

# Breaking Limits

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# Chapter I

## Night Terrors

*HE STRAINED* wildly against the restraints, but the metal only cut into his wrists, adding a trickle of blood to the sweat that coated his clammy skin. The blindfold kept him from seeing, the ball gag kept him from crying out, but nothing could keep the walls from pressing down on him, crushing him beneath their relentless weight. He fought for a lungful of air, but he couldn't catch his breath, couldn't stop the trembling that shook him as the dark and the cold and the silence closed around him. He'd buried him here, and he'd never get out, never get away....

A hoarse cry broke the stillness of the late summer night. Devon Aldridge's arms flailed against empty air as he struggled, shivering when the warm breeze wafted over his sweaty skin. His arm struck something and he recoiled wildly, pulling away with another raw sound.

Knocked out of a sound sleep by Devon's harsh cry and a glancing blow of his elbow, Kit Webster shook his head, trying to wake up enough for rational speech. "Devon?" he asked softly, not wanting to wake their third lover if Devon's cry had not already done so.

"Devon?" Jonathan Braedon muttered groggily, pushing his hair out of his eyes as he reached for where his lover should have been lying curled against him. His eyes fluttered

open when his hand met only empty space and cool sheets. “What’s wrong, babe?”

Kit sighed. So much for not waking Jonathan. Since they were all awake anyway, he leaned over and switched on the lamp. His eyes widened when he saw Devon huddled in one corner of the bed, knees drawn up to his chest, shivering violently. Pushing back the covers, he knelt up, trying to catch Devon’s eye. “What’s wrong, luv?” he asked.

Devon blinked as the voices penetrated his nightmare—warm voices, caring voices—his lovers’ voices. The sudden snap of the light revealed not the dank crawlspace of his nightmare, but the familiar bedroom of Jonathan’s rental house. Kit and Jonathan stared at him with wide eyes and worried expressions.

Jonathan couldn’t imagine what might have disturbed Devon so much, but it didn’t matter now; he had to do something to ease the panicked look in his lover’s eyes. He slid over the sheets, reaching forward slowly to stroke Devon’s leg, his touch as gentle as if he were calming Hengroen, the horse he rode in his role as Arthur in the *Camelot* mini-series that had brought them together. When Devon didn’t pull away from his hand, he moved closer, pulling the shaking man into a loose embrace. “It’s okay, babe,” he murmured, his voice low and as soothing as he could make it. “Sssh, it’s okay.”

Devon allowed himself half a dozen heartbeats resting in Jonathan’s strong arms before swinging his legs off the edge of the bed and sitting up. “Sorry about that,” he muttered, trying to force his voice to sound light-hearted. “Probably shouldn’t have eaten that leftover curry right before bed—bloody indigestion’s giving me the heebie jeebies!”

Kit frowned, looking to Jonathan for guidance. It seemed an awfully pat answer for what appeared more than just a simple nightmare. He wanted to push, to insist on a better explanation, but he wasn't sure that was the best path to follow.

Shrugging at Kit's questioning gaze, Jonathan returned his attention to the man beside him. He'd dealt with a pre-teen son long enough to recognize an attempt at distraction when he saw one. Tugging unconsciously at his earlobe, he moved next to Devon, putting an arm around the bigger man's shoulders, relieved that at least they were no longer shaking. He tried to think of a clever response to draw Devon out, but he was too worried to be subtle. "Don't try and bullshit us, Devon, that wasn't something you ate giving you *agita*. What's going on?"

Kit scooted to Devon's other side, his arm going around his fellow countryman's waist, waiting for an answer.

Devon really didn't want to have this discussion, but he knew Jonathan wasn't going to let it drop that easily. Rubbing his hand through his hair, he sighed. "It was just a nightmare, Jon. Maybe a delayed reaction to the bloody helicopter ride or something."

"That was over a week ago, Devon!" Jonathan protested. He knew how much Devon hated flying, even when it was the fastest way to rescue him and Kit from the mudslide that had trapped them on their way to location filming, but he couldn't believe that was still bothering Devon. His hands traced over his lover's shoulders, feeling the tension in the set of the broad muscles. "At least tell us what the nightmare was about," he urged, kneading the tight deltoids with gentle pressure.

“My mum always said talking about a nightmare took away its power,” Kit added. “It always worked for me. It isn’t as frightening when you think about it calmly.”

Feeling like the world’s biggest prat for making the two of them worry, Devon shook his head. He should have been stronger, should have been able to keep his reaction inside, but Robert’s call had shaken him even more badly than he’d realized. “It was just... I was trapped. Underground. You might have noticed I don’t do small spaces well.” He swallowed hard, hoping at least part of the truth would be enough to convince his all-too-perceptive lovers that it was just a random bad dream.

Devon’s answer was too calculatedly casual, but Jonathan didn’t know what good it would serve to push any further. Obviously, the other man didn’t intend to share whatever was troubling him. Trying his best not to feel shut out, Jonathan settled for pulling Devon back down beside him on the wide bed. Holding him close as Kit spooned against their lover’s other side after flicking off the light, Jonathan ran his hand through the tousled golden hair. “Go back to sleep, babe,” he whispered, too wide awake himself to close his eyes. “We’ve got an early call.”

Kit didn’t know what was going on, but Devon had been off his game all day. His takes had gotten a little better as lunchtime neared, Lancelot’s persona winning out finally over Devon’s fatigue; but then, during lunch, Kit saw Devon on the phone, talking very agitatedly, and it seemed he never had recovered. Concerned, Kit decided to see if he could

catch Jonathan alone for a minute. Fortunately, Niall was finished with Lancelot, but he wanted to shoot an interaction between Arthur and Percival one more time, giving Kit the opportunity he sought as they walked back to the trailer once the director was finished with them. “Did Devon seem to be acting odd to you?” he asked.

“I thought at first he was just tired,” Jonathan agreed, rubbing his beard with the back of his knuckles. “Even after he fell back asleep last night, he was pretty restless. But he’s pulled some all-nighters before this and never blown his lines the way he did today. He wasn’t Lancelot, and that isn’t like Devon at all.”

Kit sighed, a mixture of relief and concern. At least he wasn’t the only one who’d noticed. “He was doing better right up until he got a call at lunchtime,” Kit added, not sure Jonathan had seen Devon on the phone. “Do you suppose it was his ex-wife calling and making problems over the divorce?” They had talked about Devon’s divorce on more than one occasion. It was one of the few things that really seemed to tear Devon up.

“Maybe, but usually when he’s dealing with Marcy or the lawyers he gets quiet. Today he seemed”—Jonathan paused, searching for the right word—“brittle, maybe, like he was angry but trying to hide it by joking around.” He shook his head with a frown. “Whatever it is, he obviously doesn’t want to talk about it.”

“So you think we should just ignore it?” Kit asked, surprised. “I mean, he seemed really upset. I hate to see him like that.” He paused, thinking for a moment. “You know what it reminds me of?”

“What?” Jonathan asked. He didn’t want to just ignore something that was troubling Devon so deeply, but he wasn’t sure what they could do to help if their stubborn lover wouldn’t confide in them.

“The day we went to the beach house,” Kit replied, “when Devon was in such a mood. You remember, he told us a little about his”—he looked around to make sure no one was within earshot—“past. It reminds me of the mood he was in that day.”

Jonathan nodded slowly, considering Kit’s insight. Not for the first time, he thought how much the people who only saw Kit’s beauty and charm underestimated the younger man. He had a sensitivity to the emotions of others that Jonathan envied. “But once we got him to the beach, he was fine,” the actor reflected. “I thought we’d convinced him we didn’t hold his past against him—in fact, I thought we’d made it pretty clear that under the right circumstances we even enjoyed it.” He couldn’t hold back a small grin as he remembered just how much they’d all enjoyed Devon’s dominance that weekend.

“So what changed?” Kit mused. “Could we have done something that triggered another memory? Or I could be miles off the mark, and it could be something totally different. I really think we should at least ask him.” He paused outside the door to their trailer, wanting to be in agreement with Jonathan before they stepped inside and faced Devon.

“You’re right,” Jonathan agreed, “we have to ask. I’m just not sure that in the mood he’s in he won’t think we’re ganging up on him.”

“Do you want to talk to him alone?” Kit suggested, seeing the sense in Jonathan’s concern. “Or I could, if you’d prefer.”

“Let’s see how he’s doing now that filming’s done for the day first,” Jonathan suggested. Kit’s idea made sense, but a part of him didn’t want either of them to question Devon alone. As unlikely as it seemed at the beginning, they’d managed to make their unconventional threesome work, and his gut told him whatever the problem was, they needed to solve it together.

Kit nodded and opened the door. Stacy and Carol were inside waiting for them, but there was no sign of Devon. Putting on his best face, Kit stepped into the trailer and smiled at the girls. “Is Devon finished already?” he asked, playing up his surprise.

“He was here and gone in about fifteen minutes,” Stacy confirmed. “He didn’t say much, but I got the impression he was in a bit of a hurry.”

“Yeah,” Carol agreed, “he didn’t even tease us about our plans for the night the way he usually does.”

Jonathan’s eyes met Kit’s over the pictures of his son that covered one corner of his make-up mirror. The fact that Devon hadn’t waited for them worried Jonathan even more than his unusual edginess during the day. Something was definitely wrong, and whether it upset Devon more or not, they needed to find out what it was.

Kit saw the determination on Jonathan’s face and nodded slightly. They would finish up here and get home as quickly as possible so they could get to the bottom of this.

Pasting on a passable smile, he looked at Carol. “So, what *are* your plans for the evening?”

Jonathan closed his eyes and let his mind drift as Stacy worked, only half listening to Kit’s and Carol’s chatter. He couldn’t help but worry that their confronting Devon would only serve to drive their prickly lover further away. They had no choice but to try, though. They’d just have to make Devon see that they weren’t trying to pry—their concern for him was based in love. He was startled when Stacy broke him out of his reverie with a nudge of his shoulder. “Go home and get some sleep in your own bed, Jonathan,” she teased.

