. Gabe's head descended, stopping when his mouth connected with her unfettered breast. Almost in synch, in tune with her husky words of encouragement, the men laved over her nipples.

She relished this attention. The way her husband's familiar mouth provided the delicious sparks of pain he knew made her body moisten. Gabe's tender, yet hungry suckling spurred her to writhe, rolling her pelvis against his, encouraging and pleading with him at the same time.

Such a show of strength from her husband's friend. The way he hovered above her as if taking all of his weight on two arms took no effort whatsoever. But beneath her hands, she felt the corded bunch of his biceps, the almost imperceptible shudder that rippled through his arms and back. The delicate curve of his ass tightened beneath her toes, and she rubbed her foot over him, soothing away his tension.

He glanced up at her, blue eyes stormy. Damn, he was good looking. No—not hard on the eyes *at all*.

Will's bisexuality never bothered her. He'd been upfront about it in the early stages of their relationship. Like a lot of women, she wondered what type of woman...and then man, he considered attractive. Whether his past had been filled by supermodels or the homely. The first time she'd met Gabe, she realized Will's tastes ran somewhere halfway between average and extraordinary.

Regan arched her back, forcing the men to work harder to remain connected to her. Their worship, their adulation, made her at once feel like a goddess. This particular deity wanted a feast for her eyes.

She stroked along Will's strong jaw, exerting pressure beneath it with two fingers to force him to look into her face. His tongue ran a slow circle around her areola, leaving a moist trail in its wake, but he raised his gaze. A ring of black darkened his green irises. She ran a long finger along her lips and Will rose to her call.

He moved forward, releasing her breast with a soft plop to press his mouth lightly against hers. His talented lips whispered against hers before capturing her mouth, pressing his need there. Nimble fingers pinched her abandoned nipple, the touch at first rough and then soothing. She sighed in pleasure, loving his faithful, familiar touch.

It wasn't his lips she wanted though.

Will tore himself away to rise to his knees. His cock hung heavy and semi-erect before her, and she reached over to caress it. Her fingers traced its velvety length, memorizing in their touch the network of veins before sliding over the spongy head. She grazed over the slit at the tip, pulling away some of his leaking arousal.

He lowered his hips. Before opening wide, she inhaled the heady scent of him when his cock rested on her lips. In a single calculated move, she inserted her lubricated fingers between Gabe's searching lips also, allowing him to taste her husband for the first time in at least eight, perhaps more than twelve, years.

Gabe growled, his tongue writhing against her finger, wiping away every remnant of Will's release from it. She pulled Will out just long enough to watch his reaction.

"If you want more, put your cock in me, Gabe," she ordered. "Stop teasing me."

His cock had been rubbing against her pussy, never entering, always offering but never giving. Her clit ached from need. He'd been pressing against it, but his abdomen, while stimulating, did not bring the satiation she sought. Moisture ran down her ass cheeks, her body's readiness perfuming the air.

Her grip on Gabe's biceps tightened. As one unit, all three of them moved. Will split her lips, pushing into the hot cavern of her mouth until her airway almost closed, her breathing desperate around his girth. At the same moment, Gabe lowered his hips and slid forward, impaling her on his cock in one fluid motion. If she weren't so aroused already, his intrusion might have been painful, or he would have been forced to slow. Their attentions had left her slick, ready, and he entered with ease and without hesitation. Her thighs widened and her stomach tensed as he sheathed himself in her folds.

Gabe's eyelids closed, his face tightening into an expression of extreme pleasure. He stilled above her, and she had the sudden sense that he restrained himself. Will reached over and pushed his hand through Gabe's hair, his eyes soft and hazy. There was tenderness in his touch, a gentle encouragement for Gabe to finish what they'd begun. With the nonverbal cue, Gabe began to thrust.

Her husband yearned for a family. He'd confessed that while carnal exploration with another man appealed to him, he'd always known he would never spend the rest of his life with one. He craved a woman's presence. Images of raising children with his wife filled his heart.

She loved him with a passion she never thought possible. Ever since they discussed Gabe joining them, she ruminated about Will's ultimate decision more and more. Could he truly be happy denying himself what had once brought him joy? For his happiness, hers too, she wanted him to have the one thing she couldn't provide.

So it was with a love-filled heart that she wrapped her hand around his slowly pistoning cock, removed it from her mouth and guided it toward Gabe's parted lips.

Chapter Five

Regan rolled her hips, and Gabe's eyes flew open. She wrapped her legs tighter around his waist as he slid forward and then pulled back, drawing out a slow rhythm of fucking that made her heart race with anticipation and longing. He shifted his head as she maneuvered Will's cock toward him. He glanced at her once again before closing his eyes. Will edged forward to push himself into his lover's mouth, where Gabe tentatively sipped from him.

Forever in her mind the beautiful image of Will's enraptured face, the sound of Gabe's loving moan, would remain.

From her position, she watched Will push forward, Gabe opening his mouth wider to consume every inch of his cock's length. She raised herself on her elbows to touch her tongue to Will's testicles as they swung, hanging low and heavy. She sucked on one and then the other, teasing over the roundness of his balls with gentle adoration.

