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JESS DEE

GOING
All In

The higher the stakes, the harder they fall—in love.

Julia Savage's weekly poker games are tearing her apart. She's in love with two of her fellow card players, and much as she'd like to pick and confess her true feelings to one man, she won't. Not if it means risking the love of the other.

Hunter Miles has wanted Julia for four months, and he's about to deal a hand she couldn't see coming. He's determined to give her a New Year's Eve celebration she never expected. He's going to seduce her—in front of his friend and rival for her affections, Jay Baxter. But Jay's not willing to lay down his cards. He's going after Julia too, and he's not above bluffing to get what he wants. Either way, one of them is going to win her over.

Unless they change the rules of the game. If they double up, there's a chance they can split the pot...

Warning: This book contains two hunky heroes, a heroine worth betting on, sizzling hot three-way action (m/f/m and m/m/f), a whole lot of unexpected fireworks and a New Year's Eve to remember.

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577 Mulberry Street, Suite 1520
Macon GA 31201

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Jess Dee

Dedication

With special thanks to Viv Arend and Valerie Tibbs, whose sharp eyes, wise comments and wonderful friendship help more than they could know.

Jennifer Miller—your unfailing guidance and advice make me a better writer. Thank you for taking a chance on this book.

And my boys—you know I love you.

Chapter One

“I call, and I raise you twenty dollars.” Julia Savage placed her bet. The evening was drawing to a close, and she figured she might as well take a bit of a chance before leaving Jay Baxter’s flat.

Jay gave her a look that scorched all the way through to her toes. “Raising the stakes, are we?” He checked his cards and winked, stirring up every dirty fantasy she’d ever had about him—and she’d had her fair share. “Cool. I see your twenty.”

Hunter Miles laid down his hand. Serious as ever, he shook his head, making his blond hair glisten like wheat under the lights. “Too rich for me. I fold.”

Julia resisted the overwhelming urge to run her hand through his silky locks. She nodded at Hunter instead, making sure her expression was blank. “Okay, Jay. Deal the turn.”

Jay burned a card then flipped one. Queen of Hearts.

This time Julia let a smile play on the corner of her mouth. Sometimes a little bluff went a long way in a game of poker. Real life, on the other hand, was a different story. “I bet another ten.” She added more chips to the growing pile in the center of the table.

Jay grinned and matched her bet.

Her heart lurched. “River card?”

“At your command.” Jay looked at her a second too long, then burned another card and showed her the river.

It took a moment to comprehend what the card was. Her brain couldn’t compute much besides the men on either side of her. They left her mind reeling and her heart thumping.

Ten of Spades.

Hunter whistled, his lips pulling into a sexy pout, and Julia made sure her gaze stayed on the cards. No point in examining his delectable mouth now. She had to focus on her game.

Two tens, a queen, a jack and a nine lay on the table.

Julia narrowed her eyes then opened them wide. She held a lousy Three of Hearts and Six of Diamonds. In other words—nothing. “Thirty dollars.”

Jay looked at her with a frown. Then he looked some more, after which he glanced at his cards one last time. “Pot’s yours,” he conceded with his charming Jay smile and laid down his hand.

Julia gave a satisfied nod, handed in her cards and helped herself to the winnings. She suppressed the snicker that fought for release. She'd played them both like a pro. No way would she show them her piddly hand. Bluffing was her forte and damned if she wasn't good at it.

Heck, she'd been bluffing them both for months, pretending her interest in the two men ran no further than their weekly Friday-night poker games. Pretending she wasn't head-over-heels in love with both of them, and she didn't lie awake at night wondering which one would make a better boyfriend or lover.

God knew she wanted one as a boyfriend or lover. The question was, *who would she choose?*

Damn it, she couldn't answer. That was her whole problem. She wanted them both equally. There was no way she could opt for Jay over Hunter, or Hunter over Jay. Not if being with one man meant never having the other.

The guys had no clue how often she dreamed of them or how each dream drove her insane with its lack of clarity. She'd see herself making love with one of them, and then midvision, that man would morph into the other. Hunter would become Jay, or Jay would become Hunter.

It was odd that she couldn't separate them in her dreams, because the men were so different in real life. Jay was a loveable clown, and Hunter an earnest, focused go-getter.

Her affection for Jay had crept up on her over the last year or so. Like her, Jay was a pharmaceutical rep. They worked the same territory, Sydney's Eastern Suburbs, and had made it a habit to meet up often for lunch. Over salads and sandwiches he'd regale her with stories of doctor calls, keeping her in stitches of laughter. It was Jay who'd invited her—the only woman ever—to join his poker club after he'd learned about her passion for the game. Which was where she'd met Hunter, a product manager from another pharmaceutical company. She'd taken one look at the solemn, intense blond hunk and lost her heart to him too.

Julia glanced at her watch. Eleven-forty-five. The rest of their poker club had gone home already, leaving just the three of them.

Hunter took the pack and shuffled. "Up for another round?"

"Always," Jay answered.

"You bet," Julia chimed in. "But last one for me." It was a good idea to leave before the night got too late. Before the idea of propositioning one of them became too appealing to refuse.

Jay poured her another glass of red wine and topped up his and Hunter's scotch. "Should we up the stakes?"

Julia scowled at him, determined to hide the fact that the very idea sent shivers of desire racing up her spine. "Shit, Jay. How many times do I have to say it? I'm not playing strip poker."

Jay grinned, once again sending flames shooting through her belly. "Chill, Jules. I'm talking about opening bets. Fifty bucks too high for you?"

God, the man was insufferable. Tall, smug, funny, gorgeous, sexy and way too confident for his own good. Julia would give her right arm to sleep with him.

“Make it sixty,” she dared.

Hunter gave a low chuckle. “You’ve got style, Jules. I’ll give you that.”

“You in then, Blondie?” She shot him a challenging look, and her heart skipped a beat. Men didn’t come much better looking than Hunter. With his square jaw, bottomless brown eyes and straight nose, he epitomized handsome. She’d give her left arm to sleep with him.

Hunter *harrumphed*. “So much for having style.” He counted out a pile of chips and pushed them forward. “I’m in, Four Eyes.”

It was Julia’s turn to *harrumph* at the nickname, but she didn’t. Hunter had been calling her Four Eyes for so long, she knew it was his affectionate way of referring to her. She simply pushed her glasses up on her nose and chanted, ““They say men don’t make passes at girls who wear glasses. But do girls who wear glasses make passes at men?””

His smoldering gaze made her toes curl. “Don’t know about other men,” he said, “but this girl’s never made a pass at me.”

Damn the man. He was too sexy for his own good. And she would have made a pass at him months ago—when she’d met him at her first poker game—if she hadn’t had such strong feelings about Jay.

“Me neither.” Jay stared at her speculatively, his beautiful blue eyes sparkling with humor. “Think that’s because she’s not interested, or because she wears glasses?”

Oh, she was interested all right. How could she not be? Jay could make her heart sing as easily as he could bring a smile to her face. And Hunter’s eyes seemed to see more than she ever showed him. His serious nature inspired soul-deep conversations. She adored talking to him, adored comparing their views of the world and discovering his opinions weren’t so different from hers. Heck she adored him. Which brought her back to her original problem—how could she choose one guy over the other?

Damn it! Why couldn’t she just be in love with one of them? It would make life so simple.

“There’s only one way to find out if she’s interested,” Hunter said. “Lose the specs, Four Eyes.”

When would she learn to keep her mouth shut? They’d take any opportunity to tease her mercilessly. She shoved forward sixty dollars’ worth of chips. “Deal the cards, Blondie.”

Jay added his bet to the pile. “It’s cool, mate,” he reassured Hunter. “Let her wear the glasses ’til the hand’s been played. She can’t see a thing without them.”

Again Hunter flashed his smoldering look. “It’s a deal. One more round...and then all bets are off.” He doled out the cards.

“You boys are full of it,” Julia told them as she inspected her hand. King and Ace of Spades. “There’s so much hot air in this room, I’m surprised the glasses in question haven’t fogged up yet.” She took a sip of

wine to moisten her dry mouth. The three of them fooled around like this often, and the lighthearted banter, heavy with sexual undertones, got to Julia every time.

It was Jay who answered as he picked up his hand. “They will fog up,” he said, “just not from hot air.”

The corner of Hunter’s mouth twitched, but he didn’t give in to a full-blown smile as he dealt the flop. A four, a king and an ace.

Julia’s heart jumped into her throat—and it had nothing to do with the cards in front of her.

They all checked.

She tapped her glasses. “Still clear as crystal,” she observed.

Hunter flipped a seven.

Jay grinned at her and bet twenty dollars. She and Hunter matched the bet.

Hunter flipped the river. Another ace.

Jay bet thirty.

Julia went all in.

Hunter paused for a moment. “Things are heating up,” he said to his cards. “Get ready for the fog, Four Eyes.” He pushed all his chips into the center of the table. “I call your bet.”

Julia raised an eyebrow.

Jay folded. “Want me to get you a serviette?” he offered her. “To wipe off the glasses?”

“I’m good, thanks.” She grinned at him then looked at Hunter. “What are you holding?”

“Read ’em and weep.” Hunter showed his hand with smug look. A pair of kings. “Full house.” He leaned forward to gather the chips together.

“*Not* so fast, Blondie.” She laid out her cards. “Another full house. Ace high.”

Hunter stared in astonishment.

Julia turned to Jay. “Better give Hunter that serviette. It looks like he’s going to cry.” She polished off her wine. “And on that note, gentlemen, I believe I will take my leave. With my glasses still on and clear as crystal.”

“It’s because she can’t see well enough without them to drive home,” Hunter told Jay knowingly.

“Take them off, Jules.” Jay winked at her. “You can spend the night here.”

Julia’s stomach did a three-point turn. “And where will I sleep?” She eyed the couch dubiously.

“Spend the night with me, Four Eyes. You won’t sleep at all.” Hunter’s voice was a little lower than usual, and its timbre caught her between the legs and tugged.

Julia studiously ignored him. She packed away the cards and counted her chips, hoping her hand wasn’t shaking hard enough to knock everything over. “Two hundred and seventy dollars.” She smiled a haughty smile. Her highest winnings to date.

“Keep it. I won’t charge you for staying over,” Jay told her, deliberately misunderstanding.

“Cash ‘em in please, Blondie. I need to get home.”

Jay threw his arms up in surrender. “Fine. This week you get to leave. Don’t count on it next Friday.” Before she could respond, he stood. “I’m going to make some coffee. Want some?”

“Love some,” Hunter said at the same time Julia refused. She had to go, before temptation overwhelmed her. The only thing stopping her from doing something dumb, like tackling one of the guys to the floor and throwing herself on top of him—naked—was her inability to choose which one she’d tackle.

Jay went into the kitchen, and Hunter walked over to Julia. He offered her the money, and she accepted it, keeping her arm stiff to hide her trembling. Before she could pull away, Hunter caught her hand in his.

“Take off the glasses, Jules.” This time there was not a hint of a smile playing on the corner of his mouth.

Julia looked at him, startled. Her heart began to beat in an irregular pattern.

He ran a thumb over the back of her hand, sending streaks of delight whizzing up her arm. “Take them off,” he said again, his voice a mere whisper.

“Hunter...”

He took the money and placed it on the table. Then he leaned over until his mouth was close to hers. “You said it, sweetheart. Men don’t make passes at girls who wear glasses.” His brown eyes narrowed to tiny slits.

She gaped at him. Quick comebacks had always been her strong point. So why, in the face of Hunter’s physical proximity, did she struggle to put together the simplest of sentences? Never mind coherent speech, why did she struggle to breathe?

His gaze was on her lips now. “Okay,” he conceded huskily, “maybe they do.” With that, he closed the space between her mouth and his.

Julia would have gasped out loud, but her lips—and her voice—were possessed by Hunter. His lips weaved their magic across hers, nibbling, stroking, caressing.

Her breath hitched in her throat. Oh, Lord. She’d spent months lusting after him, months fantasizing about him, and now Hunter was finally kissing her.

With a soft groan, he touched the tip of his tongue to her lips. Her mouth drew open as if by will of its own. Her acceptance of his silent appeal was all he needed. Hunter took control of the kiss with an expertise that wiped thought from her mind. All she could focus on were the exquisite sensations he evoked within. The warmth that suffused her body, the tingles that raced over her skin and the shivers that crept up her spine.

Sweet heaven, the man could kiss. Not that she’d expected anything less, but melting on a chair in Jay’s dining room was a most startling turn of events. One she’d craved for four months. One she’d only dreamed would transpire.

Hunter pulled away, inhaled and licked his lips. “Mmm. You taste as decadent as the wine you’ve been drinking.” He licked his lips again.

With his tongue engendering all sorts of wicked thoughts, Julia didn’t stop to think about her answer. She’d wanted him to kiss her since that first poker game. Since she’d looked at him and stars had exploded. “You taste like sex.”

With a groan he crushed his mouth to hers, kissing her with an ardor that made her pussy clench. Her dreams had never been this good—in her fantasies his lips had never been as thorough. Lord, he only need say the word and she’d strip naked for him.

But then, Jay need only say the word, and she’d strip naked for him too.

The thought of the brown-haired hunk in the kitchen brought a whimper to her throat. Hunter’s kiss was exquisite. Out-of-this-world amazing. But how could she kiss him back knowing she loved Jay too?

How could she not?

A rush of heat pooled between her legs. Her nipples tightened into hard beads. Damn! *The man could kiss.*

Without releasing her mouth, Hunter pulled her up and backed her across the room. Blinded by passion, she tagged along, her trust in him absolute. Besides, she wasn’t about to end the kiss just so she could see where he led her.

When her back touched the wall, he sighed and crowded into her, pressing his body against hers. Every inch of him was hard, from his muscular thighs to his powerful arms. From the solid wall of his chest down to the thick erection in his jeans.

“Miles,” a voice sounded behind Hunter. A low male voice that made her shiver.

God. Jay was here. Watching her with Hunter.

“Go ’way, Baxter,” Hunter mumbled against her lips.

“Not on your life,” Jay said. “I want me a taste of that.”

He did?

Hunter resumed the kiss, his mouth filling hers with delicious promises.

“Shift over, Blondie,” Jay said with quiet determination.

What the...? That hadn’t sounded like the chilled-out, laid-back Jay at all.

Hunter sighed and began to pull away. His lips clung to hers as his tongue gave a final sweep of her mouth. He pressed his rigid cock against her groin before taking a deep breath and stepping aside.

She didn’t have time to protest. Jay took Hunter’s place before she registered the loss of contact with him. He gave her a dazzling smile and claimed her mouth in another bone-melting kiss.

Jay. The guy who tempted her on a weekly basis with his shameless flirting but never quite carried through on his half promises, was now brushing her lips with his, teasing her with his tongue and igniting all sorts of fires in her belly.

Kissing him was nothing like kissing Hunter. While his lips and tongue tantalized, his body caressed, moving first this way then that, ensuring every part of her was stroked by every part of him. He was just as solid as Hunter—everywhere—but his height and her position threw Julia off balance. His hands spanned the width of her back and waist, and she stood on tiptoes, wrapped her arms around his neck and held on for dear life, never wanting to let go.

The kiss they shared wasn't just temperature-raising, toe-curling unbelievable, it was a culmination of a year's worth of teasing.

As horny as it made her—and man, was she ever horny—Julia wasn't sure she was ready for this. How could she kiss Jay *and* Hunter? She'd spent months agonizing over her love for both of them. Months trying to choose one over the other—and now they were both kissing her.

On the other hand she wasn't sure she was ready to pull away. Because no one had ever kissed her quite like Hunter *or* Jay. No one had ever evoked such a physical response from her in quite so short a time. In fact, no man had ever kissed her two seconds after another man had pulled away.

Jay lifted his head, catching his breath. God, she was kissing Hunter and Jay. *Both of them!*

Too much. It was happening too fast. She couldn't let it go any further.

Could she?

Lordy, if she felt this good being kissed by two men, imagine how she'd feel making love to them both.

What the fuck? Was she out of her mind even considering the idea?

Her answer was a resounding yes. She had to be out of her mind. Good girls did not do that sort of thing, and she'd been raised to be a good girl.

Even as her mouth opened to welcome back Jay's tongue, she used her hands to push him away. He let her go—but didn't release her lips.

Hunter took her hand and twirled her out of Jay's embrace, back into his own arms. Jay swore. The world spun out of control. Her chest hummed, her pussy clenched and she accepted Hunter's greedy kiss again. For a second. A minute. An hour.

Then there was pressure at her back, another person melding his body to hers. His hips cradled the top of her butt, and his cock pressed firm against her lower spine. Her hair was pushed to the side, and feather-light kisses were pressed to her neck. Tiny nips attacked her ears, so light the sting was less like pain and more like darts of pleasure rushing through her.

Here she was, cocooned between the two finest-looking men she'd ever had the pleasure of meeting, being treated to a sensory seduction of lips and tongues, and damned if she wasn't steaming past boiling point.

Why the heck did good girls not indulge in activities like this? It felt incredible.

If she didn't put a stop to this, fast, there was no question where they would end up. And much as she fancied herself in love with both men, she couldn't quite see herself sleeping with them at the same time. Sure, ménages were okay in erotic romance books, but in real life? Not even close.

Although God knew the thought of a three-way with Hunter and Jay had her perspiring. It had her heart smacking against her ribs so hard she feared it might cause permanent damage. And damn it, it had her knickers so wet the evidence might well show through her jeans.

With more reluctance than she would have liked, she drew away from Hunter's kiss. "Stop," she whispered. "Please."

Her breasts ached, and her stomach rolled with rebellious anger. Her head might be telling her one thing, but her body spoke a very different language.

Brown eyes stared intently at her. The same brown eyes that seemed to look into her soul whenever they talked. "You sure that's what you want?" Hunter asked.

Jay's lips trailed delicious sparks down the back of her neck, making her shiver.

"N-no. I'm not at all sure," she admitted, and was rewarded with a hand skimming the side of her breast. She closed her eyes as extreme pleasure fluttered through her chest. Whose touch it was, she couldn't fathom. Either of them would have set off the same reaction. "But I can't do this. It...it's not right."

"It's...different, perhaps," Jay said. "But it's as right as you want it to be." He nipped her earlobe one final time, and then he too stepped aside, freeing Julia from her exquisite prison.

She moved away from the men, her steps shaky and uncertain. How could two men seducing her, together, be right? Even if she did love them both?

Because it feels incredible, her body answered, still talking a different language from her head.