“Who says he’ll be anywhere near his own bed?” Kit replied with an impish grin. “Last I heard, the King had plans for the evening.”

“My only plans right now involve finding some food,” Jonathan laughed, careful before the make-up girls to keep his tone teasing. He picked up Excalibur from where it leaned against the side of their wardrobe closet, having gotten in the habit of taking it home with him when they left the set so he could practice his swordplay during their rare free time. “C’mon, Percival, let’s see if we can hunt down the King’s champion and see if he’ll join us.”

“I could eat,” Kit agreed, levering himself out of his chair and heading toward the door. “See you tomorrow, girls,” he added as he stepped out into the cooling night air, shutting the door behind them when Jonathan joined him.

Inside the trailer, Stacy paused in putting away the cleansing supplies and straightening the counter. She met Carol’s eyes speculatively. “You think...?” she asked.

Carol looked at the door, then back at Stacy. “Nah,” they said in unison after a moment, returning to their work so they could get on with their own plans for the evening.

AFTER Devon’s uncharacteristic behavior all day, Jonathan wasn’t sure they’d find him at home, but he was relieved to see Devon’s car parked in the drive as they pulled up behind it. He cocked an eyebrow at Kit, then shrugged. “Looks like the lion came back to his den after all,” he muttered. “Let’s see if we can find out what’s got him so worked up.”

Kit nodded and got out of the car, waiting for Jonathan before walking to the door and inside. They no longer knocked at each other’s houses, having long since exchanged keys. Deciding to opt for humor, Kit chirped, “Hi, honey, we’re home.”

Devon grimaced, draining his tumbler of scotch and giving serious consideration to downing another before facing his lovers. At least they didn’t seem to be irritated at him for leaving without a word to them. He knew he should try to think up some plausible excuse, but he was still too shaken by the day’s events to think of anything clever. Falling back on his experience that partial honesty was the best policy, he turned to greet them, rubbing the back of his head which really did ache. “Sorry for leaving like that,” he grumbled. “I’ve had the headache from hell all day, and when Niall cut me loose, all I could think of was getting home and taking something to get rid of it.”

Kit crossed to where Devon was sitting on the couch, taking the glass from his hand and setting it on the table. “If

it's a headache that's bothering you, this isn't the cure. I'm sure Jonathan will get you a glass of water. Close your eyes and let me see if I can help you relax," he suggested, his fingers going to Devon's neck to probe the tense muscles.

Carrying the tumbler and the half-empty bottle into the kitchen, Jonathan returned with a fresh glass of ice water and the bottle of aspirin he'd retrieved from Devon's kitchen cabinet. He set the water on the table and shook out two tablets, handing them to Devon with a comforting smile before he knelt at the blond's feet, pulling off his shoes and socks and setting them off to the side. Taking one of the strong, slender feet in his hands, he began to rub it soothingly, alternating long, gentle strokes with firmer pressure at the reflexology points on the instep and the base of the toes. "Just relax and let us take care of you, Devon," he urged, watching his lover's face as both he and Kit continued their ministrations.

Letting his eyelids fall closed, Devon arched his shoulders, trying to let go of his tension beneath his lovers' calming touches. *This is what's real*, he told himself. *This is what I need to concentrate on. The hell with what that bastard said.* The pounding ache that had inhabited his skull all day long was finally beginning to ease when the ring of the telephone sounded from the kitchen. His eyes snapping open with a start, Devon jumped to his feet before either of the other men could think to answer it.

"What the fuck?" Kit muttered, looking at Jonathan. He got up and started after Devon. He had no idea what was going on in Devon's head, but it was past time they found out.

Jonathan caught Kit's arm, preventing him from following Devon and pulling him back to wrap his arms around the younger man's narrow hips. "Let him go, Kit-Kat," he urged, looking up at his irritated lover from where he still knelt at the foot of the couch. "We'll find out what's bothering him, but he won't appreciate feeling like we're eavesdropping or spying on him."

"It just eats at me to see him so upset." Kit gestured helplessly toward the kitchen. "There's got to be something we can do for him. Something."

"Let's get him fed and take him to bed," Jonathan answered with a waggle of his eyebrows and a leering smile. "Between the two of us, I think we can find some way to clear up his bad mood." He rested his chin on Kit's hipbone, his expression sobering. "And after that, we'll talk."

His pulse slowing with relief, Devon couldn't help but smile when he walked back into the parlor to see his lovers embracing. "Starting without me again?" he growled playfully, hoping the teasing would distract them from the near-panic with which he'd run for the phone. "That was Niall. He wants me in early tomorrow for some re-shoots of my scene with Guinevere with new and improved dialogue."

"We were just waiting for you," Kit replied with a grin, relieved to see the black cloud lifted, at least for the moment. "How does dinner sound? I bet we could convince Jonathan to cook if we asked him nicely."

Jonathan glanced up at Devon with a smile in his eyes. They'd keep it light and playful for now; Devon needed relaxation, not confrontation. "And after that, we'll see what else we can cook up," he drawled, reaching a hand out to invite their lover to rejoin them.

*COLD sweat trickled down his back as he fought to steady his breathing. He couldn't fail again, that was why he was here in the first place, but he could feel the walls closing in on him with each shuddering breath. He twisted against the cramp in his shoulder blade—he'd wrenched it during his struggles, and the cruel pull of the restraints behind his raw back made it worse. The movement sent a shower of damp earth falling over his face, and he couldn't hold back the moan of terror as his lungs seized and his limbs twitched in a futile need to break free, to claw his way out of here, to escape....*

Devon's struggles and his sudden cry woke Jonathan with a start. His arms tightened instinctively around the thrashing limbs, but that only made Devon fight harder, his elbow striking Jonathan hard in the chest. "Devon!" he cried, letting go and raising his hands instead to hold the shaggy blond head still. "Devon, wake up. It's okay, it's me, Jonathan," he murmured, trying to keep his own fear out of his voice.

Jonathan's cry woke Kit as well. *Shite!* he thought. *Here we go again.* He settled his hands on Devon's shoulders, kneading soothingly as he added his own soft murmurs to Jonathan's. He didn't know how to get Devon to open up to them, but this had to stop.

Devon's eyes snapped open to meet Jonathan's, his lover's gaze wide with love and concern in the darkened bedroom. He drew a ragged breath and shook his head, the warmth of Jonathan's hands at his temples and Kit's on his shoulders grounding him from the last remnants of the nightmare's terrors. He raised a palm to scrub at his face, horrified to discover his cheek damp with tears. "Fuck," he

whispered, wiping at the other cheek in turn. “Fuck, I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have anything to apologize for,” Jonathan insisted, pulling Devon forward to rest their foreheads together. “But you have to tell us what’s doing this to you, babe. Let us help you.”

Kit’s hands drifted lower over Devon’s back. “You’re covered in sweat!” he observed, surprised. This wasn’t just a bad dream. Devon was having night terrors! “Why don’t you go with Jonathan and have a quick shower while I get us all a drink, and then we’ll talk.”

Still half caught in the submissive mindset of the dream, Devon was unresisting as Jonathan helped him to his feet and led him toward the bathroom, murmuring soothing words and wrapping an arm around his trembling shoulders. “The water will make you feel better,” Jonathan promised, his eyes meeting Kit’s in concern over their lover’s lowered head.

Seeing Jonathan and Devon disappear into the bathroom, Kit scampered down the steps in search of the brandy and three glasses. He was putting them all on a tray to take back upstairs when the phone rang. Frowning as he glanced at the clock, he wondered who could be calling at such a late hour. Niall had phoned earlier, so surely it wasn’t him. “Hello?” he said, picking up the receiver.

Silence stretched on the other end of the line as the caller processed the realization that Devon hadn’t answered the phone. *So the big blond wasn’t spending his nights alone!* This could be even more intriguing than he’d hoped. “Have you worn Devon out?” he rumbled in amusement.

“Who is this?” Kit demanded, not recognizing the voice but taking offense at the insinuating tone.

“Tsk, tsk,” the caller chuckled softly. “You haven’t earned the right to ask any questions... yet.” The voice hardened into a tone of command. “Tell Devon I’ll be expecting an introduction.” Not bothering to wait for a reply, he severed the connection, his groin tightening in anticipation. Oh yes, this would be good, very good indeed.

Kit frowned, looking down at the tray. Tea might well have been a better choice, but especially after that phone call, he needed a brandy. Picking up the platter, he headed back upstairs to see if Jonathan and Devon were finished and to join them if they were not.

## Chapter 2

### Just Breathe

DEVON stood beneath the cascading water, letting it wash away the taint of horror from his memories as its warmth soothed the chill of his clammy skin. He felt Jonathan's hands, strong and gentle, easing his head back to dampen his hair, but he couldn't force himself to open his eyes. Not yet. He couldn't bear to see Jonathan's expression change to scorn for his weakness, or to pity, as he knew it would when the truth came out. He knew his lovers well enough to know he'd finally have to give them a full explanation—but he still kept his eyes closed, delaying the inevitable a little longer.

Devon's continued silence and docility ate at Jonathan's studied calm. He wanted to push Devon against the wall of the shower and hold him there with his body, wanted to demand that Devon tell them what the hell was going on and why the fuck he was keeping it from them. But however much better that would make him feel, it was the last thing Devon needed, especially in the state he was in after the nightmare. He'd have to wait for Kit to return before starting the discussion anyway. Holding back a frustrated sigh, Jonathan poured some shampoo into his palms and began to work it through Devon's locks, trying to will away the other man's tension.

Kit set the tray down on the table next to the bed and walked into the bathroom, the sound of the water running drawing him to his lovers' sides. Pulling aside the curtain, he

stepped into the shower with them, his hands immediately joining Jonathan's on Devon's body. "Feeling better, lover?" he asked.