Gabe's pace increased, his thrusts eliciting hoarse cries from her. Regan almost lost the thought to remain tender with her husband with Gabe demanding more of her body, pushing himself deeper and harder into her as he worked frantically on sucking the cock in his mouth. The decadent sound of sex, of a sucking mouth and plunging cocks, filled the air.

"Which should it be, my beautiful wife?" Will asked between gritted teeth. "Would you prefer me on bottom..." He paused long enough to swallow hard. Tense fingers threaded into Gabe's hair,

knuckles white from pressure. "Or on top?"

Although the view before her made her moist with want, it was his words, the suggestion of what would come, that started the series of detonations within her. It was the image of him on his knees, his ass spread and its dark hole pulsing with anticipation that curled around her spine. The flash of an image right afterward of Gabe's face in a state of rapture as her husband pounded into him made her throw her head back and succumb to the delicious torment of climax pouring over her in waves.

"Jesus, yes," Gabe rasped. Will pulled out to allow him the freedom of fucking her with renewed vigor as shockwaves made her shudder. Her body grasped onto him, tightening around his cock, a desperate attempt to draw from him what he was not yet ready to give.

Above her, Will's eyes glittered like diamonds while watching her come. Her hazy gaze traveled between his face and the glistening sheen of his cock, still wet from Gabe's mouth. Emotions still roiling from her sexual high, she murmured, "Both."

"Very good." Will stood, the bed shifting barely enough to warrant her attention.

Instead, she focused on how Gabe's pace slowed, his thick cock spreading her pussy with each drag. He had not come yet, but she had no doubt it would be soon. He stared into her eyes, a question rising in them, before he lowered his head. When their lips met, his kiss was as gentle as a cloud.

Had he kissed her before now without Will's influence? She didn't think so. Perhaps allowing the men to sample each other again was not considered a gift just for her desires alone. Best friend for so long, unrequited passion still running deep in his veins, she presented what he longed for and had been denied. The kiss he gave her now was evidence of that. His renewed affection for Will was a consideration she mentally tucked away to ask him about later in private.

Gabe grunted against her mouth, the sound one of surprise. She let her mouth linger on the corner of his lips, and then moved it across his cheek to peer behind him where Will now stood. He maneuvered her legs

to disentangle them from between Gabe's. It was then she glimpsed the tube in his hands. She held her breath when he leaned forward. While she could not see what he did, Gabe's clenched eyes, the slow release of his breath, hinted that her husband availed himself of Gabe's body, the place he would soon enter.

She returned her gaze to Gabe. "Does he feel good?"

"Yes..." he said with a sigh. His words were barely above a whisper, as if he didn't trust himself to speak.

"Tell me what he's doing to you. Describe it for me...all of it."

He gently began to rock inside of her before his head descended, his cheek stopping to rest against hers. A hint of stubble rubbed against her skin, and between the sensation and the low rumble of his voice, by some impossible means, she became even more aroused.

"He's touching me. Sliding two fingers between my cheeks. It almost tickles when he moves his fingers over the hair, but at the same time, it makes my body tense." His pelvis drove against hers as if to emphasize the point. "In a good way...it feels good."

"Hurry, Will," she ordered over his shoulder. Gabe's voice was tremulous, his breath stuttering out. To ask him for control with her was one thing; asking him to maintain that control through the tortuous pleasure of her husband while still inside of her was another.

"Ah," he breathed out. "Gel slicked fingers...cool to the touch." He groaned. "One finger and now...mmm, two. Moving in and out, stretching me for him."

The soft sound of something tearing rose over their labored breaths. It took her a split second to recognize the sound, but when she met Will's gaze and saw the wicked glint in it, she remembered the leftover condoms that had been stored away. She'd have to thank her friend Lisa for the contents of her gag gift later. Now, her focus trained on Will. She couldn't see him using it, but her lovely imagination supplied the image of him unrolling the thin latex over his cock, stroking himself to granite hardness in the process and steeling himself to enter his lover's backside.

"Are you ready for him, Gabe?" she asked

"Yes."

"Do you want him to fuck you?"

"God, yes," he hissed.

She ran her hands over his shoulders, down the blades of his back. Past his slender waist. When she reached the slope of his cheeks, she spread them with as much leverage as she could. That he still fucked her, his muscles bunching and releasing beneath her grip, sent a small shiver of delight through her belly. Soon, Will was there, easing him wider. Readying him.

"Talk to me, Gabe," she whispered against his ear. "Tell me..."

"He's—*oh, God*—he's..." Gabe lost his words to a moan that ripped through the air.

She knew the moment Will pushed forward, because Gabe stopped moving. His face tightened in a mixture of pleasure and pain, his hot breath fanning across her ear. He pulled away from her, almost completely leaving her sheath before his hips jerked forward. The suddenness of the force caused her to cry out. Regan arched and huffed through Gabe filling her. His body pressed into hers, his cock at once seeming larger than ever. It was as if her husband's organ had enlarged what belonged to Gabe and the combination speared through her now.