Yes, her head agreed. *It felt bloody fantastic*. But still, two men? At the same time. Uh-uh. She couldn't do it.

Without saying a word, she grabbed her denim jacket and car keys and walked to the front door. She knew she'd left her winnings but couldn't face going back for them.

"Four Eyes?" Hunter stopped her. She turned to face him. His bottomless brown eyes brimmed with desire. "It's not true," he told her, while Jay opened the door, making it clear he wouldn't prevent her from leaving. "Men don't give a shit whether girls wear glasses."

Chapter Two

“I cannot believe it.”

Julia cringed.

“Both of them?” Kim stared at her, perplexed.

“Don’t look at me like that. It was just a kiss.” Yeah, and the pope was *just* a priest.

“A kiss?” Her sister raised her eyebrow.

“Okay, a few kisses.” Julia studied her nails. “Is that so terrible?” God, she hoped no one could hear their conversation. The coffee shop they sat in was small, and other customers need only prick up their ears to listen in on them.

Kim set her cappuccino down on the saucer. “I don’t know. Is it?”

“Shit,” Julia bit out in frustration. “You’re supposed to be helping me out, not questioning me. Give me some big-sisterly advice.”

Kim looked at her apologetically. “I’m sorry. You just, er, surprised me.”

“Yeah, well Jay and Hunter surprised me.” There was the understatement of the century.

Damn, she’d spent four months with the men, teasing and flirting. What had changed? Why had Hunter suddenly upped the stakes? What had inspired him to kiss her?

What if he’d never touched her? Would Jay have shown her his hand? Would he have taken the initiative and kissed her? And if he had, would Hunter have pushed him out of the way to lay his wager, like Jay had?

Did it matter? The cards had been dealt. Both Hunter and Jay had expressed their interest. The rules had changed. The game was different. The only question Julia was left with was did she still want to play?

“Please, help me,” she begged her sister. “Tell me what to do about it.”

“Hmmm...” Kim thought out loud. “Have you spoken to them since Friday?”

“I’m kind of doing my best to avoid them.” No way could she face either of them yet. “Jay phoned a few times to meet for lunch, but I made up excuses so I wouldn’t have to see him.” The last time he’d phoned, she’d stammered out some garbage about not being able to take time off work for lunch and still keep up her call rate, what with Christmas just around the corner.

“You can run, Jules,” Jay had told her with a husky laugh, “but you can’t hide.” He’d hung up, leaving Julia shaken and aroused.

“How about Hunter?” Kim asked.

Julia's skin grew hot at the very mention of his name. "He's phoned too." Which was out of character for him. "But I was too chicken to answer his calls, so I texted back saying I'd see him at poker tonight."

"Brave of you," Kim said sarcastically.

"Hey, you kiss two men you have the hots for, at the same time, and then let's talk about brave."

"Russell might protest," Kim pointed out.

Julia pulled a face. "See, you're lucky. Being married and all, you don't have to worry about these things."

Kim frowned. "Even when I wasn't married I never found myself in a situation like this."

"I didn't tell you about Friday night so you could get all righteous with me," Julia snapped. "I've never been in a situation like this either. I thought you might be able to offer some sage advice."

Kim laughed. "You're talking to the Queen of Conservative here. Why on earth do you think I'd have any wise words of wisdom?"

Julia eyed her with an evil grin. "Because you're weren't always the Queen of Conservatism, Miss I-slept-with-three-different-guys-in-one-week Savage."

Kim grinned right back. "Yeah, so maybe I did. But not at the same time."

Julia sniffed. "I haven't slept with Jay and Hunter at the same time."

"Yet."

"You're not helping," Julia grumbled.

Kim sat up straight and wiped the smile off her face. "Okay, let's talk this out logically. You were nuts about them before this all happened. How do you feel about them now?"

Julia blinked. How could she tell her sister that she'd spent the week in a sexual frenzy, desperate for the touch of both men? She'd been so aroused by Jay and Hunter's advances that she'd spent every night since with her faithful vibrator. And damn it, more than once she'd found herself wondering what it would be like using two vibrators at the same time.

Although the toy had helped to soothe the ache in her pussy, its benefits had been temporary. A jellied penis didn't kiss her or hold her afterwards. Nor did it ease the bewildering ache in her heart. She wanted Jay and Hunter for that. Jay *or* Hunter.

"I'm still nuts about them," was her candid response.

"Both of them?" Kim asked. "Or now are you more attracted to one than the other?"

Julia shook her head in despair. "Both of them. I still can't choose." If anything, the interlude had just reinforced her feelings. "And yes, before you say anything else, I am considering sleeping with both of them."

Kim's eyes widened, but to her credit she didn't make any further sarcastic remarks. "Here's what worries me." She hesitated as though wondering how to word her concerns. "I think that if you take this any further, the three of you will never be able to go back to being what you were before, or to having what

you had. If you sleep with both of them the dynamics of your friendships change. They have to. There's now sex involved."

Julia's stomach sank. That was not what she wanted to hear.

Her thoughts must have been reflected on her face because Kim hurried on. "Look, I know you've got this vision of yourself being involved with one of them. But do you think that either Jay or Hunter would want a relationship with someone who slept with him *and* his friend?"

Julia blanched. "I hadn't thought so far in advance." Since last Friday she hadn't thought further than lusting after both of them and knowing she shouldn't. Served her right for asking Kim's advice. She wanted a serving of reality, and her sister was giving her just that.

Kim squeezed her arm. "I'm sorry, Jules. I know I'm not saying what you want to hear. And remember, I haven't met either guy, so I may be wrong." She shrugged. "But I don't know any man who would be okay with that scenario."

Julia thought about it. Would either Jay or Hunter consider having a one-on-one relationship with her if she did sleep with both of them?

She didn't have a clue.

"Okay, let me turn the scenario around," Kim said. "Let's say you sleep with both of them, and then you introduce them to Mom and Dad as your...boyfriends. How would you feel?"

"Are you out of your freaking mind?" Julia exploded. Almost immediately she lowered her voice to a whisper as people at the tables around them turned to look at her. "I could *never* introduce them to Mom and Dad under those circumstances!" God, the mere thought was excruciating. Her parents would be appalled.

"Why not?"

"I'd be embarrassed. Downright mortified." As open-minded as her folks were about issues like sex before marriage and spending the night at a boyfriend's place, they were also open about their expectations of their daughters. Neither Kim nor Julia had been under any doubt growing up that they were expected to get married and have children. Kim had already lived up to her responsibility. She had a husband and a gorgeous daughter. Now all eyes were turned to Julia as the family waited for her to announce her nuptials to some lucky bloke.

Julia had made it clear she wasn't ready for marriage. One day, but not now. Still, that didn't mean her parents would welcome two men into Julia's life, and certainly not at the same time. On the contrary, they would be horrified.

Kim nodded and cringed, and Julia knew she understood exactly how she'd feel. "Does that tell you anything?" her sister asked.

Julia closed her eyes. "Mom and Dad wouldn't approve."

"Afraid not."

Julia took it a step further. “And if I’d be all embarrassed about introducing them, it probably means I don’t approve either.”

“Probably.”

She opened her eyes, feeling miserable. “So if I don’t approve, why can’t I stop thinking about them?”

“I’m sorry, Jules. I can’t answer that.” Kim frowned. Again she hesitated before speaking. “Okay, you want to know what I really think?”

“Of course I want to know. That’s the whole purpose of this conversation.”

“I think that you should stop this right now. Whatever is going on between the three of you, don’t take it any further. You’ll ruin the relationships you already have with the two of them. Plus you won’t be proud of yourself—not if you’re embarrassed by your actions.”

Kim was right, of course. Her sister had an uncanny knack of seeing things from a different angle to her. A clearer angle.

Julia dropped her head in her hands. As appealing as the idea might be, sleeping with both men was unacceptable. If Julia had approved, she’d have gone the distance last week. She’d have torn off her clothes, and Hunter’s and Jay’s, and demanded they all make love right there on Jay’s dining room floor.

She hadn’t, because that kind of behavior would demand she cross a line she wasn’t prepared to cross. Not if she ever wanted to look her parents, or herself, in the eye again.

Julia sat up straight. She knew what she had to do. The next time she saw Jay and Hunter, her focus would have to be on getting their relationship off the track it had jumped onto last week and back onto neutral ground. If she had any hope of forming a lasting relationship with *one* man, she had to give up the unexpected invitation to sample both of them.

Chapter Three

“Come in, Jules,” Hunter invited, looking altogether too good in a pair of jeans that sat low on his hips and framed his powerful thighs beautifully. Not that she was looking there. His T-shirt hugged his shoulders and chest, defining the muscle that bunched in his arms. Not that she was looking there either. For the moment she was through looking at either Hunter or Jay in any meaningful way. Look at the trouble it had gotten her into last week.

“Am I the first one here?” she asked. Silence emanated from the house. Usually a barrage of voices and laughter greeted her arrival. This was the last game of the year. The following Friday’s poker was cancelled because of Christmas, and the week after that because it would be New Year’s Day.

“Second,” Hunter said, not bothering to hide his appraisal of her. He gave her a very slow once-over, his gaze halting at chest height.

Her nipples pebbled.

“Christ,” he muttered as he stepped aside to let her in. “I’m getting turned on just looking at you.”

Blood warmed her cheeks. Crap, she had to keep this platonic. Had to return their friendship to the point it had been before last Friday night. “Even though I’m wearing glasses?” she tried to tease him.

His brown eyes turned molten. “I hadn’t noticed.”

Julia shot him an annoyed frown. Damn it, how could she play it cool when he turned her blood to fire with just a glance? “That’s because you haven’t looked above my neck since I arrived.”

He shrugged. “When I’m staring at perfection there’s no need to look anywhere else.”

Julia shook her head. Oh dear, tonight was going to be even harder than she’d imagined. She wanted to be exasperated by his response, wanted to not blossom beneath his gaze, but his overt reaction delighted her. She walked inside and headed for the lounge room. Her heart drummed wildly and then cart-wheeled. Jay sat on the couch.

“Hey,” she murmured as heat gathered between her legs.

Shit. Shit, shit, shit. This situation wasn’t good for her resolve. Not good at all.

“Jules.” His hair was ruffled and he had a sleepy look in his eyes. A sleepy, do-you-want-to-do-naughty-things kind of a look.

Her unvoiced reply was a resounding yes. But then she gave it a second thought, mentally kicked her own butt and changed her answer to no. *Under no circumstances. No, no and no again. Can’t and won’t cross that line.*

She glanced around the room. “Where are the cards?” The table was bare, with no hint of poker chips either.

“You didn’t get the message?” Hunter asked as he followed her into the room.

“What message?”

“The one saying poker was cancelled tonight.”

She turned to face him. “Noooo.”

Jay chuckled. “That’s because we never sent it to you.”

Hunter nodded. “Des and the other boys had a late business meeting. They couldn’t make it.” He paused for a heartbeat. “Lucky for us.”

The temperature in the room shot up by at least fifty degrees. This was not good news. Not good news at all. Especially not to a woman who wanted these two men in a way no woman should want two men. “And you decided I didn’t need to know this little bit of information?”

“Pretty much.” Jay stood and walked over to her.

Every one of her senses clicked to hyper alert. “We can’t play if there are only three of us.”

“Oh, we can play,” Hunter assured her, “just not poker.”

Julia’s stomach lurched.

“You’ve been avoiding me this week,” Jay said, stepping up close. So close, his breath stirred through her hair.

“Me too. I called a couple of times, but you never answered.” Hunter moved to stand behind her. “It’s not nice to be ignored.”

A thrill of awareness shot through her. “I...I texted you.” Her protest came out weak. Once again she was sandwiched between them. She had to clear her throat to speak. “You guys, uh, surprised me at the last game,” she confessed, knowing her face was bright pink. “Avoiding you was easier than talking about...what we did.”

“What did we do?” Jay asked. His lips whispered over her cheek.

Hot chills ran up her spine. “Th...this.”

“Did you like it?” Hunter’s mouth was at her ear, his teeth grazing her lobe.

“I—” Lord, how could she tell them she’d loved it when she knew she shouldn’t have done it? When she had to avoid doing it again?

Hunter let out a soft breath. The warm air caressed her neck. “You...what?”

A hand crept up her thigh and under the hem of her miniskirt. She had no idea whose hand it was, but its touch generated a massive outbreak of gooseflesh over her butt and legs.

“It was interesting,” she conceded at last, doing her best to keep cool. Unfortunately her breath came out in soft pants, and her breasts had tightened against Jay’s chest, her nipples proof that the men’s actions affected her—yet again.

Jay chuckled. “As interesting as this?” Another hand touched her other leg. This one was bigger than the first one, the touch a little cooler, and its fingers skimmed over her thigh and up to her hip.

Do not cross the line!

God help her, she needed to step away. Needed to extricate herself from the deluge of testosterone that muddled her thoughts and jammed her senses. Needed to look her parents in the eye tomorrow and the next day and the day after that. She put her hands against Jay’s chest to push him away but grabbed his shirt and clung for dear life instead.

Heat zinged between her legs, and she would have moaned out loud had her mouth not been taken by Jay’s in a heart-pounding kiss.

Hunter pressed his lips to her neck, covering it with sweet, sensual kisses.

How could she resist? How could she push either of them away? For four months she’d been unable to choose one over the other, and here they were taking the choice away from her. Here they were offering her another solution altogether.

She loved two men, and both seemed determined to be with her. How could she not accept them?

Then again, how could she? What would happen to the three of them if she slept with both men at the same time?

But why did kissing them both feel so incredible? So right? Perhaps this was what fate had had in store for her all along. Perhaps she’d never been able to choose one because they were *both* her destiny.

Bullshit. No woman was graced with two men as her destiny. Not in this day and age, in which she and almost every woman she knew, whether career-oriented or not, was raised to want marriage and the customary two-point-six children.

Jay ran his tongue over hers, nipped her lower lip and pulled away.

Aw, fuck. Who cared what every other woman she knew wanted? She yanked at his shirt, pulling him right back to her, and kissed him again.

Hunter growled in her ear. “It’s time to up the stakes.”

As Jay continued to bamboozle her with exquisite kisses, Hunter moved with a shuffle behind her. The next thing she knew something warm and moist touched the back of her thigh, just below the edge of her skirt.

She trembled. Hunter was on his knees, teasing her legs with his mouth. So focused was she on his seduction and Jay’s kiss that she failed to notice the large hand had moved from her hip. It was now on her breast, stroking from the bottom, molding over the curve and caressing her taut nipple.

She groaned against Jay’s lips.

Shit. She should not be doing this.

Hunter pushed her skirt up, and his mouth moved over her thigh, heading towards her buttock. When he reached it, he gave a gentle nip.

She jumped. Never mind upping the stakes, Hunter was upping her heart rate to a good sixty *million* beats per minute.

She should leave now, before temptation shoved her right over that line she'd drawn. She should leave with her reputation intact and her heart still in one piece. She pulled away from Jay, preparing to stop all action, but Jay took the opportunity to begin unbuttoning her blouse.

Begin? He was finished before she could draw her next breath. Her shirt hit the floor, followed quickly by her bra, and still Julia hadn't found the voice to protest.

"Christ, Jules," Jay whispered, and trailed his fingertips over her heaving breasts. "You're gorgeous."

Her breath caught. Damn it, she had to get out of there. Before she demanded they strip off their clothes and press their naked flesh against hers. Both of them.

"Boys, please—" Her request went unfinished. Hunter's tongue delved between the cheeks of her butt and she lost the will to protest.

A flood of moisture pooled in her pussy, and she twisted her hips, widening her stance to give Hunter better access. Common sense warned her the action was foolish, but with each shaky breath she took, that common sense faded into oblivion, replaced by a deep-seated need. A hunger that wouldn't quit. A yearning that had begun for Jay a year ago and increased exponentially when she'd met Hunter eight months later. The desire now burned within, a flame that couldn't be extinguished—no matter how much logic dictated she walk away.

She wanted more. More than the touch of the two men. She ached to feel their naked flesh against hers. Both of them were still clothed, while little by little, her garments disappeared.

She tugged on Jay's shirt until he hauled it off.

With a sharp intake of air, Julia registered the sensation of skin against skin, of soft, curly hair against her sensitized nipples.

Hunter's mouth landed on the thin strap of her thong. He traced the material with hot kisses punctuated by moist licks. Down he went, drawing her butt cheeks apart, dipping his tongue where his lips couldn't reach, trailing it over her tender anus and further, until he found her saturated crotch.

She gave a soft sigh as Hunter inhaled, and then his mouth was on her pussy, the lace of her thong the only barrier between his scorching lips and her aching core.

Before she could appreciate the impact of his mouth he'd scooted away, leaving her bereft.

"Hunter..." she complained.

"Jay." Hunter's voice echoed with the same desire that ricocheted through her body. "We need to switch places. Now."

Cool air breezed over bare skin and then Jay stood behind her, his chest pressed against her back as Hunter knelt at her feet. He shoved her skirt above her hips and rolled her thong down her legs. Instead of rolling the thong right back up and walking away like she should have, she kicked the underwear aside.

Thunderstruck by the intensity of her arousal, Julia stood still as the two men put their game plan into action. Jay turned her head to the side and took her mouth in another knee-trembling kiss as his hands found her breasts. Hunter buried his face between her legs, found her clit and sucked it into his mouth, laving it with his tongue.

Unbridled pleasure washed through her. How on earth could she stand like this—between two men—feeling wanton and wicked and desperate for more, when she should be shy, inhibited and awkward, and searching for a means of escape?

She wound one hand through Hunter's hair, letting the silky strands trickle through her fingers. The other hand she clamped over Jay's, holding it over her breast.

Moisture trickled down her inner thigh, and Hunter released her clit to lap at her juices. He followed the rivulets upstream, found its source, and licked her slick folds before dipping his tongue into her pussy.

Julia began to tremble. Perhaps, just for this one night she could give in to her lust and desire and greed and enjoy two of them. *Just this once.* No one beside the three of them need ever know about it.

Jay released her mouth. "Is it good?" he whispered before nipping her earlobe.

Her only reply was a sensual moan.

Jay flicked his thumb over her nipple. "Christ, Jules, I've waited a long time to hold you naked in my arms."

Hunter ran his tongue up to her clit where he swirled it around. "Mmm," he agreed, and she got the distinct impression his hot breath steamed against her pussy. "Me too."

"You...you have?" Astonishment didn't begin to describe her response. "B-both of you?" she managed to gasp out.