"Mmmnn," Devon rumbled, but it was getting harder to keep his eyes closed with two sets of hands wandering over his body and stirring his cock to reawakening stiffness against his thigh.

"Somebody's waking up," Jonathan observed wryly, though he didn't move his hands toward Devon's erection and did his best to keep his touches soothing. His own answering arousal was making itself known, but as wonderful as he knew they could make each other feel, it would only distract them from the need to talk.

"Good," Kit said with a smile, knowing what both of his lovers were surely feeling, for he was feeling it too. His passion, though, was tempered by the chilling phone call he had received. "You got a rather strange telephone call while I was downstairs," he added, keeping the movement of his hands steady as he spoke.

Jerking upright from beneath the shower's spray so quickly that his head swam, Devon grasped Kit's shoulders and turned to face him. "You answered the phone?" he demanded fiercely. "Who was it? What did he say?"

"He wouldn't give his name when I asked," Kit replied, meeting Devon's eyes seriously. He didn't want to add to Devon's panic, but he needed Devon to understand that he—they—were serious about finding out what was going on. "He said to tell you he was expecting an introduction."

Jonathan felt Devon's muscles tense beneath his palms at Kit's response. "That bastard!" Devon cursed,

unconsciously tightening his grip on the younger man's shoulders, so enraged he didn't notice the wince of pain. "That bloody, mother-sodding bastard! I'll rip his head from his fucking body before I let him get anywhere near you!" He reached for the curtain, as if he was going to charge out of the shower that very instant.

Clutching at Devon in turn, Jonathan hauled him back, and this time he *did* pin him against the wall. "You're not going anywhere until you tell us what the fuck is going on," he insisted, holding the fiery green gaze with his own implacable stare.

"I agree," Kit said firmly, turning off the water, "but I think this might be a conversation better suited to the bedroom than to the shower stall. Right, Jonathan?" he added pointedly. "I brought some brandy up for all of us. We'll go in, sit down, and talk. Then we can see about ripping someone's head off his body."

Devon met Jonathan's gaze a moment longer, then nodded, pushing a hand through his dripping hair. A tense silence held as each man dried off, with none of the teasing offers of assistance that would normally accompany the activity.

Wrapping a towel around his hips, Jonathan nodded for Devon to precede them into the bedroom, squeezing Kit's shoulder for reassurance as they followed.

Devon stood awkwardly in the center of the room, as if he were still considering bolting. "Sit," Jonathan insisted, pointing to the corner of the bed and taking a cross-legged position across from Devon.

Kit settled right next to where Devon flopped on the bed, spooning up behind their lover. Jonathan's intensity was so pointed, so focused, that Kit could only imagine how harried Devon was feeling. Deciding on a different tack, he wrapped his arms around Devon and nuzzled his neck. "Come on, Devon. Talk to us, please. We can't help you if we don't know what's wrong. At least tell us who was on the phone."

Taking a sudden interest in the crumpled burgundy sheets beneath his knees, Devon shook his head. "Robert," he said wearily, giving in to the inevitable with poor grace. "That were—that was Robert."

Shocked by Devon's defeated tone and the lapse into broad Yorkshire—a sign of how deeply he was shaken—Jonathan tried to let go of his own fear and frustration. He reached forward to close a hand around the one of Devon's that was picking nervously at the sheets. "He's the one you told us about at the beach house?" he asked, his voice quiet.

Jonathan's question brought back to Kit the conversation they'd had with Devon where he'd revealed a little of his past involvement with a hard-core BDSM scene. Kit had all but put it from his mind, despite the games they'd played since then. Devon wasn't like that, wasn't a heartless, unfeeling Dom. He was a tender, creative lover, even when he was being commanding or fucking Kit over a porch rail. As rough as things had gotten between them at times, ever since that one time he and Jonathan had scared the younger man inadvertently, Devon had been the model lover. "Is he the one who's been calling you the last couple of days?" Kit asked, wanting to keep the conversation on track.

"Aye," Devon admitted in answer to both questions. "He's the one. Bastard's been calling for the last week."

“You said—or at least, you implied—it was over between you,” Jonathan protested. His stomach roiled at the thought of the man who had abused Devon, badly enough to have caused the terrifying dreams that had tormented him the last few nights, trying to make contact again.

“Hadn’t seen or thought of the bastard in three years,” Devon rumbled, though only the first part of the statement was true.

“Then why would he start calling you now?”

“And why would he want to meet me?” Kit added. “You certainly made it sound like you didn’t part on very good terms.”

“He’s here.” Devon couldn’t hide the shudder that shook him at the thought of even being on the same continent with his former master. “He’s managed to get an invitation to visit the set. And there is no way in bloody hell I’m introducing you to him!”

“All right, wait a minute,” Jonathan interjected, taking both Devon’s hands between his. “Even if he does manage to get on set, there’s nothing he can do, Devon. Between the crew and the cast and security, there’ll be dozens of people around. So you introduce us, we say hello”—*I manage not to knock his teeth down his throat for what he did to you*, Jonathan thought—“and then he’s gone. Don’t let it get to you this way.”

“How’d he get permission to come on set?” Kit asked, rubbing his hands soothingly over Devon’s back. “I thought Niall was being really careful about who he allowed around.”

“Professional courtesy,” Devon muttered, his voice dripping scorn. “He’s been gloating about how much he’s

looking forward to it. He'd just better stay the fuck away from the two of you," he growled, his hands balling into fists beneath Jonathan's clasp.

Unclenching Devon's hands, Jonathan twined their fingers together and squeezed gently. "What did he do to you, Devon?" he asked in a low voice. "Tell us about the dream."

"You know you can tell us anything, Devon," Kit added. "Just don't shut us out."

Drawing an unsteady breath, Devon tried to bring his anger under control, tried to find a dispassionate voice that would hide the shame he felt. "The first time I met him was on set," he began. "I was a bit in awe—eager to work with him, anxious to make a good impression." He snorted in disgust at the memory. "A bunch of us went out for drinks after the first week's shooting—just getting to know each other, like. You know how it is after everyone's been drinking for a while; the conversation started turning suggestive. I'd done a little experimenting with BDSM, not much really, but he made a comment, and I answered back, made it sound like I was more experienced than I was—trying to impress him, I suppose." Devon gave another scornful laugh. "He called my bluff—invited me back to his place. I couldn't back down, not if I didn't want to look like a fool."

Kit winced. He'd been in situations like that before. They never ended well. While he was glad of the insight into Devon's past, he didn't see how it related to the present. "And the dream?" he prompted. "What does that have to do with your nightmare?"

"That was when it started, that first night," Devon replied, his voice lowering as he let himself remember what he'd spent the last three years trying to forget. "He told me

afterward that he'd gone easy on me, but now that he knew how well I could take it, he wouldn't hold back. Made me feel proud, strong. And at first it was good—more than good," he admitted. He flushed at the memory of how willingly he'd gone under, how hungry he'd been for the older man's approval. "I'd have done anything for him, and damn near did."

Devon's words sent a double chill down Kit's back, one for the thought of someone trying to break Devon, the other for how strongly the feelings Devon described resembled his own feelings for his lover. Looking at Devon directly in front of him and Jonathan sitting there facing them, Kit knew that despite the surface similarities, this was different. Devon might give them orders from time to time, might push their limits, but he wasn't looking for a slave, wasn't trying to recreate them to fit his image of the perfect lover.

Remembering how incredibly aroused he'd been that weekend at the beach, Jonathan nodded. He could understand how tempting it might be to submit to someone you trusted—and how dangerous it could be if that trust was misplaced. "What went wrong?" he asked, afraid he already knew the answer.

"In the beginning, we stuck to pretty basic stuff—restraints, gagging..." Devon flushed again, his voice thickening, "flogging. Then he—we—" He broke off, his head dropping, not wanting to see the expressions on the other men's faces at his admission.

Inwardly flinching, Kit tightened his embrace, wanting Devon to feel his support. He could see how much these memories upset their lover, and a part of him wanted to stop, to tell Devon that it didn't matter, that he should just

forget about it. He knew better, though. This was poisoning Devon from the inside, and if they didn't get it out in the open and dealt with, it would start poisoning their relationship too. Kit loved Devon too much to let that happen. "Then?" he said softly, his lips moving against Devon's nape as he spoke.

"He said he wanted us to try something different, that I was the first partner he trusted enough to share it with—and I was daft enough to believe him. We'd already—" Devon swallowed, just the memory enough to make it hard to breathe. "He'd already fucked me once cuffed to the bed—I was so far under I couldn't deny him anything. It was so good when he started, slow and more tender than he usually was. He was stroking my throat, wrapping his hands around my neck while he kissed me—he almost never kissed me—it was so good, so sweet, and when we both started to get close, he—he started to—to squeeze." He shook his head, blind to anything but the memory. "Maybe I could have stopped him then, but I never even thought to try. I was so fuckin' close, and all I could feel was him inside me, and my blood pounding in my ears, and it felt so fuckin' incredible... I'd never come that hard before."

Jonathan hated this, hated hearing Devon talk about it, hated the thought of his lover being hurt, but most of all hated the idea that this bastard had made Devon like it. He wanted to lean forward and kiss Devon's neck, to wipe away the memory of the other man's hands, but he knew he couldn't distract Devon from finishing his story. Tightening his grip on his lover's fingers, he willed his voice to calmness. "Was that what the nightmare was about?"

Kit bent his head, unable to meet either of their eyes as he struggled to deal with the myriad of emotions. Anger was starting to burn within him, low in his gut, at the thought of some freak doing these things to Devon, forcing him into such a situation. He knew Devon would say there had been no force, but Kit knew better, even if the force had not been physical. His resolve increased with the strength of his anger. This Robert—the name was a curse in his mind—would not be allowed to hurt Devon again.

