

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

LONGING FOR

Kayla

LAUREN FRASER

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Lauren Fraser

After dumping her boyfriend during her birthday ski weekend, Kayla runs to the two men she can count on, her best friends, Jesse and Chris. Reckless and hurt, she throws caution to the wind and confesses her deepest fantasy—to be with two men at once.

Jesse and Chris have shared women before, but Kayla is not like other women. She knows them better than they know themselves. But what she *doesn't* know is that Jesse has a forbidden fantasy of his own. When she discovers it, she encourages Jesse to go after what he wants with Chris in the bedroom, opening a whole new world to the three of them.

In love with Kayla for as long as he can remember, Chris is excited to finally have her, but he never expected to desire both of his friends. He's straight. How the hell can he want Jesse as well? With everything changing, can these friends move beyond what they've known and find a way to build on the newfound love between them?

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Longing for Kayla

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LONGING FOR KAYLA

Lauren Fraser

Dedication

To my husband, your support and encouragement mean the world to me. Special thanks to my editor, Grace Bradley, for taking a chance.

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Chapter One

This was the worst birthday ever. The crisp air bit into Kayla's face, making her wish she'd taken the time to find her gloves and hat before she'd stormed out of her weasel ex's cabin. She stumbled across the snow, her arms overflowing with her snowsuit, ski equipment and all of the junk she thought she would need for the weekend. She shifted her bag higher on her shoulder. What the hell had she been thinking packing all this crap anyway? It's not as if she'd even planned on using most of it.

Bogged down with her load, she felt a ski sliding between her legs. She growled and tried to kick it out of her way only to have her boot slip out from under her on the icy snow. She slipped into a free fall, her arms flying out of their own volition, sending her skis in every direction before she landed on the ground with a thud.

Her eyes narrowed as she looked at the offending ski that lay resting against her right hand. She grabbed it from its spot on the ground and launched it into the air like a javelin. It sailed across the sky and landed at an awkward angle, sticking out of the ground. Kayla eyed the projectile and bit her cheek. *Shit, that didn't look good.*

She pushed her palms against the icy snow to stand up. With deft hands, she gathered up her scattered belongings, slipped her overnight bag over her shoulder and her ski boots around her neck, leaving her hands free to carry her skis and poles. Slowly, she made her way over to her projectile ski. As she approached, she could see the big crack in the tip and she winced. *So much for her ski weekend.* Kayla ran her fingers through her hair. This was so not how she had imagined things would go this weekend.

Kayla glanced over her shoulder and eyed the cabin from which she came. There was no way she was going back there. Now she just needed to figure out where she was going. She scanned the open area of the ski village trying to get her bearings. When she

finally located the Bullet Creek Cabins, she hoisted her skis higher and trudged through the snow. Outside cabin number four, she took a deep breath and knocked.

Maybe this wasn't the best idea. Fueled by nerves, she rocked back on her boot heels and waited. Moments later she heard the deadbolt turn. When the door opened, she sucked in her breath at the sight of Jesse Thomas standing in the open doorway wearing only a pair of jeans, the top button undone. A towel, clearly just used to wipe his wet hair, rested loosely in his hand.

"Hey Kayla," he said and stepped a foot out the door to glance around. "Where's Matt?"

"Umm, we, uh, broke up," she stammered. Shuffling her feet, she looked down at the ground.

Jesse placed his finger under her chin and forced her head up. "You need a place to crash?"

"Yeah, if that's okay. I mean, if I'm not imposing too much."

When she tried to look back at the ground, he held her head high with his hand, forcing her to meet his stare. The kindness in his eyes was almost her undoing. Why couldn't she date someone like him? Why did she always go for such losers? Oh yeah, because guys like Jesse didn't date girls like her.

Jesse reached out and took her bag from her shoulder. A smile slid across his face. "It looks like you have some collateral damage," he said, tilting his head toward her broken ski where it rested precariously against the cabin wall.

She snorted. "You could say that. I guess better my ski than Matt's head."

Jesse shrugged. "I don't know. He always seemed like such a putz to me." He stepped back and gestured inside. "Come on in, Tiger. Drop your stuff, we can move it later. Chris should be showered and ready pretty soon. Have you had dinner yet?"

She shook her head.

Jesse wrapped his arm around her and propelled her down the hallway. "All right then, let's get you something to eat."

She rested her head against his shoulder and laughed. "Of course, food and beer cures all."

He winked. "What can I say? I'm a guy—we're pretty simple." He tightened his arm around her. The warmth from his bare body radiated through her. Yep, Jesse was definitely all man. She pulled away from him to put a little distance between them. Jesse's eyebrows scrunched up as he looked at her. "You okay?"

"Yeah sure." She laughed nervously and cringed. God, she was pathetic. She knew better than to come anywhere near Chris and Jesse when she was feeling vulnerable. All she needed was to make a complete ass of herself in front of her two best friends and let them see how much she wanted them. She looked at Jesse. Her gaze landed on his muscular chest and swept down his stomach. Wow! She couldn't take her eyes off the treasure trail that teasingly poked over the top of his jeans.

"Clearly, I interrupted you getting dressed." Her voiced hitched when she spoke. *Yeah, great job not letting him see how he affects you.* "You can go grab a shirt or something if you want, and I can just get started on dinner."

"I'm fine," he replied, still looking at her.

Kayla glanced around anxiously and was afraid to meet his eyes for fear he would see how much she wanted him. How much she had always wanted him. What had she been thinking coming here? Matt had planted way too many ideas in her head with his ménage suggestions and anger about her relationship with Chris and Jesse. For years she had been able to bury her feelings, but today they bubbled way too close to the surface.

"Kay." His tone urged her to look at him.

Shit.

"Put a shirt on, man. We get it, you look good, but it's the middle of freakin' winter." Chris' mocking voice chimed in from behind Kayla. The familiar byplay

between the two friends immediately eased some of her tension. Her two best friends, this was exactly what she needed.

Jesse glared over her shoulder. "Ha ha, you're so funny." He stepped toward Kayla and bent down so they were on eye level. "I'm going to finish getting dressed then we're talking about what happened." He waited until she nodded. Jesse placed a kiss on her forehead before disappearing down the hallway. With Jesse out of sight, she turned to face Chris. His wide shoulders spanned the hallway. His wet, dark hair gave her an unobstructed view of his green eyes. *Oh he was beautiful.*

"So, Kay, what are you doing here? I thought Matt had some big plans this evening for you two?" Chris asked.

"Hmmpf." She rolled her eyes. "He had big plans. I just didn't happen to agree with them. Jesse said something about grabbing a beer?"

"Sure, of course. Follow me." Chris led the way into the kitchen. He grabbed two beers out of the fridge, popped the cap and handed one to Kayla. He hoisted himself up onto the counter. "So Matt's birthday celebration plans for you were a bit of a dud?"

"Something like that. Let's just say we broke up and move on, okay?"

Chris hopped off the counter and came toward her. Anger radiated off his body in waves. "What did that asshole do?" His eyes burned into her. Sheesh, she could see why he was such a good cop, suspects didn't stand a chance against him in interrogation.

"Nothing, Chris, I'm fine. Don't worry. I just realized he is definitely not the guy for me."

"Well, he must have done something if it had you running here to us, instead of sticking it out. I know how excited you were about this weekend."

Jesse walked into the room before she had a chance to reply. "Why do you always go out with such losers, Kay?"

Chris glared at him. "Yeah, that's helpful, Jes."

"What? It's true. You need to date guys who know how to treat a woman properly."

"Right, like you guys do? Thanks but I've given up on finding that unicorn."

Jesse flashed her his devil-may-care-smile and waggled his eyebrows. "I've never had any complaints."

"I'm sure you haven't," she mumbled. This was so not the conversation she wanted to be having. Kayla stood up and rubbed her hands together. "All right, what do you guys have to eat around this place?"

The partially opened cupboard on her right drew her attention. A bag of pasta was half in, half out. Typical bachelors, they just throw stuff in but never really bother to tidy up. Kayla fully opened the cupboard door and tilted her head to look at her friends. "Really, guys? Pasta, Kraft Dinner and beer...that's all you brought for your weekend?" She walked over to the fridge and pulled open the door, expecting it to be empty. The sight of shelves filled with vegetables and fruit shocked her beyond belief. "Why do I feed you guys so often if you know how to cook?"

Chris shrugged. "I know how to cook, but why bother when you do it so well?" He flashed her a grin and his eyes glittered with amusement.

"Ha ha. Fine. Then let's see what you can do."

Chris pulled vegetables and cheese out of the fridge and tossed the ingredients onto the counter. "Jes, make yourself useful and chop those would you?"

Kayla's mouth dropped open at the sight of her two best friends deftly moving around the kitchen. Who knew? Prepared to enjoy being waited on for once, she eased her butt onto the counter behind her and set her beer down at her side. "Now this I could get used to. From now on we take turns cooking."

Jesse and Chris exchanged a look. "Damn, I guess it was only a matter of time before you caught on. Looks like our grocery bill is going to get bigger."

She threw the tea towel that sat beside her at him and laughed when it hit him square in the face.

"Seriously, Kay, why do you always date such assholes?" Jesse asked her.

"I don't."

Chris scoffed and raised his eyebrow. "Come on, Kay. You know you have terrible taste in men."

She heaved a sigh. *That didn't last long.* "I don't." Even as the word slipped out of her mouth she knew it was a lie. The guys seemed nice when she first started dating them, but then something always seemed to happen to prove her wrong.

"Yeah you do. If you didn't, you would have at least tried to date one of us," Jesse joked.

Kayla took a gulp of her beer. *If they only knew.* Hoping to keep things light, she pasted on a sweet smile and batted her eyelashes. "But how would I have chosen which one of you to go after?"

Jesse winked at her. "Who says you'd have to choose?"

"Funny."

Jesse glanced over at Chris. Kayla didn't know what the look meant, but she didn't want them teasing her like they always did. Tonight, after everything that happened, her defenses were not in place like she needed them to be.

The smell of onions and garlic sautéing filled the kitchen. With Chris and Jesse busy chopping vegetables, she jumped off the counter. "It looks like you guys are going to be a bit. I think I'm going to grab a shower. Any chance one of you has some sweats I can put on? I left mine at Matt's cabin."

"Don't you have pajamas?" Chris asked.

"No, I didn't think I'd need them."

Chris mumbled something she didn't hear and Kayla turned toward him. "What?"

"Nothing. Top drawer, second room on the left you'll find some sweats."

Kayla made her way down the hall, the sound of Jesse's teasing voice and laughter following her. Yep, she was definitely glad she hadn't stuck around to hear that.

* * * * *

"Kay, you almost done in there?" Jesse called through the bathroom door.

"Yep, I'll be right out." Well, it looked like she couldn't hide any longer.

"We're eating in the living room," he yelled, moments before she heard him shuffle away from the door.

Kayla looked in the mirror and took a deep breath. She scanned her reflection. Her tank top rested a few inches above the rolled-up waistband of Chris' sweats. The things were huge. The only way she could keep them up was to roll them several times. Thank God they had elastic on the hem, otherwise she would walk right out of them.

The face in the mirror reflected the reckless feelings flowing through her. Just the sound of Jesse's voice through the door had caused her nipples to bead tightly against her bra. Her cheeks flushed with arousal. What had she been thinking trying to make something work with Matt when she was this hot for her best friends? No wonder it hadn't worked. *You'd think a social worker would be a little more self-aware.* She shook her head.

She didn't know what was going on with her today, but she had to get over it. Chris and Jesse had been her best friends for too many years to count, and she needed to forget these fantasies she kept having about the two of them completely focused on her pleasure. This was just a regular night hanging with her friends.

She squared her shoulders and left the sanctuary of the bathroom. The spices of Italian cooking merged with the smoky aroma of the fireplace and she inhaled deeply as she entered the living room. "Wow, this smells fantastic." Kayla took a seat on the floor closest to the fire and rested her back against the chair with her eyes closed.

When she opened her eyes, Chris was watching her closely. "What?"

He shook his head and handed her a plate of food. "Nothing. You have everything you need?" he asked without making eye contact with her.

"I think so." She dipped her fork into the Linguine Verdi on her plate. Her first bite of the garlic and parmesan pasta was heaven. "Mmm." She closed her eyes to enjoy the flavors melting on her tongue and moaned. "Jesus, Chris, if I had known you could cook like this, I'd never have made you guys eat my food." She opened her eyes and glanced at him.

He stared back at her with an intensity she had never seen on his face before.

"You all right?" she asked him.

A deep laugh rumbled from Jesse where he sat on the couch. "He's fine." He shot Chris a look. "He's just a little dazed that you found out his little secret."

Chris' head jerked up, his eyes wide when he looked first at Kayla then Jesse. His lips tightened and he glared at Jesse.

Jesse's laugh turned into a cough. His face filled with amusement. "I just meant he's thrown about you knowing he cooks."

"Oh I'll bet." Kayla grinned at him. "You are absolutely feeding me again."

Chris nodded mutely. Kayla flashed him a puzzled look. What was up with him tonight? Must be something in the air, because it seemed as if they were both in odd moods.

Full from an amazing dinner, Kayla shifted her hips and leaned her head back to enjoy the heat of the fireplace against her face. She tipped her beer bottle to her lips. When nothing came out she opened her eyes. With a shrug she set the bottle down on the floor, too languid to get up and get herself another one.