"Can't speak for Hunter. But me? Fuck, yeah." Jay nuzzled her chin.

"You taste even better than I thought you would," Hunter told her. "And I've thought about this often." He buried his tongue as deep in her channel as it would go, while Julia's knees trembled beneath her.

Jay dropped his free hand to her ass and brushed his fingers over her crease. She burrowed back into his touch.

"I've fantasized about being with you since that first lunch," Jay told her. He slipped one digit between her butt cheeks. "Watching you eat..." He swallowed. "All I could think about was how your mouth would feel on my dick."

Dear God, he'd wanted her for as long as she'd wanted him. Not that knowing would have helped back then. Jay had been involved with someone else. "I-I wondered the...same thing," Julia confessed. Lying to herself, or either of them, seemed impossible under the circumstances. "About...both of you."

Hunter groaned and focused his attention back on her clit.

Jay swore under his breath, and his finger found her anus.

Julia's tremble moved up to full-blown shivering. Jay slipped his finger in her pussy and then brought it back to her ass, now wet and lubricated with her own cream. He massaged the tight ring of muscle until she relaxed enough for him to dip his finger inside.

Any last-minute concerns flew out the window. She crossed over the invisible line as clearly as if she'd taken a physical step. Later she'd cross back. For this moment in time, being here with both men was right. Afterwards she'd face the repercussions of her impulsive actions, but for now she couldn't give a flying hoot. She wanted Jay and Hunter. And God help all three of them, they seemed intent on having her.

"Shit," Hunter gasped. "That is so damn hot." He moved his head away and slipped his own finger inside her pussy. Then he added another—and watched as she twisted first this way then that, desperate to take the men in deeper.

Hunter licked his lips. "Is this what you want, Four Eyes? Both of us in you at the same time?"

Julia tried to answer, but couldn't. Jay had added another finger in her ass and it burned.

"It's okay," Jay whispered. "Take a minute to get used to the stretch." He tweaked her nipple, sending darts of pleasure through her chest.

Julia nodded and breathed around the pain. Slowly it subsided and she relaxed into Jay's touch. Relaxed enough to clench her ass around his two fingers, and her pussy around Hunter's two. "Ah. This gives new meaning to the term holding two pairs." She sighed with pleasure.

Jay chuckled. "That's it, baby," he encouraged her. "Hold us inside you."

Hunter pumped his fingers into her and licked her clit. "Is it what you want, Jules?" he asked again. "Our hands?"

Julia writhed between the two men. "Oh, it's what I want," she answered, out of breath. "This—and so much more."

Hunter stared up at her. "Tell us about the so much more."

Julia would have dropped her head back against Jay's chest but she couldn't stop herself from looking at Hunter. He looked criminally sexy on his knees. His mouth was wet with her juices, and his hand disappeared between her legs. "I want everything, Blondie." She bit at her swollen bottom lip. "I want you to lick me, over and over again, like I've imagined you would—so many times."

Hunter's pupils dilated.

Julia felt another pull of desire. "I want you to lick me while your fingers are inside me. Your fingers and Jay's."

Hunter wasted no time. He lowered his face again and ran his tongue over her clit, up and down, round and round, gentle at first and then with more pressure. At the same time he pumped his fingers into her, waiting for Jay to pull out before he pushed in.

Julia panted with delight. God, this was better than any of the fantasies she'd ever allowed herself. This was real. "That...that's not all." She hesitated for a heartbeat. "W...would you guys be willing to split the pot, so to speak?"

Jay groaned in her ear. "What are you asking, Jules?"

Julia swallowed down the nerves that had formed a lump in her throat. "I...I...want you to fuck me. Both of you. At the same time."

Hunter made a noise that emanated from somewhere deep in his throat. "Sweetheart, if you're the pot, I'll take you any way I can get you."

"Christ," Jay breathed. "Me too." He scissored his fingers in her ass, stretching her, promising her.

Their eagerness to up the ante emboldened her. "Blondie?" she said to Hunter, who'd resumed his exquisite attack on her pussy.

He lifted his head again, focusing his big brown eyes on her face.

"I want you in my ass. All of you. Every inch, buried balls-deep."

He licked his lips and then nodded. "I want me in your ass too, Four Eyes. Every last inch."

A shiver of anticipation sent a fresh set of goosebumps skittering over her skin. She twisted her head around to see Jay. "And you," she said in a scratchy voice, "you I want in my pussy. Deep in my pussy. Way deeper than your fingers could ever reach."

"Whenever you're ready," Jay said hoarsely. "Just say the word."

"I'm ready," Hunter gasped.

Jay chortled. "I was talking to Jules."

"I know," Hunter said and licked her like a man ravenous for a good meal.

"I'm ready," Julia agreed. Either that—or she was going to come, and if she exploded now, it would be a long time before she could summon up the energy to start again. Jay and Hunter had her so hot, her orgasm was sure to hit with monumental force.

"Oh, Jesus." Jay's voice was rough enough to be nonexistent. "This is gonna happen. We're really gonna do it."

Instead of disagreeing, Julia asked, "Do you have any condoms?"

Hunter gave her a final kiss on her clit and drew away. "A box full," he said as he stood. "In my bedroom."

Before she could head in that direction, Hunter kissed her. A full, open-mouthed kiss that made her dizzy. He tasted of man and of Hunter and of sex—her sex, and she drank from him thirstily. Then she turned to Jay and kissed him in the same fashion. Her head swam, her body burned and desire tugged her between her legs, making her moan into Jay's mouth.

"Bedroom. Now!" Hunter demanded, ending the kiss.

She followed Hunter through the house, watching as he stripped his clothes off along the way. His shirt came first, followed by his jeans and boxers, which he kicked off as he reached his bedroom door. Julia stopped to take in the firmness of his extraordinary butt, and noticed a faded, thin scar that ran along one cheek.

Jay walked into her from behind, distracting her.

The feel of hot flesh against her bare bottom told her he'd pulled off his own pants on the way. His rigid cock poked her spine, leaving tiny drops of moisture on her back.

"Boys," she said in a throaty voice. "I need you to fuck me. Now."

Jay lifted her up from behind and carried her to Hunter's bed. He laid her down and knelt on the floor in front of her.

"My turn," he said, and dipped his head to lick her pussy.

"*Hunter!*" Julia groaned in desperation as sensation hit her. "Damn it, get that condom on, or it'll be over before you're even inside me." Shoot, she was close. So bloody close she wasn't sure she could hold on.

Hunter turned to her. His proud erection stood thick between his legs. It was slightly curved and sheathed with a condom. In his hand he held a tube of lubricant and a second condom.

On second thought, she *would* hold on. She'd do anything to get that cock inside her.

"It's on, Four Eyes," he assured her and sat on the bed. "You chose well. I'm an ass man," he said, and proceeded to coat his condom with lube. "Nothing I'd like more than to explore your hot back end with my dick."

Julia clenched her ass, wanting nothing more than for Hunter to fuck her from behind.

Jay released her clit from his heavenly mouth. "And I am more than happy to take possession of your pussy, Jules. Permanently." His eyes shone with heated promise.

Okay, there was something she wanted more than Hunter fucking her from behind: Hunter fucking her from behind while Jay fucked her from the front.

Sweet heaven. If Julia got much wetter she'd slide right off the bed.

Hunter tossed the second condom to Jay and lay down on his back. He idly pumped his dick, spreading the lube all over it.

Julia's mouth watered.

"Come here, Four Eyes," he said in a wicked voice. "Come straddle my chest and show me that tempting ass."

Julia tugged the skirt over her hips and threw it to the floor, then did what Hunter requested. She straddled his chest—his muscled, powerful chest—and leaned forward, facing Jay, so her ass was tilted towards Hunter's face.

"Fuck, yeah," Hunter muttered. He bit her buttock as something cold and wet touched her anus.

The breath left her lungs in a hiss.

Jay put his right knee on the bed, next to Hunter's left leg, offering Julia an enticing view of his cock. Pausing only to remove her glasses and set them on the bedside table, she leaned forward and licked the head of Jay's dick, tasting the salty beads of precome. The tip of Hunter's lubed penis rubbed against her chin.

All three of them moaned.

Julia's head swam. It was happening. She was here, with both of them. She was about to make love to Jay and Hunter. Never would she have believed ending up in bed with the *two* men she loved could become a reality.

Hunter took the opportunity to massage lube around her ass, probing her hole to lubricate that too. As his fingers pushed inside her, she took Jay's cock deeper into her mouth, sucking and licking him, feasting. She loved his taste, loved the smooth way his velvety skin rubbed against her tongue.

As she lowered her head to lick a testicle, she used one hand to support herself and the other to stroke Hunter's dick. She sighed in satisfaction. Perfect. Absolute perfection. Both of them.

She looked up at Jay's face and found his gaze fixed on her mouth. His lips had formed an O shape and his pupils were dilated.

"Fuck, Jules," Hunter rasped. "Enough teasing. I want you on my cock. Now."

Hands held her around her waist, pulling her into a sitting position. She let go of Jay's penis with a wet slurp and watched with hunger as he donned a condom. His erection was long and thick, like the rest of him, and the thought of it in her pussy made her ache with need.

Hunter's hands left her waist and landed on her butt. "Scooch forward," he told her, and she did, positioning herself above his groin.

"Use your hands, Jules." Hunter's voice was a low growl. "Help guide me inside."

Julia gripped his cock and rubbed the tip against her soaking pussy. She couldn't restrain the soft groan that escaped as his dick massaged her sensitive labia. God, she could come just like this, just by teasing herself.

Or she could come with two stiff penises inside her.

No contest.

Semidazed by her own actions, she rocked forward, bringing her ass in line with Hunter's cock. He assisted her by drawing her cheeks apart. And then ever so slowly, holding Hunter's cock firm, and under Jay's heated gaze, she lowered herself down. Even with the lube and the men's careful preparation, his shaft was larger than their fingers, and she had to bite back a shriek as he penetrated her. It burned. She closed her eyes, warding off the pain.

"You are so fucking sexy," Jay said. "Christ, watching you take Hunter in your ass like that..." His voice wavered. "I could come just looking at the two of you."

She opened her eyes and found herself staring at Jay's hand, which was folded around the base of his cock.

"Have to squeeze tight," he told her, "so I don't climax here and now."

A wave of wild lust gripped Julia. Heaven help her, she wanted Jay. Now. She twisted her hips, impaling herself on Hunter, and bit back a cry of pain and of rapture.

"That's it, Jules," Hunter soothed her from behind. "I'm in all the way. And God, you feel like heaven." He moved, just a little, and the pain subsided somewhat, followed immediately by a flash of pleasure. "Heaven," he said again and caressed her buttocks.

Goosebumps covered her arms and breasts. Cautiously she lifted up and sat back down, experimenting. *Good. Jesus, it felt good.* Sore, but good. She did it again and again.

"Jules." Hunter breathed her name. "Woman, you are every one of my fantasies come to life."

She wanted to answer, wanted to tell him he was all that to her and more, but the only sound that came out of her mouth was a wanton sigh.

Jay shook his head in awe. "You're every man's fantasy, baby," he said. "How the hell did Hunter and I get so lucky?"

She was the lucky one. Not them.

Hands moved from her ass to her waist and then higher to her ribs. They pulled her back until she lay on Hunter. Julia dropped her hands to the bed to give herself support—and to lift her upper body slightly so she could watch as Jay placed a foot beside her on the mattress and leaned forward.

Hunter surged into her from below then withdrew. The breath left her body. She'd never felt anything like it before, never done it in this position. It was freaking amazing, and only improved when Jay directed his dick to her pussy. As he made contact, she froze, enjoying the friction. Even Hunter seemed to sense the momentousness of the occasion, and he stilled as well.

"Do it," Julia urged Jay, opening her legs to him while balancing on Hunter. "Fuck me."

And he did. He edged into her, filling her bit by bit until he too was embedded deep inside her.

Julia breathed in and out, in and out. Full. She was so full. Stuffed to overflowing. She had two erect penises inside her. And by God, Hunter was right. It felt like heaven. Full—and divine.

She twisted her hips. She couldn't move much in this position, but she must have been able to move enough, because the motion yielded gasps from both men. She grinned and did it again. This time the gasp came from her too. Each twist sent her clit scraping against Jay's hair and pubic bone, offering Julia an entire range of stimulation. Her ass, her pussy and her clit were all being subjected to extreme, delectable sensations. Pain and pleasure combined, the contrast of the sensations making the pain more real and the pleasure more intense. Much, much more intense.

Hunter thrust into her at the exact moment Jay pulled out, and when Hunter pulled back, Jay pushed in again. Over and over they moved, each fucking her to distraction, filling her with bliss.

This, here, was the single most profound sexual experience of her life, made all the more incredible because Julia loved Hunter and Jay. If she'd felt anything less for either of them, she'd never have crossed that line, never have trusted them to do what she allowed them to do now. She'd given herself to both of them, body and soul. In a million years she could not picture herself doing this with any other men.

But Jay and Hunter... *Mmm hmm*. If real life never intruded again, she could imagine herself doing this at least once every day—maybe even more.

Hunter's hand strayed to her breast, brushing her nipple. Jay watched as she pushed her chest into Hunter's palm, demanding a harder caress. Hunter pinched her nipple, and her body tightened in response, her reaction ricocheting all the way through to her groin. She clenched her pussy muscles around Jay, who cried out and thrust deep into her without waiting for Hunter to pull out.

She gasped.

"Oh, Christ," Hunter breathed. "Holy shit. Don't move."

Jay froze, all his muscles pulled taut in an effort not to stir. Almost idly, Julia noticed the six-pack lining his stomach and the perspiration beading on his brow. From this close, even without her glasses, she could see the willpower it took for Jay to keep still. His jaw was set and he stared blindly past her.

Or maybe he stared at Hunter, she wasn't sure.

Hunter panted beneath her. "So close," he whispered. "So, so close. One move from either of you, and I am gonna blow my load."

Julia's pussy throbbed. "You mean one move like this, Blondie?" She squeezed her ass cheeks together.

Hunter jerked into her in reaction.

"Fuck," he swore, and Julia felt him stiffen beneath her, his entire body growing tense.

"Or one like this," Jay asked with a quick grin and pulled out then thrust back into her. Then his face twisted, as though the joke was on him and he thrust again and then again. "Jesus, Jules. Can't stop. You feel too...fucking...good." He pumped into her wildly. "Can't...stop. Don't want...to."

"Jay, you bastard," Hunter swore, and then he too was driving into her as hard as he could in his position.

Julia's breath hitched and caught. Sweet Lord, she was being pulled in all directions, unadulterated pleasure flowing through her pussy, her clit and her ass. Showering her with delight and with pain.

"Can't stop it," Hunter yelled as he clamped his hands around her waist and thrust into her one last time. She felt him pulse in her ass, over and over, releasing inside her. "Oh, God, Jules," he moaned. "*Juliaaaaaa.*"

Sensation swamped her, knocking her for a loop. She lost control, and came hard, months' worth of pent-up desire escaping as her pussy spasmed in relief.

Jay stared first at her and then at Hunter, and then he too lost control and jerked into Julia. He threw his head back and howled when he came, his hips shaking as he emptied himself in her pussy.

Minutes passed before any of them could move. Finally, Jay pulled out of her, tossed the condom in the bin and collapsed on the bed. “Holy shit.” He whistled. “Why’d we never do that before?”

Hunter rolled over with Julia in his arms, carefully withdrawing from her at the same time. He too trashed his condom, then curled up on his side behind her, pressing in close, so they both faced Jay. “Beats me. But I’m almost ready to do it again.”

Julia sighed. Her limbs were heavy, her heart still racing. “You do this together often, boys?”

Jay snickered. “You mean sleep with you? Nope, baby. Like we said, we’re wondering why we’d never done it before.”

“Smartass.” She smiled lazily. “I mean threesomes. You do it a lot?”

“It’s a first for me,” Hunter said as he drew his hand over her waist.

“Me too.” Jay nodded.

Julia closed her eyes. “I liked it.” She shouldn’t have, but she had. Altogether too much.

“So did I,” Hunter said.

“I think I just found a new favorite poker hand,” Jay laughed. “Three of a kind.”

Julia blanched. Three of a kind worked for her too. Altogether too well. So how the hell did she step back over that invisible line now? Knowing her luck, she’d trip and fall the minute she tried.

Chapter Four

“C’mon, darl’, have another helping.”

Julia eyed the dish her aunt offered her and finally gave in. So what if she was stuffed? Nobody made shrimp on the barbie like her dad and her Uncle Joe, and anyway it was Christmas. She was supposed to eat until her belly ached. Besides, if her mouth was full she wouldn’t be expected to talk. Good thing too, because if one more relative asked her when it was *her turn*, she would throw up. Right in the middle of the traditional family Chrissie lunch.

It was her cousin Alec’s fault. If he hadn’t chosen today to announce his engagement, she wouldn’t be the subject of everyone’s curiosity. So what if she was a year older than Alec and thus expected to marry before him? Twenty-eight was hardly ancient. She wasn’t over-the-hill yet. She still had plenty of time to find the right man and settle down.

Sure her family liked to pry, but they only asked about her nonexistent nuptials because they loved her and wanted her to be happy. In the Savage family’s opinion, happiness meant love and marriage. It meant children and tradition. It didn’t mean one woman sleeping with two men at the same time.

She bit off a piece of shrimp and chewed it viciously.

“So, Julia,” her great-aunt Edith said, “when are you going to give the family some good news? Isn’t it time you settled down and got married too?”

Julia secretly blessed the shrimp, and pointed to her mouth, making it obvious she couldn’t answer. She kicked her sister under the table.

Kim snorted softly.

“Get them to change the freaking subject,” Julia ground out around her food.

“Don’t look at me to save you,” Kim whispered. Her lips did not move. “You chose two instead of one. Even I can’t help you through this dilemma.”

Julia swallowed and then shoved the remaining shrimp in her mouth, chewing it stiffly. She stood and proceeded to clear the table of empty dishes. Stretching over her sister, she murmured, “Sisters are supposed to stand up for one another—regardless of the circumstances.”

Kim pushed back her chair and helped Julia take the plates to the kitchen. “Jules,” she said, once both of them had made sure no one else was in the room, “I love you dearly, but even I’m not brave enough to stand up to Aunt Edith.”

“Hah!” *Coward*. “Just for that I’m going back in there and asking when you plan on having your next baby.”

Kim’s jaw dropped. “You wouldn’t.”

Julia shrugged and smiled innocently. “Try me.”