Daring a glance up, Devon was caught by the intensity of Jonathan's gaze. In his lover's eyes he saw unquestioning understanding and acceptance, not the condemnation he'd feared. A rush of emotion hit him so strongly that he blinked back sudden tears. "No," he shook his head, holding on to the comfort of Jonathan's gaze like a lifeline. "Not then; not at first. But every time after that, he'd start a little sooner, squeeze a little tighter—hold on after a little longer. One night—" he hesitated, but Jonathan's nod encouraged him to go on. "One night, he was upset about something—I don't even remember what it was, something from the day's filming, maybe—anyway, he'd told me he didn't want to hear anything out of me, warned me not to make a sound. He'd—"

Looking into Jonathan's eyes, feeling Kit's hands trembling on his shoulders, Devon couldn't tell them how he'd come so close to safewording, after Robert had beaten him harder than he'd ever done before and then taken him while he still hung in the restraints; how Robert had throttled him until he was sure he was going to suffocate, taunting him the whole time, daring him to tell him to stop. Pride alone had kept him from struggling when the cruel hands had closed around his throat, when Robert had

slammed into him without preparation and choked him until black waves obscured his sight. He would have cried out his safeword then, but he couldn't even draw enough air to speak. They had both orgasmed together, and he couldn't hold back the gasp of pain when Robert's hands finally slackened enough to let him suck in an agonized breath.

"He—I—when he let me go, I gasped, and he—he said—he told me if I couldn't obey a simple order, he'd have to show me what being quiet meant." Devon shuddered as his breathing quickened in response to the memory. "He took me down, cuffed my hands behind my back, and he—there was a crawlspace under the porch of his house, he put me into it and he—he—it was—"

The remembered horror in Devon's eyes cut into Jonathan's soul. Opening his arms, he pulled the larger man into his embrace, kissing his temple, his ear, his neck. "S'okay," he whispered, tears rolling down his face unheeded as he rocked his lover in his arms. "It's okay, it's over. He can't touch you anymore."

"We won't let him," Kit agreed hoarsely, his eyes damp with his own unshed tears. He moved onto his knees, his body lining up with Devon's back, adding his lips, his caresses to Jonathan's. His hands began to move gently, sliding over Devon's skin, seeking to wipe away the memory of any touch but theirs.

Feeling the dampness of Jonathan's tears against his throat, Devon lifted his lover's face, brushing away the moisture and joining their lips together, the need to give comfort pulling him out of the memories of the past. His tongue parted Jonathan's lips, drinking in the taste of his lover's mouth, banishing Robert from his thoughts, taking

comfort in the presence of the men he loved. With his free hand he reached backward, capturing Kit's arm, pulling him closer, leaning back into the younger man's strength.

Devon's lips closing over Jonathan's, taking control of the kiss, told Jonathan more than any words could what their lover needed. Devon was strong; he'd walked away from this bastard once, and he'd beat him again, but right now he needed reassurance of his own control, and Jonathan would give that to him. Lying back on the pile of pillows against the headboard, he pulled Devon down on top of him, spreading his legs to coax Devon to lie between them. He gently broke away from the kiss, giving in to his need to trail his mouth down the strong column of his lover's throat. "Make love to me, Devon," he whispered, the low rasp of his voice confirming his need.

"Yes," Devon husked, desire for his lover—for both his lovers—flaring in him. Twisting his shoulders, he drew Kit's mouth to his, conveying his own need as the urgent dance of his tongue stoked the younger man's hunger. "Kit," he urged, "want you to make love to me." He needed both men's touch, both men's love, to wipe away the last traces of Robert's poisonous memory.

"Anytime," Kit replied fervently, love and lust mingling at the request. He shifted so that he knelt between Jonathan's outspread legs, pulling Devon between his own thighs, facing Jonathan. "Go ahead," he urged. "Touch him like he asked. You know what he likes." As he spoke, his hands wandered over Devon's chest, tweaking his nipples as Kit knew he liked best.

Jonathan moaned as Devon's hands mirrored Kit's words, coasting over all the sensitive spots his lovers had

discovered. He tangled his hands in Devon's tousled hair, pulling him back into a deep kiss, his tongue claiming Devon's mouth to demonstrate exactly how he wanted to be claimed in turn.

Kit watched his two lovers kiss passionately, their obsession with each other turning him on immensely. There wasn't any danger of what they shared getting mixed up with Robert's twisted ideas, not if the other man had foregone the incredible pleasure of kissing Devon. Kit took advantage of that freedom every chance he got! That triggered an idea, so fleeting he almost dismissed it. Almost. Moving his hands to Devon's shoulders, he urged him to slide lower, sending Devon's lips skimming over Jonathan's collarbone on their way to his nipples. "Bite him," Kit urged. "You know how he likes it."

Devon let Kit guide him without even thinking about it. The suggestion from the younger man coincided so well with his own desires that he never questioned the guidance. The feeling of Kit's lips on his back, nipping and kissing, only added to the sensation, and to his surprise, he felt himself slipping under, not like he had with Robert, not out of pride or fear, but out of need and love. With a sigh of relief against Jonathan's skin, he gave himself over to Kit's direction, knowing without needing to be told that Kit would never abuse that trust.

Jonathan was surprised to hear Kit take control, a role Devon usually assumed regardless of his relative position in the pile of their bodies, but before he could question it, Devon relaxed against him, following their lover's instructions. Jonathan quit wondering and enjoyed the feel of Devon's teeth closing around his nipple.

A little surprised at Devon's easy acquiescence, Kit wondered how far his two lovers would let him take this. Not that he had any intention of turning it rough, but he was not usually the one giving directions, however tame they were. He sat back on his knees and tentatively closed his hands over Jonathan's, moving them from Devon's head to his chest. "Touch him," he directed Jonathan. "I want to hear him moan."

The delicious torment of Devon's mouth on his chest had Jonathan close to moaning himself. Kit's command only reinforced what he longed to do anyway. He ran his palms over the width of Devon's broad chest and then returned to rub circles over the pebbling nipples. When he'd coaxed them to firm peaks, he pinched them between his fingers, rolling and tugging the sensitive buds until he wrung a groan from deep in Devon's throat.

Biting his way toward Jonathan's other nipple, Devon didn't try to hold back his moan of pleasure at Jonathan's touch, knowing it was what Kit wanted to hear. He arched his hips upward, opening himself further to Jonathan's touch and hoping to brush against Kit, missing the younger man's warmth against his back.

Kit brushed a gentle hand over Devon's ass. "Feeling greedy, are you?" he teased, letting his fingers drift into the cleft between the muscular buttocks. On impulse, he lowered his head and nipped sharply at the curve of one tight cheek.

Startled by Kit's action, Devon instinctively bit down harder on Jonathan's nipple, their cries echoing as they bucked against each other. "You know what we want," Devon gasped, licking a soothing swath over the swollen flesh

beneath his mouth. His eyes met Jonathan's, his lover's blue depths cloudy with desire. "What we all want."

Kit grinned. Yes, he knew what they wanted. Grabbing the lube from the bedside table, he took one of Devon's hands and squirted gel on his fingers. "Get Jonathan ready," he said firmly.

His desire spiraling at Kit's commands, Devon saw a matching spark in his partner's eyes. His hand stroked lazily down Jonathan's cock and then lower, sliding behind it to skim the dark crease. At the same time, he could feel the cool slickness of Kit's hand between his own legs, preparing him as he opened Jonathan, all their movements wordlessly synchronized in a loving dance.

"Lift your knees, Jonathan," Kit instructed. "Let Devon in." Even as he continued preparing Devon with one hand, he reached around and palmed his lover's hard cock with the other, slicking it and guiding it to Jonathan's entrance.

Acceding without question, Jonathan opened himself to his lovers. Hearing Kit direct Devon made him feel as if both of them were making love to him at the same time. His hand closed over Kit's, his hips pushing up to draw Devon inside, a deep moan of pleasure beginning as the thick shaft filled him. He pulled Devon's head back down to his, breathing the moan into his lover's parted lips.

Devon drank in Jonathan's heated breath, filling his lungs with the sweetness of his moan as he sank into the welcoming sheath of his lover's body. Kit's breath was warm on his shoulders as his fingers twisted inside him, stretching Devon for his own penetration. Gripped fiercely by desire, Devon knew it was safe to ask for what he needed, knew his lovers cared for his own pleasure as much as their own.

“Now,” he pleaded, the head of his cock finding Jonathan’s sweet spot in the same instant Kit’s fingers rubbed against his. “Now, kitten, please....”

It was a plea Kit had no intention of resisting, the nickname Devon used so rarely betraying the force of his need. He withdrew his fingers and slid deep into Devon’s willing depths, joining all three of them body and soul. He gasped anew at the sensation of heat and pressure on his erection. After the months they had been together, he should have grown accustomed to it, as he should have grown accustomed to feeling his lovers inside him. While the sensation was now familiar, it had lost none of its power. He hoped it never did.

Pressed on each side by warm male flesh, Devon felt the last of the nightmare’s terror melt away, powerless to stand against the love he felt for the two men who accepted him and supported him without question. Kit’s thrusts pushed him deeper into Jonathan; Jonathan’s arms pulled them both closer, merging them into a single, loving being. Three sets of lips slid over any flesh they could reach. Three voices moaned and whispered words of need and desire as their bodies rocked together, climbing the pinnacle of ecstasy, moving faster and harder as they neared the peak. Devon fought to catch his breath as the pressure mounted inside him, panting at the sweet friction of filling and being filled. With a sudden gasp, he stiffened and cried out as his orgasm took him, leaving him shuddering between his two lovers, each aftershock triggering another ragged moan.

The flare of Devon’s warmth spreading inside him pushed Jonathan nearly to the brink. He slid a hand between their bodies to finish himself, gasping as Kit’s palm

closed over his own. Letting Kit guide their joined hands over his shaft, the strokes stirred Devon inside Jonathan's slick channel until the movements triggered his own shattering climax.