"Look at you, all lazy and relaxed," Jesse teased. "Here." He pressed a cold beer against her arm.

"See, it pays to be a sloth around you guys. This way I don't have to get up." She batted her eyes at him.

"Maybe I just want to get you drunk."

Kayla snorted. "Yeah right." *If only.*

Jesse winked then clanked his bottle against hers. "Drink up."

She eyed him speculatively. What the hell? Kayla took a long, slow pull of her beer, enjoying the yeasty brew sliding down her throat. "Mmm, nothing tastes better than a cold beer."

"I can think of a few things," Chris mumbled off to her left.

She tilted her head toward him. "Oh yeah, what?"

His eyes trailed down her body, leisurely lingering on her breasts. Her nipples tightened beneath his stare, and she bit back a gasp. What the hell was the matter with her? She had no intentions of making a fool of herself tonight. Not again, anyway. She sat up straighter and pulled her shirt away from her body, hoping it would detract from the visibility of her arousal.

Chris laughed and shook his head. "Never mind."

Jesse glanced between the two of them. The corners of his mouth arched up in a half smile. He leaned forward on his chair and pinned Kayla with a look. "So Kayla, you never did tell us what happened with Matt. What was it he wanted to do for your birthday?"

Heat rose up her face as she thought about the whole embarrassing scene with Matt. "Um, I don't really want to talk about it."

"Come on, Kay, it's us. You can talk to us about anything, you know that."

She glanced between her two best friends. These guys had been with her through everything from the death of her mom to swapping stories about their first times. But how could she talk to them about this? She covered her face with her hands and groaned. "I'd really rather not, guys."

Jesse kicked her foot. "Come on, you always feel better when you vent." He pushed her foot again. "Come on, talk. I'm going to bug you all night until you tell me."

An unexpected laugh burst from her chest. "That's true, you never shut up." She looked at them both. "Fine, but you can't make fun of me, or call me a prude or any of the other things that come to mind. Deal?"

They both shook their heads. "We'll try our best," Chris said. The corner of his lip quivered with a smirk.

Kayla narrowed her eyes at him and pointed her finger. "I mean it."

Chris put his hand across his chest. "I promise not to make fun of you."

She sighed and then took a long pull of her beer. "He brought another woman up here for the weekend. He seemed to think I'd be willing to have a threesome."

Both of the men's mouths dropped open. The silence seemed to go on forever before Chris finally found his tongue. "Had you guys talked about having a threesome?" Chris asked.

"No, it came totally out of left field." Kayla shifted her body so she could sit cross-legged. "It's not even the threesome so much that was my problem. But the girl he brought..." She ran her hand along the back of her neck and rubbed the tense muscles. "She's this girl who has been chasing him for weeks. We see her everywhere, and she just pisses me off because Matt and I are clearly together and she keeps coming on to him. It just seems like he wants to have sex with her, and this way I can't get pissed with him for cheating on me." She shook her head. "Oh no, I've seen *Sex and the City*. The way he was looking at this girl, I'd end up like Charlotte, shoved off the bed, a complete afterthought."

Jesse ran his hand over his mouth, confusion etched across his face. "Okay, so let me get this straight. You'd be okay with a threesome?"

"Well come on, you can't just spring something like that on someone. What kind of idiot is he?" She took another pull of her beer. "Besides it's my birthday, and he wants to live out his fantasy. What the fuck?"

"Oh yeah, you have a fantasy, do you?" Jesse asked with a smirk on his face.

Kayla picked at a loose string on her sweats. "Doesn't everyone? If I'm going to have a threesome it's going to be with two guys, not some chick."

Chris and Jesse both stared at her with their mouths hanging open.

"What?" she asked.

"You want to do two guys?" Chris asked.

She hesitated. "If we're talking fantasies. Yeah." She pushed herself up off the floor. "I'm going to grab another beer. You guys want one?" Neither one replied, seemingly too stunned to even talk after her revelation.

Kayla stood at the fridge door, staring inside, unsure what she was even looking for. What the hell had she been thinking telling them that? There was no way they weren't going to bug the crap out of her now that they knew she had a kinky side. She leaned her head against the cold shelf. Inhaling deeply, she pushed back from the fridge and grabbed three beers. The only way to handle those two was to go back in there and change the subject. Just pretend she had never said anything. With another deep breath, she steeled herself to go return to the room.

The moment she stepped into the living room, Chris and Jesse's whispered conversation stopped, and she knew there was no way these two were going to let the subject drop. When Chris reached out to take a beer from her, she pulled it out of his reach. "You want this? Then you need to keep your promise not to make fun of me. Otherwise, I'm taking these beers and drinking them myself elsewhere."

"Why would we make fun of you?" Chris asked.

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah right, like I didn't just give you enough fuel to hold this over me for years."

"I don't have any problem with what you said, Kay," Chris told her, pinning her with a look so hot it scorched the soles of her feet.

Jesse took a step toward her. "Making fun of you is about the last thing on either of our minds." He took the drinks from her and set them on the table. With the beers gone, she looked around the room, unsure what to do with her hands.

Heat from Jesse's body invaded her senses as he stepped closer to her. He tilted her chin up with his finger, forcing her to look at him. "You want to live out your fantasy, birthday girl?" His husky voice slid across her, causing her nipples to bead tightly. An arrow of heat surged through her body.

"What?" she squeaked.

"I never got you a present for your birthday. I was thinking maybe this might work instead." He leaned in and pulled her bottom lip between his teeth. His tongue swept out and licked her lip. The forbiddance of kissing her best friend made her shudder and she leaned against him. *God, if this was a dream she never wanted to wake up.*

"So, what do you think, birthday girl? You want us to give you a birthday you'll never forget?" he murmured against her mouth. Something about hearing the words against her lips intensified everything. She glanced up at Jesse. He pulled her tightly to him so she could feel his erection against her stomach.

"Well?" His tone dared her to deny she wanted this. She looked over her shoulder at Chris who hadn't said a word. He stood off to the side watching them, giving nothing about what he was feeling away.

She gulped. "Is this what you want too?" she asked Chris. Her voice shook. She wasn't sure if it was from nerves about him saying yes, or that he might say no.

Chris stepped toward her, his eyes dark with desire. "Oh hell yeah." He moved in closer, blocking her in from behind.

His hot breath caressed the back of her neck when his body pressed in close. "You sure about this, Kay?"

Her stomach flipped and she had moment of unease. Once they crossed this line, there was no going back. But with the feel of Chris' erection pressing against her back and the hot throbbing pulse of Jesse against her stomach, it was all she could do to stay

upright. She wasn't about to turn down this opportunity. She had wanted both of them since they were juniors in high school. She just never thought she stood a chance with either. The women they both dated were supermodel-gorgeous and Kayla didn't kid herself she was in that realm.

Relaxed from a couple of beers, her inhibitions were just low enough to not care about the consequences. For tonight this was exactly what she wanted. She would deal with the fallout tomorrow. Pressing back against Chris, she tilted her head against his shoulder. "This is exactly what I want," she told him.

A growl rumbled deep in Chris' chest moments before he claimed her mouth in a searing kiss. Primal, hungry, he devoured her.

Chapter Two

Breaking the kiss, Chris pulled back and took a deep, ragged breath. The air between them sizzled when he looked at Kayla and Jesse. "What do you say we take this into the bedroom so we can get comfortable?"

Kayla's eyes darted around the room and she gulped audibly. "I've never done anything like this before. I don't know what to do."

He leaned in and placed a kiss on her lips. "Don't worry, sweetheart. We've got you covered."

Chris took her hand and indicated for Jesse to take the other, effectively caging her in, just in case she changed her mind. He had wanted her for so long. He couldn't believe he finally had the chance to be with her.

Although, he wasn't sure how he felt about sharing her with Jesse. But that seemed to be the only way this was ever going to happen, and he knew better than to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

He led the way down the hall, past Jesse's room, not stopping until he got to the bedroom he was using. It didn't really make sense since this wasn't even his house, but the first time he needed her in his bed, not Jesse's.

When he glanced back at them, Jesse smirked as if he knew exactly what was running through Chris' mind. That was the problem with best friends, they knew too damn much.

Inside the room, he flicked on the bedside table lamp while Jesse turned off the overhead light, bathing the room in a soft glow.

"Looks like you guys have done this before." Kayla laughed nervously. Then she eyed them. "Have you?"

"We have," Jesse replied.

She seemed to deflate a bit before his eyes, and she looked down at her feet. "Oh," she mumbled.

Jesse stepped toward her and brushed a lock of brown hair back from her face. "Think of it as training to get the bumps out since these things don't always play out smoothly. Now we can use all our expertise to make this fantastic for you."

Her eyes heated as she took in what he had said. "Hmm, so I get to reap the benefits from all of this 'practice'?" she asked him.

Even though she was talking to Jesse, her sassy question shot an arrow of lust directly to Chris' cock. "Fuck yeah," Chris replied.

Her gaze jerked from Jesse and locked onto him instead. "Show me," she demanded.

It took everything in Chris not to knock Jesse over to get to her. Stepping back with his palms raised, Jesse laughed. "By all means, show her how it's done."

Fueled by the challenge in Jesse's voice, he stalked forward, a predator ready to devour its prey. Kayla's eyes widened. Her cheeks flushed in anticipation.

"Chris." His name came out as a whisper, a sigh. *God, he had loved this woman for so long.* To hear her say his name like that hit him square in the chest.

"I need you naked." His guttural demand spoke of how aroused he was. "Sorry, I promise there'll be foreplay. I just really need to fucking see you naked, baby."

"Oh my," she sighed. Her fingers touched the hem of her shirt and she bit her lip, her nerves evident on the lines of her face.

The asshole who had made her question her appeal needed to be punched. He put his hands on top of her fingers. "Let me help you," he said and lifted her shirt over her head.

She stood before him, her breasts barely contained in the cups of her lace bra. And the things she was doing for his sweatpants. Geez. He had never seen anything sexier in

his life. If men knew how good their woman could look in their sweats, lingerie sales would plummet.

Jesse walked up behind her, undid her bra and slid it down her arms, exposing her ripe, full breasts to Chris' eyes for the first time. "Fuck, Kay. You're gorgeous."

At the reverent tone of his voice, her face bloomed into a smile that encompassed her whole face. He sucked in a breath. She was so damn beautiful.

"Glad you think so." She ran her hand up his chest. "I think you need to lose your shirt." She turned to face both men. "You too, Jes."

That was all the invitation they needed. They quickly pulled their shirts off and tossed them against the wall.

The look of appreciation on Kayla's face made him glad he spent all those hours working out in the gym. His chest muscles flexed of their own volition, it seemed every part of his body longed to feel her touch.

"Mmm."

She placed her palm against each of their chests, gliding slowly over their pecs. With soft, teasing strokes, she traced the line between his abs, her fingers tangling in the hair above his waistband. She did the same thing to Jesse, making it like watching what she was doing in a mirror. His dick twitched in anticipation of her hand sliding farther, finally touching him. He widened his stance to ease the growing discomfort of his pants.

Her finger dipped into the waistband of Jesse's jeans and she sighed. She looked up into Jesse's face. "You don't know how long I have wanted to be able to do this."

Chris straightened, his jaw clenched so tight he was surprised he didn't crack a tooth as a wave of jealousy swept over him. "Be with Jesse?" he asked.

Seemingly unaware of his tension, she continued to tease her finger in the waistband of Jesse's pants. "No, both of you."

The breath rushed out of his chest. "You've thought about being with both of us?"

She blushed, a shy smile on her face. "Oh my God, I've dreamed of being able to touch you both like this for as long as I can remember."

"Then why the hell didn't we do this before?"

Kayla paused. "I never thought you guys would be interested."

"Have you seen you? How could we not be interested?" Chris asked.

She laughed, creating this deep sexy sound he had never heard her make.

How the hell could she have no idea he wanted her? He thought he'd been pretty obvious over the years with the signals. Hell, Jesse made fun of him all the time. But clearly she had no idea.

"So, in these dreams, Kay, what did you picture?" Jesse asked her. His dick flexed against his jeans, drawing Kayla's attention back to where her hand rested.

She licked her lips and eyed the tent in Jesse's pants then turned her attention to Chris. Her tongue darted out again. Hunger written all over her face, she wanted this even though she didn't say a word. He looked over at Jesse and smiled. Oh yeah, they should absolutely give her what she wanted.

In a movement so smooth it could have been choreographed, they shucked their pants and boxers and stood before her completely naked. Their erections stood on full display.

Jesse raised an eyebrow. "By all means, show us." He tossed her own words back at her.

A slow, seductive smile spread across her face as she eyed both men. "Stand closer together," she told them before she dropped to her knees on the floor in front of them.

"Holy hell," Jesse muttered and shifted closer to Chris so their arms were practically touching, their thick, engorged dicks bracketing Kayla's head.

The smell of musky male arousal and Irish Springs soap drifted toward her as she stared at the two steel cocks. In theory so similar, in reality they were so uniquely their

own. Jesse's long and straight, Chris' so thick she wondered how she would even be able to take it. But Lord knows she couldn't wait to try.

She didn't even know where to begin. Raising her head, she met Jesse's chocolate eyes then shifted to Chris' forest-green stare. They looked at her with undisguised lust. She smiled to herself. They were both always such gentlemen. Neither man made any move to force her to choose. They stood still, hard. Anticipation radiated from each of them.