Kim smiled right back, her evil big-sister smile. “Open your mouth and I’m taking my earrings back. And the jeans you borrowed from me last month.”

Oh no. No way was she returning those jeans. “Fine,” she conceded, “but just wait ’til you ask me to babysit again.”

“Cow,” Kim shot at her, and the two of them began to giggle.

At least Kim was still talking to her. She’d been terrified her sister would crap on her for going ahead and sleeping with Jay and Hunter against her better advice.

Embarrassed to tell anyone she was sleeping with two men, Julia would have kept it a secret, but Kim had taken one look at her face and guessed at the truth. Within ten minutes of seeing her today, Julia had explained the situation to her. What had started as a just-this-once deviation from her regular relationship with Jay and Hunter had somehow turned into a once-every-night-this-week-and-often-much-more-than-that plus once-every-morning-after-as-well deviation.

So much for the promise she’d made to herself to cross back over that invisible line after their first time. She’d failed miserably at keeping it.

She, Jay and Hunter had spent every free minute together since their cancelled poker evening last Friday, and the sex was only getting better. They’d made love in all three of their homes, but in the end kept returning to Hunter’s because his bed was the biggest, leaving lots of room for their more...active sessions.

The more they made love, the more natural the act itself became. But that, it seemed to Julia, was the only natural part of their new and much more complicated relationship.

Yes, the sex was over-the-top incredible. Yes, she was crazy about both men, and yes, she turned to mush every time she saw either of them. But no, their relationship didn’t sit comfortably with her.

A part of her awaited the inevitable repercussions of her lust. She half expected a lightning bolt to blast through the sky and strike her for her sins. Well, not really, but she still hadn’t reconciled the Julia who was expected to get married and have children someday with the Julia who wanted sex with Hunter and Jay all the time.

“So,” Kim said softly when their laughter faded, “I know you’re in no hurry to introduce your men to Mom and Dad. But what about me? Do I get to meet them?”

Julia stared at her, bewildered. Kim had met all of her boyfriends up until now. Yet the idea of introducing not one, but two men to her sister freaked Julia out.

That wasn't the only thing bothering her. If Kim wanted to meet the guys, she must be assuming their threesome would continue for an indeterminate length of time. Surely such an unconventional relationship was doomed to die a hasty death? Without the support of their loved ones, how could it survive? She, Jay and Hunter would have to fight long and hard to get their families on their side, and Julia didn't know if either man was willing to commit to such a battle.

"I...I'm not sure I'm ready for that," she finally said.

"I can understand your hesitancy," Kim sympathized. "If I'm struggling with the idea of you having two guys in your bed, you must be going insane trying to come to terms with it."

"You have no idea," Julia said, grateful for Kim's insight.

Her sister tapped her lip thoughtfully. "Okay, I don't want to rush you, so I have another idea. New Year's Eve is a week away, right?"

Julia nodded, and wondered if she, Hunter and Jay would celebrate together.

"If you're still..." Kim wavered, looking uncertain. "Uh, seeing them then, and if you're more secure in your...relationship, would you consider introducing me on the first of January? We could look at it as a new start to a new year."

A pang whacked Julia in the stomach. What if she wasn't still seeing them? The thought filled her with dread and gloom. But then, considering all the odds they faced, continuing their alternative arrangement into the New Year terrified her. All she knew for sure was that she couldn't wait to get back to Hunter's place after lunch. Couldn't wait to see them both again. But that was as far into the future as she'd considered.

"It's not a bad plan," Julia told Kim. "But let's just play this whole introduction stuff by ear. We can speak on the first and decide then what to do depending on the circumstances. Okay?"

Kim regarded her thoughtfully. "Okay, little sis. I just hope the circumstances turn out the way you want them to. The way that'll make you happiest."

And therein lay Julia's biggest problem. She had no idea how said circumstances would turn out.

Chapter Five

Julia relaxed in the bath, swirls of steam spiraling above her. In the bedroom next door Jay lay fast asleep, while Hunter took a shower in the glassed stall beside the bath.

Julia watched as Hunter soaped himself and shampooed his hair, wishing she could focus on the sleek movement of his muscles as he washed. But without her glasses she couldn't see her own toes clearly beneath the water. Still the scent of his lemony shampoo wound its way through her nose, making her hungry for a taste of him.

Ah, crap. Truth was, she was never not hungry for him or Jay.

What now? Where did they go from here? Her conversation with Kim at lunch had her anxious. No matter how uncertain she was about the future of this threesome, one thing she had no doubts about were her feelings for the men. She was seriously in love with both of them. Enough in love that the thought of ever finding anyone else was ridiculous. Julia knew that after Jay and Hunter no other man could ever come close. No one else could compete. She'd suspected it months before anything had happened between them. Their last week together had cemented her convictions.

But her convictions only complicated issues. What would Hunter and Jay say if they knew her feelings towards them went way beyond sexual desire? Sure, they knew she found them both irresistible, but apart from physical satisfaction, none of them had discussed the emotional side of things. They were too busy having sex.

"You know what, Four Eyes?" Hunter said as he stepped out of the shower.

I know I love you. "Tell me."

Hunter toweled himself dry. "You are some kind of wonderful."

She grinned at him.

"Smart, sassy, sexy and beautiful. And a tigress in bed."

She couldn't be sure, but she thought he smiled.

"You're pretty good in bed yourself, Blondie."

He wrapped the towel around his waist and came to sit on the side of the bath. "Is this all okay for you?" The concern in his voice was unmistakable. "You know, being with both of us?"

Had he read her mind? "Okay?" She laughed lightly. "It's freaking amazing."

He was close enough for her to notice his frown at her answer. "You're lying," he said in a soft voice. "You've been too quiet this evening. Is something bothering you?"

Damn eyes of his. They saw way too much. She sighed. "I am lying."

"What's the problem?"

Julia bit her lip, but said nothing.

"Are we too much for you? Both...both of us together? Jay and I were worried about that."

"God, no!" Julia knew her answer left no room for doubt. "I love making love to both of you. Love, love, love it." Even talking about it got her hot, and she squirmed in the water, her body tightening in awareness.

Hunter's gaze caught on her breasts and stayed there for a couple of seconds. When he spoke again, his voice was gruff. He had to stop and clear his throat. "So what's the matter?"

Oh Lord, how did she explain this?

"Jules, I've licked your ass. I've fucked you in every way known to mankind. And I'll be damned if I don't want to do it over and over again." He took a shaky breath. "We're past the point of pretending to be shy around each other. If you're worried about something, tell me. Let me help." Hunter trailed a hand in the water.

She gave him a half smile. "Well, when you put it like that..." She gnawed on her bottom lip. "Are you comfortable with the way things have turned out between the three of us?"

He thought about her question. Emotion flashed in his eyes, but she couldn't identify it. "Surprised would be a more accurate description."

She snorted. "Oh, I can relate to that."

"I never thought I'd enjoy sharing you with another man, but with Jay—" He hesitated, as though he were measuring each word. "I like it. A lot." He swept his hand along her ribs and up over her breast. Her nipple beaded in response.

"I like it a lot too." Julia licked her lips. "More than I ever imagined I would."

"I'd always wanted you to myself," Hunter told her. "Up until that first night we kissed, I hadn't..." Again he paused. "I hadn't thought this could be an option."

Julia blushed. "I fantasized about both of you—all the time, but in my wildest dreams I never saw the *three* of us together."

Hunter's eyes darkened, hunger shadowing his expression.

"The reality is pretty different from the fantasies," Julia mused.

"Do you regret the reality?" he asked.

"No. I wasn't kidding earlier. I love making love to both of you."

"So why do you look so worried?"

Because I love our threesome but fear nothing can become of it. Because I always imagined myself with either you or Jay, and now that I've had you both I have no idea how to adapt to the circumstances.

Because the thought of my family finding out about you two scares the crap out of me. “My, er, sister wants to meet you.”

Hunter looked surprised. “She knows about us?”

Julia nodded. “As soon as she saw my face today she knew something was up. She demanded I tell her what.”

Hunter nodded and sat up straight. “Family is sharp that way. My mother asked too.”

It was Julia’s turn to register surprise. “About me and Jay?”

“Not quite.” Hunter looked uneasy. “She wanted to know if I’d *met someone*.” He used his fingers to quote his mother’s words.

She could relate to his discomfort. She was troubled by the idea of telling her parents about Jay and Hunter. He must feel the same way. “And what did you say?”

He regarded her for a long time before answering. “I told her I had.”

Her heart lurched. Hunter had thought their relationship important enough to tell his mother.

“But I didn’t say anything else. I wasn’t ready to speak about it.”

Julia gave a little snort. “Yeah. Not such an easy topic to broach with family, is it?”

“Nope. It’s not every day you share the news that you and a mate are sleeping with the same woman—together.”

“Try telling your family two men are sharing you.”

He raised an eyebrow and smiled.

She laughed. “Was your mother okay with your not giving her details?”

He nodded. “She’s pretty cool that way.”

“Sounds like the two of you are close,” Julia mused.

Hunter shrugged. “We are now.”

“You weren’t always?”

He shifted in discomfort. “We had our issues. It took a while, but we’ve sorted them out.”

Hunter had told her a few days ago that his parents had divorced when he was a teenager. His father had not been very involved in his life since then, and apparently Hunter preferred it that way.

“Are you going to tell her about us?” she asked.

“Maybe.” He turned the question back on her. “Are you going to introduce us to Kim?”

Julia frowned. “I...I don’t know. It’s all too...soon to tell. We decided to talk about it again on New Year’s Day, and see how I felt then.”

Hunter was quiet for a long while. “You know, I’d be happy to meet her,” he said at last. “If you’re ready to introduce us.”

Warmth suffused her. “And if I’m not ready?”

“I’m happy to wait.”

The warmth turned to heat. Damn, she loved him. Full-on, head-over-heels loved him. “You know what, Blondie?”

“Nope. Tell me,” Hunter invited.

“You’re some kind of wonderful.”

His eyes glinted. “I know, I know. Smart, sassy, sexy and beautiful. And a tigress in bed.”

She chuckled at the thought. Hunter was as male as men came. Hot, hard, dominant, alpha and masculine through and through. And the man in him called out to the woman in her. The muscles in her pussy clenched as desire tugged at them.

“You up to showing me your tigress skills now?” she invited.

“I’m up for it anytime,” Hunter answered, his voice sinful as sex.

The air around them changed. Awareness sparked between them.

The bathroom door opened and Jay walked in.

Julia’s heart skipped a beat. His timing was impeccable. How’d he known to join them just as things heated up?

“Hey, baby,” Jay said. “You’re looking good in there. Good and naked.”

She undulated her hips as her desire grew. “Hey, sleepyhead,” she answered. “We’ve been talking about you.”

Jay was as naked as she was—with the exception of the Santa hat on his head. “Saying good things, I hope?”

“Very good.” Lust raced through her veins. “Hunter just told me he likes sharing me with you.”

Jay growled a deep, sensual growl.

“I think my exact words were, ‘I like it. *A lot.*’” Hunter dipped his hand back in the bath and ran his finger along the curve of her breast, making her shiver. Warm water rippled around her skin.

“I love sharing you too, baby. I love fucking you, knowing Hunter’s doing the same. Feeling his cock in there, near mine, is a huge turn-on. Massive.” He walked over to the bath. His erection was growing by the second. Jay stood close enough to Hunter that his hip brushed the blond man’s arm.

Hunter jerked away as if he’d been burned.

“Are you okay?” Julia asked.

Hunter rubbed his biceps. “Uh, yeah. Fine.”

“You sure?” He didn’t look fine.

“Jay just gave me a shock. There must be static in the air or something.” Cautiously he returned his arm to rest against Jay’s hip. “That’s better.”

“It’s all the electricity snapping between us and Jules,” Jay joked. His gaze was trained on her breast and Hunter’s hand.

Damn, she wanted to lick Jay's erection all over. She wanted to feel both of them inside her, both of them fucking her. "Whatever it is snapping between us, I like it. I love being shared between you."

Julia looked at the point where the men's bodies touched. Her men's bodies. Touching. Just like that she lost her breath.

There it was again, the hunger to taste them, consume them. It seemed her desire for Jay and Hunter knew no boundaries. It just multiplied and expanded on a daily basis.

Hunter drew his hand over her belly, stopping above the curls on her pussy. Jay muttered something unintelligible.

When she could inhale again, she looked at them through a lusty haze. "Boys, are you just going to hang around there and watch me bathe?"

Hunter dragged his fingers through the curls. "You have any better ideas?" His muscles bunched in his arms as he moved, and Jay drew in a sharp breath.

"I sure do. See, I'm looking to create a lot more sparks between us." Desire seeped through her, trickling into every cell in her body. "How about you jump in the shower, Jay, and get all nice and clean? When you're done, come on out of the bathroom and watch me..." She paused, looked at Hunter and licked her lips. "Watch me suck Blondie's cock into my mouth."

Hunter's hand stilled. His eyes turned black as night.

She looked in Jay's direction. The desire in his expression made her swallow before she could talk again. "Y-you never know what else may develop from there."

Jay yanked off his hat and threw it on the bathroom counter. "Get out of the bath and get dried, Jules." Lust masked whatever humor she'd expected to hear in Jay's voice. "I'll be done here in two minutes. I expect to see you on your knees on the carpet when I walk into the bedroom."

*

She made sure that was exactly how Jay found her. On her knees, on the carpet, with her lips wrapped around Hunter's shaft.

God, he tasted good. Clean and musky, with an occasional salty drop for flavor.

Hunter lay on the bed with his legs hanging over the side. His upper body rested on his arms so he could watch Julia at work. The air was filled with his soft, encouraging murmurs.

Julia's one hand held the base of his penis, the other caressed his balls. His cock was slightly thicker than Jay's, but just as delectable.

Julia felt someone's gaze on her back and turned to find Jay standing butt-naked by the bathroom door.

"Fuck," he swore hoarsely and strode over to the bed where he dropped to his knees beside Julia.

She swirled her tongue around the tip of Hunter's dick, watching Jay's face the entire time.

“Jesus, Jules,” Jay gasped. “If I thought I fancied you before, I reckon I’m falling in love with you now.” He did not take his gaze off her mouth.

Her heart lurched beneath her breast, but she forced herself not to get too excited by his words, no matter how much she loved him. After all, they were being said in the heat of passion. Nevertheless, still holding Hunter’s cock in her hand, she lifted her face to Jay’s, inviting him to kiss her.

He did so, hungrily, and when he pulled away and motioned for her to return to Hunter, her lips were swollen and puffy.

Hunter let out a loud groan. “I reckon I’m falling pretty damn hard myself.”

He dropped backwards onto the bed as Julia sucked his cock into her mouth again, tickled pink by his confession. She loved Hunter too. She had for the last four months. Once again she warned herself not to get her hopes up. There was very little a man wouldn’t say when a woman knelt at his feet.

Hunter flung an arm over his eyes and thrust his hips upwards, filling her mouth. She had to relax every muscle in her throat to fit his dick in.

Jay breathed heavily beside her. “Watching you blow Hunter is giving me a hard-on from hell.”

Julia smiled around Hunter’s shaft and stilled his movements with her hand. She drew away from him then dipped her head back to lick off the precome that leaked from his cock head. Without swallowing, she turned back to Jay and offered him her mouth. She was mildly surprised by the greed with which Jay kissed her, licking the offering from her tongue. Mildly surprised and majorly aroused.

She squeezed another drop from Hunter and repeated the process. This time when Jay’s lips met hers, he groaned low in his throat.

Keeping her gaze on Jay’s face, she held Hunter’s dick in her hand and licked it from the base up to the tip and then back down again. Twice she did it, and then a third time, conscious of Jay staring, his eyes glazed with hunger.

Perhaps it took her a few seconds to see the truth because her glasses were off. But once she noticed it, she couldn’t deny the fact. It wasn’t just her mouth Jay ogled. It was Hunter’s penis as well. Hunter’s delectable penis.

She licked the head of his dick and then paused to watch Jay.

He licked his lips.

She did it again.

He licked his lips again.

Her pussy tightened.

Jay wanted Hunter’s dick.

Ever so slowly she raised her head. While still holding Hunter’s shaft, she tilted it, offering it to Jay.

Jay didn’t move an inch. Indecision flashed across his face, made obvious by his frown.

Julia pursed her lips and sucked Hunter into her mouth, sliding her lips up and down, making him mumble on the bed. She watched Jay while she feasted.

He watched Hunter's dick.

When he bit his lower lip and his tongue flashed over it, soothing the reddened spot, Julia pulled away, and once again offered him Hunter's penis.

This time he faltered for a second. Then he leaned over and swiped his tongue over the tip of the proffered cock.

Blood raced to Julia's head, making her dizzy. In her entire life she had never seen anything as mesmerizing.

Jay did it again and then again.

Hunter writhed and his hips surged up, as though asking for more.

Jay obliged. Tentatively he opened his mouth and lowered his lips over Hunter's shaft. They touched Julia's fingers, and she released her grasp on Hunter, giving Jay free rein.

Hunter let out a long breath. His arm still covered his eyes, but his lower body was moving now, thrusting up into Jay's mouth.

God, Julia thought, stunned. She was watching Jay go down on Hunter. A man on a man. The one man she loved doing the other man she loved. It was shocking. Scandalous. It was outrageous. And fascinating. And hot. Oh, dear Lord, the very sight turned her on almost more than sleeping with both of them did.

Julia pushed her hand against her pussy, hoping to ease the sudden ache between her legs. Desire burned within, growing hotter as Jay devoured Hunter. Jay's face was a study in concentration. His eyes were closed, as though he relished the experience. With each bob of his head, Jay's confidence seemed to grow, his movements became faster, his expression more intent.

She closed her other hand around Jay's penis, stunned to find it harder than ever, with a vein pulsing tangibly through it.

"Jules," Hunter cried. "Fuck, Jules!" he flung his head from side to side, his eyes still closed. "That feels unbelievable."

Jay froze. His eyes popped open.

"No." Hunter panted. "Christ, don't stop."

Jay stared at her aghast.

Hunter's hips surged up, and Jay was wrenched back into action. He returned his attention to Hunter, his actions so sensual Julia found herself wishing she were on the receiving end of his mouth's exploits.

"That's it," Hunter moaned. "Oh, God. I'm gonna...come. Don't stop. Oh...God."

Hunter began to spasm, his hips jerking against Jay's mouth.