The constrictions of Devon's body around him and the slippery heat of Jonathan's seed on his hand were enough to send Kit spiraling into release, his body jerking inside Devon's, filling his lover with his essence. He regained just enough awareness to keep from slumping onto the other two men. To keep from crushing Jonathan, he rolled to one side, pulling Devon with him so that he still lay enfolded between the two of them.

Devon lay between his two sated lovers as his breathing slowly steadied, drawing comfort from their solid presence on either side. He'd thought he'd never know the pleasure of going under again, not after the way Robert had abused his trust, but giving in to Kit had been so easy, so good—the way it should be, had to be, for any kind of relationship to work. It seemed he had finally found a partner both strong enough and gentle enough to dominate him in all the right ways. Partners, Devon corrected himself, nestled between their warmth. He still had to face Robert, but the thought no longer had the power to terrify him, because he knew he would not be facing him alone.

## Chapter 3

### Bad Blood

KIT sat fuming quietly in the trailer, having sent Stacy and Carol home early, promising to make sure their costumes were properly prepared for the next day. Devon had spent the entire day ragging on him for one thing after another, and while it was all in fun, Kit didn't want an audience for what he had planned. After the tense few days they'd had with Devon's nightmares, Kit hardly begrudged Devon a little fun, but it was time to turn the tables. Hearing Jonathan's and Devon's voices outside, he positioned himself by the door, ready to tackle Devon as soon as he came inside.

"At least when we were at Camelot we didn't have to wear this bloody armor," Devon griped, looking back at Jonathan as he entered the trailer. "I can't wait to get out of—" His words were cut off as a body slammed against his, knocking him into Jonathan. Acting on instinct, he kicked out at his attacker's feet, throwing the body roughly to the floor of the trailer before he realized who it was.

Kit gasped as he landed hard on the floor with Devon, still in full costume, crushing him. "Get off me, you wanker," he protested, laughing. "You're heavy."

Jonathan offered an arm to help Devon lever up off Kit's slighter frame. "I don't think you quite have the hang of it yet, Kit-Kat," he teased. "When you tackle somebody, you're supposed to end up on *top*."

“I would have if you hadn’t been behind him to catch him,” Kit groused good-naturedly. He gave Devon a once over. “Get changed. When we get home, I’ll give you a proper wrestling match.”

Devon snickered, though the image of Kit’s lissome body wrestling with his was enough to start him hardening under Lancelot’s leathers. “We’ll have to think of some kind of handicap to make it a proper match,” he teased. “What do you think, Jon? Maybe I should tie one arm behind my back to make it even?”

“I don’t need a handicap,” Kit protested. “You just wait. I can take you in a fair fight.”

“I can see I’m going to be stuck playing referee,” Jonathan chuckled, stripping off his tunic. “Where are Carol and Stacy, anyway? I’m sure they’d enjoy watching the two of you go at it.”

“I sent them home—I didn’t think Devon would want an audience to see me pummel him.” As much as the exhibitionist in Kit might get off on knowing someone was watching them, he doubted Devon, and more especially Jonathan, were ready to have them outed to the make-up team that way.

“In your dreams,” Devon countered, losing no time peeling off the heavy layers of Lancelot’s costume. He fleetingly considered a shower, but the thought of wrestling with Kit while Jonathan watched was becoming more and more enticing. He settled for a quick scrub of his face with one of the wipes the girls kept on the counter, handing another to Jonathan before dressing in his own clothes.

Jonathan cleaned off his own makeup and, foregoing the constriction of boxers, stepped into his worn jeans and pulled his T-shirt over his head. Picking up the pieces of their costumes, he hung them in the wardrobe closet. “There, now Stacy and Carol won’t crab at us in the morning. C’mon, let’s get home where I can grab a beer and the two of you can tussle all you want.”

“What are we waiting for?” Devon challenged, heading toward the door. “May the best knight win!”

Kit grinned at Jonathan, recognizing the quote from an early episode’s script. “Your delivery was better,” he joked, following Devon outside.

“That’s why I became King, and he winds up being banished,” Jonathan teased, though the reminder that Devon would not be needed on set while they filmed the episodes after Lancelot left Camelot made him fall into an uneasy silence. Knowing his tendency to over-think things, he’d tried to avoid looking too far ahead in the relationship, and he pushed the depressing thought from his mind for now. Time enough to deal with that later; right now he’d enjoy every minute they had with Devon. He picked up Excalibur and followed his lovers out of the trailer.

AS SOON as they got inside Jonathan’s house, Kit emptied his pockets and pulled off his belt and charms so they wouldn’t hurt Devon or get tangled up. “Let’s go, bad boy,” he challenged again, rocking lightly on the balls of his feet. “Time to put your money where your mouth is.”

Devon couldn't help but chuckle at Kit's attitude, but his arousal was as strong as his amusement. Pulling his shirt over his head, he winked at Jonathan and tucked his left arm into the back of his belt. "Big talk from a little knight," he teased, dropping into a crouch. "Bring it on, sunshine."

Kit circled Devon slowly, watching the way his lover moved, admiring his sleek grace, but also looking for weaknesses. With one hand behind his back, Devon's balance would be off just a little. Kit just had to figure out how to use that to his advantage. He lunged at Devon's side, pushing the blond so he'd fall in the direction of the bound arm.

The strength of Kit's lunge caught Devon by surprise. He'd thought he'd learned to stop underestimating Kit by now. He let his torso absorb the blow, wishing the younger man had removed his shirt too so he could feel their bare skin touching.

Jonathan could read Devon's thoughts on his face as the longing gaze swept over Kit's torso. "Take off your shirt, Kit-Kat," he suggested huskily, shifting on the couch to adjust his own growing arousal.

Taking a step back and making sure Devon wasn't going to tackle him while his hands were tangled in his sleeves, Kit stripped the shirt off, leaving himself bare to the waist. As soon as it fell to the ground, he tackled Devon again, succeeding in taking him down this time.

Kit's weight settling on top of him had a definite effect on Devon's libido. He pushed off the floor with his free elbow, maintaining the press of their bodies as he flipped Kit over, landing on top of him and grinding his erection into the

younger man's hips. "Right where I want you," he growled. "Underneath me."

Kit bucked up against Devon's circling hips, dislodging him enough to roll out from beneath him. He grabbed the strong arms and rolled again. "What if I want you beneath me?" he challenged.

The thrust of Kit's hips into Devon's, mimicking the action he hoped they'd soon be engaged in, goaded Devon into pushing back roughly, eager to feel his lover's body beneath his again. "Who said this was about what you want?" he countered, shifting suddenly and rolling atop Kit again.

Kit's moan at Devon's commanding tone turned to a yelp of pain when something sharp slit the skin of his upper arm.

"Fuck!" Jonathan cried out when he saw Kit roll into Excalibur. He leaped from the couch, grabbing the hilt of the sword where he'd leaned it against the wall and moving it out of the way of the two struggling men. "Shit, I'm sorry, Kit! Are you okay?"

"My arm's bleeding," Kit replied, pushing up with the uninjured limb. He reached around to where it hurt, and his hand came back red with blood. "Fuck, it hurts! I didn't think they kept the swords sharp enough to cut. Thank God it isn't a real sword or I'd be minus an arm. Can you tell how bad it is?"

Jonathan crouched on the balls of his feet, peering over Kit's shoulder. He touched the cut hesitantly, frowning when his fingers were quickly covered with blood. The sword wasn't sharpened enough to cut deeply, but the gash was

several inches long. “We’d better get a bandage on it quick.” He frowned. “Devon, can you grab the first aid kit from the— Devon?”

Devon hadn’t moved since Kit’s first, pained shout, Jonathan realized. He’d pulled his legs up to his chest and sat leaning on one elbow, staring blindly at the younger man, a cold sheen of sweat breaking out on his brow. “Devon?” Jonathan repeated, his attention torn between his two lovers.

Kit grabbed his discarded T-shirt and wrapped it tightly around his arm, coming up on his knees to peer into Devon’s face. “Devon?” he echoed, starting to reach for his lover’s cheek before realizing his hand was stained with his own blood.

Squeezing Kit’s shoulder reassuringly, Jonathan raised his other hand slowly to their lover’s cheek. “Devon?” he called again, his voice as gentle as his touch. “Babe, what is it?”

The tenderness of Jonathan’s presence broke Devon free of the vision that had overwhelmed him at the sight of Kit’s blood. He shuddered and rubbed his hand over his face, forcing himself from memories back to the present—a present where he had once again harmed his lover. “Fuck, I’m sorry, Kit.” Devon groaned as he saw the younger man clutching his blood-stained shirt around his arm. “What the fuck am I doing to you? I can’t do this anymore,” he growled, pushing to his feet. “I won’t do this again! Not to you!” He turned blindly toward the door, his only thought to get away before he could hurt either of them any further.

“Devon!” Kit shouted, launching himself after his lover, completely ignoring his injured arm. Yeah, it hurt, but losing

Devon would hurt a hell of a lot more. “What the hell are you talking about?”

Jonathan pushed to his feet and stood in front of Devon, blocking his path. “You’re not running away from us, Devon,” he insisted, taking the other man by the arm and guiding him back to the sofa. “You didn’t hurt Kit—it was an accident. If it’s anyone’s fault, it’s mine for not moving Excalibur when the two of you started to play.” He cupped Devon’s face in his hands, forcing his lover to meet his concerned gaze. “I’m going to take Kit into the bathroom and clean him up. Promise me you won’t try to leave. We need to talk about this.”

Devon ran his hand through his hair, still shaken from the emotional ferocity of the memories. “I’ll stay,” he muttered wearily. “I just—bollocks! I don’t want... I’ll stay.” He trailed off into awkward silence.

It was the best Jonathan could do for now. Dropping a kiss on the top of Devon’s head, he stood and followed Kit into the bathroom.