Her gaze dipped back down. The bead of wetness on the end of Chris' penis made the decision for her. With the tip of her tongue, she licked the moisture. His flavor coated her mouth and she moaned in pleasure. Playfully she kissed the tip then turned her head to the side to do the same to Jesse. She teased each of them, enjoying the power she had over both men.

Finally, Chris groaned. "Jesus, Kay. Have mercy."

"What, you don't like what I'm doing?" she asked coyly, barely able to suppress a giggle at the look on his face.

Kayla grabbed him with her hand and glided her tongue down the entire length then back up. She swirled her tongue at the base of the bulbous head. "Mmm, you like that, do you?" she asked when he twitched against her mouth.

She turned to Jesse. "Let's see if you like it too." And proceeded to give him the same treatment.

Opening her mouth, she eased her lips over the head and took him deep inside. He groaned, widened his stance and dug his hands into her hair. She pulled back, trailing her tongue along his shaft. Jesse drove forward, hitting the back of her throat with his length.

Beside her, Chris made a noise that drew her attention to him. What she saw stole her breath. His hooded stare watched the movement of her mouth, and he fisted his thick arousal. Her already heated core pulsed. She had never seen anything so sexy in her life.

Jesse looked at Chris as well. "I think you better help him out, Kay." Jesse dropped his hands from her head and shifted his body slightly away.

She leaned toward Chris and eyed the wide girth of his spectacular erection. *Damn she was going to enjoy this.* She took a deep breath. Her first slide down his shaft drew a hiss. Oops. She pulled back. "Sorry."

He threaded his fingers through her hair. "It's okay, baby. Just try to use a little less teeth."

Jesse came up behind her, his tongue stroked the side of her neck. "Watching you suck him is so hot," he whispered against her ear. His hot breath sent shivers across her body. "Take him in deep."

She never would have thought being told what to do could be such a turn-on, but the commanding tone of Jesse's voice really worked for her and judging by the twitch of Chris' cock, it worked for him as well.

She smiled at Chris, allowing him to see the excitement on her face. Slowly sliding her mouth down his shaft, she took all of him into her mouth. His fingers tightened. "Oh fuck yeah." He moaned with pleasure.

With a long, sure stoke, she opened her throat and took him deep. His fingers gripped painfully into her scalp and he began to fuck her mouth. No longer allowing her to run the show, he controlled the pace. Seeing him wild and out of control like this was hot. She didn't want him to stop. It was so much better than her fantasies. When she thought he was about to orgasm, he stopped and pulled out. His breathing ragged, he ran a hand roughly through his hair. They stared at each other, neither of them saying a word.

"I want to watch you eat her." Jesse's voice broke their connection.

Kayla stood and flashed a look at Chris, unsure if he would want to do what Jesse demanded. The look he gave her was so ravenous and needy, her knees went weak and it was all she could do to stay upright. His lips curved into a sinful grin that promised he was going to make a meal out of her. And heaven help her, she couldn't wait. He

stepped forward, backing her toward the bed. The mattress hit the back of her knees and she stopped.

Chris glanced over his shoulder at Jesse. Kayla watched the byplay between the two men and shivered in anticipation.

Jesse sat down on the edge of the chair, his legs spread wide, erection standing straight up. He rested his elbows on his knees and stared intensely at Kayla. Without breaking eye contact, he smiled. "Lean back so I can look at you."

"You're just going to watch?"

"Yeah."

Wow. Her belly tightened and her pussy throbbed eagerly. Kayla's hands shook as she eased herself back onto the bed and lay down.

Chris' calloused fingers wrapped around her ankles and he pulled her back down the bed so her legs hung over the edge. He dropped to his knees on the floor and placed her legs over his shoulders, spreading her wide.

"Beautiful," he murmured then glanced behind him at Jesse. "Have you ever seen a pussy as gorgeous as this?" he asked him, tracing a path along the swollen lips, spreading her juices around with his finger.

"Does she taste as good as she looks?" Jesse's rough voice slid over her like a caress.

Jesse refused to release her from his stare. His hand fisted his erection, his nostrils flared as he watched Chris dip his head between her legs.

Jesus, Jesse watching them like a voyeur caused her nipples to tighten. Kayla had often dreamed of having a threesome, but she never expected it would be so damn exciting to have someone watch.

Chris' hot breath on her clit had her arching up to reach his lips. He slid his finger over her sex, spreading her lips to look his fill. His lips nuzzled against her then his tongue dipped inside in one sure stroke that had her bucking against his face.

"Mmm," he murmured against her. "Damn, you taste good, Kay." At Chris' words, Jesse's hand worked his cock faster. She was unable to look away.

Chris' lips closed around her clit and he sucked her inside his mouth. She squirmed beneath him, pleasure rushing through her body. The sound of his tongue slurping her and the hot look on Jesse's face nearly had her climaxing with the first few touches.

When Chris eased a finger inside her, her head dropped back, her eyes closed and she moaned in delicious ecstasy. Knowing Jesse was watching the whole thing and getting off on the sight intensified everything she was feeling. As she screamed out her orgasm, she heard Jesse grunting out his own.

Chris stood up from between her legs and looked behind him.

"It's all yours, man," Jesse told him.

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

Kayla pushed up on her elbows and watched the silent exchange between the two men. They seemed to be having some kind of conversation she wasn't privy to. "Would somebody please just fuck me?"

Chris turned toward her. His gaze raked across her body. "Oh honey, I'd love to."

He sheathed himself in a condom, grabbed her ankles and placed them on his shoulders. His cock touched the entrance to her pussy and he stopped, waiting for permission to enter.

"Jesus, Chris, this is no time to be a gentleman," she groaned.

His sexy chuckle had her pussy clenching with need. "I promise not to be a gentleman." He pressed in deeply, stretching her so tight she sucked in a breath.

"You okay?" he gritted out, his body not moving as he waited for her to adjust to his size.

She gripped his forearms with her hands and held on. "I am more than all right." She arched her hips, urging him to move.

Each slide of his shaft ignited new nerve endings inside her. Her muscles clenched, deliciously full. He placed his hand under her ass, arching her back farther. "Oh sweet Jesus...yeah, right there." *So that was the mysterious G-spot.* Her body bucked against him, reaching for it. Waves of pleasure racked her body.

Chris grunted and pushed into her faster, harder, his face clenched with need as he drove toward his own release. He threw back his head and came.

"Holy shit." Jesse grunted and leaned back in the chair. "You two look incredible together."

"Feel pretty incredible too," Chris' voice rumbled from the bed.

Tilting his head, he looked at Chris and Kayla. Her eyes were closed, a satisfied grin on her face. Chris pushed himself up on his elbow and twirled a chunk of her hair between his fingers. "What do you say we have a quick shower before round two?"

Kayla's eyes shot open. "Round two? You'll be able to go again tonight after that?"

"Honey, with you?" Chris' gravelly voice was filled with promise, and he trailed a finger across her breast. "I'm always ready to go."

Kayla glanced over at Jesse and he flashed her a smile. "Absolutely."

"Wow." Kayla sighed. She pushed herself up on her elbows. "All right then, let's get showered."

She jumped out of the bed and slapped her hands together. "Chop, chop. Time's a wasting, boys."

Jesse was unable to pull his gaze from the extra swing in her hips as she walked toward the bathroom.

Tearing his eyes away from her delectable ass, he glanced over at Chris to find him equally mesmerized by the sway of her hips. He smacked him on the arm. "Let's go, man."

Chris blinked as if coming out of a daze. When he looked at Jesse, his eyes had this faraway, dreamy look to them.

"I can't believe we did this. She's... Fuck," Chris mumbled, and raised his hand in the air in a helpless gesture.

Jesse slapped Chris on the shoulder. "Come on, man, we're still doing this. And she's waiting."

Chris shook his head to clear the fog in his brain. "Jesus."

"I know, man, believe me. I get it."

"How did you know I needed to be the first one with her?"

Jesse laughed. "Come on, man, I'm not a complete idiot. I know how you feel about her."

Chris chewed his lip and shook his head. His mind was spinning so loudly, Jesse could practically hear it. It didn't look like Chris was going to move, he was still too dazed, so Jesse grabbed his arm and pulled him off the bed.

Completely unfazed by his nakedness, Chris wrapped an arm around Jesse's shoulders. "Thanks, man. I don't think any of this would have happened without you."

"Don't give me too much credit. I'm enjoying this as much as you."

Kayla stuck her head out of the bathroom. "You two joining me any time soon?"

* * * * *

The little kisses and play in the shower had them all completely revved up and ready to go once they returned to the bedroom.

Kayla dropped down onto the bed and propped herself up on her elbows to look at the two men. "How do you want me?" Her coy, playful tone caressed Jesse's body as surely as if she had used her hand.

He glanced over at Chris and tilted his head, indicating he should take the lead. "How do you want her?"

Chris stalked toward her on the bed and without saying a word he gripped her hips and flipped her over onto her stomach. He kissed a trail down her back and nipped her plump ass cheek, leaving a red mark in his wake. Judging by the way Kayla squirmed beneath his mouth, she liked the rough bite.

Easing his hand beneath her stomach, Chris pulled Kayla onto her knees, his hand cupped her breast and he leaned in to kiss the nape of her neck.

"I want to watch you suck off Jes while I fuck you," he whispered against her body. Goosebumps covered her flesh, making her nipples bead tightly.

The image Chris painted had Jesse's cock twitching in anticipation. He couldn't wait to feel her hot mouth on his dick. Jesse eased himself in front of Kayla on the bed and lay back so she would be perfectly aligned to suck him in doggie position.

The firm grasp Kayla used shocked him. It was rougher than she had previously been with him. When he looked at her, she winced. "Sorry. Too rough?"

"Um, no, it's good. You just surprised me that's all."

"Well, I saw how rough you were on yourself earlier, and I thought maybe you liked it harder."

"Kay, I like it any way you want to give it to me."

Kayla's eyes twinkled as she seemed to measure his words. "Hmm."

She leaned in and swept her tongue along the length of his erection in one long, hot, wet stroke. "You like that?"

"Oh yeah." He arched his hips toward her, needing to feel her touch him again.

She licked the head like a lollipop, teasing him with her tongue. "Jesus, Kay." He squirmed on the bed, loving every minute of her touch and needing more at the same time.

"That's right, baby, make him beg for it," Chris said. His eyes were dark with arousal, his nostrils flared and Jesse's body tightened in response.

Kayla pushed back her hips and wiggled her ass.

Chris swatted her lush cheek playfully. “Demanding little thing, aren’t you? Don’t worry, I’ll take care of you.” After quickly applying a condom, he gripped her hips and surged into her, rocking Kayla’s body forward onto Jesse’s dick.

Chris’ pace and intensity controlled Kayla’s movement—the harder he pounded, the deeper she sucked. When he pulled back and swiveled his hips, teasing her, Kayla did the same to Jesse’s cock. It was as if Chris knew exactly what both Kayla and Jesse wanted.

Unable to stop himself, Jesse opened his eyes and looked at Chris’ face. He had his eyes open, watching Kayla sucking. When Chris caught Jesse looking at him, he chuckled and shook his head. “That’s fucking hot.”

Jesse’s eyes never left Chris’ face. “Yeah, it is.”

Chris held his stare and thrust into Kayla before he broke contact. Jesse’s heart rate quickened. For a moment it felt as if Chris was right there with him. Kayla pulled back slightly and opened her eyes and looked at Jesse.

Right now the last thing he wanted was for Kayla to analyze him. He wanted nothing more than to just enjoy this experience. Threading his fingers into her hair, he held her head down against his dick. She chuckled against him. The vibration of her laugh sent a jolt of pleasure along his shaft.

“Fuck,” he gritted out between clenched teeth. Dropping his head back, he closed his eyes, allowing the sensations to take over his body.

He could feel Kayla’s impending orgasm as the suction changed, her breathing hitched and little squeals sounded deep in her throat.

“You almost done there, man? ’Cause I am trying to hold on for you, but you better fucking finish soon.” His voice was broken, husky with need.

Jesse opened his eyes and looked at Chris. The raw, naked passion on his face was all Jesse needed to send him over the edge.

With his orgasm taken care of, Jesse reached between Kayla's legs and pushed Chris' hand aside. "I got this," he told him.

Chris grunted in reply, his hands shifting back to grip Kayla's hips. She looked so small next to Chris' large frame. Jesse could only imagine how tight she must feel on his thick cock.

He felt Kayla spasm against his finger as an orgasm overtook her body, and she collapsed forward against him, providing Jesse with an unobstructed view of Chris as he continued to pound into her. His face clenched as if in pain, the cords of his neck tight as every muscle in Chris' body contracted into the delicious rhythm to reach orgasm. He shuddered, a loud, hoarse groan ripped from his chest as he reached his own release.

Fuck that was hot.

Chris collapsed onto the bed and pulled Kayla up against him. He kissed the side of her head – the gesture so tender Jesse could almost feel it.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. In the past he'd always been able to ignore any feelings he had for Chris. Sure, he'd always wanted him, but it was enough to just be around him, he didn't need anything else. But something about being with Kayla was changing that. He loved them both so much it seemed like the most natural thing in the world to reach out and touch Chris, but he didn't have the first clue how his friend would respond. An arrow of jealousy speared him as he watched Kayla stroke Chris' chest in the lazy afterglow. Not because he didn't want her there, because God knows he did, but he longed to be able to touch Chris as well.

He clenched his hand to stop himself from reaching out to touch Chris. God, he needed to get a grip. Jesse eased himself off the bed.