Elevated on his elbows, Gabe found her breasts, cupping them between his large hands. He played her body, honing in on every erotic point, every place that would send her careening into a screaming orgasm. Taut nipples hardened into wanton buds. His abdomen ground against her sensitive clit. His tongue pushed into her mouth, his molten kiss pulling the very air from her lungs. Will found her hands on Gabe's back, and he curled his fingers with hers, shared his pleasure with her through his masculine touch.

But when she looked again at Gabe's face, she could see he was lost in a sea of sensation. His body no longer responded to his commands but to the insistent demands of the man above him and the woman below. She lifted her hips and rolled them, forcing him deeper, helping him find sweet release within her. Together, the three found a rhythm of loving and fucking.

“Oh, my God...oh, my God...” Gabe’s lips brushed against hers, his husky chant muttered against her mouth. The low moan ramped up in cadence, in volume, until although his throat bobbed with the effort, no sound issued forth. He went rigid, his eyes half-opened, before he threw his head back and shuddered. Warmth flooded her pussy as Gabe’s seed spilled into her body in forced jets. His cock jerked within her, each issue an offering of hope for all of their futures.

His chest heaved with the effort to breathe, and Regan slowly ended her manipulation of him. Above, Will’s face and chest were flushed, his expression one of satisfaction. She knew he hadn’t come yet, but she recognized the pride he always held from tipping his partner over the edge of an abyss. He lived for those moments.

Will stood, removing himself, and Gabe used the opportunity to collapse next to her. With a groan, he rolled to his side and dropped a kiss on her shoulder. She felt wrung dry, her thighs no longer connected to her body. They were exhausted; *she* was exhausted, but the weekend had only begun.

A blink might have turned into a light doze, for when she opened her eyes next, Will kneeled above her. The first thing she noticed was that he no longer wore a condom over his still prominent erection, and the fresh scent of soap hovered over him. The second thing she noticed was the too familiar seduction in his eyes.

The air was redolent with musk and spilled arousal, heightening her senses into instant readiness. Tenderly, he gripped the backs of her knees and pushed them forward, exposing her dripping sex to his viewing pleasure. Her heart hammered against her ribs when he slid forward, driving into her wetness with precise skill. Regan groaned a low sound of desire, her body gripping him tight in its want, its need. As he began to thrust, a hint of wicked danced about his lips as he said, “My turn.”

Epilogue

I put the last finishing touches on the vine, the flowers blooming upon it vibrant and the prettiest they would ever be. I've put many a tattoo on scars before, and the one she wore low on her belly was very familiar to me. The puckered flesh left over from a cesarean delivery is the reason a lot of women consider getting a tat in the first place.

"So was it a boy or a girl?" I asked as nonchalantly as I could.

The smile that lit her face is the kind of smile only reserved for mothers. There isn't a man on earth who can replicate it, and it is only because of his prowess delivered nine months later can he give her one.

"My heart belongs to my little boy," she said.

I wanted to ask about her husband and Gabe. About what they'd decided afterward. Did their relationship continue as it had? Was he a regular in their lives or had he served his purpose, their triad ended, the moment they found out she was pregnant? Of course, those questions led me to one other: Who had fathered the child—Will or Gabe?

Not knowing how to satisfy my curiosity, I just gave her final instructions on how to care for the new design as I handed her the change from her bill.

Before she could walk away, it came to me. How I could at least solve one mystery. "What did you name him?" I called.

She turned. "His name is Tyler."

"That's a good name," I acknowledged. There really wasn't a good way to be subtle about it, so I just sort of charged forward. "If you don't

mind me asking, ma'am, uh, what color are his eyes?"

She's a smart cookie and knew exactly what I was trying to get at. You could see it in the way her smile broadened. "He is a carbon copy of his mother, down to his beautiful brown eyes."

Mentally shrugging to myself because I know when I've been outwitted, I followed her to the door. As she pulled it open, I noticed two men who looked alike enough to be brothers waiting for her outside. One held a carrier in his hand, while the other bundled a baby against his chest. Without giving me a second glance, she walked to the first man and kissed his lips before doing the same for the other. If any of them cared that they had an audience witnessing the unusual arrangement, I couldn't tell.

Whatever. To each his own.

I turned around and went to gather my tools. Needed to get them sterilized and prepped for the next customer. There was *always* another customer. You see, I've been in this business a long time, and I plan on working until the day I drop.

The End

Author Bio

Morgan Sierra—who holds nothing back—is the pen name for Dee Carney. Dee began writing short stories in middle school, but did not attempt completion of a novel until almost ten years later—which, despite good intentions, she never finished. Ten additional years later, she challenged herself to begin writing again, and her love for storytelling was rekindled. Now, Dee is a best-selling, award-winning author who lives at home in Georgia with her husband, two dogs, and a cat. When not writing, Dee is usually curled up on the couch with a good book!

To learn more about all of Morgan's books, please visit her on the web at <http://www.morgansierra.com>.