Kit let Jonathan tend to his arm, but inside, his thoughts were reeling. “What’s going on with Devon?” he asked, needing some reassurance that everything would be all right. “Is it still...?” He didn’t want to evoke the specter that had haunted the past few days. He had thought, had hoped, that they had banished that particular ghost.

“I think this bastard Robert has a lot more to answer for than we suspected,” Jonathan said tightly. Setting his jaw, he unwrapped the bloody cloth from Kit’s arm with gentle hands, relieved to see the cut was not as bad as he’d originally feared. “I think we can get by without stitches.” He wiped away the blood that had already started to dry with a

clean washcloth. “I don’t know what’s going on in Devon’s head right now, but it seemed like seeing your blood is what set him off, and I’m willing to bet that prick had something to do with it.” Jonathan fit a large bandage over Kit’s cut, trying to get his anger under control before they returned to the parlor. He couldn’t let Devon think his anger was directed toward him.

“I want to know who he is,” Kit decided as Jonathan worked on his arm, his own anger bubbling beneath the surface, quelled only because he knew that having them all angry and upset could only end in catastrophe. “And I want him the hell away from Devon.”

“Well, we already know Devon met him on one of his films,” Jonathan said, smoothing the adhesive ends of the bandage into place. “Let’s see what else Devon will tell us now, and then maybe I can do some checking.”

Kit nodded. “The more we know, the better we’ll be able to deal with whatever else comes up. One way or another, though, I want the bastard gone. He’s hurt Devon too much already.” He looked at his arm in the mirror, seeing no trace of the blood that had been there. “Am I all done?”

Jonathan wrapped his arms around Kit and turned him until they were facing, lowering his head to take his lover’s mouth in a slow, warm kiss. “I want to protect him as much as you do,” Jonathan murmured. “We’ll find a way to deal with this together.”

Kit’s arms tightened around Jonathan’s waist, leaning into the kiss, drawing strength from it, strength he knew he would need to face whatever demons haunted Devon. “Together,” he agreed when their lips separated.

Devon looked up as Kit and Jonathan walked back into the parlor, his expression drawn with worry and guilt. “How bad is it?” he asked, his eyes flickering between his two lovers. “Do we need to take him to hospital?”

“I’m fine,” Kit insisted, keeping his tone deliberately light. “It was just a little scratch. See, Jonathan bandaged it up all nice and neat. Give me a day or two and you won’t even know it happened.”

“It shouldn’t have happened at all,” Devon insisted. “I had no business wrestling with you like that. I’m bigger than you, stronger—I should have known you’d wind up hurt.”

“That’s not the way I remember what was happening,” Kit said. “Until I rolled into Jonathan’s sword like an idiot, I thought I was doing a fine job of holding my own. Yes, you’re bigger, but that doesn’t mean you’re automatically going to harm me. I know you’d never deliberately hurt me that way.”

Devon flushed at Kit’s words, his head dropping in shame. “But I did,” he muttered thickly, his hands clenching into fists on his thighs. “I always do.”

Jonathan moved next to Devon on the sofa as Kit sat on his opposite side, the two of them surrounding him with the warmth of their presence. “Something happened, didn’t it, Devon?” Jonathan asked gently. “Something else that this reminded you of?”

Kit wrapped his arms around Devon from one side, feeling Jonathan’s arms encircling their lover from the other, as he waited for Devon’s answer.

Taking a deep breath, Devon tried to relax into the two pairs of arms enveloping him, but he couldn’t let go, not when every time he closed his eyes he saw that night three

years ago—only this time, the face of the young man beneath him was Kit’s. As much as he wanted to forget the ugly incident, he knew his reaction tonight had made that impossible. Whatever happened as a result, his lovers deserved to know the truth.

“What I told you before,” Devon started in a voice so low Jonathan could barely hear him. He cleared his throat and started again. “This is worse—I don’t know if I can...” He trailed off uncomfortably, hanging his head. “It’s more than just admitting how weak I was. He made me—” Devon hesitated, shaking his head in denial. “No, I can’t blame him. I was the one who—” He broke off again in frustration, trying to stand. “You shouldn’t have to deal with this crap. I need to go.”

Kit’s arms tightened, keeping Devon in place. “You need to stop running from this,” he corrected firmly. He had never been hurt the way Devon had been, but he knew what the weight of emotional baggage could do to a man. The only way to be free of the past was to face it and deal with it. “It will haunt you until you do. As for dealing with this crap, as you call it, I think we’re the ones with the right to decide when it’s too much. I don’t recall complaining. Are you complaining, Jonathan?”

“Only because Devon keeps trying to leave,” Jonathan answered, placing a hand on the blond’s thigh to keep him from standing. “There’s nothing you can tell us that’s going to change the way we feel about you, Devon. What happened three years ago can’t touch what we have now.” His steely blue eyes caught Devon’s emerald ones, forcing Devon to hold his gaze. “Unless you let it.”

Devon nodded slowly, feeling some of the tension ease from his rigid muscles. He didn't know what he'd done to deserve the unconditional support of the two men who sat at his side, but he wouldn't let Robert—or even Robert's memory—drive them away.

When Devon relaxed, Kit leaned in and nipped lightly at his earlobe. “Can you tell us now?” he asked softly. He did not want to make Devon feel pressured, but he also did not want this to fester and lead to nightmares like the last time Devon tried to “protect” them from his past.

“I'll try,” Devon agreed, his gaze falling. He would tell them—they had the right to know what he'd done—but he couldn't look in their eyes and admit it. “We'd been together for a while, and he—Robert—he said that I'd done so well with everything he asked, I was ready for the next step. That was when he brought in Blaine. He—they'd been together before, he said, and Blaine would be perfect for me to learn on—to learn to be a Dom.”

“You're a wonderful Dom,” Kit protested, remembering their time together at the beach house and how amazing Devon had made him feel. He had no idea what was on the older man's mind, but he didn't see how it could be as awful as Devon seemed to think.

Something teased at the edge of Jonathan's memory, but the abject tone in Devon's voice made him push aside any consideration but reassuring their lover. “He wanted you to learn to be a Dom? Why?” he asked.

“In some twisted way, I think it made him feel even more powerful,” Devon admitted. “Like he wasn't pulling only the sub's strings, but mine too.” He sighed, rubbing his eyes wearily. “I couldn't have done it if it wasn't so bloody obvious

Blaine wanted it. We were both damn pathetic, looking back. We'd have done anything, taken anything, just to hear a word of praise from him."

Kit knew how that felt. Though he had no problem escaping that headspace most of the time, he remembered craving Devon's approval on the porch of their beach house. He would have done just about anything that afternoon too. "What did he make you do?"

Jonathan rubbed his free hand gently down Devon's back, unwilling to interrupt but wordlessly encouraging him to go on.

"Oh, he made sure to teach me everything," Devon said scornfully. "Everything he'd ever done to me, he taught me to do to my 'boy'. And God help me, I liked it—I liked hearing him tell me I'd done well, liked making my sub beg for what he wanted, bloody loved watching him get off when I finally gave him what he needed."

*And that's the difference between you,* Jonathan thought. Devon didn't get his enjoyment from power, from control—he wasn't describing what he took from his sub, but what he'd given to his partner. "So you both wanted it," Jonathan prompted when Devon fell silent again. "What happened to change that?"

"One night, he wanted me to shave Blaine," Devon said, closing his eyes as the scene replayed behind his closed lids. "I'd cuffed him to the bed so he couldn't move, and Robert had this bloody straight razor." Even now, Devon could feel a throb of arousal at the thought of shaving Jonathan or Kit that way. "The thing was so damn sharp, I was going slow to be sure I didn't slip—and Robert laughed, told me that Blaine would like it if I cut him." Devon swallowed against

the gorge that rose in his throat at the memory. “He told me to cut him, and I did—just a little nick, really. I’d gotten worse myself with a safety razor. And he told me—he told me to do it again. And again.”

Kit gulped, both at the thought of being cut that way and at the understanding of how the injury on his arm must have affected Devon. “You didn’t mean to cut me,” Kit reminded him firmly, trying to hide the tremble still dancing along his nerves. “And you weren’t doing anything Blaine didn’t want, right? I mean, Robert wasn’t lying to you, was he?” He couldn’t imagine wanting to be cut, but that didn’t mean someone else might not feel that way.

Devon shook his head, too ashamed to look up. “After the first time, I could tell Blaine was frightened, and the longer it went on, the worse he got. He kept looking from Robert, back to me, and I thought—I hoped—but he wouldn’t use his safeword, even though by then I could tell he was terrified.” He dropped his head into his hands, burying them in his hair. “When I realized he wasn’t going to stop me, I felt sick. I couldn’t do it anymore, no matter what Robert said. I started to back away, and he—he told me I was weak, that I needed to make my sub want it, to take control. He—he hit me, hit my arm, and the razor—it cut Blaine, deep, and there was so fuckin’ much blood—”

Devon was all but talking to himself, Jonathan realized, lost in a memory only he could see. Lifting the blond’s head gently, he combed the tangled hair back with his fingers. “It was an accident, Devon,” he repeated, his voice quiet but insistent. “Just like with Kit. You didn’t mean to hurt him that way.”

“If I didn’t mean to hurt him, I should have stopped as soon as I knew he was frightened, and I didn’t. I didn’t!” Devon’s voice rose as he forced his way to his feet. “I knew he was fuckin’ terrified, and I kept on anyway, so Robert wouldn’t think I was fuckin’ weak! What does that make me? How could you ever trust me now that you know?”

“Where is Robert now?” Kit rose to his feet as well and approached Devon slowly. “Is he still standing behind you, goading you on? He wasn’t there when you claimed us at the beach. We were completely yours that weekend. You could have asked us to do just about anything, and we would probably have done it, just like you’re saying you did for Robert. Think about what you asked, Devon. Think about what you did to us. You’re the same man now that you were that weekend. And the fact that you still feel guilty about something that happened three years ago is just more proof that *you are not Robert.*” He drove his last words home hard, trying to break through Devon’s self-imposed isolation.