"Where are you going?" Chris' sleepy voice halted his steps. "Am I taking up too much of the bed?"

"No, you're fine. I just need to go to the bathroom." Jesse looked at them resting on the bed. The look of understanding on Kayla's face told him she knew exactly why he was escaping into the washroom.

She reached out her hand and squeezed his fingers. "Hurry back."

He nodded his head, unable to say anything.

When he came out of the bathroom they were both asleep, allowing him to slide into bed unnoticed.

* * * * *

The next morning Jesse woke alone, the bedroom empty. Following the sounds of laughter, he found Kayla sitting on the counter in one of his sweatshirts, watching Chris make breakfast.

"Finally. We were wondering what happened to you. You slept like the dead," Chris said, glancing over his shoulder from his place at the stove. "Kay wanted French toast, so grab the syrup, would yah?"

The table set, Chris slapped down a plate of French toast in front of Jesse. The sweet smell of cinnamon and sugar made his stomach rumble. "Smells good."

Kayla forked a couple of slices onto her plate and proceeded to drown the bread in syrup.

Like watching a car crash, Chris stared at her with an expression somewhere between fascination and disgust. "Holy shit, Kay."

"What? I like syrup." She stabbed a piece of toast and shoved it into her mouth, her eyes widening in appreciation. "Oh God, Chris, this is amazing," she said around the mouthful of toast.

He laughed. "Glad you like it."

The next forkful she brought to her mouth was dripping in so much syrup a glob fell on her shirt and ran down the material.

"I think you'd better lose the shirt. Otherwise you'll be a huge mess." Jesse waggled his eyebrows at her in his best Groucho Marx impersonation.

Chris' eyes darkened at the request. "Definitely. Lose the shirt."

The edges of her lips curled in a seductive smile.

Jesus, this threesome had done something to Kayla. Gone was the shy, insecure girl he knew and in her place was this sexy, confident woman. She teasingly pulled the shirt from her body and sat magnificently naked at the table. Her nipples beaded tightly while they looked at her, showing them exactly what their appreciative stares were doing to her.

Chris dipped his finger into the pool of syrup on her plate and swirled it around her erect nipple. Kayla's back arched into his hand, seeking his touch.

Not wanting to miss out, Jesse stood and pushed the plates out of the way. He pulled his t-shirt over his head and laid it down for Kayla to lie on. Chris grinned at him, grabbed Kayla by the hips and lifted her onto the edge of the table.

"Lie down," he demanded.

She lay back on the table. Her body a buffet for the senses. The aromas of French toast melded with the scent of aroused woman. Jesse just wanted to bury himself inside her. *Slow down, man.* He grabbed the bottle of syrup and grinned at the heat reflected on Chris' face.

He held the bottle high above her body and squeezed, allowing the syrup to run across the curves and valleys of her luscious body. Chris flattened his tongue, lapping up a trail of syrup. Jesse squirted a pattern across her breast, circling her nipple with the liquid.

Everywhere he poured, Chris followed with his tongue, allowing Jesse to orchestrate the entire encounter. Kayla squirmed on the table, eager for the next drizzle. He trailed it across her stomach and onto the top of her inner thigh. Chris raised his head with a grin and pushed her thighs apart. When the cold syrup hit Kayla's hot core, she moaned in pleasure.

Chris left her upper body and glided his tongue across her inner thigh.

"Chris," she whispered. "Please." Her entire body shuddered beneath his lips. He parted her lips with his fingers.

"God, I'm going to enjoy this."

With one sure stroke, he lapped across her clit and drove his tongue deep inside her. Kayla's body bowed off the table, a moan ripped through her.

Unable to stay apart any longer, Jesse sucked her nipple inside his mouth and pulled. Kayla's fingers laced through his hair and gripped tightly, urging him to keep doing what he was doing.

Chris' hand dipped between her legs, the combination of his fingers and tongue worked Kayla into a frenzy, her body bucking beneath them both. She grabbed Jesse's head and pulled him up to kiss her. Her tongue darted in his mouth, matching the rhythm of Chris' tongue inside her, connecting them all. Without breaking the kiss, Jesse pinched both of her nipples between his fingers. Kayla sucked his tongue inside her mouth, her teeth digging in as she came.

"Wow," Kayla sighed, her breath coming out in ragged pants.

Chris stood up and wiped the syrup from his mouth and then licked his fingers. The movement was so sexy. Jesse could only imagine how good the taste of syrup and Kayla would be.

"Mmm, that was a damn fine breakfast," Chris said and winked at Kayla. He stuck out a hand to help her sit upright on the table.

Kayla licked her lips, her eyes lingering on Chris then Jesse. "I didn't get to finish my breakfast." She pursed her lips in a fake pout.

"I'm sure we can remedy that." Jesse took her hand to help her off the table and led the way out of the room. He looked back over his shoulder at Chris. "You coming?"

Chapter Three

Kayla heard Chris' growl in response a moment before she was swept up in his hard, muscular grasp. He nudged Jesse out of the way in his haste to get to the bedroom. Jesse's laughter followed them down the hallway.

"You could have just said yes," Jesse called after him.

"Uh," Chris grunted and winked at Kayla. "You kind of bring out the caveman in me."

She wrapped her arms tighter around his neck and threaded her fingers through the dark curling hair at the base of his neck. Her stomach flopped at the look of barely banked desire shining from Chris' face.

She bit her lip between her teeth, her breathing increasing as moisture pooled in her core. She shifted in his big arms and giggled when her skin stuck to the hair on his arm. "Guess that syrup was better in theory. I'm a bit sticky."

Chris set her down on the bed. His tongue traced a path from her collarbone up to her ear. "I like you sticky," he whispered.

His hot breath and the promise in his voice made her shiver. Her skin felt as if it were on fire, aching to be touched by these two gorgeous men.

Jesse's hand slid up her calf and she moaned. Being with them this way made her so sexually charged. She wanted to experience everything she could with them. She slid up the bed and stared into two pairs of hot, yearning eyes. Feeling bold, she ran her hand across her breast, loving the way Chris widened his stance to allow his cock to jut out in front of him. Her hand snaked down her body and dipped between her legs.

"Jesus, Kay, you're killing me," Jesse groaned as his hand encircled his cock.

She dipped her tongue out and their eyes followed the sweep of it across her lips. "I want to do something a little dirty." She brought her damp finger up and swirled it around her nipple.

"Dir – Hmm, dirty?" Chris stammered. His erection bobbed up as if it were waving for attention. *Pick me. Pick me.* "Just how dirty are we talking?"

"I want to fuck you both at the same time."

Chris grunted.

"I like dirty," Jesse told her, sliding his hand down his shaft.

They both looked at Chris, waiting for him to respond. He cleared his throat. "Sorry, I think I swallowed my tongue, but hell yeah, dirty's good."

Chris whipped open the bedside table drawer, grabbed a condom for himself and tossed one at Jesse. Kayla shivered and her core throbbed. She couldn't believe she'd been bold enough to ask for this. She had always heard about people doing double penetration and the whole idea sounded so incredibly erotic. But as she looked at the two large men and their impressive erections before her she had a moment of unease mixed in with her excitement.

"I, umm, am not entirely sure how you guys need me to be lying." She could feel the warmth creep across her chest and up her face and she knew she was glowing red.

Jesse's laugh broke through her discomfort. "Relax, honey, you've got no need to be embarrassed. We can go nice and slow, we've got time."

Chris walked around to the edge of the bed and lay down. "Come here," he said and pulled her on top of him. She loved the way his big, muscular body felt beneath her. She shifted her legs to straddle him comfortably.

"You're in the driver's seat, honey. We go at your pace."

She glanced over her shoulder to look at Jesse. He eased onto the bed behind her and rested his hand on her hip. "It's your fantasy."

He was right. It was her fantasy. She placed the head of Chris' cock at her opening and eased down, allowing herself time to adjust for his size before she slid back up, setting the pace. His hands came up and cupped her breasts, teasing her nipples, and she moaned.

"You ready, honey?"

"Definitely."

She heard the cap flip on the bottle of lube moments before she felt Jesse's fingers probing at the entrance to her ass. His hands pressed against her back, pushing her toward Chris, changing the angle of his entrance. A second finger was added to the first. She squirmed, enjoying the sensations assaulting her body.

He removed his finger and placed his cock at the entrance to her tight hole. She tensed involuntarily. Chris' hand made a soothing motion across her hip and thigh. "It'll be fine, baby, he'll go slow."

He pulled her head down and kissed her, taking her mind off everything but the feeling of his tongue in her mouth and his cock inside her. The first thrust from Jesse burned and she winced. He reached between them and flicked her clit with his finger, sending a wave of heat to her core. She rocked back, impaling him fully inside her. It was overwhelming. Sensations assaulted her, burning pleasure mixed with a carnal need so great she thought it would ignite into flames.

Chris thrust at the same time as Jesse and they stopped. She realized they could probably feel each other and judging by the surge of each of their cocks inside her, they both liked the feeling.

She ran one hand across Chris' chest and reached around behind her to grab Jesse's ass with her other hand. "Don't stop."

Jesse pulled back at the same time Chris pressed upward. They seemed to find a rhythm that worked for both of them and it sure as hell worked for her. Nerve endings she never even knew she had came firing to life. Her muscles began to spasm as an orgasm, more intense than anything she had ever experienced, ripped through her.

"Holy shit, Kay," Jesse grunted out behind her.

He gripped her hips, overlapping with Chris' hands. Chris' body jerked at the contact and Kayla opened her eyes to look at him. He stared over her shoulder, his nostrils flared. His erection felt like it grew inside her, which didn't seem possible because he was already so big. Rocking back against Jesse, she used her muscles to milk them both.

The sensations brought short waves of ecstasy through her body and she could feel a second imminent orgasm. As her muscles tightened, the hands on her hips gripped harder and both men increased their pace, pounding into her with relentless passion. Her second orgasm seemed to set off a chain reaction and then they all came together.

She collapsed against Chris' chest and Jesse fell against her back.

* * * * *

The last of the breakfast dishes washed, Jesse threw the towel on the counter. "All right, so are we still going skiing?"

"Absolutely," Kayla replied, jumping off her chair.

He turned to Chris. "Any chance you have a shirt I could borrow? My sweatshirt got kind of messy." Chris' eyes darkened at the memory of exactly what they had all been doing to get his sweatshirt too dirty to wear.

"Yeah, I'm sure I have something."

Chris came back into the room a moment later and tossed a sweatshirt at Jesse on his way to where Kayla stood.

Catching the shirt, Jesse inhaled deeply before he slid it over his head.

"Did you just smell my shirt?" Chris' eyebrows wrinkled up as he looked at Jesse in confusion.

"What? No." *Fuck, busted.*

"Yeah, you did."

"I just wanted to make sure it was clean," Jesse faked, pleased that he had come up with a plausible excuse.

"You're such a douche." Chris punched him on the arm. "Like I'd give you a dirty shirt. Besides, who the fuck cares? We're going skiing, you're gonna sweat." Chris' eyes crinkled in the corner with laughter. "You ready to go, princess? Or do you need to do your makeup first?"

"Fuck you." Jesse laughed. Back on their normal bantering level, Jesse relaxed. Disaster averted.

Kayla shook her head with a grin on her face. "God, you two are worse than my brothers." She stepped between them and linked her arm through both of their elbows. "Let's hit the slopes, boys."

Icy wind hit their faces the minute they stepped outside. Kayla eyed the chunk taken out of her ski and grimaced. She couldn't believe she'd damaged a perfectly good ski over a loser like Matt.

"Here." Chris handed her a snowboard. "It's my crappy board but it's better than nothing."

"Thanks." She hooked the board under her arm and trekked up the hill toward the bullet chair with Chris and Jesse beside her.

In the lineup, Kayla got bumped back by a group of rowdy kids. By the time she made her way past the group, a couple of ski bunnies were in full-on look-at-me mode, trying to get Jesse and Chris to notice them. When the men saw her, they both smiled and moved apart to make room for Kayla to join them.

The two women eyed Kayla, their gazes sweeping over her body. With a predatory smile the blonde stepped closer to Chris. "So you guys want to ride up with us?"

Kayla burst out laughing. *Who did that kind of thing?* Standing there, she realized she couldn't remember the last time she saw Chris or Jesse pick someone up. Whenever

they were all out for the night they both brushed off advances. Even though it meant passing up on a night with a beautiful woman they had always left with Kayla. She couldn't help but wonder if that meant something and she had just been too blind to realize it.

"No thanks, we're good here." Chris turned his body and blocked the two women out of their group. He rolled his eyes at Kayla.

Jesse slung his arm around Kayla's shoulder. "You're gonna have to get used to it, Kay. Our boy here is a quite a catch. You know how the ladies like a cop."

Kayla tilted her head and grinned. "Why do you think I caught him?"

Chris' eyes darkened. "You sure you want to stay out here freezing when we could be back at the cabin all nice and hot?"

Jesse's body tensed behind her, ready to go.

She laughed. "Sorry, boys, you know how cheap I am. We paid for these passes. We're using them."

Chris clasped his hand to his heart. "Oh Kay, you're killing me."

"Well, toughen up," she teased.

Jesse bumped her with his hip. "We're up." He pushed her forward in the line and they waited for the chair to come up and take them up the hill.