Watching Hunter's orgasm was so exhilarating, so stimulating, she could come herself. All it would take was one swipe of a finger across her clit. She yanked her hand away from her pussy. No way would she come this way. Not when the men of her fantasies could offer so much more.

Jay closed his eyes, extreme satisfaction glowing in his face as he accepted everything Hunter pumped into his mouth.

Several seconds passed before Hunter relaxed and collapsed on the bed. It was then that Jay swallowed, twice, without releasing Hunter's cock.

"Oh, fuck," Hunter gasped. "Jules, Jesus," he said in a scratchy voice. "That was the best damn blowjob I've ever had."

Again Jay looked at her, startled.

Julia inhaled and then climbed on the bed to kneel beside Hunter. She kissed his cheek. "Not Jules, Blondie. Jay."

His eyes flew open. He stared at her in disbelief before pushing up to observe his waist. The evidence he faced was indisputable. At Hunter's sudden movement, his cock slid out of Jay's mouth.

Jay wiped his lips, looked up at Hunter and grinned. "Hey, mate," he said. "You don't taste half bad."

Chapter Six

“The hell I’ll calm down,” Hunter snarled as he paced the length of the living room. “Goddammit, he gave me a fucking blowjob.”

He’d paused long enough to pull on his jeans before storming out of the bedroom, furious. Jay had tried to go after him, but woman’s intuition told Julia Hunter wouldn’t want to see his friend. So she’d convinced Jay to stay put, and she’d gone instead, pulling Jay’s T-shirt on in the process. It hung down to her knees.

“The best blowjob you’ve ever had,” Julia reminded him now, desperate to pacify him. She’d never seen Hunter lose his cool like this. Ever. If either of the men was prone to blowing his top in a stressful situation it was Jay. Yet here Hunter was, way beyond the point of reason.

“Fuck, Jules. You know I thought it was you. Not...not him!”

“But it was him, Hunter. It was Jay. And it was beautiful. The sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Hunter blanched. “It is not *sexy* when one man puts another man’s dick in his mouth. It’s abnormal. It...it’s twisted.”

“And two men sleeping with one woman at the same time isn’t?” she asked. “You think you can classify a threesome as normal behavior? Hell, I let you *and* Jay fuck me. It’s not the kind of thing I’d refer to as regular kind of sex. But you don’t seem to see *that* as twisted or wrong. You said, not half an hour ago, that you liked it. A lot.”

“We make love to *you*, not to each other. It’s a man with a woman, or two men with a woman. Not a man with a man.”

“There is nothing wrong with two men together,” Julia insisted. She believed that one hundred percent. Especially now, after seeing Jay and Hunter together. Far from being wrong, it seemed both alluring and right.

“There is when one of those men is me.” He stabbed his chest with his finger for emphasis. “I like women, Jules, not men. Not Jay.”

“You like him well enough when his naked penis is in me, right beside yours.”

“His...his dick is separated from mine by you.”

“Yet how often is Jay the one who makes you come?” she pointed out calmly, although she felt anything but. “Soon as he increases the pace of our lovemaking, you lose control.”

Hunter collapsed into a dining room chair and *thunked* the table hard with his fist. “Fuck it. This is so not what I imagined. I can’t do this.”

Julia’s stomach dropped. The best sexual experience of her life was turning into an unmitigated disaster. Hunter was on the verge of throwing it all away because of Jay’s actions.

Her mind raced. A million thoughts bombarded her at once. Desperation merged with misery, resulting in unexpected revelations. Julia was about to lose everything—Hunter, Jay and the incredible intimacy the three of them had created together. The certainty and the horror combined to give her a startling moment of clarity. Suddenly she knew what she wanted. *And it wasn’t what she—or her family—expected.*

Julia wanted Jay and Hunter. Both of them. For as long as they’d have her. Her goals and her focus had changed. She’d changed. Jay and Hunter had changed her. Her focus was no longer on choosing one man, it was now about keeping two of them. Together, Jay and Hunter had become the present and the future she desired. The present and future she’d have to fight for—and damn it, she was willing to fight.

It was up to her to sort out this business. To get Hunter to accept that what Jay had done wasn’t as perverse as he seemed to think it was.

“It’s not a bad thing, Blondie.” Julia lowered her voice. “When you come, I come too.”

He glowered at her.

“Hunter—” Julia walked over to him, “—whatever is happening between the three of us, it’s wonderful. The best experience of my life. The best sex too. Having you and Jay inside me... God, I love it. I never want it to end. I want the three of us to go on forever.”

Hunter shook his head. “The three of us are over, Jules.” He grimaced. “I don’t think I’ll ever be able to get a hard-on again if Jay is anywhere near me. If you and I sleep together, it’ll be just the two of us. Full stop.”

Julia might as well have collided with a brick wall. The impact of his words almost broke her. Hunter was dead serious, as was evident from the set of his shoulders and the determination in his face.

Damn it, she wouldn’t let Hunter destroy this magic between them. Not over a blowjob. “Jay liked having you in his mouth,” she said, not to goad him, but to make a point. “He liked it a lot. His dick was hard as steel while he blew you.” She flexed her fingers, recalling the texture of Jay’s shaft, the satiny skin covering the iron-like rod beneath.

“I’ll tell you something else,” Julia rushed on. “He didn’t mean for it to happen. He came to be with me, not to touch you. But one thing led to another and I encouraged him, and the next thing—”

“You encouraged him?” Hunter cut her off, outraged.

She nodded. “You bet I did. He couldn’t get enough of your taste when he kissed me, I figured he’d prefer to sample your merchandise firsthand.” She shrugged. “I was right. And you preferred it too.”

“Bullshit,” Hunter barked.

“Not bullshit. True. When Jay had his mouth on you, you went wild. You couldn’t control yourself.”

Hunter eyed her warily.

“You know I’m right,” she told him. “Think about it. The first time his lips touched your cock, something told you it was different. You loved it. In fact, when he stopped you yelled at him not to.”

“I yelled at *you*.”

“But I wasn’t touching you. Jay was. And when he continued you went out of your mind. You couldn’t hold off. He had you so turned on, so aroused, you came in his mouth. Jay’s mouth, not mine.”

“Goddammit,” Hunter exploded. “I thought it was yours.”

Before she could respond, a second masculine voice spoke up.

“What’s upsetting you, Blondie?” Jay asked. “The fact that a man had your dick in his mouth, or the fact that you liked it?”

Hunter’s eyes narrowed to dangerous slits as he glared at Jay. His cheeks turned beet red. “Fuck you, Baxter.”

“Fuck me, or fuck you?” Jay asked, his voice sharp. “Which one do you really want?”

“I want you to get the hell out of my house and not come back. Ever.”

“Hunter,” Julia gasped. “You don’t mean that.”

“You bet I do!”

“Yeah, see, I also don’t believe you mean that,” Jay taunted. “I think what you want is for me to take your dick again and give it another stupendous blowjob.” Jay walked forward so Julia could now see he wore a pair of boxers and nothing else. “Or maybe,” he continued, his gaze fixed on Hunter, his mouth grim, “maybe you want your own mouthful of man juice. Maybe you want to try blowing me.”

If possible, Hunter’s cheeks turned even redder. “Don’t push me, Jay. I’ll kick your sorry ass out of the door faster than you can blink.”

Jay raised an eyebrow. “So that’s what you want to do with my ass? Kick it?” He snickered in obvious disbelief. “Mate, after the quality of that blowjob, I think there’s a lot more you want to aim at my ass than your foot.”

Julia’s jaw dropped open.

Hunter’s chair crashed to the floor. He was on his feet and advancing on Jay at killer speed.

“Hunter. No!” She grabbed his arm, trying to yank him to a halt. Her shoulder about jerked out of her socket before Hunter reacted to her anxiety and stopped.

“I’m sorry, Jules,” he said without looking at her. He stared daggers at Jay. “But you need to let me go. Now.”

Damn it, so much testosterone flooded the room there was only one way this argument was going to end. With someone lying on the floor, injured. While Jay might be taller than Hunter, Hunter was broader. It was anyone’s guess who’d be the first man down.

Jay stood a little straighter. “No worries, Jules. You can drop your hold on him.”

Not a chance. The muscles bulged in Hunter’s arm, warning Julia he was preparing to throw the first punch.

“See, he’s not going to hurt me,” Jay explained as he stared straight back at Hunter. “He doesn’t want a fight. He wants...this.”

To Julia’s flabbergasted surprise, Jay flashed Hunter. Even from five odd paces away, she could see the way Jay’s cock stood proud and erect. Good God, he was turned on. With all the craziness going on around them, he was aroused.

Before she had a full second to process her thoughts, Hunter had ripped free of her grasp and leapt at Jay. He landed against him with a sickening thud. The force of his attack sent them both crashing to the floor. Jay landed on his back, spread-eagle. Hunter landed on top of him.

Hunter pulled back, lifted his arm and clenched his hand into a fist. He looked murderous.

If his hand connected with Jay’s nose, he’d break it.

Jay said something in a voice so soft Julia couldn’t hear. But Hunter did and he froze. He relaxed his hand then clenched it into a fist again. Then relaxed it.

Julia dropped to her knees, closer to the men. When Jay spoke again, she heard him.

“It’s what you want, Miles.”

“No, Baxter.” Hunter’s hand formed the fist again. Muscle strained in his back and neck. “What I want is to smash your teeth in.”

Again Jay spoke too softly to hear.

“Never,” Hunter roared and his arm flashed through the air.

Before his fist met its target, Jay flipped them both. This time Hunter landed on his back, with Jay on top of him, pinning his body down with his chest and holding his arms with his hands. They were inches away from Julia.

“You’re lying,” Jay snapped. “You want it as much as I do.”

“I want Jules, you stupid fuck. Not you.” Hunter panted as Jay pressed his weight on his chest.

“Then why do you have a massive hard-on?”

Hunter bared his teeth. “It’s adrenaline, asshole. I’m about to beat the shit out of you, and I’m excited by the thought.”

Jay shook his head. “You want to fuck the hell out of me, dickhead.”

“It’s Jules I want to fuck. You I’m gonna beat to a bloody pulp.”

“You want to fuck both of us.”

To Julia’s astonishment, Jay twisted his hips, as though dry-humping Hunter.

“Fuck you,” Hunter bellowed.

“As you wish,” Jay shot back and dropped his head fast.

For the second time in minutes Julia stared slack-jawed. Jay crushed his mouth over Hunter's in what could only be a bruising kiss.

Hunter froze for a second before roaring back to life. Sheer brute force must have motivated him. Jay lay like a dead weight on top of him, yet in a blur of motion the men rolled a second time, and once again Hunter was on top. "Goddamn you, Jay," he snarled.

And then his lips were on Jay's, his tongue pushing for entrance into the other man's mouth. The kiss looked like a violent scuffle, or a nasty battle of wills, and Julia feared one of them might do permanent damage to the other.

But Hunter gave a small moan, and the fight seemed to ebb out of him. His arms relaxed and the tension in his back visibly slackened. Any violent undertones dissipated in the air around the two men.

Julia watched, gobsmacked, as Hunter's mouth began to seduce rather than attack, as Jay's arms wrapped around Hunter's back and his hands traced the outline of his spine and shoulders. She watched as the kiss transformed into a seductive sharing of passion rather than a lethal end to a friendship.

Jay was right. Hunter *did* want him.

Had he wanted Jay all along?

Julia was struck dumb, barely able to process the scene transpiring before her eyes. The two men she loved and lusted after were engaged in a blistering, all-consuming kiss that upped the room temperature by a good hundred degrees. And damned if it didn't turn her knees to jelly. The carnal, animalistic passion that sizzled between them set her heart racing.

The kiss brought out every forbidden fantasy she'd never had about what the three of them could do together. It also brought out unchecked panic. Jay kissed Hunter. Hunter kissed Jay. There were no inhibitions, there was no holding back. The attraction between the two pulsed through the room, stunning her. *Excluding her*. The men kissed each other. Focused on each other. Neither of them looked at her.

In the midst of all the sexual tension and wanting, Julia felt isolated. Alone. And terrified that now she'd discovered she wanted their threesome more than anything, it was all about to be ripped out from under her for a completely different reason.

An indeterminate amount of time passed before the kiss ended. Julia's heart pounded. With desire and with fear. Hunter pulled away, breathing heavily. He rolled off Jay and lay beside him on his back, staring at the ceiling.

Jay's now empty arms dropped to the floor. His chest heaved in time to Julia's own racing heart.

"Jesus," Hunter murmured.

Jay gave a soft laugh. "Not quite what you were expecting, huh?"

"Not anything like I expected." Hunter sounded and looked shocked.

Their deep, rasping pants filled the air.

For a solid week Julia had been the center of Jay and Hunter's attention. They'd devoted themselves to pleasing her, to pleasuring her. Now they didn't even notice her. Her stomach twisted in knots. Her lungs seized, and an uncontrolled gasp escaped her mouth.

Hunter twisted around to look at her. His beautiful brown eyes smoldered. But not for her. "Jules?"

"Uh, hi," she said, her voice sounding as tentative as she felt.

He reached out and took her hand. "Hi yourself."

She swallowed. "You okay?"

Hunter's cheeks were red and his expression guarded. He looked at her, then at Jay. Jay grinned up at the ceiling.

"I...I'm not sure," Hunter said when he looked back at her.

Jay's sexy beam vanished.

She nodded. "You look kind of surprised."

He squeezed her hand. "Fuck, Jules. I'd convinced myself you were the only one I wanted."

What? Did that mean he'd thought about being with Jay before now?

She smiled at him, attempting to beat down the panic. "After what I just witnessed, I'm betting Jay's the only one you want."

Hunter's response was lightning quick. He tugged her hand, hard, and she tumbled forward, landing half on Hunter and half on the floor. He pulled her fully on top of him. Even with his jeans on, Julia couldn't mistake the rigid length of his erection pressing against her belly.

"Do not ever think I don't desire you," Hunter told her. "*Ever*. I spent four months having wet dreams about you. Jerking off to Julia fantasies. Four months wanting you and not touching you because I knew Jay felt the same way. Now that I have you, sweetheart, I'm not letting go." A muscle twitched in his cheek. "Regardless of what Jay and I may or may not do."

Julia buried her face in Hunter's shoulder. Relief swept through her as his words hit home. Not only did Hunter still want her, he wasn't going anywhere either. He was staying right here with her—and with Jay.

It took a good minute or two before she allowed the panic to subside a little and she could talk again. But her fear hadn't abated altogether. Jay hadn't offered her the same reassurances Hunter had.

"What might you and Jay do?" she asked.

"Whatever he'll let me do." It was Jay who answered this time. "Whatever you'll let us do."

Julia turned her head to face him. He'd rolled over and was looking intently at her. "W-whatever I'll let you do?" Her heart banged painfully against her ribs. "What do I have to do with y-you and Hunter?"

"Everything, baby. Don't you see? We're both here because of you. When Hunter finally made his move on you, he opened the door for me to make my move too." Jay grinned at her. "Damn it, woman, don't you know I've been in love with you since forever?"

She gaped at him, unable to say a single word.

His smile dimmed. “Uh, this is the part when you go, ‘I love you too, Jay.’”

It was her turn to grin. “I love you too, Jay.” She spoke now without hesitation.

His smile came back, bigger than before, and the two of them grinned at each other like lovesick fools.

Hunter cleared his throat.

Julia rested her chin on his chest and looked at him, bolstered by Jay’s admission. “I love you too, Blondie.”

He ran his hand through her hair. “Yeah? Well that’s good, because I’m pretty crazy about you.”

She had no doubt Hunter meant every word he said, but his expression concerned her. He looked...haunted. “I would have jumped your bones the first night I met you—if Jay hadn’t been there. The two of you have had me in a tizzy these last months, wanting you both and thinking I couldn’t have either of you because then I’d have to choose one over the other.”

“Far as I’m concerned you can have us both,” Jay said. “You don’t have to choose.”

“I’m good with that,” Hunter concurred, and Julia felt a sense of contentment settle over her. Both men loved her.

“Hunter?” Jay said.

“Yeah?”

“Far as I’m concerned *you* can have us both too.”

Hunter lay still. His heart raced unevenly beneath her breast.

“Christ, what is it with you two and silence whenever I speak openly,” Jay snapped.

Hunter took a deep breath beneath her. “Mate, I appreciate your honesty. I do.” He squeezed Julia tight, as though seeking courage from her. “I...I’m just not ready for more than that blowjob yet.”

It was Jay’s turn to remain silent.

Julia pressed her hand to Hunter’s cheek. “Will you ever be ready?”

Hunter grimaced. “Uh, I don’t know.”

Jay inhaled sharply.

“The thing is...it’s all new to me. Too new.” Hunter looked at Jay. “Whatever just happened between us, whatever it means—” Hunter tripped over his words. “I need time to wrap my head around it.”

“How much time?” Jay asked.

“I’m not sure,” he admitted. “Maybe a day, maybe a month. Maybe more, maybe less.”

“Yeah, that’s real specific, mate.”

“Jay,” Hunter said, and Julia could hear from his voice that he was deadly serious. “You were right when you said I, er, wanted you. I...do. But the realization is fucking with my head.” He shuddered. “This isn’t who I am, it’s not what I do.”

"You're the same person you were an hour ago," Jay told him. "Wanting to be with a man doesn't change that."

Hunter seemed preoccupied. "Yeah, it does." He hugged Julia tight, then hoisted her off him. Waiting only to see she sat comfortably, he stood and began to pace around the room.

"Hunter—" Julia began. She'd never seen him like this, all agitated and upset.

He cut her off. "This changes everything. It changes my perception of myself and of my past." He looked horrified. "Jesus, it changes my whole fucking life."

Jay sat up. "Mate, kissing a guy doesn't alter the world."

"Oh, really?" Hunter careened to a halt. "That hasn't been my experience."

"Kissing me changed your life?" Jay raised an eyebrow.

"You're not the guy I'm talking about." Hunter's eyes glazed over.

Jay gawked at him.

"You've kissed another man?" Julia asked, scarcely able to believe her ears.

"He wasn't a man." Hunter's voice was hollow. "He was just a kid. We both were. Barely teenagers." He closed his eyes. Pain was etched across his face.

A long silence followed.

Jay opened his mouth to speak, but Julia looked at him and shook her head. Hunter was lost in his memories of another place and time, and she didn't want to disturb him. Whatever he was thinking about, it was deeply personal. If he cared to share it with them, he'd do so at his own pace.