Jonathan stood and held Devon by the shoulders, trying to convey all his love and trust through his touch. “Kit’s right, Devon. The fact that it’s still eating at you is proof that Robert didn’t win—not then, and not now,” he insisted. “Some day, I’m going to show you just how much I trust you,” he promised, his own voice growing heavy with arousal at the thought. “But right now, I just want you to let us love you.”

“Come upstairs with us,” Kit seconded. “Let us show you how much we want you.” *How much we’ll always want you*, he added silently.

Jonathan lowered his head to kiss the exposed skin of Devon’s chest. “Want you, Devon,” he urged, rubbing his

stubbled cheek over the coating of golden hair. “Want to show you... how much...” He closed his lips around a peaked nipple, moaning at the taste of Devon’s skin.

“You can bloody well wait until we get upstairs where we can get naked and be comfortable,” Kit scolded teasingly, slapping lightly at Jonathan’s hands. “Come on, Devon,” he joked. “The King can join us when he’s got himself under control again.”

The combination of Kit’s teasing words and Jonathan’s passionate kiss returned Devon’s focus firmly to the here and now. “Getting naked sounds good to me,” he admitted, grateful beyond words that his confession had not driven his lovers away.

“Let’s get upstairs, then,” Jonathan grinned, giddy with relief that they’d managed to allay Devon’s self-doubts. Jumping to his feet, he bounded up the steps before either of the others could react, shedding a trail of clothes along the way.

Kit chuckled at Jonathan’s enthusiasm. Not that he wasn’t feeling the same way. It just amused him. “Shall we join him?” he asked, offering his hand to Devon.

Devon enclosed Kit’s hand in his, the other reaching to hover over his bandaged shoulder without touching it. “I’m sorry, Kit,” he repeated quietly. “I never meant—”

Kit caught Devon’s free hand and lifted it to his chest before leaning forward to kiss his lover tenderly. “I know. You wouldn’t hurt me deliberately. Accidents happen. Now, can we go upstairs and shag the King blind?” He was not trying to dismiss Devon’s feelings, but they’d all had enough drama for the day. It was time to lighten the mood.

An enthusiastic “Fuck, yes!” from upstairs shattered the last of Devon’s feelings of awkwardness. Whether he deserved it or not, these two amazing men wanted him, and he was going to show them exactly what they meant to him in return. Giving a final squeeze to Kit’s hand, he headed up the stairs two at a time, bursting into the bedroom to find Jonathan already naked on the bed.

“About time the both of you got here,” Jonathan complained, stroking a hand over his already impressive erection. “It’s a good thing I don’t get jealous, or I’d think you two were starting without me again.”

Laughing, Kit unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down his legs. “If anyone started without the others, it was you,” he pointed out archly. Stepping up behind Devon, he started working on the fastenings on his lover’s trousers.

Devon kicked off his jeans impatiently and nudged Kit back on the bed, where he landed across Jonathan’s legs. Kneeling beside him, Devon lowered his head for a gentle kiss, his hands wandering over the smooth torso as his lips wordlessly offered his contrition.

“Oof!” Kit gasped as he landed on top of Jonathan, the American’s knees digging into his back. He pushed on Devon’s shoulders, not to break the kiss, but to roll him over so he could lie more comfortably. When Devon lay on his back, Kit rose up on his knees, taking control, determined to show Devon that his revelations hadn’t changed anything. His lips started working their way down Devon’s neck and chest, his destination clear even if he meant to take his time getting there.

Kit’s lips tempted Devon to lie back and give up control, but he still needed to prove how much he cherished his

younger lover. Shifting to his side, he trailed gentle kisses across Kit's collarbone and down the shoulder of the injured arm, detouring to tease at a honeyed nipple before moving lower. Shifting his legs, he aligned their bodies so that each of them could touch and kiss the other freely.

The sight of his lovers pleasuring each other started a low heat building in Jonathan's belly, growing more intense as their attentions grew more intimate. When Devon shifted again to take Kit into his mouth, Jonathan couldn't resist molding himself against Devon's strong, graceful back, his arousal nudging the taut buttocks as his lips and teeth traced over Devon's shoulders.

Kit let Devon position him as he pleased. It didn't matter to him how they configured their bodies as long as he could still get his hands and lips on his lover. When Devon's mouth closed over the tip of his cock, he moaned, nudging one thigh so he could reach the treasures hidden between them. As soon as they parted, he dipped his head, licking at the heavy sac.

Devon pressed back into the comfort of Jonathan's embrace, his purr of pleasure around Kit's shaft turning into a groan when his partner's mouth lapped wetly at his bollocks. At the same time, Jonathan's hands slid lower, his lips trailing a meandering path down Devon's spine as his fingers followed the contours of his splayed legs.

Reaching the upper curve of Devon's buttocks, Jonathan let one hand stray for a moment to brush over the top of Kit's head, lovingly ruffling the tousled hair. His fingers glided down the smooth cheek, lingering at the place where Kit's mouth met Devon's flesh, the link between the three of them so strong in that instant he felt awed by it.

Sliding lower, Jonathan pressed his lips to the place his hand had been, overcome with love for both his lovers.

Kit shifted, his lips following Jonathan's for a moment. He knew that they needed to make this encounter about Devon, knew Jonathan felt the same way though they had not discussed it, but the feeling of rightness when Jonathan's mouth met his on Devon's body was too powerful to let go immediately. He tangled his tongue with Jonathan's as they teased the man between them.

The two sets of hands and lips moving over Devon, when his emotions had already been set on edge, were rapidly starting to fray his control. The feel of two mouths meeting around his bollocks made him lift his head in shock, and the sight of Kit and Jonathan kissing with his flesh still between them was almost enough to send him off. His free hand moved over their joined heads, caressing whatever skin he could reach until the pleasure became too intense to resist. "Too much," he gasped, arching back to try and pull away. "Too soon."

Kit disengaged from Jonathan's mouth at Devon's words, lifting his head to peer up at their lover. "No such thing." His lips skimmed across Devon's thigh. "Let us love you."

Jonathan relinquished Kit's mouth regretfully but found it equally alluring to nip his way up Devon's buttocks, spreading them with his hands to lave the crease between them. His tongue teased at the entrance he shortly planned to claim, circling it until it pulsed against him before plunging as deeply as he could into the smoky depths.

A cry of pleasure tore from Devon's lips when Jonathan's facile tongue impaled him. He thrust into the

contact, trying to draw the probing muscle even deeper, but it wasn't enough. "Please, Jon," he gasped, needing more of that searing fullness. "Ah, Jesus, fuck me!"

There was nothing Jonathan wanted more at that moment, but he ignored Devon's increasingly frantic pleading and spent another few delicious minutes stretching the portal with his tongue, adding a saliva-wet thumb to the clenching passage. His free hand scrabbled blindly under the pillow until it closed on the tube of gel they'd learned to always keep within reach. He slicked some quickly over his eager cock, adding a generous dollop to his hand before pulling his mouth away and working his second thumb in its place, stretching the entrance between them. "Are you ready for me, Devon?" Jonathan asked hoarsely, resting his head on his lover's sweat-sheened back while he moved his hips into position. "Ready to feel me love you?"

Kit paused, watching Jonathan prepare Devon, the sight as powerfully arousing as if Jonathan's hands were on him instead. When Jonathan shifted and started to slide into Devon's tight portal, Kit moved as well, sliding lower on the bed so he could reach the place where his lovers joined. He flicked his tongue over their enmeshed flesh.

Devon panted as Jonathan thrust into him, filling him with the hot friction he craved. When Kit's tongue lapped over his overstretched flesh, his cock jumped against the smooth skin that pressed over it. "Good," he gasped, "so bloody fuckin' good... need more..." He closed his fist around Kit's length, pumping it as his tongue swiped wetly over its tip, too lost in the haze of his impending orgasm to do any more than taste everywhere he could reach.

Jonathan spread his legs wider when Kit's head settled between them, bending his knee to open as fully as he could to the younger man's seductive mouth. His hips jutted in small, tight thrusts, the movement just enough to drag the head of his cock over Devon's sweet spot with every pulse. The rhythmic squeeze of Devon's muscle around him and the hot, wet lap of Kit's tongue at the base of his shaft were bringing him quickly to his own climax. He bit into the hard muscle of Devon's shoulder, trying to hold back until his lovers were ready to come with him.

Kit had no idea if Devon had anything in mind when he asked for more, but it planted an idea in his head. Sliding down toward Devon's feet so he could see what he was doing, he pressed a finger against the tight aperture that stretched to welcome Jonathan's cock. Moving that way took him out of the reach of Devon's mouth, but he didn't even care. He wanted this more.

A sound that was almost a whimper escaped Devon when Kit's cock slid out of the reach of his tongue. He tried to keep stroking the slickened shaft through his fist, but his grasp weakened when a wet digit worked its way alongside Jonathan's cock, the added fullness stretching him to the breaking point. With a hoarse shout, Devon's muscles contracted around the insistent friction, his bollocks spasming as he came without his cock being touched.

Kit's finger pressing against Jonathan's sensitized shaft and Devon's passage convulsing around him brought Jonathan to his own fierce climax, filling Devon with the slickness of his release.

The incredible tightness that accompanied Devon's spasming around his finger and Jonathan's cock caught Kit

off guard. He hadn't thought that far ahead, and he groaned with the thought of what Jonathan might have felt, of what it might feel like on his cock instead of his finger. He slid his finger free, licking at the traces of Jonathan's come on the slick digit. His cock throbbed like a toothache. He reached down to take himself in hand only to have his arm swatted away.

Devon wasn't about to let Kit see to himself after his two lovers had taken such good care of him. He pushed Kit's hand away with a low growl, replacing it with his own, enjoying the way the beads of fluid from the tip allowed his hand to slide easily on the hard shaft.

Kit moaned when Devon started to stroke him. He was already so close from all that had come before. It wouldn't take much more for him to come.