When they were halfway up the hill the horn sounded and the chair stopped. Chris kicked his leg to get the seat swinging. He always thought it was so funny to freak her out on the lift.

Kayla glared at him. "Do you plan on getting lucky when we get back to the cabin?"

"Is that a real question?" Chris asked her.

"Keep kicking your legs and you'll find out."

Chris' legs immediately stopped swinging.

“Oh shit.” Jesse laughed. “Now that we’ve sampled the goods, it looks like she’s found a way to finally get us to do what she wants.”

The horn sounded again and the purr of the chair started back up. At the top of the hill they headed right. They had all been skiing and boarding together for so long they didn’t even need to check what runs they planned to hit. They each had their favorites and before the day was through they would hit them all. Since they were all boarding, Kayla knew they would finish the day on the half-pipe doing tricks.

At the top of their first black diamond run, Kayla didn’t even think about waiting. She pushed off down the hill, yelling back over her shoulder, “See you at the bottom, suckers.”

She loved the feeling of freedom, of flying down the hill as fast as she could. The cold wind bit into her face. She heard one of them coming up behind her and she cut hard to the left, cutting him off. Jesse’s laughter rumbled behind her.

“Shit,” he called.

She glanced back to see that he had stopped so he didn’t run into her.

With the bottom of the run in sight, Kayla cursed when Chris went flying past her out of the trees. He cut hard and stopped at the base of the chair line and held his arms in the air, victorious.

“Yeah. Eat that,” he yelled.

Kayla couldn’t help but laugh. Clearly the sex hadn’t dulled any of their competitive natures.

Several hours later, her cheeks frozen, Kayla turned to the guys. “Any chance you guys are ready to go get warmed up?”

Chris’ eyes burned into her with a look so hot it seared her skin. “Honey, I’m always ready.”

Kayla’s nipples tightened, and even with her huge winter jacket on she could feel a flush run through her body.

"Last one back to the cabin has to cook dinner," Jesse called and took off past them. Stuck in the sensual fog surrounding her, Kayla was left in the snow.

* * * * *

When they returned to their cabin, Chris and Jesse loaded up with firewood while Kayla went inside to make hot chocolate. A few minutes later she wandered into the living room, hot chocolate in hand. The crisp crackle of the fireplace immediately warmed her.

"There's nothing like a fire on a winter day." She walked over to where the two men sat on the couch. She handed them their cups and plopped down on the floor between Chris' and Jesse's legs and rested her back against the couch.

She sighed with longing. "That's the one thing that's missing from my place."

Chris' body shifted. The movement pushed Jesse's thigh, moving his body behind her head. "We have a fireplace."

"Oh I know, I'm so jealous."

Hands stroked through her hair, gently untangling the knots. She didn't know if they were Chris' or Jesse's hands and it really didn't matter. She closed her eyes and just enjoyed the feeling.

"Um, Kay, can we talk?" Jesse asked.

"Sure."

"Okay, umm," he stammered. "This thing between us. Umm. Geez, this is awkward."

She sat up straight, her shoulders tensing. Her gut churned, threatening to displace her hot chocolate. *Please don't be telling me this has to end*, she silently pleaded.

"Look, what Jesse's trying to spit out is that this works. I don't know why but it does, and we both would really like to continue things when we get back home from this weekend."

Kayla turned around, sloshing hot chocolate onto the floor. "Really?"

Jesse leaned forward and placed his elbows on his knees to meet her stare. "Really."

She breathed a sigh of relief, the tension in her shoulders easing. "God, you don't know how badly I was hoping you'd both say that."

Chris grinned and winked at her. "Good. I'm glad you want to keep this going, because I can't imagine a more perfect relationship." He rested his arm against the back of the couch and slouched down, his posture relaxed. She hadn't realized he'd looked tense until she saw him now.

Kayla sat up on her knees and faced them. "Are you guys sure? I mean what will people think?"

"Who cares?" Chris asked. "It's no one's business but ours what we do in the bedroom."

"Yeah, but come on, Chris, you're a cop. Won't there be talk?"

He shrugged. "Why would there be? Jesse and I are already roommates. We've talked about you moving in with us, but you always wanted your own space so it didn't get weird when we had someone sleep over."

Her stomach tightened. He made it all sound so easy. But how could it be? This weekend was something of a dream, but when they got back into the real world would it be this simple?

He grabbed her hand and pulled her up on the couch so she sprawled half on his lap and half on Jesse's. "Now it makes perfect sense for you to move in, because the only sleepovers any of us will be having will be with each other, so it all works perfectly."

"It's not exactly conventional."

"Fuck convention," Chris replied.

Kayla darted a glance at Jesse. "Is this what you want too? Do you both want me to move in?"

Jesse squeezed her thigh. "We both want this. Chris is right. We've talked about you moving in ever since we bought the place, you know that. Now, with things changing, it just doesn't make any sense for you not to live with us." His hand crept farther up her leg. "Besides, you'll be sleeping over all the time anyway, so if you're worried about what people will say then being our roommate should alleviate any talk about your car being in the driveway all hours of the night."

Her heart pounded in her chest. Could they really do this? With every fiber in her being she wanted to believe it could work. But she just didn't know.

"Let me think about it."

The only reason she hadn't said yes to them before was because she didn't think she could live under the same roof as them and keep her feelings hidden. Now she didn't have to. She loved that house. She'd spent hours helping them pick it out and furnish it. And the idea of waking up each day with Chris and Jesse... Wow, amazing. Maybe she did believe in unicorns after all. Only time would tell.

Chris' hand snaked up her other thigh. With both Chris' and Jesse's hands teasing her body she lost any ability to continue this conversation.

Easing her onto the floor, Chris and Jesse lay on either side of her body. She closed her eyes and pleasure surrounded her. Hands skated across her stomach, sweeping her shirt over her head. A hot tongue swirled around her nipple.

"Everything on you tastes so damn good." Chris' breath skimmed across the surface of her skin, and she trembled.

Calloused hands slid her pants down, leaving her naked, exposed. Her pussy throbbed with need. Her legs fell open.

Jesse picked up her foot and licked his way down her calf. His tongue swirled behind her knee. She shivered and moisture dripped onto her upper thigh.

"Looks like I found a new spot," he murmured against her leg.

"Oh yeah."

The two men's tongues stroked every inch of her body except where she needed it most. She shifted and squirmed. She did everything she could to get them to touch her aching pussy.

Unable to control herself any longer, she grabbed the closest head to her right hand and pulled hard. Jesse raised his head, a huge smirk on his face. "Yes?" he asked.

Driven to a frenzied need, her soft, shy side disappeared. "Either fuck me. Or eat me. But do something."

Chris laughed.

"It's not funny. You guys got me all worked up and won't do anything about it."

Chris leaned in close, his lips touching her ear. "Oh honey, we plan to do something about it."

"When?" She hated the pleading tone of her voice but she was on fire here.

Jesse's fingers teased the edge of her hot, wet core. "Do you need me to take the edge off?"

"Yes," she yelled.

They both laughed. The teasing bastards.

Jesse eased his body between her legs. The first swirl of his tongue on her clit nearly sent her through the roof, she was so close already.

"Jesus, you're wet, Kay."

"I told you."

He slipped a finger inside her and flicked forward, hitting her G-spot. Damn, these two knew how to play her body like an instrument.

She grabbed Chris' shaft in her hand, needing to suck on him while Jesse ate her.

Aroused and hungry, she sucked his cock in one deep gulp. Taking him into the back of her throat, she swallowed, knowing how much he liked the feel of her throat pulling him farther inside.

Jesse slurped her clit into his mouth, sucking on the tight bud while his fingers fucked her. Kayla bucked her hips, grinding her body against Jesse's face, reaching for her climax. He bit lightly on her clit and she rocketed to her goal.

"Let's switch," Jesse said to Chris.

Chris grabbed a condom off the bedside table, sheathed himself, and they quickly changed positions. Jesse placed his hard, throbbing cock by her face. She smiled, eager to taste him as well. She licked her way down the shaft and sucked his sac into her mouth at the same time Chris placed his penis at the opening of her body. She slid her mouth down Jesse's shaft and cupped his scrotum in her hand.

Chris buried himself in her pussy. She wrapped her legs tightly around his waist, driving him deeper inside.

She moved her mouth on Jesse's cock to the same rhythm Chris moved in her. His finger flicked her clit and she almost choked on Jesse's length when she cried out in pleasure.

"Easy there, man," Jesse said, shooting a look at Chris.

Chris chuckled. "Sorry."

Jesse's sac tightened beneath her grasp, his orgasm building. Groaning, she dug her feet into Chris' ass, urging him forward, so the two men came together in her body.

Her lips burned, her jaw ached and she had never been happier than she was this weekend.

The fireplace crackled behind them as they lay in a pile of limbs and sweat. Kayla's stomach rumbled, making her realize it had been hours since any of them ate anything. She moved to get up, and Chris placed his hand on her body. "Stay put, I'll feed you."

"You are a god among men, Chris," she murmured and snuggled against Jesse.

Chris kicked Jesse's prone body. "Why don't you stoke the fire?"

"I just did," Jesse mumbled.

"No, dickhead, not Kayla, the actual fire."

"Oh, right, sure. Make sure you bring enough food for me too."

"Don't I always?" Chris rolled his eyes and left the room.

Kayla could hear Chris banging around in the kitchen, preparing snacks to replenish their fuel. She pulled on Chris' t-shirt and sat cross legged on the floor while Jesse rebuilt the fire. The room instantly filled with warm, soothing heat. Unable to take her eyes off Jesse, she wondered how long he'd had feelings for Chris, or if that was even what had been going on. Something definitely was.

Before she got a chance to ask Jesse about it, Chris came back in the room loaded down with a tray full of goodies. Beer bottles flanked the sides of the tray that held cheese, crackers, veggies and dip, sliced meat and fruit. A veritable feast was placed before her.

"Wow, when I get a snack it's an apple or a bowl of popcorn. This looks fantastic," she said and popped a grape into her mouth. The juicy liquid squirted on her tongue. "I could definitely get used to this, Chris."

"Well, if you move in with us you can have it." He placed another grape at her lips, his eyes darkening as he watched her suck the fruit between her teeth.

"I'm giving it some real thought."

She shifted to make room for Jesse to sit down beside her. "So, Jes, you never said how work was going. When we had a pickup at the Transition House the other night, Sally mentioned you were getting someone new on your crew."

"We did. I'm not sure how long he's going to last." He laughed. "He puked all over the back of the bus on his first shift. No one wants a squeamish paramedic."

Kayla had just put a piece of food in her mouth so she threw up her hand to cover her face while she laughed. "Oh no. Poor guy. I'm sure you were really sensitive about it."

Jesse placed his hand over his chest. "Of course."

Chris laughed. "I'll bet. So what did you do?"

With her stomach full, Kayla sat back and listened to the easy banter between Jesse and Chris. They rehashed hazing stories and cases they'd worked on. Enjoying the sound of the two men talking around her, Kayla closed her eyes, feeling more relaxed than she had in days.

Chapter Four

Kayla slept silently between them. Jesse rose up on one arm and looked at Chris. "What do you say we wake her up? You go top, I'll go bottom." When Chris agreed, Jesse pulled the covers back, exposing Kayla's lush body.

"Damn, I'm going to enjoy this," he said and eased his hand between her legs to spread her wide. Chris watched Jesse dip his head between her thighs. The first stroke of his tongue against her core had Kayla moaning in her sleep and opening her legs farther. Jesse lifted his head and flashed Chris a wicked smile.

"It seems our girl likes being woken up this way." He tilted his head toward the upper part of Kayla's body. "You got the top half, my man. Get going."

That was all the encouragement Chris needed. With a long, wet stroke of his tongue, he licked from her collarbone to the base of her ear. Kayla shivered beneath his lips, goose bumps easing across the surface of her skin. Tracing a path, he swirled his finger around one of her nipples and dipped his head to suck the other into his mouth. When her nipples beaded tightly, he pinched them roughly, the way he knew Kayla liked.

"Whatever you just did sure worked, man. She just got really wet," Jesse told him.

And he growled.

"Get up here and kiss me."

Chris looked up to find Kayla staring at him, her face flushed, her eyes darkened by lust. A primal urge to possess swept through Chris and he took her mouth. Staking his claim. His tongue swept inside. Hungry. Far rougher than he had ever been with her before. But she met him stroke for stroke. Her hands wrapped tightly into his hair and pulled, sending sharp, shooting pain through his scalp. Her hips bucked beneath him, directly against Jesse's face.

She sucked Chris' tongue into her mouth like she was sucking cock and he groaned. Not breaking the kiss, he reached between them and pinched her nipple with his left hand. Her body shook violently beneath him as the orgasm shot through her.

Jesse sat up between Kayla's legs, his eyes locked on Chris, and he swept out his tongue to lick the moisture off his lips. The movement brought a sharp stab of lust right to Chris' dick. He wanted to lick the taste of Kayla off Jesse's lips. The image brought him up short. Where the hell had that come from?

Jesse's fixed stare never left his face. His dark eyes flashed hot with lust. "She tastes good," he said, licking his lips again.

Unable to break eye contact, Chris silently waited to see what he would do next.

A slow, secret smile crept across Jesse's face and he eased his hands up Kayla's thighs to dip his fingers into her hot center. He pushed inside her, eliciting a loud moan from Kayla.

Pulling back, Jesse slid up the bed and placed his fingers against Chris' lips. "Taste."