She shuffled closer to Jay, and he wrapped his arm around her. They waited, both watching Hunter. Jay tensed beside her, his muscles flexing as though he wanted to reach out to the other man. Julia ached for Hunter, for whatever unknown hurt he held inside.

"He walked in on us." Hunter didn't open his eyes. Nor did he elaborate.

"Who did?" Jay asked softly.

"My father." The lack of emotion in his voice troubled Julia. "He kicked Scott out, threatened to kill him if he ever stepped foot in our house again." Hunter barked out a harsh laugh. "Scott never said another word to me. Never even looked in my direction."

"I'm so sorry," Julia whispered.

"I can't blame him. My father's a scary son of a bitch."

"Did he frighten *you*?" she asked cautiously.

"Shitless." Hunter nodded, but still he spoke with no emotion. "After he threw Scott out, he came back to my room and closed the door." Hunter took a deep breath. "He took off his black leather belt and whipped me eight times with it." He rubbed his butt cheek absentmindedly. The same cheek that bore a long, thin, faded scar. "Eight times. With the buckle end of the belt."

Julia sat frozen to the spot, too appalled to respond.

A fierce growl emanated from deep in Jay's chest.

She'd asked Hunter about the scar. He'd avoided answering, saying something about a stupid childhood accident.

"He called me twisted. Abnormal. Swore that no son of his would grow up a screaming queen. Accused me of disgracing him and his family name. He told me *fags* were an anomaly, an abomination." Hunter shrugged. "I believed him."

Loathing rose in Julia's chest. She'd never met his father, but she hated him with every fiber of her being.

"He was wrong," Jay said from between clenched jaws. The rage in his eyes matched her fury.

"Not in the mind of a thirteen-year-old boy," Hunter disagreed. "I was confused anyway, not sure whether I liked guys or girls. My father set me straight." He gave an empty laugh. "Literally."

"Give me five minutes alone with the fucker," Jay murmured under his breath.

"Stand in line," Julia muttered. Christ, and she thought she'd have trouble when her parents found out about her threesome. Hunter's horror story made her fears pale to nothing in comparison.

"I never kissed another guy," Hunter said. "Until now."

Jay swore out loud. He was on his feet before Julia registered he'd moved. Hunter watched him approach, his gaze guarded. Jay didn't flounder. He reached Hunter, opened his arms and pulled the other man into his embrace.

Hunter flinched, but Jay didn't release him. Instead he held him tighter, closer.

The tendons in Hunter's neck bulged, revealing his stress and his indecision.

Jay whispered in his ear.

Hunter's shoulders slumped.

Jay whispered again, and after a moment Hunter nodded.

Jay stroked his back.

Hunter's shoulders went rigid. He tried to pull away.

"Please stay." Jay's voice was hoarse. "Let me help you."

Seconds passed. Hunter remained in Jay's embrace. He even leaned into his friend as though imbibing his touch, his support, but his arms hung limp at his sides.

Julia could stand it no longer. She had to join her men. Hunter's ragged breath echoed through her as she stepped behind him, wound her arms around his waist, and pressed in close against him. "Let both of us help you."

He pushed back, molding himself to her body.

Jay moved his hands to rest on her shoulders and hugged both Julia and Hunter tight. Together Jay and Julia held Hunter for a very long time.

Finally Hunter spoke. "I never kissed another guy." His voice was hoarse as he repeated his earlier confession.

Julia's heart broke for him.

"Until now." The tenderness in Jay's gaze filled Julia with love.

Hunter nodded.

"You've also never fucked a guy," Jay said.

Hunter didn't respond.

Jay dropped a light kiss on Hunter's neck then whispered in his ear. "When you're ready, I'd be honored to be your first."

A violent tremor shook Hunter.

Julia stood on her tiptoes and kissed Jay's cheek.

"And I'd be honored if you were there with us," Jay told her. "Together we can show Hunter that making love with someone you desire is neither an abomination nor an anomaly."

"I'd like that," she answered, her voice thick with unshed tears. "But only if you'd be okay with it, Blondie."

"I...I'm..." Hunter cleared his throat. "Whatever Jay and I do, I'd want you with us, Jules. You know that. But please. Give me time on this issue. Both of you."

"As much as you need, mate," Jay reassured him.

"We'll give you *whatever* you need to get past what your father did and said to you," Julia promised.

"Anything," Jay agreed, and then gently as could be, he covered Hunter's mouth with his own.

The groan that Hunter released resonated with sorrow and pain.

Julia rested her head on Hunter's back and prayed Jay's lips had begun a process that would eventually heal their lover's pain.

Chapter Seven

“You sure you don’t want to go out somewhere and watch the fireworks?” Hunter asked, looking out the window.

“I’m more than content where we are,” Julia answered. They were spending New Year’s Eve at Jay’s flat. It had a stunning view of the Harbour Bridge, making it an ideal place to enjoy the New Year festivities. They’d already watched the nine o’clock fireworks from the balcony. The midnight show promised to be even more impressive.

“I’m happy to stay in too.” Jay shifted down the couch where seconds earlier she’d been cuddled up to him. “No way I could strip Jules naked if we were out somewhere in public.”

Most of her clothes were already scattered around the lounge room. Her glasses, T-shirt, jeans and bra were already off, and Jay was just getting started on her panties. It never failed to amaze Julia how quickly Jay could divest her of her clothing—or how cloudy her reasoning became when his talented hands went to work.

Hunter turned to them in amused silence.

“Ya know I could strip you naked too, don’t you?” Jay asked him before he latched onto the strap of her black lace panties with his teeth.

“I know.” Hunter nodded.

Julia’s heart swelled with love for both of them. Jay had stripped Hunter naked twice since Hunter’s story had come out.

The first time, Julia had held Hunter’s hand tight as Jay undressed him. When nervous shudders wracked Hunter’s body, she’d soothed him with words of love and affirmation. As Jay slid his lips and tongue over Hunter’s dick, Julia warded off his fears with a tender kiss. When Hunter’s eyes glazed over, and she realized he was getting lost in his memories and doubts of his past, Julia had hauled him back to the present. She’d pressed his hand to her pussy and shown him how much the two men’s actions affected her. How incredibly aroused she was watching Jay blowing Hunter.

She’d kept his hand there, guiding it to her clit so she could rub herself against him. And when Hunter had finally won his battle with his misguided conscience and erupted in Jay’s mouth, she’d come on his fingers.

The second time had been less emotionally taxing for all of them. Hunter was more relaxed, more accepting of his desire for Jay. So when Jay dropped his head in Hunter's lap, Julia joined him in his feast. Together they'd brought Hunter to a spectacular orgasm.

It was a slow process, but Hunter was overcoming his fear of his father and conquering his misconceptions of his desire for men. Gradually he was admitting to himself and to them that he liked men as much as he did women. More specifically, he'd confessed his desire for Jay equaled his lust for Julia. His willingness to let Jay in, in the face of his past, made him the bravest man she'd ever met. And Jay's gentleness and understanding made her adore him even more.

She giggled as Jay tossed her panties over the back of the couch and licked a sensitive spot on her upper left thigh. "Come closer, Blondie," she summoned Hunter, delighted by the lightheartedness of his mood. "I'll strip you, and Jay can lick us both."

"Or you could both lick me," Jay suggested and planted a tiny kiss on her hip.

Hunter growled.

A shiver of anticipation swept up Julia's spine. Would Hunter do that again? Last night, sitting tentatively beside Julia, Hunter had taken Jay's cock in his mouth and given him head for the first time.

He'd begun with awkward licks and uncertain sucks, but his confidence—and erection—had grown as Jay responded with loud moans and uncontrolled spasms. Within minutes, Hunter had lost himself in his task. As he'd told Julia later, he'd simply done to Jay what he enjoyed having done to himself. And if Jay's thunderous shout of release had been anything to go by, he'd enjoyed it too.

The sight of Hunter blowing Jay had Julia so turned on that the second Jay came she'd impaled herself on Hunter's dick. The two of them hadn't lasted a minute.

Jay sat up and ran a finger through the folds of her pussy. Julia sighed at the delicious sensations his touch evoked.

"Both of us licking you is a thought," Hunter said noncommittally.

Jay looked at Hunter. "Would you rather fuck me?"

Julia caught her breath.

Hunter didn't reply.

"Miles?" Jay prompted, and there was a not-so-subtle change to the air around them.

It took a few seconds for Hunter to answer. "I-I've never considered making love to a man before you." His voice was raw with emotion.

Goosebumps broke out on Julia's skin. Hunter hadn't spoken about fucking or sex. He'd used the words making love, and Julia was pretty sure they were a deliberate choice.

Jay did not have a quick comeback or a cheeky grin. He simply stared at Hunter. Julia couldn't let Hunter's statement pass unacknowledged, nor could she let him carry the load of the conversation. It was too heavy for a man with such a tortured past.

“Have you ever made love to another man, Jay?” she asked.

Jay shook his head. “No.” His voice was husky. “I...I’ve been with other men, but...” He looked up at Hunter. “But it was never about love.”

Julia’s breath caught in her throat.

Hunter stumbled backwards until he found the other couch and collapsed into it. “Jay...”

“Blame Jules,” he told Hunter, his voice still not quite normal. “It’s her fault. I watched her watching you for four months.”

“You watched me?” Julia blustered. “But...but that would mean you knew I had the hots for Hunter.”

“Of course I knew.” Jay stroked her clit again, making her moan from the exquisite sensations. “You drooled every time you looked at him.”

“She drooled when she looked at you, Jay,” Hunter corrected. His voice was deep and sexy. “It made me jealous as hell.”

So much for her brilliant bluffing technique. She bent her knee to allow Jay better access. “I drooled over both of you. A lot.” She still did. “What’s your point, Jay?”

He drew his finger through her slick folds. “It made me wonder what you saw when you looked at Hunter,” Jay said, his gaze focused between Julia’s legs. “So I started watching him too.” He shrugged and color rose in his cheeks. “Now I know,” he whispered.

“I saw a man I fell in love with a little more every day. A man I desperately wanted to make love with,” Julia told Jay. Her voice was lower than usual. Arousal made it difficult to talk.

Jay’s smile was shy. He turned to look at Hunter. “That’s pretty much what I saw.”

Hunter didn’t answer. At all. In fact the silence stretched out for so long, Julia began to get edgy. “It’s too quiet,” she said. “Why haven’t you said anything, Blondie?”

It was Jay who answered. “Sometimes words aren’t necessary.”

“What does that mean?” She peered at the couch, but Hunter sat too far away for her to see him clearly. His hands were moving near his lap, but his face was a blur.

Jay gave a small laugh. “Ah, for a minute there I forgot you weren’t wearing your glasses.” His voice was thick with repressed passion. He dipped his finger inside her, pushing it deep into her channel and then out again. “Hunter’s looking at us, baby. He’s unbuttoning his pants.” Jay shuddered. His tone dropped a notch, and he buried his finger inside her once more. “He’s looking at us and stroking himself at the same time.”

Blood rushed to Julia’s head. Sweet, hot desire rose in her body. She squeezed her inner muscles around Jay’s finger. “Do you think Hunter saw in us what we saw in him?”

Again Jay nodded. “I suspect he did.”

“Hunter,” Julia said softly, arching her hips so Jay could penetrate her deeper. “Did you fall in love with us a little more every day?”

Hunter spoke in a voice mellowed with lust and emotion. "Ah, Four Eyes. I've loved you since day one. You should know that by now."

"And you desperately want to make love to me?"

"More desperately every time I see you," Hunter confirmed.

Julia melted inside. "How about Jay?"

"I wanted Jay all along." This time his voice was tinged with something else. Trepidation? "But I couldn't admit it."

"You're admitting it now," Julia said softly.

"It's becoming easier to acknowledge."

"Are you ready to act on your acknowledgement?" Jay asked. Julia could hear the anticipation in his question.

Hunter let out a long breath. "Not yet."

Jay sighed. "Pity," he said. "Because watching you pull on your dick like that..." He let his words trail off.

"You know what I'd really like?" Hunter asked.

"Tell us," Julia invited.

Hunter's answer reverberated down her spine, sending tentacles of desire snaking through her. "I want to watch Jay make love to you."

Holy moly. That sounded both wicked and delicious. Julia squirmed on the couch as her body tightened at the thought.

"And what'll you do?" Jay asked. If he was disappointed the conversation had moved away from Hunter making love to him, he didn't show it.

"What I'm doing now. I'll sit right here and...passively observe."

The pregnant pause told Julia there was nothing passive about his actions. His hand was still on his shaft, and he still stroked himself.

Jay put his hand on his dick and adjusted himself. His erection was clear even in his shorts. "Sounds..." Jay's voice broke. "Sounds...good to me. Y-you okay with that, baby?"

"Mmm. You bet." She squirmed again. "But..."

His eyes darkened and he pumped his finger inside her pussy. She hissed out a breath of air. "But what?"

"No more foreplay. Please. I'm too horny. I won't make it through any...extra attention." Heck, she was about ready to come right now. Between all the talk of love, Jay's caresses and his open desire for Hunter to fuck him, Hunter's request to watch Jay make love to her and the image of Hunter masturbating, she doubted she'd last very long. "Just love me."

Jay bolted upright. "I need a condom."

“Right here.” With a soft rustle, something shot through the air, coming from Hunter’s side of the room. Jay caught it in one hand.

“One more thing, Four Eyes,” Hunter said. “Put your glasses on. I want you to see what watching both of you does to me. What it’s always done to me, even though I never admitted it.”

Julia didn’t have to be told twice. She grabbed her glasses as Jay stripped and sheathed himself. It was difficult to decide where to look first—at Jay standing naked by the couch, proud and erect. Or at Hunter sitting on the sofa opposite, with his jeans crumpled at his feet as he indolently pulled on his dick.

Again dizziness suffused her. Her two lovers made her giddy. And happy. And very, very horny.

“Come sit here, Jules,” Jay instructed as he patted the couch. “Slouch down low and put your butt on the edge of the cushion. Yep, that’s it.” He knelt on the floor in front of her. “Now, spread your thighs, wide.” He watched as she drew her legs apart, his breath coming in short, sharp pants. “Christ, yeah. Just like that.” His eyes dilated. “Fuck, Miles. She’s so wet. So...inviting.”

“Do it, Jay,” Hunter said in a shaky voice. “Fuck her while I watch.”

“Do it,” Julia repeated, encouraging Jay. She lifted her legs higher.

Jay groaned and leaned into her. “Wrap your legs around me, baby. Let me in.”

Their lips met as Julia’s feet touched Jay’s lower back. And just like that he slipped inside her. For endless moments they kissed. Neither moved. Perhaps each sensed the other would lose control if Jay drove into her now. God knew Julia was hanging on by a thread.

Jay broke the kiss and rested his forehead against hers. Julia counted to twenty, willing herself to relax. Slowly, slowly, the urgency passed. Slowly, slowly, Jay began to move. With the need to orgasm pushed to the side for now, Julia began to respond. Without haste she rolled her hips to meet Jay’s thrusts, loving the feel of him all snug inside her, loving the friction of his penis against her slick flesh, loving *him*.

Hunter moaned.

Julia looked over Jay’s shoulder. Hunter’s gaze was fixed on the two of them, his expression hazy with desire. He’d stopped stroking himself and instead held his shaft in a firm grip.

“Do you like what you see?” Julia asked, knowing he did.

“I love it. I love seeing you all hot like that. With your legs wrapped around Jay and your pussy clasp him tight. Christ, it’s beautiful. You’re beautiful.”

A fresh gush of moisture pooled in her pussy.

Jay groaned with pleasure. “Damn, baby. Did Hunter do that to you?”

“Yes.” She struggled to speak. “Listening to him. Watching him...watching us. Hot!”

Jay twisted round to look at Hunter and growled deep in his throat.

Hunter’s voice was sexy as sin. “I’m watching you too, Jay.”

Jay gasped, and Julia could have sworn his cock grew another inch inside her.

Hunter tugged on his dick again. "I've watched you for a long time. Knowing I couldn't have you never stopped me from wanting you. I...I thought that watching would be the closest I ever came to touching you."

A low groan escaped Jay. "Hunter, Christ!" He thrust hard, then froze, remaining deep inside her. "You can touch me whenever you feel like it. Jesus, I want you to touch me."

His dick filled her, satisfied her. She gloried in its length and thickness.

Hunter pumped his cock faster. "How about you, Jules?" he asked in a gruff voice. "Do you want me to touch Jay?"

"God, yes," she cried. She took a deep breath, steadied her pulse and said in measured words, "I want you to make Jay feel the same way he's making me feel now. The way you make me feel."

"How do you feel?" Hunter asked.

There weren't enough words to convey her answer. "Treasured, beautiful, aroused, awestruck, loved."

Jay kissed her. "You are loved, baby."

"Show her," Hunter urged. "Show us both how much she means to you."

Jay's low moan echoed through the room. He pulled out and plunged back into her. She squeezed her legs around his waist, holding him tight so she didn't lose her grip. Lord, she never wanted to let go of him.

She and Jay made love. The sensations he stirred within had her floating on a cloud of delicious desire.

Time lost meaning. Light and dark merged. All Julia focused on were the exquisite tingles chasing their way through her pussy and up her spine. Her eyes closed and she lost herself to Jay's hypnotic, delectable rhythm, knowing Hunter watched every move, every action, and enjoyed it just as much as they did.

A shudder rippled through Jay, knocking her out of tempo. Sluggishly Julia opened her eyes, and her heart skipped a beat.

Hunter stood behind Jay. His legs must have been spread wide because he stood lower than usual. One hand rested on Jay's back, the other she couldn't see. He bit his lower lip as though in agony, and his gaze was fixed on Jay's butt.

Jay shuddered again and jerked into Julia.

She bit back a moan. "What's he doing, Jay?" she asked, her voice nothing more than a whisper.

"T-touching me." Jay's eyes were closed. He'd stilled inside her.

Goosebumps ran over her arms. "H...how?" God, she could barely talk.

"Fingers," Jay murmured. "Sliding over me." He took a shaky breath. "In me."

Her mind filled with graphic images and she couldn't stop the husky moan that escaped. "How does it feel?"

"Almost...as good...as you...do. *Oh, fuck!*" He drove into her.

Julia clenched her inner muscles and tried not to pass out from pleasure. “What? Tell me.”

“Added...another finger,” he panted. A tiny frown creased his forehead.

“Is it painful?” she asked.

“No. It’s fucking incredible.”

She gazed at Hunter. His lips were parted and his eyes hooded. He looked as though he couldn’t believe what he was doing. He also looked as though he couldn’t stop doing what he was doing.