Torn by the feelings running through him, Chris looked to Kayla for a clue about what she was thinking about the whole exchange. Her chest rose rapidly, her nipples beaded tightly. Eyes wild with excitement, she encouraged him to suck Jesse's finger. He slowly took the digit inside his mouth. The rough, calloused texture mixed with Kayla's delicious flavor was beyond anything he could have imagined. Sucking the finger in deeper, he moved his tongue to get every last drop of Kayla's essence.

"Fuck." Jesse's guttural tone pulled Chris' attention away from Kayla. The look of lust on Jesse's face shocked him and turned him on more than it should have.

Kayla sat up on the bed and moved against the two of them. She slid her arms around both of their necks, pulling them closer together. "Kiss." Her soft demand was an exact match to the thoughts running through his own mind.

Unsure, Chris hesitated. He eyed Jesse warily, would he be into that?

"Please, for me," she begged and leaned in and kissed Chris, then Jesse.

Kayla drew them both closer together until their faces were only inches from one another. Jesse breached the distance between them, his lips foreign, yet so incredibly erotic. His kisses were rougher, more demanding than Kayla's, but no less arousing. Running on instinct, Chris darted his tongue out and tangled it with Jesse's. He answered by wrapping his hand around the back of Chris' neck, deepening the kiss with a hunger that held Chris captive.

Kayla's softly spoken "Wow" broke them apart.

Dazed, Chris looked between the two. Immediately waves of guilt assaulted him. As if she read his emotions, Kayla took his dick in her hand and slid her fingers over the tip, spreading the drop of moisture that leaked from its head.

"Don't think. Just feel," she told him and glided her hand down the length of his shaft. Since that was exactly what he wanted to do, he decided to listen to her and simply enjoy the feelings coursing through his body.

She sucked his nipple into her mouth.

"Lie back." Her hand pressed against his chest. He allowed himself to be pushed onto the bed. Kayla kissed her way across his stomach. Taking his dick in her hand again, she blew a breath out against the tip. He shuddered.

Kayla looked up at Jesse and nodded her head. *What the hell were they doing?* Chris shifted on the bed, unsure about what she had planned. She held her hand against his chest to tell him to stay down and slowly lowered her mouth around his cock. Hard, thick calloused fingers cupped his sac.

"Guys?" He didn't know if he was telling them to stop or hoping they'd continue.

Kayla raised her head. "Trust me, Chris," she said. She ran her tongue along the head of his dick just as Jesse squeezed his balls, the pain so good it caused him to moan.

"Fuck." He arched up from the bed.

He felt Kayla's mouth curve into a smile against him. "Sit back and enjoy, Chris." Her soft, wet mouth engulfed him, and he allowed his head to fall back against the pillow.

Wet heat surrounded his balls at the same time Kayla sucked his dick. Jesse. As much as he knew he should put a stop to this, he just couldn't.

The two drew back from his dick and kissed, sharing the whole experience with each other. Showing Chris just how much they were both into this. When their kiss broke apart, Jesse sucked Chris' dick into his mouth. The suction, stronger and more forceful than Kayla's, was no less amazing. Chris' hips jerked and he rammed forward, hitting the back of Jesse's throat. Rather than cause him to pull back, it fueled Jesse further. His suction was hard, almost painful as he deep-throated Chris' cock. This was Jesse, his best friend. They'd picked up women together. Hell, they'd fucked Kayla together. Chris closed his eyes. So not something he even wanted to think about right now.

Sensation overwhelmed him and he wrapped one hand into Jesse's hair, the other into Kayla's as they took turns sucking his dick. The contrast between Kayla's gentle strokes and Jesse's rough ones had him on the edge of the most amazing feeling ever. His sac pulled up painfully and Jesse's hand clamped onto his balls, squeezing, intensifying everything. The orgasm that tore through him felt as if his dick would rip apart. And he roared.

Completely satiated, Chris opened his eyes and saw them both staring at him. He smiled. "You two didn't get to finish." He eyed Jesse's throbbing cock. "And you look like you're about to explode."

"That's putting it mildly," Jesse told him.

Shifting his back farther up the bed, Chris adjusted the pillows beneath his head and took Kayla's hand. "Come here, honey."

He pulled her toward him and kissed her. "I might be done, but I can still help you enjoy this."

He grabbed her hips so she was lying across his body. Her back to his chest. His semi-hard flesh against her thigh. He used his legs to move hers apart, giving Jesse a full view of her heated flesh. Chris dipped his fingers inside her core and hot moisture engulfed him. "She's ready when you are."

A smile slid across Jesse's face. "Pull her legs up."

Chris shifted his body and grabbed her knees with his hands, holding her open wide.

"God, that's fucking hot," Jesse murmured. He grabbed a condom, sheathed himself and eased his way inside Kayla's glistening pussy and he groaned.

As soon as Jesse slid into place, Kayla wrapped her legs tightly around his waist. Allowing Chris to let go of her legs, he eased his hand between them and flicked her clit. Kayla moaned in pleasure.

After the incredible orgasm that had just burst through his body, Chris thought it would be hours before he could go again. Kayla's body rocked against him, pushing his dick against Jesse's hairy inner thigh, and Chris' erection twitched to life. His dick glided across Jesse's thigh again.

Over Kayla's shoulder, Jesse locked eyes with Chris and smiled. He grabbed Kayla's hips and shifted her slightly. Chris thought it was to keep him from touching Jesse, but the next thrust showed Chris exactly what the move had accomplished. His cock rubbed against Jesse's sac.

"Holy fuck," Chris moaned. Jesse met his eyes again, raised one eyebrow in challenge. Chris met his look and raised his hips, slamming Kayla's body firmly onto Jesse's dick. Still fingering Kayla's clit, Chris continued to shift his hips, directing the pace for them all. Beneath his hand, Kayla began to quiver.

As Kayla screamed out her orgasm, Jesse picked up speed, pounding into her like a man possessed. The motion rocked Chris' dick, driving him toward his second orgasm. He opened his eyes directly into the hot, lusty stare of Jesse. The intensity and passion

he saw sped him forward. A loud moan erupted from Jesse's throat as Chris' orgasm spurted against his body. Jesse collapsed onto Kayla.

Guilt immediately pounded down on him again, his mind swirling with the implications of what they had just done. The feel of their two bodies on top of him felt like it was crushing him. Before he got a chance to say anything Kayla spoke. "Can we shift a bit so I'm not so squished?"

Jesse grunted his assent. Rolling, he pulled them both off Chris.

Needing to put space between them, Chris rolled over and pushed his arm over his face. Kayla placed her hand on his hip and he flinched at the contact.

"Chris? You okay?" Her voice was soft and knowing. That was the problem with sleeping with someone you knew so well, they understood you too well.

He peeked at her through the space at his elbow and gave her a tight smile. "Sure, fine. Just tired. We should all get some sleep." He gave her hand a light squeeze and closed his eyes.

What the hell had happened? How could he have allowed Jesse to touch him? Jesse wasn't gay and Chris knew he sure as hell wasn't. So what the fuck?

He tried to lie still and not move so they would think he really was tired and wanting to sleep. He could feel them watching him and he fought the urge to open his eyes to see if it was Kayla or Jesse.

The bed shifted.

"Fuck," Jesse growled and threw the covers back from the bed and marched toward the bathroom.

At the sound of the bathroom door closing, Kayla swatted his arm. "All right, you big faker. I know you're not sleeping so talk to me."

Chris let out a deep breath. He so did not want to have this conversation. Keeping his eyes closed, he hoped Kayla would just take the hint and leave it alone. She poked him in the ribs. Damn it! He should have known better, there was no way she was

going to let this drop. How could he talk to her about it when he didn't understand himself what had even happened or why? The only way to avoid talking about it was to distract her.

In one swift movement, he opened his eyes and moved, pinning her body beneath his. Her eyes opened wide in surprise, a slow smile spread across her face. "You aren't distracting me, Chris."

At the challenge in her voice, his dick twitched. He pressed his hips down, showing her his immediate reaction to her body.

"Okay, maybe you are." She laughed. "I don't know what kind of vitamins you've been taking, but damn, they work well."

Easing down her body, he trailed kisses across her stomach. At the juncture of her thighs, he inhaled. She smelled like sex. Her, him, Jesse—the scents all combined into one intoxicating aroma. The fact it didn't turn him off to smell Jesse on her freaked him out a little bit. He glanced up and the look on Kayla's face was far too knowing. She laced her fingers into his hair and guided his head between her legs. "For now just focus on that," she whispered.

Chris glanced back up at her and smiled. "Now that I can do," he told her and placed a hot, open-mouthed kiss on her clit.

The pink lips of her pussy were swollen and wet from all the attention they had provided. His mouth watered looking at her. He flattened his tongue and licked her with one long stroke. Her musky juice dripped onto his tongue, sweet and so uniquely Kayla. He pressed inside her, fucking her with his tongue. Her thighs clamped down around his ears and she moaned with pleasure.

He pulled her clit between his teeth and sucked her gently, swirling his tongue until he had her writhing against his face. He heard the bathroom door open, but he was unable to pull away from the addictive flavor of Kayla's hot pussy.

Jesse's rough hand gripped his dick.

"Shit," he groaned.

His dick flexed in Jesse's hand, demanding he grip it harder. It felt so damn good.

He spread Kayla's lips wider with his thumb, allowing himself to go deeper. Her flavor coated his tongue.

Jesse's hand working his cock and Kayla grinding on his face was more than he could take. He was going to come, and he needed Kayla to do it with him.

He slid his fingers inside and her silky heat convulsed around his finger. With one final flick of his tongue her pussy quivered around him and she screamed out her release. Jesse's hand pumped his dick hard and he spurted onto the side of the bed.

Chris didn't realize Kayla had been using her hand on Jesse as well until he groaned and came on her stomach.

Grabbing a cloth, Chris wiped up Kayla and the side of bed. When he returned from the bathroom, they both lay on the bed, expectantly watching him. Unable to say anything, he lay down beside Kayla with his back to her, and turned out the light. He heard Jesse's loud sigh before he fell asleep.

* * * * *

The sound of snoring on the far side of the bed pulled Chris from his sleep. Decidedly male snoring. The urge to run was so strong inside him the only thing that kept him in place was the warm, soft feel of Kayla's leg draped over his thigh.

Man up, Hanson, he told himself. He opened his eyes. Kayla's body snuggled up against him was a sight he had dreamed about for so long he couldn't believe it had finally come true. His eyes slid down her body. But seeing Jesse's arm around her waist pulled him up short. The position of Jesse's hand placed him just inches from Chris' morning woody. If either of them moved even a fraction, they would be touching. Chris' dick twitched. He needed to get out of here.

Careful not to wake Kayla, he eased out from under her leg. He stood at the edge of the bed and stepped into his jeans. His eyes were drawn to the picture the two of them

made. His chest pulled tight. They looked so right together in his bed. The urge to climb back in and wake them both was so strong, it hurt.

What the fuck was the matter with him?

Turning on his heel, he fled the room. He couldn't get out of there fast enough. Too much sex had dulled his normal inhibitions and responses. It was a freak thing. He just needed some distance and space.

The smell of coffee hit him full on when he stepped into the kitchen. Thank God for the auto-start button. He poured himself a cup and sank into the kitchen chair. Unable to stop his mind from replaying everything about the previous night, he dropped his head onto the table.

That was how they found him. Kayla's hand ran across the top of his bare back. "Chris?" Her soft voice swept across him. "You okay?"

He raised his head to look at her. She stood before him with her tousled hair, his t-shirt hanging enticingly on her body. Her face was unsure, wary. His fingers clenched with the urge to pull Kayla onto his lap.

Jesse stepped farther into the room. "Hey, man, is there more of that?" The tilt of his head indicated the cup of coffee that sat untouched in front of Chris on the table.

He swept his hand in the direction of the pot. "Help yourself."

Jesse moved toward the counter and took two cups from the cupboard. While he filled the mugs and doctored up the coffee as if it were the most natural thing in the world, Chris just stared at him. How could he act so normal?

Kayla eased her body into the chair beside him and took Chris' hand in hers. "Can we talk?"

He looked at her, then at Jesse who had stopped what he was doing and stood motionless at the counter, staring at them with a hesitant look on his face. To say it was an awkward morning after was putting it mildly.

Chris pushed his chair back from the table and stood up. "I can't do this right now," he said and walked out of the room.

Soft footsteps sounded on the floor behind him. In his haste to get the hell out of there, he threw his jacket over his bare chest, not even bothering to get fully dressed, grabbed his ski pants and stepped into his boots with bare feet.

"Chris, please."

The pleading tone of her voice almost brought him to his knees. He turned and looked at her. Regret filled every inch of his body. "I'm sorry, Kay. I just can't do this right now."

He turned and pulled open the cabin door, yanked his snowboard up into his arms and walked away.

* * * * *

Kayla watched him until he got in the line for the bullet express chair. He never once looked back. With a sigh, she closed the cabin door and walked back inside to find Jesse. She found him at the kitchen table, a cup of coffee between his hands, his head on the table.

Strong, unshakeable Jesse looked broken. Her heart ached to see him like this. She walked up behind him and placed her hand on his shoulder. He glanced up with a weak smile on his face. "Oh Jes," she murmured and ran her fingers through his hair to comfort him.

Jesse shifted in his chair so he was facing her and wrapped his arms around her waist, burying his face in her chest. "Jesus, Kay. What the fuck did I do?" The question tore from his mouth against her body with so much emotion it cut through her chest like a knife.

"It'll be all right, Jes." Kayla stroked his hair, offering the only comfort she could. If this thing between them was going to work, they all needed to be on board. "How long have you been in love with Chris?"

Jesse pulled back from her. "What?"

"Come on, Jes, this is me you're talking to. How long have you been in love with Chris?"

He roughly ran his fingers through his hair. "Fuck, this is messed up."

"Why didn't you tell him?"

Jesse's bitter laughter broke through the silence. "Yeah, 'cause clearly that would have gone well." He paused then looked up at her and took her hand. "This wasn't all about me wanting to get with Chris." His fingers traced a pattern across her palm. "I mean, what happened between us was pretty fucking amazing."

"I know. I was there." Kayla smiled.

"How fucked up is it that I want to fuck both of my best friends?"

With a grin on her face, Kayla raised her palms. "Pfft, I know the feeling."

She wrapped her arms around Jesse and held him against her body. "I get it, Jes. I wanted you both so badly there was no way I could choose between you. What the three of us share has always been amazing. The only thing missing between us was sex, and now that I know how incredible that can be... Wow."

"Yeah, well don't get used to it because I don't think Chris is going to come around to our way of thinking." His sullen voice almost made her laugh. Jesse had never been good with not getting his own way.

"Give him time, Jes. We both have had years of fantasizing about this idea. For Chris, this is all really new."

"He's been in love with you since we were kids." Jesse groaned and roughly ran his hand across his face.

She jerked her head back. Chris had been in love with her? How could she not have known that? They needed to have a serious talk about running from their feelings.

"Fuck, maybe I did take advantage of the situation. I knew how much he wanted you and that he would take you any way he could get you. I shouldn't have put him in

that position. Maybe I should just leave, so you guys can work things out between you."

"Don't you dare leave. I was there too, Jesse. Chris was just as into this as you were. I think that's what has him so messed up. Give him time, he needs to figure out what this all means and come to terms with it in his own way." She tilted Jesse's head to force him to look at her. "He wanted you, Jes, don't beat yourself up about it. He's a smart guy, he'll figure out how great this could be if he just gave it a chance."

Their eyes met and held until Kayla finally felt like Jesse believed her. Then she kissed him. "Trust me."

"I hope you're right, Kay."

She sat down on his lap, seeking comfort through sex. Jesse unhooked her hands from around his neck and set her on her feet.

"I'm sorry, Kay, but I can't."

"What do you mean you can't?" Hurt welled up in her chest. "I thought you said this wasn't just about Chris."

"God, Kay. It wasn't, it isn't. Lord knows I would love nothing better than to make love to you, but I just can't do that to Chris. He's been in love with you for so long, it would destroy him if we were together without him."

She placed her hands on her hips. "So, what? If he can't come to terms with things, then that's it? We all go our separate ways?"

Jesse buried his hands in his pockets. "I guess. I mean we can still be friends."

"Yeah, sure we can," she scoffed, unable to keep the bitterness she was feeling from coming to the surface.

Tears welled up in her eyes. How had everything gone so horribly wrong? Just yesterday they had been talking about her moving in with them and now it seemed as if that would never happen.

When the first teardrop rolled down her cheek, Jesse stepped toward her. "Come on, Kay, don't cry. We'll figure this out, I promise." He pulled her into a hug, more brotherly than anything else.

"I just think we need to put a hold on anything sexual between us until we figure out where we stand with Chris. I screwed this up too badly already without adding anything else to the mix. Trust me on this. I know Chris. He'd want us to wait until he gets his head straight."

She knew he was right but that didn't make it any easier to accept.

Chapter Five

It had been five days since Chris had seen Kayla or had any real contact with Jesse. It seemed as if both he and Jesse were trying to avoid each other. He grabbed his car keys from the kitchen counter and gave a cursory check of the room to make sure he hadn't left a mess for Jesse to clean up when he got home. The last thing he needed was him bitching about what a pig he was.

They were working opposite shifts this week, so it wasn't unusual not to have hung out with Jes, but usually they would have had a beer or a cup of coffee together in passing to help decompress. That was one of the best things about being roommates with Jesse. He understood the daily stress of the job.

As a paramedic, Jesse was often called out to the scene of accidents and crime scenes that Chris worked. After, they'd talk through the cases. Jesse's medical knowledge helped give Chris an insight into the victims he wouldn't otherwise have. It's funny how much you could miss something you didn't even realize was important.

Swinging into the police station parking lot, he saw his partner sauntering into the building as if he didn't have a care in the world. Granger was a typical family man, two kids, married to his high-school sweetheart. He was living the dream.

Chris wished he could talk to him about what was going on to get some perspective, but there was no way he could speak to him about this. If Granger found out he was even remotely interested in a relationship with a guy he'd request a new partner. Homosexuality and the Blue Wall didn't mix. Damn it, this was so messed up.

His cell phone buzzed on his hip. Grabbing it, he glanced at the display screen. His heart rate picked up. Kayla. God, he wanted to answer the phone, to hear her voice. But he just wasn't sure he was ready for all that entailed.

He sighed and put his phone back in his pocket, opened up the car door and headed inside for his shift. He'd have to talk to Kayla eventually, now just wasn't the time.

Chris hung up his car keys and personal belongings in his locker, grabbed his weapon and holster and eased into it.

"Hey, loser, you almost ready to go?"

He closed his locker and turned to face his partner. "Yeah."

Chris eyed Granger's newly cut hair and freshly shaven face. "Don't you look pretty? You get all gussied up for me?"

"Fuck you. Gina made me take her out for dinner tonight before my shift. Just the two of us." Granger rolled his eyes. "I don't know why she makes me do the whole wining and dining her thing when I have to go to work. After this many years, the only reason to go on dates is to get laid, and I certainly didn't get that."

The mere mention of sex made Chris think of Kayla and Jesse. Memories of their weekend together filled his brain.

"Man, if I knew how little I'd get laid after I got married, I might have played hard to get and made her wait."

Chris laughed. "Yeah, I'm sure Gina would have let that happen."

Granger stuck up his middle finger and Chris rolled his eyes. "I can see it's going to be a fun night."

"You don't know how good you've got it, man," Granger told him.

If he only knew.

Chris grabbed the keys to the unmarked car they'd been assigned and initialed the sheet. "Let's ride."

On his way out of the station, he tapped the counter to let the dispatcher know they were leaving and their radio would be on.

They had barely pulled out of the parking lot when the radio crackled to life announcing a 10-75 domestic disturbance in progress.

Flipping on the siren, Chris pulled a u-turn to head in the direction of the call while Granger radioed in they were on it.

When they arrived at the house, the front door stood half off the hinges. Huddled together shivering under a bush sat two children, faces wild with fear. Chris crouched down so he was on eye level with the kids. "Hey, guys, I'm Officer Hanson."

He glanced up to see an elderly couple making their way across the street. Granger intercepted them, allowing Chris to focus on the kids.

"Can you two slide out of there?" Neither child moved. He stuck his hand out to urge them forward. "Come on, guys. I promise you're safe, nothing's going to happen."

The elder of the two children stared back at Chris, her weary eyes far too old for her age. She sighed, and without dropping her arm from around her little brother, she crawled forward. United they stood before Chris. Goose bumps covered their skin and they clutched each other as much for warmth as comfort. Taking note of their thin pajamas, he quickly took off his jacket and wrapped it around them both. These kinds of calls always pulled at him. It was such a goddamn shame to see kids like this.

Granger was busy talking to the elderly couple and held up his notes to show Chris he had all the info. With a better understanding of the situation, his partner was ready for them to go inside. Chris took hold of both the children's hands and led them toward the elderly couple.

"Can you watch them for me?" he asked the woman. She immediately crouched down and enveloped the children in her arms.

A loud crash sounded inside the house, accompanied by a woman's scream. Granger and Chris bolted for the house. Sirens sounded down the block, indicating backup was on the way. Chris took one last look at the children and booked it after his partner.

Unable to take the time to follow protocol, Chris pushed open the front door of the house. A woman lay huddled on the floor in the fetal position, a man kicking her exposed back and ribs. The sick sound of breaking bones filled the air.

"Police. Put your hands up," Granger called out.

The man raised his head. "Get the fuck out of my house."

Itching for a fight, Chris stepped forward. "Not going to happen, son." He allowed all his anger and disgust to leach into that one statement. "You need to step back and put your hands where I can see them."

The man kicked the prone woman in the ribs. "Fucking bitch."

That was all Chris needed to step in and subdue the man. He pressed his knee into the man's spine and secured his hands behind his back. "Stay down."

The man slumped beneath him. "Smart move," Chris told him.

Officers Wheeler and Michaels walked in as Chris was pulling the man to his feet. Chris passed off the scumbag. "Take him downtown and throw him in lockup until we get there. He was kicking her when we walked in."

With the suspect secured and being taken in by the other two officers, Chris bent down beside his partner to help assess the woman.

"We've got a bus on the way," Wheeler told them.

The roaring sirens barreling toward them made Chris tense. He really hoped Jesse wasn't working overtime. He didn't feel up to having a confrontation with him tonight.

Footsteps sounded on the staircase outside moments before two paramedics swept into the room. Chris breathed a sigh of relief when Jesse wasn't one of them.

With the woman loaded on the bus, Chris and Granger followed them to the hospital to take the woman's statement and hopefully get her to agree to go to Transition House. He knew if Kayla had a chance to work with the woman, she'd have a good chance of breaking the ties to her relationship and saving those kids from growing up in that environment.

Granger set a cup of vending machine coffee beside him while they waited for the doctor to finish up with the woman they had brought in. Finally, the doctor stepped out and gave them the okay to talk to the victim.

Chris pushed aside the curtain. Jesus, the guy had worked her over good. Bruises covered most of her face and her eye was almost swollen shut.

"Mrs. Jacobs? I'm Officer Hanson. We were at the house."

"I remember you and just call me Eileen, please." Her broken voice was barely a whisper. "Where are my kids?"

"They're in the cafeteria with one of the candy-stripers, getting some ice cream."

"Oh good." A sob racked her chest and she covered her face with her hands. "What kind of mother am I to let my kids see that?"

Granger shifted uncomfortably on his heels, looking anywhere but at the crying woman. They'd been through this kind of thing before. Knowing how uneasy crying women made his partner, Chris took the lead. He stepped toward the edge of the bed. "Eileen, your husband is in lockup right now. But we can't hold him for very long without a sworn statement from you."

Her bottom lip quivered. "What do you need?"

Chris pulled back, stunned. He'd expected to have to do the whole big song and dance about why she should leave. He never expected her to be ready. "Um, I just need to take a statement from you so we can press formal charges."

Her head bobbed weakly, the only indication she had heard him.

"Do you have anywhere you can stay?"

Without speaking, Eileen shook her head.

"We can take you to a woman's shelter and get you settled after we get your statement."

"My kids will be with me, right?"

"Of course."

She studied Chris as if she expected him to be lying. "I can't lose my kids," she whispered.

"You won't."

She tilted her head toward the nurses' station. "I overheard them saying how people like me didn't deserve to keep their kids."

Chris' jaw clenched. Just what he needed. Why did he have to deal with that crap on top of everything else? They should know better than to voice their opinions where anyone could hear.

"I have no doubt if you go to the shelter, you'll be able to keep your kids with you." Chris turned to his partner. "You want to make a call?"

Granger nodded and left the room, leaving Chris alone with the woman.

"I bet you think I'm pretty stupid to put up with that."

Chris raised his shoulders. "It's not my place to judge you."

The empty, hollow sound of her laughter spoke of her despair. "I was raised that good girls get married and have kids. They do what their husbands say, make sure the meals are on the table." She wiped angrily at her uninjured eye. "I thought I was doing what I was supposed to. I thought that was what love was."

Her words hit Chris in the gut. How was what he was doing any different? He had this picture in his head of what love and a relationship were supposed to look like. What he had. What he wanted. It didn't fit into that pretty picture at all.

But looking at this broken and battered woman, she had the picture-perfect life. The ideal. And behind the scenes there was nothing idyllic about it. This woman would be better off alone. It was sad the things people were willing to accept trying to hold on to a dream. Hell, he didn't even know if the dream existed.

Was he being an idiot to pass up what he could have with Jesse and Kayla just because it didn't fit the mold he thought he should have?

He rubbed his hand across the ache in his chest. What the hell was he going to do?

* * * * *

Kayla flipped open her cell phone to check that it had service for about the tenth time. Why the hell wasn't Chris calling her back? Oh, he could be such a stubborn jerk.

It was killing her that she hadn't been able to talk to him since he'd stormed out of the cabin. They'd waited for him, but he never came back and they'd finally had to leave to get Jesse back to work that night.

How had things gotten so messed up? She'd lost her two best friends. Maybe she should never have admitted her feelings. But as her mind raced back over their time together, she couldn't regret one single moment. She loved them both and knew how good it could be between them. She prayed Chris would come to the same conclusion.

She needed to get her mind off him. She felt as if she'd been walking around in a fog all night. She couldn't focus, she hadn't seen or heard from Chris in five days. She was worried, it wasn't like him not to call her. She knew he had a lot to figure out, but it just seemed like it would be easier to figure out together.

A light tapping on her door pulled her out of her thoughts. She looked up to see Anita, one of the intake workers.

"What's up?"