“Hunter.” She breathed his name.

He glanced up and smiled at her; a smile that hinted at love, desire and frustration.

Julia caught her breath. “H-how many fingers?”

“Two,” Jay said.

Hunter shook his head. “Three,” he corrected as Jay jerked again.

This time there was no doubting the crease on Jay’s forehead was caused by pain.

“It’s okay,” Julia whispered. She stroked his cheeks and repeated the very words Jay had once soothed her with. “Take a minute to get used to the stretch.” Then she added a few of her own. “It’ll be worth it, I swear.”

Hunter said nothing, but the look he gave her scorched her all the way through to her bones, setting fire to places Jay had yet to touch.

Seconds passed. Jay breathed. *In, out. In, out.*

Hunter breathed too, more heavily than Jay.

The frown disappeared, along with the tension in Jay’s shoulders. He began thrusting into her again, setting off all sorts of wonderful sensations inside Julia. But his rhythm was off, as if his focus was incomplete.

Again Hunter looked at her, this time with an exultant expression.

A cry of frustration broke free from Jay. “Goddammit, Hunter. I want your dick, not your fingers.”

“I—” Hunter breathed hard. “I want...your ass.”

Julia grew lightheaded all over again. Hunter’s admission had taken an enormous amount of courage.

Jay panted, the lust in his face blinding.

She wanted Hunter in Jay’s ass almost as much as Jay did. But... “Are you okay doing this, Blondie?” Hunter had to be sure. If he wasn’t, his next move could blow his confidence and their relationship right out of the water.

Hunter licked his lips. “I’ve made love to you, Jules. Now I want—need—to make love to Jay. To...both...of you.”

She smiled and nodded, or tried to anyway, but blood rushed to her head and dizziness swamped her.

Jay made a funny sound in the back of his throat, wrenching Hunter’s attention away from her. Hunter moved his hand off Jay’s back and looked down.

Heavy breathing filled the air. Julia had no idea whose it was. Probably all three of theirs.

There was movement behind Jay, but much as she wanted to know, she couldn't see what was happening. Then Jay gulped. He opened his eyes and stared at her. His pupils were tiny pinpricks, his irises glazed with lust. "Jules. Oh, fuck. *Jules*." His voice was wanton and husky, and he shifted inside her in uncoordinated movements.

"Jay!" Hunter's eyes were scrunched closed, and his head was tilted back. Drops of perspiration beaded on his upper lip. He rested one hand on Jay's waist and the other he wrapped around her leg, connecting them all. His touch was intimate and erotic.

"Deeper," Jay rasped. A second later he jerked inside Julia again.

It was Julia's turn to gasp as a loud bang echoed through the room. Oh, sweet Lord. Good God. It was happening. Jay was making love to her, and Hunter was making love to Jay. All at the same time.

"Fuck!" Jay yelled. "I'm seeing fireworks." This time when he jerked inside her, Julia couldn't contain her cry of delight.

Hunter gasped. "Rockets...going off in my head...too." His fingers skimmed over the sensitive skin of her calf. "Fuck, Jay, I'm buried balls-deep in your ass."

The room exploded in a multitude of colors.

"It's midnight," Julia panted, realizing she too was seeing fireworks. The night sky was ablaze. Dazzling flashes of light illuminated the horizon. Thunderous booms reverberated through her body.

The three lovers absorbed their situation. Hunter stared at Julia, while Jay knelt in front of him, captivated. The fireworks outside were brilliant, an ideal complement to the pyrotechnics inside the flat.

"It's perfect," Julia said at last. "The perfect way to welcome in the New Year." And Hunter was responsible for making it so. He amazed her. His desire for her and Jay had helped him overcome his father's vicious taunting. He'd put his fears and doubts aside to complete their threesome.

Her heart raced. *Their threesome was complete*. Apart they were three separate entities. Together, like this, they became a whole.

Hunter's smile was slow to form. "Yeah, Four Eyes, it sure is."

Julia smiled back at Hunter. "You really do love Jay, don't you?"

Jay's breath caught.

Hunter's smile grew. He nodded.

She smiled back.

"As much as I love you," he said.

"I love you too."

Fireworks exploded around them.

At which point Jay surged into her with unbridled zeal. Both she and Hunter gasped as Jay lost control. He drove into her, once, twice, a hundred times, the pressure of his thrusts a sublime torture to her pussy.

Hunter also lost his restraint. He pounded into Jay from behind. In minutes the three of them developed a new rhythm. Hunter drove into Jay, forcing him deep into Julia. When Hunter pulled out, Jay followed suit, only to repeat the process as Hunter plunged into him again. The air was rent with noisy blasts and breathless moans. The scent of sex flowed around them, filling her nose.

Julia was on a sexual high the likes of which she'd never dreamed she'd experience. And when Jay let rip with a mighty roar and lost himself to the throes of his orgasm, Julia let reality slip away. All that registered were the increasing tingles filling her pussy, the lights flashing behind her eyelids and the overwhelming need to release the sweet tension building in her loins. As Jay pulsed inside her, Julia's own climax blindsided her. She lost herself to the passion of the moment, and to the beauty and adoration of the men she loved.

Hunter's hoarse cry only increased her pleasure. It pounded through her groin, and washed over every nerve ending in her body. Even when her climax subsided, tiny streaks of pleasure still undulated through her, prolonging the sensation, extending the ecstasy.

As the impact of their lovemaking began slowly to wear off, the colors and sounds outside faded once again to dark silence. It was long moments before any of them could move, let alone talk.

Chapter Eight

“I think it’s safe to say we brought in the New Year with a bang,” Jay said with a content grin. He pushed himself up on shaky legs and disposed of his condom.

Hunter did the same, then both men collapsed down beside her.

“Happy New Year, Four Eyes.” Hunter pressed a kiss to her mouth. Then he turned around and did the same to Jay. “Happy New Year.”

Jay then kissed Julia, and minutes or hours later the three of them finally came up for air.

“I think,” Julia said sagely, “that this must be what it feels like to be dealt a royal flush.”

Jay frowned. “I’m not sure about that. We need to test your theory with another round. Ready to deal the cards, Blondie?”

“Give me a couple of minutes, then ask again.”

“How about you, Jules?” Jay asked her.

She took a deep breath. “It’s not just a matter of minutes, guys. It’s...” She let the words fade away. It was a New Year. She shouldn’t ruin the moment. On the other hand, it was New Year’s, and what better time was there to make resolutions and sort out concerns?

In seven days Hunter had not only managed to confront his family issues, he’d begun to conquer them too. She’d been dithering over her fear of introducing Hunter and Jay to her sister and parents for weeks. It was time to take a page out of Hunter’s book and face her concerns head on.

She loved two men. And they loved her—and each other. Yes, their relationship might be different from the norm, but that didn’t mean it couldn’t last. It also didn’t mean she should be ashamed of it.

Julia was proud of her men. She was proud of what they’d created together. And she’d be proud to introduce them to her family.

Hunter’s gaze was on her. “It’s what, Four Eyes?”

She took a deep breath. Hell, they’d come this far. No point beating around the bush now. “I...I don’t want to play anymore.”

Jay froze. “Whaddya mean?”

“You want out, Jules?” Hunter asked.

“God, no!” Julia said. “I want in. Permanently. That’s the thing. I don’t want to play games. I want whatever this is between us all to be real. To be a proper, committed relationship.” She worried her lower

lip. "I'm tired of keeping my feelings for you secret from the world. I love you guys. I'm proud of what we have and..."

Her words dried up. Jay was gaping at her, and Hunter looked dazed.

A sudden wave of nausea hit her. She'd just put herself out there. Revealed her true desires—and she was terrified by their reaction. Did they disagree with her?

"Fuck." Jay's shoulders sagged. "I thought you were about to blow us off."

Hunter let out a long, unsteady breath. "Christ, me too."

Relief plowed into her. "Yeah, well. No." As if she'd be stupid enough to give up the best thing that had ever happened to her. "Just the opposite."

Hunter sat up and leaned against the couch. Again his eyes saw right into her thoughts. "You want to introduce us to your sister, don't you?"

"I do."

"Kim?" Jay asked.

Julia nodded.

Jay scrunched his nose in confusion. "How did you know Jules wants us to meet her?" he asked Hunter. "What have I missed?"

"We spoke about it last week," Hunter told him. "Julia felt awkward about introducing the two of us to Kim as her boyfriends."

"Understandable," Jay mused. "It's not something you get to do every day."

"What made you change your mind?" Hunter asked her.

"You did." Tears filled her eyes. "I've been so worried what my family would say about my sleeping with two men. And then I looked at you, making love to Jay, to both of us, and I was ashamed of myself. If you could rise above the fears your father instilled in you, I can tell my family the truth about the men I love."

She wasn't an idiot. She knew her parents would be shocked by the choices she'd made, by her rejection of their traditional values and expectations. It would be a long while before they felt anywhere near comfortable with her decisions. She'd have to take her time with the introductions. Make them slowly. Kim was the obvious person to start with. Julia knew her sister would get along famously with both men, and with Kim on her side, telling her parents would be a whole lot easier. Heck, sometime in the not-too-distant future she might even tell her great-aunt Edith.

"I didn't get through this alone, Jules," Hunter said. "You and Jay helped me. Every step of the way. So did my mom."

"Your mother?" Jay asked in surprise.

Hunter nodded. "I went to see her today. Well, yesterday. I told her about all of us."

"What did she say?" Jay asked.

“More than I ever expected.” Hunter closed his eyes. “It took her years to bring up Scott with me. It was only when I moved out of home that she told me how much she hated what my father had done. For her, it was the beginning of the end of their marriage.”

Julia thought about her conversation with Hunter a week ago. He’d said then he and his mother had issues they’d had to work through. Hunter’s father and Scott had obviously headed that list.

“Yesterday I surprised her when I explained the nature of our threesome. But she got through it like a trooper. She even gave me her blessing.”

“She did?” Julia asked. “Just like that?”

“It took her a while to process everything. But deep down, my mother’s a romantic. She wants me to be happy.” He was silent a minute. “She’s been afraid for a long time that I’d be too scared to find true happiness—because of my father.” He smiled. “I think she’s rather proud of the fact I’ve now found two people I love.”

“I think I’d like to meet your mother,” Julia mused.

“That’s a good thing, because she wants to meet you.” He looked at Jay. “How about it? You up to meeting her?”

Jay thought for a minute. “Yeah, I’d be happy to. And I’d also like to meet Kim. Hell, Jules speaks about her so often I feel like I already know her.”

Julia smiled shyly. “I’d be proud to introduce you to my sister. Both of you.”

“Jay?” Hunter turned to him. “What about you? You up to introducing us to your family?”

Jay snickered. “I’m just thinking how I’m going to break the news.”

Julia’s heart thumped. “Will it be hard for them to hear?” Surely it couldn’t be worse than Hunter’s father finding out about his son’s bisexual tendencies.

“My father almost had a heart attack when my brother told them he was gay. My mother cried for a week. I’m one up on Michael. At least when I introduce them to my male lover it won’t be so bad. I’ll have a female lover to introduce as well.”

“Oh, my God, Jay. Are we putting your father’s health at risk by telling him?” Julia asked.

“Nah, Four Eyes.” Jay laughed. “I’m overstating the case. It took a while, but my folks are cool with Michael now. I think they’ll take to both of you pretty easily.”

Again the three of them lapsed into silence, each letting their conversation sink in.

“Wow,” Julia said. “We’re really going to do this. We’re committing to one another, and we’re going public with our families.”

“It sure looks that way,” Jay agreed.

“Talk about starting the New Year with a bang,” Julia mused.

“If the rest of this year is anything like the start, I suspect we’re in for a mighty good twelve months,” Hunter said.

“The best.” Jay nodded.

“So you’re both sure about this? About us?” Julia asked.

“Babe, far as I’m concerned, it’s a no-brainer,” Jay said. “Couldn’t be more sure.”

“Just like that?” Was it that simple? Could everything that had seemed so complicated just a few days ago be this easily resolved?

“Hey, if a short answer isn’t enough, I could bring out my trumpet and turn it into a grand announcement,” Jay said. “Otherwise, yep. Just like that.”

“You too?” Julia asked Hunter, wanting to be one hundred percent sure.

“I could use Jay’s trumpet if you’d like.”

She smacked his arm. There was a brightness in Hunter’s voice that hadn’t been there for a while. A buoyancy in his step, a lightness to his stance, as though he no longer carried the weight of the world—or the burden of his father’s prejudices—on his shoulders.

“But,” Hunter said, and Julia’s lungs seized, “if we’re going public, does this mean we can’t play anymore?”

Julia considered her answer. “So long as what we have is real and committed, there’s no reason we can’t have fun with it. Heck, yeah, we can play.” Julia grinned at him. “In fact, I’m willing to lay a bet on this relationship. If you’re up to it, boys, I’m going all in.”

“Whaddya say, Miles?” Jay asked. “You up to it?”

Hunter groaned as his dick jerked. “Sure looks that way.”

Julia grinned at him. So did Jay.

“I’m in too,” Jay said, and crushed his mouth against Hunter’s. Minutes later Hunter took Julia’s lips in a scorching kiss.

And then they went all in.

About the Author

To learn more about Jess Dee, please visit her website at: www.jessdee.com or her blog at: jessdee.wordpress.com. Or send an email to jess@jessdee.com.

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Steve's Story

A past with three, a future for two...

A Question of Love

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Sequel to *A Question of Trust*

Gabe Carter and his best friend Connor's passion for threesomes brought Tina Jenkins into Gabe's bed—and into his heart. As a matter of honor, he gave up the woman he loved. Time passes, times change and old promises fall away, but Gabe is still in love with Tina. Now he's going after his heart's desire.

Tina has her own opinion about Gabe's sense of honor. His departure tore apart the most special of bonds and destroyed her relationship with Connor, leaving her brokenhearted. It took her a long time to pick up the pieces, a struggle she doesn't wish to repeat. When Gabe shows up at her favorite coffee shop, she knows just where to tell him to stick his apology.

Gabe isn't so easily put off—and Tina can't help but respond to his seduction. Picking up where they left off is tempting, but Gabe wants her all to himself. And Tina wants the whole package, which includes Connor.

At the risk of crushing his hopes for the future, Gabe sets out to prove he's more than enough man for her...

Warning: If piping hot sex, ménage scenes, adult toys, anal play, short blonde heroines and stacked, muscular heroes are not your cup of tea, then don't read this book. You won't enjoy it.

Enjoy the following excerpt for A Question of Love:

"Shut up, Gabe." She punched him again and then again, this time on his arm. "I'm busy being pissed off at you."

He tensed his biceps, accepting her blows without comment.

Shit, wasn't that just typical Gabe behavior? Everything went by without comment. Everything. Even his departure from her life. She hit him harder. Then harder again. "Damn you, Gabriel Carter," she spluttered. "You left us. You left me. You walked away from the best thing that ever happened to me. You bastard." The hand she'd been attacking with throbbed so she switched arms and pummeled him good. Rage came bubbling to the surface, lending strength to her strikes. "I loved you, goddamn it. You and Connor. You were my world. My happiness. And. You. Walked. Away. You destroyed us."

Four years, and who would have thought she still had so much emotion left in her? So much bloody anger and despair. Yes, he may have come back six months later, but by then it was already too late. She'd met Grant and tried to move on with her life.

"I destroyed me too," Gabe whispered.

“Shut up,” she snapped. “You don’t get to have a say now. You don’t get to tell me how you felt. You’re four years too bloody late for that.”

She raised her arm to strike him again, but before her hand found its target, he acted. In less time than it took to blink, Tina hung suspended in space, her legs dangling uselessly below her. Gabe had her caught between his body and the wall. His chest pressed into hers, flattening her breasts against his pecs, against a barrier of super hard male flesh. His thigh was wedged between her legs, holding her up, pushing against her groin, making even the slightest move an exquisite form of torture. And his mouth was inches, centimeters, from hers. So close the rasping heat of his breath warmed her lips, tickled her nose and sent a blast of half-crazed lust careening down her spine.

“You were my world, T. But you were Connor’s first. I didn’t have a choice.” He thrust his thigh up, and she battled against him.

Oh, holy hell. She needed to stop struggling. The sensations smashing through her and lighting up her core had her writhing with need. Either she had to quit struggling—or she needed to go to war with him. All-out war, which would have only one result. An orgasm. And a damn hard one if her current state of desire was anything to go by.

“We all have choices,” she bit back and then added for good measure, “Sometimes we just make the wrong ones.”

“You think I don’t know how bad my decision was?” Gabe’s voice was hoarse, the look in his eyes tortured. “You think I didn’t spend the last three and a half years in hell wondering how you were? If you were married? Happy?” He ground his thigh against her pussy, and she bit back a whimper. “You think this is what I want? My leg here? Fuck, T, I want my whole body between your legs. I want...” He closed his eyes and groaned. “I want to be inside you. So goddamned deep inside you I lose myself. I want...need to feel your warm pussy wrapped around me, pulling me in deeper and deeper...”

Tina gulped, because now that he’d voiced it out loud, she wanted the very same thing. She had a maddening compulsion to tear off her clothes and his, draw him down to the floor and envelop his hard length with her pussy.

He dropped his head, resting his forehead against hers, taking in great gulps of air. She sucked in the air he exhaled, greedy for anything of his to become a part of her.

His voice was erotic as sin as he panted out, “Need to...make love...to you.”

She dissolved. Any reluctance that might have prevented her from responding dissipated in his words, in his raw desire for her. Her eyelids drooped, her lips parted, and she raised her chin to meet his mouth in the inevitability of a kiss. More than her next breath, she wanted his mouth on hers.

Which made the resounding thud beside her left ear all the more shocking.

Gabe pounded the wall with his fist. Once, twice and a third time. With a strangled moan he dropped his thigh and drew away from Tina. He did not release her until her feet touched the ground.

With legs as useless as rubber, she slid weightlessly down the wall, her knees caving beneath her, and came to rest in a shapeless lump on the carpeted floor.

Gabe prowled her lounge, a veritable giant amongst her furniture. He drew to a halt against the wall opposite her, hit it once and then dropped to the floor as well.

For endless moments he stared at her, his eyes hooded, his mouth drawn. The sound of heavy breathing echoed in her ears. His? Hers? She had no idea. Her heart slammed into her ribs, her lungs seeking oxygen in the airless room.

“I’m sorry,” he rasped. “I...shouldn’t have done that.”