"Officer Granger just called. He and Officer Hanson are bringing in a woman and her two kids, three and five. She's been pretty roughed up."

"Okay, when are they arriving?"

"They were just leaving the hospital, so about twenty minutes."

"Okay, get Melissa to make sure room four is ready to go."

"Will do," Anita said and left the office in search of the other woman.

Chris was bringing someone in. Well, at least she'd get to see him. Normally they preferred female officers to come to the house, but Chris was one of the few officers who put the domestic abuse women at ease. For a big guy, he had an incredibly calm,

gentle way about him with both the women and their children. It was as if they instinctually knew they were safe with him. And they were.

Watching the Transition House's security monitors, she saw the unmarked police car pull up. She buzzed open the gate. When the car parked, Chris and his partner both picked up a sleeping child from the backseat and carried them toward the house through the snow, with the woman walking between them. Puffs of condensed air flew rapidly from the woman's mouth, letting Kayla know just how painful her movements were. Her slow, shuffled steps a clear indication she had taken a good beating tonight.

Before they had a chance to get to the door, Kayla pulled it open to welcome the family to their safe haven. "Hi, come on in," she told them and stepped back from the door.

Hungry for a chance to see Chris, she waited for him to look at her. The pained expression on his face nearly broke her heart. He hated these cases. She smiled at him and received a weak smile in return. A weak smile was better than nothing.

They followed Kayla down the hall into the intake office. She gestured for the woman to take a seat. "I'm Kayla. I'm a social worker here at the house."

"Eileen," the woman whispered in response.

"Nice to meet you, Eileen."

From a separate door, two women arrived and stood silently, waiting for Kayla to introduce them. "Eileen?" Kayla gently touched the battered woman's arm. "This is Melissa and Sheila, they're going to take the kids up and get them settled into bed. That way we can talk privately for a bit, to help get you settled in here."

Eileen's eyes darted between the adults in the room like a caged animal, looking for an escape. Kayla stepped closer to her. "Eileen, I promise your children are safe here." She held the woman's gaze. "You are safe here."

The woman finally agreed, and Kayla smiled. "It's late. Let your kids get some sleep."

Defeated, Eileen sighed and waved her hand. "Fine."

When the children left the room, Eileen looked up at Kayla. "It's not as bad as you're thinking."

Kayla sighed. How many times had she heard that before?

"Really it's not. Jordan would never hurt the kids."

"Eileen, he is hurting the kids," Kayla told her gently.

"No, he'd never hit them." Tears streamed down her face. "He loves us."

Kayla crouched down in front of Eileen so they were on eye level and squeezed her arm. "Eileen, that's not love."

Unable to stop herself, Kayla looked up at Chris, allowing all the love she felt for him to be seen on her face, praying he would realize just how special what they had really was.

He looked away and paced around the room. *Shit*. Oh well, there would be time enough for that later, right now she needed to focus on this woman.

"Eileen, do you want some coffee or something?"

"Coffee would be great."

"All right, I'll walk these officers out and grab you a cup and be right back."

Kayla walked to the door with Chris and his partner. Before Chris had a chance to walk away, she grabbed his arm to stop him. Granger continued walking toward the car. "You work tomorrow night?"

"Nah, I have four off."

She stepped closer to him. "Come to dinner."

"Kayla, I don't know."

"What happened to fuck convention?" She gripped his arm tighter. Everything in her wanted to force him to listen to her, to admit he wanted this. What they had didn't come along very often. It was worth fighting for. She needed him to give this a chance. "Chris, we love you. That matters."

He ran his hand roughly over his face. She could hear the stubble brushing his hand. "Fine, dinner."

He pulled his hand away and backed up. "I gotta go."

* * * * *

The moment they were back in the car, Granger turned in the passenger seat. "All right, what the hell's going on with you and Kayla?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh come on, Hanson. I couldn't shoot my way through the tension between you two."

Chris scowled. "Nothing."

"Don't bullshit me. You've been in a pissy mood all week. I just figured you and Jesse were having some kind of lovers' spat."

His head jerked up to look at his partner. "Lovers' spat?"

"I don't know the right term, but yeah, I mean when I'm fighting with my wife, you always tell me I'm all pissy."

Chris stared at him, unable to even speak. He finally found his tongue. "Why would you think we were a couple?"

Granger shrugged. "Come on, you guys are like thirty and you just bought a house together. That kind of says couple, doesn't it?"

"No. Why would it mean we were a couple? What kind of logic is that?"

"I don't know. I mean you three are inseparable. Kayla's fucking hot and neither of you ever date her, so I just assumed you were gay."

Chris rubbed his hand through his hair. How the hell could he not have known his partner thought he was gay all this time? Well, at least he knew Granger wouldn't be asking for a new partner if he chose to go after what his gut was telling him to.

"You're not having a lovers' spat? Are you having one with Kayla?"

Chris exhaled loudly. "I don't know what the fuck we're all having."

"I hear ya. Relationships are a bitch." Granger continued to watch Chris for a while, not speaking. Finally, he breathed out deeply. "Look, it's none of my business, but for what it's worth, I think they're both great and you'd be an idiot to fuck up having them in your life."

Chris didn't know if Granger had figured out what the situation was, or if he just meant the friendship, but for the rest of his shift he couldn't stop thinking about it. His mind replayed the conversations with Granger and Kayla, the look of pain on Eileen's face when she talked about what was expected of her. His mind spun in circles about what love was.

Chapter Six

The following night, Chris nervously stood outside of Kayla's apartment, unable to knock on the door. He honestly just didn't know how this night would play out. *Quit being such a pussy.*

Kayla answered so fast after he knocked it was as if she had been standing there, waiting for him. Just the sight of her eased the ache that had been crawling around in his gut for the past week and it was all he could do not to grab her and never let go. *God he'd missed her.*

Inside her apartment, he immediately ditched his jacket. She always kept her apartment hot, like it was summer all year round so it was not surprising to see her wearing jeans and a tank top, her feet bare. She looked incredible.

"I'm glad you came." Her wary smile made him feel like such an ass. He'd never meant to hurt her. He was and always had been one hundred percent sure of his feelings for her. It was just his feelings for Jesse that had him so fucked up.

"Me too." He stepped toward her and pulled her into a hug.

"Jesus, Chris. I've missed you." She melted into his body and everything about it just felt so right.

Kayla pulled back and grabbed his hand. "Come into the kitchen. I made your favorite." As they walked down the hall, he could smell the ribs cooking and his stomach called out in appreciation of the aromas.

Her laugh bubbled to the surface. "Glad you brought your appetite."

When he walked into the kitchen, Jesse stood leaning against the counter, his arms crossed over his chest. "Well, well, look who's here."

The surge of lust he felt when he looked at Jesse hit him like a hammer to the head. He'd expected to feel that about Kayla, but he honestly thought with a little time and space his feelings for Jesse would go back to normal.

"Hey, Jes."

"You've been avoiding me for almost a week and all you have to say is 'hey, Jes'? What's that?"

Kayla stepped between them. "Guys, let's not get off on the wrong foot here. Who wants a beer?"

Tension filled the room like a heavy fog. Kayla handed them both a beer and fluttered around the room like a nervous hostess who didn't know what to do to make the party work.

Chris placed his hand on top of hers on the counter. "Relax, Kay. You've got me here. I told you I'd stay for dinner and I will."

"And after dinner?" Her voice slid across his chest and pulled at him.

"I don't know."

Jesse grunted and pushed off the counter. "Why are you being such a pussy and fighting what you're feeling?"

"Fuck you," Chris told him.

"Please do." The raw, naked yearning in Jesse's voice drained away all the anger in Chris' body.

What the hell was he doing? He wanted this as much as they both did. Why the hell was he fighting it? In that moment, he knew what he wanted his future to be. A life with the two people he loved most in the world.

"Bedroom, now." The rough guttural sound of his voice surprised even him as it ripped through the silence in the room. Jesse's body didn't move. Dazed, he looked at Kayla and Chris as if he were unsure about what he had just heard.

Chris peeled off his shirt and threw it on the floor. "What are you two waiting for?"

Kayla's sexy grin made his cock twitch. "You heard the man," she said and grabbed Jesse's hand and propelled him down the hall.

Inside her bedroom, Kayla and Jesse stood together, waiting for Chris to run the show.

Their complete willingness to let him control the situation was incredibly erotic. His breathing grew more rapid as he anticipated what he planned to do. He smiled at Kayla and tucked his fingers into the waistband of his pants and peeled them down his body.

"Clothes off and lie back on the bed, Kay." A smile split her face and she eagerly shed her clothes and lay back.

Jesse stood, his hands in his pockets, his face wary, unsure as he watched them.

Chris stepped toward him and cupped the back of his neck and looked deeply into his best friend's eyes.

"Why are you still dressed? I thought you wanted to be fucked."

Jesse's mouth dropped open, surprised. "Really?" Jesse's hopeful tone and the love shining on his face hit Chris like a punch to the solar plexus.

Man, he had been such an ass. He'd hurt them both so much with his stupid fears.

"Yeah, really." He dropped a slow, lingering kiss on Jesse's lips.

When they pulled apart, Chris glanced at Kayla. She sat on the bed, tears running down her cheeks and a smile on her face. "Thank you," she mouthed to him.

How the hell did he ever get so lucky as to have these two people love him so much?

Out of the corner of his eye he saw that Jesse stood beside him naked and fully erect.

Allowing his gaze to rake across Jesse's body, his hunger grew. "I want you to eat Kay while I fuck you." Jesse's slow, sinful smile in return was all the answer Chris needed.

Grabbing a condom and a bottle of lube from the bedside table, Chris put them both on his cock while he watched Jesse crawl across the bed and bury his face between Kayla's legs.

"Fuck that's hot," Chris said and placed his knee on the edge of the bed. Jesse raised his head and glanced over his shoulder, smiled and spread his legs farther apart, putting his ass on complete submissive display.

Bottle of lube in hand, Chris ran his left hand across Jesse's back. With his right, he flipped open the lube and squirted a generous amount in Jesse's ass. He needed him well-lubed for what he wanted to do.

"You ever done this before?"

"No."

"It's gonna hurt."

"I don't care. I want this." Jesse held Chris' gaze until he agreed.

"Get back to our girl then." Chris tilted his head toward Kayla's body.

He rubbed his finger along the tight bud then inserted it. Jesse's ass was tight. He couldn't wait to bury his dick inside. Swirling his finger around to loosen the area up, he pushed against his prostrate and laughed when Jesse shuddered.

"You like that?"

Jesse moaned in reply and moved against Kayla, causing her to buck against his face and moan in return.

Chris removed his finger and placed his dick at the entrance to Jesse's ass. "You ready?"

"Just fucking do it already."

Laughing, he looked over Jesse's shoulder and met Kayla's eye. "I love you," he mouthed silently.

Fresh tears slid down her cheek. "I love you too," she told him.

Knowing they were all on the same page was an amazing feeling. He pressed his cock inside the tight hole and met resistance. "You okay?" he asked. His teeth clenched as he tried to hold back so he didn't hurt Jesse.

"I'm good," Jesse gritted out.

Kayla laced her fingers into Jesse's hair. The gesture comforting, accepting. Jesse lifted his head to look at her. Whatever look she saw had her nodding to give Chris the okay to continue.

Pushing past the resistance, Chris inserted himself fully. Jesse moaned in pleasure and pressed his ass back against Chris.

Oh yeah, they were ready now. Gripping Jesse's hips with both hands, he pulled back and pounded into his tight hole.

Jesse's mouth slurped against Kayla's pussy and her hips bucked against his face. The sight of Jesse pleasuring the woman they both loved while he fucked him was more amazing than he ever could have imagined.

Reaching around, Chris gripped Jesse's cock in his tight grasp and pumped his hand up and down his erection to the same beat he pounded Jesse's ass.

Kayla's thighs clamped tightly around Jesse's ears, her moans now high-pitched squeals of pleasure.

Jesse's cock tightened in his hand, nearing orgasm when Kayla climaxed on his face. Chris pumped his hand faster and Jesse's ass tightened, milking his dick as Jesse came.

Now that Kayla and Jesse had finished, he gripped Jesse's hips with both hands and drove into him with everything he had, holding nothing back. He opened his eyes to find Kayla and Jesse both watching him over Jesse's shoulder, their expressions filled with love. The orgasm ripped through him like a freight train. He collapsed against Jesse's back, draping his hand along Kayla's thigh so he was touching them both. Being with the two of them was so right. Thank God he'd finally realized it.

Jesse shifted his arm and they all tumbled in a heap on the bed. Kayla giggled. "All right, you two. I love you but you weigh a ton."

Excusing himself to go to the washroom, Chris got up, allowing Jesse to roll off Kayla.

When he returned from throwing the condom in the garbage there was a space between Kayla and Jesse on the bed. She patted the mattress with her hand.

"Come here," she told him.

Chris climbed on the bed between them and opened his arms so they could both rest their heads on his shoulders. Lying like this, sandwiched between the two people he loved, felt so right.

He ran his hand over the top of Jesse's hair and turned a smiling face toward Kayla. "So, when are you moving in?"

About the Author

Lauren Fraser resides in British Columbia, Canada, with her husband and two children. When she's not busy writing, Lauren loves to spend time with her family outside—camping, hiking and kayaking.

Lauren writes about love and relationships in many different forms, but in the end she's a sucker for a happy ending. She is multi-published and loves to hear from her readers. For the latest updates, visit her website.

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