She waited until she was sure she could string a sentence together. “I...shouldn’t have hit you.” Yet even with the acknowledgement her hand still curled into a fist, the dull ache in her knuckles nothing compared to the need to lash out at him again.

He stared at her fist and raised an eyebrow. The look on his face might have been skeptical—if longing and naked desire hadn’t shadowed his eyes. “But you’re not sorry you did.”

She forced her fingers to straighten. “You hurt me, Gabe.”

He nodded. “I’m sorry.”

“I wanted to...hurt you back.”

Another nod. “That’s okay.” He slumped against the wall and let his arms drop to his sides. “I won’t respond this time. I swear.” He kept his gaze level with hers. “Come at me. Hurt me as much as you need to.”

Instinct made her hands curl into fists again, but this time, Tina restrained herself. If she went at him now she’d last maybe three seconds before her blows turned to caresses. Instead of inflicting pain she’d draw relief from touching his skin. If she so much as tapped a finger to his flesh now, she’d be naked and begging for more before Gabe had time to register what had—or hadn’t—hit him.

She bit back a frustrated cry. “I just want...” Her voice trailed off. “I want... I need...” She shook her head, unable to put words to her thoughts.

“What is it, T? Tell me. Anything you want. Anything. It’s yours.”

The voice of an angel, a husband who loved her—she had it all...until a tragedy took it away.

Songbird

© 2009 Maya Banks

A Linger Story

They called her their Songbird, but she was never theirs. Not in the way she wanted.

The Donovan brothers meant everything to Emily, but rejected by Greer and Taggert, she turned to Sean, the youngest. He married her for love, and she loved him, but she also loved his older brothers.

Her singing launched her to stardom. She had it all. The voice of an angel, a husband who loved her, and the adoration of millions. Until a tragedy took it all away.

Taggert and Greer grieve for their younger brother, but they're also grieving the loss of Emmy, their songbird. They take her back to Montana, determined to help her heal and show her once and for all they want her. They're also on a mission to help her find her voice again. Under the protective shield of their love, she begins to blossom... until an old threat resurfaces.

Now the Donovans face a fight for what they once threw away. Only by winning it—and her love—will their songbird fly again.

Warning: Explicit sex, ménage a trois, multiple partners, a committed polyamorous relationship, adult language and sweet loving.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Songbird:

The gentle strains of a guitar woke Emily from her sleep. She blinked fuzzily, wondering if it was just part of a dream. It was still dark outside, but a quick glance at the clock told her dawn wasn't far off.

A haunting melody, so simple and beautiful, floated over her ears. Her chin trembled. It was the first song she'd recorded—a song she'd written long ago when she and the Donovan brothers had spent a spring afternoon in the rain. *Mountain Rain*.

She closed her eyes and let the chords take her back to the nights spent round a campfire, Sean playing the guitar while she sang. Taggert and Greer sat by the fire, their long legs stretched out, their brims pulled low over their foreheads and their worn boots reflecting the flicker of the flames.

Drawn to the music, she eased out of bed and walked into the hallway to stand at the top of the stairs. Clad in only her flannel PJs, she followed the sound of the guitar down to the living room and realized it was coming from the front porch.

Her legs shook, and she had to steady herself by reaching down to grasp the arm of the couch. Who was playing? And moreover, her song?

The words to the song floated through her mind, and she was reminded of earlier, happier days. Carefree.

She opened the front door and stepped into the chilly morning air. The music stopped, and she found herself staring at Taggert, his hand frozen over the strings as he stared back at her.

"I didn't mean to wake you," Taggert said.

"I didn't know you played."

He glanced down at the guitar, and it was then she realized it was Sean's.

"I don't play well. Been fiddling with it for the last year."

"It sounded beautiful," she said in a low voice.

He looked back up at her, his gaze roving over her face until she could feel it caressing her cheek.

"Will you sing if I play?"

Her hand flew to her throat and she shook her head forcefully. "No. I c-can't."

"Why can't you?" he persisted. "Emmy, it's been a year. Yours is the most beautiful voice I've ever heard in my life. You have a talent that astounds me, and you're wasting it."

She shook her head again, unable to voice her terror, to admit her guilt, that it was because of the voice he loved so much that Sean was dead. She hated it. She couldn't even think about singing without her throat closing in on her.

She sank down onto one of the rockers. "Play for me," she begged.

His fingers stuttered over the strings for a moment, clumsy at first, and then he strummed the first chords of *Montana Memories*, a song she'd written specifically for the Donovan brothers. Did he know? Had he guessed?

She wrapped herself in the beauty of the music, allowing it to give her comfort when nothing else had. When the last note died and the skies began to lighten in preparation for sunrise, she sought his gaze and asked the question burning a hole in her mind.

"Why?"

His brow furrowed. "Why what?"

"Why did you come after me? Why did you bring me back here? Why...do you and Greer act as though I mean something to you...more than being your brother's widow?"

He sucked in his breath and carefully laid the guitar aside. His hands wiped along the tops of his legs and then gripped the area just above his knees. He looked...nervous. That puzzled her. Taggert was brash, temperamental, outspoken, opinionated, but she'd never seen him nervous.

"We made a mistake," he said in a raw voice. "One that's cost us a lot. One we'll regret making the rest of our lives."

"We?"

"Greer and I, but he's not here, so I can only speak for me. *I* made a mistake, Emmy. I pushed you away. I was surprised, even a little appalled that you claimed to love all of us, that you wanted to be with us. I was angry—jealous—and so I sent you away."

She stared at him in shock. Had he changed his mind? *Now?* After four years?

“Don’t you see, Emmy? If I hadn’t sent you away, you could have been with us. You would have never turned to Sean the way you did and the two of you wouldn’t have left here. You would have been happy and wouldn’t have spent so much time avoiding us. You and Sean would have stayed here and not in a hotel in town, and you damn sure wouldn’t have been walking back to the hotel from the café the night Sean was killed.”

Oh God, it hurt. She couldn’t breathe. She wanted to deny that he was at fault, but she couldn’t find the words. Her mind screamed *no, no, no* in a never-ending litany, but instead of saying it, she got up and walked back into the house, leaving Taggart calling after her.

She walked past the living room, through the kitchen to the back door with no destination in mind. She let herself out, shivering when her bare feet made contact with the cold ground.

She went in the opposite direction of the stables, through the gate and down the worn pathway to the pond. The water looked dark and forbidding in the faint light, and she hurried on until she topped the slight rise beyond.

She came to a stumbling halt by the large oak tree that sheltered the headstones beneath. Some of them old, dating back a hundred years, and one much newer.

It wasn’t necessary for the sun to shed its light over the engraving. She knew it by heart. *Sean Donovan, beloved brother and husband.*

Pain. Unrelenting pain. A tiny crack formed in the thick ice protecting her. Spreading rapidly, splintering in all directions. Unstoppable.

Panic swelled in her chest. A garbled noise caught in her throat. She couldn’t breathe and oh God, it *hurt*. She needed help. She was going to explode. Something was terribly wrong. She was losing control and felt her insides straining against unbearable pressure.

She tried to take a breath and then another. Her eyes flooded with tears and sobs piled up deep inside her chest. The agony was unbearable. She was going to break. Maybe she was having a heart attack. How could it hurt so much?

A horrible noise echoed across the hillside, startling her, and then shockingly, she realized the sound came from *her*, from the very bowels of hell.

Another followed, and she fell to her knees as finally, she shattered.

Tough...or tender? If she plays her cards right, she won't have to choose.

Unbridled

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Lone Star Lovers, Book 1

Dani Standifer arrives home at her West Texas family ranch a day early, ready to pick up where she left off with Rowe Ayers, her high school sweetheart. However, when she opens the door to their line-shack trysting place, it's clear she waited a day too long. Rowe's with someone else—another man.

And not just any other man—Justin Cruz, the bad boy with whom she shared one wild encounter, years ago.

Justin's waited a long time for this moment. He knows his reputation, but since he seduced Rowe, he's been a one-man cowboy—waiting for Dani to return and become the delicious fulfillment of his and Rowe's needs. If she's up to the challenge.

To her own surprise, Dani finds she's more than ready to have both men in her life—as soon as she and Rowe teach Justin a lesson or two about love.

Their small town may not be ready for their kind of relationship. And Dani's brother Cutter's mile-deep grudge against Justin throws in a complication that could break the foundation the three of them have built...

Warning: Hold on for the rodeo of your life with rough ridin' male-on-male action, blazing hot m/m/f scenes, and melt-your-panties lovin' as each of these sexy cowboys gives it the way they know best to turn their woman inside out.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Unbridled:

"Jesus Christ." Rowe bent to grab his blue jeans from the floor, then held them in front of his gleaming cock.

"A little late now," Justin said. "I think she's already jumped to the correct conclusion."

Rowe's fist clenched around his jeans, then he dropped them to the floor and straightened his shoulders. A look of resignation entered his face; a silent plea for understanding glittered in his pale eyes as he returned her stare.

"I didn't know you were gay," Dani blurted out, ignoring Justin's smirk.

Rowe's crimson face tightened. "I'm...it's complicated."

"You're naked, obviously aroused. What could be more simple?" she asked, trying to gather anger around her, but mostly feeling confused. How could she not have known?

"She's got it *almost* right," Justin murmured.

"Shut up," Rowe bit out.

“Yeah, what’d I miss?” Dani snarled at Justin, hating him at this moment for rubbing her nose in her own naiveté.

“The fact I knew you were comin’,” he said, his voice dropping to a sexy purr. “This is your homecomin’ present, baby.”

“Justin, you bastard!” Rowe said heatedly.

The larger, more rugged man shrugged. “She needed to know. She has choices to make here.”

“I would have broken the news more gently.”

“Doesn’t look like she needs you to sugarcoat it.” Justin’s gaze pinned her. “She’s not exactly looking ready to bolt or puke. Fact is, the thought of it, of watching us, turns her on.”

“Does not,” Dani denied hotly, heat filling her face.

“Your nipples always poke holes in your shirt?”

“You’re a jerk.” And yet, she barely resisted the urge to cross her arms over her breasts. She tilted her chin in defiance while heat crept deeper into her cheeks. She met his narrowed gaze, while images flashed through her mind. Since she knew what both men looked like naked, she couldn’t help the raw, nasty pictures that flashed one after the other.

And yes, they aroused her.

“Prove me wrong,” Justin murmured. “Leave now.”

Dani shot Rowe a hot glare. “You gonna let him talk to me like that?”

Rowe’s jaw flexed, but he didn’t offer any response.

“He doesn’t let me do anything,” Justin said slowly. “He obeys me. In all things—here, at least. Rowan, your cock’s flagging.” Justin’s gaze dropped, drawing all their glances to Rowe’s sex, which pulsed and lifted again.

Rowe groaned.

“Get it ready for me,” Justin growled.

Rowe’s eyes closed briefly, then a look Dani had never seen slid across Rowe’s face—something vulnerable and needy. “Justin, not now.”

“Not now, what?” Justin said, his voice dead even.

“Please,” Rowan whispered, his strong jaw flexing.

“Uh-unh.” Justin shook his head. “You’ve carried around this picture of your innocent little sweetheart for years. But I don’t think you really know her at all.”

“And you think you do?” Dani bit out, hoping like hell the bastard wasn’t getting ready to drop the other shoe that she’d succumbed to his bad boy charm herself. Rowe didn’t deserve finding out that the two people he’d taken as lovers had a history of their own.

“The things you asked him to do, Dani,” Justin said, his tone dropping to a raspy rumble. “The sexy little spankings, the special bonds you left underneath the bed... It’s not in him to do that to you, but he did because he cares.”

Dani’s jaw dropped and her embarrassment caused her to tremble. “Rowe, you told him about that?”

Again, a muscle flexed along Rowe’s square jaw. “I wasn’t gossiping. It just slipped out. He found your things and asked. He’s a friend.”

“Friend?” Justin straightened away from the doorframe. “I’m a little more than that, aren’t I? You don’t keep any secrets from me.”

But Rowe had kept one big goddamn secret from her. Dani’s shoulders slumped.

“Don’t take it so hard, Dani,” Justin said, all traces of mockery gone now. “He loves you...almost as much as he loves me. But every time he was with you, every time he spanked that pretty little ass of yours, he was denying his own nature. Rowe’s submissive. Just like you. He’s just finally figured out he’s not finicky about which gender offers him the kind of sex he craves.”

“How the hell did you figure that out?” she bit out. “I’ve known him all my life.”

“Because I watched him...with you. When you dared him into spanking you, he didn’t get off on the act. He only got hard when you told him what it did to you, what it made you feel.”

Her mouth suddenly went dry. The thought of Justin’s dark, hungry glance raking her body as he watched her with Rowe caused another distressing wash of arousal to dampen her panties. She licked her lips. “You watched us?”

“Sometimes,” he said softly. “You weren’t as careful as you thought. Had to run interference a time or two with your big brother.”

“Cutter knows?” she asked, her voice rising. “About Rowe and me?”

“He suspects. But he never got close enough to the cabin to ever know for sure. You have me to thank. And if I happened to catch a glimpse or two of your...sessions...well, I think I earned the right.”

“Pervert!”

“Who’s the pervert? Me for watching, or you for wanting his hands to leave your ass pink?” He lifted his chin toward Rowe. “Or him for needing the same damn thing from another man?”

“I don’t believe you. Not about Rowe. This...” she said, gazing at the mattress in the middle of the floor, “...is just him experimenting a little. But I’m back now.” Her gaze locked with Rowe’s, pleading with him. “It doesn’t mean anything. Not to us.”

Rowe’s glance fell away from hers, and her stomach dropped. What he had with Justin was important. Special enough that he hadn’t bothered dressing because Justin didn’t want him to.

“Dani, I never wanted to hurt you.” Rowe’s tone was low, aching.

Like the lump filling the back of her throat.

“Tell yourself whatever lies you need to stay in happy land, Dani. But we’re about to get busy.” Justin opened his belt and stripped back one side then locked gazes with her. “Now’s your chance. You can run out the door. You don’t have to see anything that might *traumatize* you.”

Why was Justin being so cruel? He’d won. He didn’t have to rub her nose in this mess. “I’m not a scared little virgin,” she said, her voice shaking.

“But you’re also not faithful to your boyfriend here either, are you?”

Dani stared at Justin’s hard face through shimmering tears. “Justin...don’t.”

“He can’t fulfill you,” he said softly. “Not those dirty needs that keep you restless even after he’s fucked you.”

“Shut up,” she said, tears filling her eyes.

Justin pulled apart the snaps of his shirt, letting it fall open to expose the dark fur of his broad, muscular chest. Then he unsnapped the top button of his pants. “Last warning...”

She stood rooted, unable to move as he scraped his zipper down.

“Rowe, take out my dick,” he said, never looking away from her. “Now.”

“*Fuck.*” Rowe’s tone was agonized, but his cock bobbed eagerly between his legs. “Dani, get out.”

But she couldn’t. Part of her died a little in that moment. But another part, one only Justin had ever touched, caught fire.

“Rowe, don’t disappoint me,” Justin said, his gaze never leaving Dani’s.

Rowe’s naked feet dragged across the floor. His expression was taut, his cheeks a brighter red than they’d been moments ago.

Justin firmed his jaw. “Can’t turn back now. She knows. Let her see what it’s like. If she hates you afterward, she isn’t worth cryin’ over.”

Dani narrowed her eyes, knowing he expected her to bolt. She braced apart her feet and lifted her chin higher, even while she questioned whether she really could do this—watch the only two men she’d ever known intimately have sex.

Rowe didn’t glance her way, but his chest rose sharply. Then he slipped his hand inside Justin’s pants and slowly drew out his cock. His fingers clasped the shaft gingerly, but his thumb rubbed slowly over the smooth cap. Justin’s cock thickened.

“Push down my pants,” Justin said, his voice tighter than it had been before.

Both of Rowe’s hands slid over Justin’s narrow hips and shoved down the faded jeans.

Dani hated to admit it, even to herself, but watching Rowe do such an intimate thing to another man, knowing how the scrape of his rough palms felt on her own bottom, caused her sex to melt.

“Get on your knees and take me in your mouth,” Justin rasped.

Rowe groaned, and Dani understood the feeling. Shame and arousal roiled together. Her own body was hot, moisture seeping into the crotch of the lacy undies she’d worn just for Rowe.

Rowe knelt, his hand shaking as he gripped Justin's cock and brought it to his mouth.

Justin cupped the back of Rowe's head with one hand, his fingers threading through Rowe's honey brown hair with surprising tenderness. For long moments, he stared as the other man's lips closed around the tip of his cock and sucked.

Rowe's cheeks hollowed, his eyes closed tightly, but his hesitation ended there. Surrendering, he groaned and opened wide his jaws, gliding along the thick, veined shaft.

"That's it," Justin said softly. "Take me deeper," he said, stroking his hips forward, his cock disappearing into Rowe's eager mouth. Then his gaze rose. For a moment, something almost haunted entered his expression. That wicked brow rose again. "He does it because he knows the rewards. But so do you, don't you, sweetheart?"

Dani didn't answer. She couldn't have pushed a word through her tightening throat if a rattler had slithered over her boot. Watching both men, engaged in such a carnal act, caused unexpected emotions to rise inside her.

Sadness, because she'd never guessed Rowe wasn't fully satisfied with her. Jealousy, because Rowe never made those hungry sounds when he went down on her. And shame, because she wished she were brave enough to approach them and sink to her knees beside Rowe.

How she wished Justin would command her to, take the choice away from her. The hard edge of his voice when he'd cut through Rowe's objections had caused her own body to react with an instant, juicy response.

Justin braced his legs apart, and his face darkened as Rowe's strokes, forward and back along his shaft, picked up the pace. The slippery suctioning sounds and choked excitement gurgling in Rowe's throat caused Dani's whole body to vibrate.

Forgotten for the moment by both men, she wet her lips with her tongue as she imagined how Justin might taste. Moisture flooded her channel as her inner muscles clenched hard.

When Justin flung back his long, black-brown hair, her breath hitched. Starkly masculine elation softened his expression for just a second before his head lowered and his hard gaze met hers, issuing a wordless challenge.

Only Dani wasn't ready to accept. She lost her nerve, turned and fled through the door of the cabin, stumbling down the steps in her haste, before catching herself on the rail and bolting toward her horse.

Booted heels bit into the wood porch, but she didn't look back. With the sun sliding below the horizon, she nudged her heels into her mare's sides, kicking up dust behind her and leaving both men in her wake.



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