Jonathan lifted his head at the sound of Kit's moan. Seeing Devon taking care of their lover, he reached over Devon's torso to join his hand atop Devon's in pleasuring Kit.

That was all it took. Kit's back arched and his cock jerked in his lovers' hands, his seed spilling out over both fists as he shouted his release, collapsing onto the bed next to the men he loved with every beat of his heart.

Smiling from the strength of Kit's climax, the two men continued to stroke his skin gently until his eyes opened again and he smiled back at them.

"Turn around here," Devon urged, wanting to be able to hold Kit properly.

Kit scooted around on the bed until his head was facing the same direction as his lovers'. He moved willingly into

Devon's open arms, feeling Jonathan's arms close around both of them from behind.

"He can't touch us," Kit murmured, his grip tightening. "He has no power that we don't give him."

Devon wasn't sure that was completely true, but he didn't want to start another discussion tonight, didn't want to let any thought of Robert taint this moment. They were all tired from the long day and the emotional scene downstairs. He was caught between two of the most wonderful men in the world. He was not going to ruin that by dwelling on things he couldn't change. Tomorrow was soon enough for the worries that remained.

## Chapter 4

### Playing with Fire

KIT walked past the door to the second bedroom that served as Jonathan’s office, surprised to hear the clatter of the keyboard. None of them were technology junkies, and their computers rarely saw any use, given how little they were home. Glancing inside, he saw Jonathan hunched over the keys, a frown on his face. “Whatcha doing, Jon?” he asked, stepping inside the room.

Jonathan ran a hand through his hair, pushing it back from his face before swiveling the chair to look at Kit. “I thought I’d try to figure out who Robert is. We know Devon met him on a movie, so I thought....” He shrugged, his cheeks flushing a little. “Josh showed me this website when he was here, IMDB—it has all kinds of movie information. I thought if I pulled up a list of the movies Devon’s done in the last few years, I might be able to find one with Robert somebody in it....” He trailed off and shrugged again. “Maybe it’s a crazy idea, but it’s all I could think of.”

“Can I help?” Kit asked, thinking that was the most sensible idea Jonathan’d had since the last time he suggested having sex. “I don’t know how it’ll help us, but at least we’ll know who’s haunting him.”

“The first step in preparing for battle is knowing your enemy,” Jonathan countered. This might not be a war like the battles they were filming, but he was more than prepared to face down the man who had dealt so much pain—physical

and emotional—to Devon. “I guess we just see if they have a list of Devon’s films.” He blinked as the screen refreshed and a page of over twenty movies was displayed. “I guess they do! Okay, let’s see how much information they have for each movie.” He clicked on a title at random, and a new page of publicity photos, plot summary, and cast credits appeared.

Kit nodded. He supposed this was a battle. A battle for Devon’s mind and heart. “Wow!” he said when the page came up. “That’s a lot of detail. I guess we just have to through each one until we find a co-star named Robert.”

“Devon said it was about three years ago,” Jonathan agreed. “Let’s just start at the top and work our way backward.” With the fourth film he clicked on, they hit pay dirt—Robert was the first name listed. Jonathan whistled softly and glanced over his shoulder at Kit. “This has to be him. No wonder Devon’s still intimidated by him!”

Kit shivered, thinking about the other actor. Jonathan was right. He could understand Devon’s fear. “He also mentioned Blaine. Was there a Blaine on that set too?” he asked.

Jonathan scanned the list of cast names. “No,” he said slowly, “but Devon said he’d been with Robert before him. Maybe Robert met him on another movie?” He clicked on Robert’s name, pulling up an even lengthier list of films. “Let’s see who he acted with before Devon.” Jonathan clicked on the entry prior to Devon’s film, his face twisting into a scowl. “Bingo! There’s Blaine, all right.” His expression softened as he read the next name on the cast list. “Well now, look at that! It’s been too long since I talked to Mariselle.” Looking up at Kit again, Jonathan smiled. “We worked together on *All the Right Reasons*. Let me see if I still

have her number somewhere. I'll bet she'd be willing to tell us whatever she knows about Robert." The name came out sounding like a curse.

Kit smiled, his lover's enthusiasm rubbing off on him. Not for the first time, he was glad Jonathan had been around Hollywood for a while. It seemed those contacts were about to come in useful. He only hoped Jonathan had kept the actress's number.

Pulling a small, dog-eared address book from his pocket, Jonathan flipped through the pages and grinned at Kit, then checked the clock. "Good, it's not too early to call L.A. Let's see if we can get in touch with her right now." He picked up the phone and dialed a long string of numbers, trying to keep from tapping his fingers impatiently as the connection worked its way across the Atlantic. Finally, the ringing stopped and a feminine voice answered. "Hello, Mari? It's Jonathan.... Yeah, it has!... You have? That's great to hear, thanks.... No, I'm still on location in England. Actually, I was calling to ask a favor."

Kit listened as Jonathan caught up with his friend and former co-star. From the length of the conversation and the hardening of Jonathan's features, Kit surmised that the actress did indeed have things to tell them. When Jonathan hung up, Kit asked, "Well, what did she say?"

"She's definitely not a fan," Jonathan answered, rubbing the back of his neck. "The first thing she told me was not to get messed up with him, even before I could ask her anything specific. Apparently Robert makes a habit of picking out someone new on every film to latch onto. He dug his claws pretty deep into Blaine, from what Mariselle saw." He shook his head and reached for Kit, needing the

reassurance of his lover's warmth to counteract the cold chill that had settled over him as his friend had described the atmosphere on the set. "I don't think there's any doubt that he's Devon's Robert."

Kit nodded, wrapping his arms around Jonathan to both give and receive comfort. "So what do we do now that we know?"

Jonathan sighed and pressed a kiss to Kit's temple. "I don't know, kitten, but at least we know what we're up against. I suppose we just try to make sure he doesn't get anywhere near Devon while he's here."

"That's easy enough. Devon's rarely alone anyway, and all we'd have to do is drop a word in the ear of the other knights and they'd help too," Kit responded with more calm than he was feeling. He was pretty much adrift here, but he knew one thing without a doubt. The Knights of the Round Table would look out for their own.

"I think we'd better handle it ourselves if we can," Jonathan said consideringly. "I don't think this is something Devon would want to get about, and anything we'd say to the others might open him up to questions he'd rather not answer."

Kit hadn't thought about that. "Well, you and I can still make sure he isn't alone. That way, if Robert does come on set and try anything, Devon will have at least one of us there with him."

"We'll have to be sure we're not too obvious about it," Jonathan cautioned. "He won't take it well if he thinks we're babysitting him."

Kit grinned at that. “Oh, I think we can convince him we’re not just babysitting.” He ran his hand down Jonathan’s chest. “This doesn’t feel like babysitting, does it?” He leaned over and nipped at his lover’s lips. “Or this?”

Pulling his lover’s hips closer, Jonathan deepened the kiss. “This feels like something that will make us late for makeup,” he murmured regretfully.

Kit couldn’t argue with that, but he was still reluctant to pull away. “This is also what’s going to keep Devon completely unaware that we’re hounding his steps.”

“TO ME it seemed exceedingly strange,” Lancelot said. “Maybe it was only a test, but almost I should have said that she was tempting us.” Devon stared defiantly at the rest of the knights scattered around the Camelot set.

“Speak no evil of the bearer of the Holy Grail!” Kit protested in Percival’s elegant tones. “We must undertake a quest for the holy relic. It must be found!”

Devon turned to face the younger knight, his gaze sweeping over the camera crew to gauge Niall’s reaction to the scene. The director was chatting with a group of men who stood beside him watching the interchange, and Devon froze when he recognized one of the visitors.

Robert.

“I shall deny none of you the right to undertake this quest, my valorous knights.” Jonathan imbued his line with all the sorrow Arthur felt at Merlin’s prophecy that the Grail quest would lead to the dissolution of the Round Table. He

waited a beat for the response Lancelot was supposed to make, vowing to undertake the search. When Devon didn't reply, he glanced at the other actor cautiously, hoping to salvage the take. "Surely the most perfect knight in the realm shall succeed in this quest," he ad-libbed, trying to catch Devon's eye; but when Lancelot still didn't return with his line, Jonathan followed his gaze to the cluster of men talking with Niall, who was so absorbed he'd forgotten to stop the cameras. "Fuck," Jonathan muttered, glancing back at Devon. *He'd* come on set after all.

"Cut," Niall called when the missed line finally penetrated his awareness. "Let's try that again, shall we?"

Given a chance to come out of character for a moment, Kit glanced around the set, his eyes landing on the unfamiliar silhouette behind Niall. The man stepped forward a little and Kit tensed. His eyes went immediately to Devon. Seeing his lover's distress, he reached for Devon's hand, with no concern for any possible audience. "He can't touch us," he murmured, trying to remind Devon of their earlier conversation. "Not unless we let him."

Kit's touch and his quiet words broke the spell that had held Devon paralyzed. He squeezed the younger man's hand for an instant, his gaze flashing to Jonathan's reassuring smile. Back in control of his emotions, he pulled Lancelot's courage around him like a cloak and focused on Arthur, waiting for Niall's cue to begin again. "I too swear to undertake this sacred quest," he carried on with his line. "I shall search every corner of the land to find this holy relic and return it to Camelot."

Jonathan answered with Arthur's lines, and the scene continued, but from the corner of his eye, he watched the group of men with Niall until they left the set.

Having resumed his mark, Kit waited for the scene to end. He had a few choice words to say to their unwanted guest. The next time he glanced over to where he had seen Robert, though, the other man was gone.

It was a good thing Lancelot was supposed to be on edge with eagerness to depart on the Grail quest in the afternoon's scenes, because Robert's appearance had left Devon badly shaken. His eyes kept flicking over the set at each break in filming, but Niall wrapped for the day without the visitors making a reappearance. Devon knew his former lover wouldn't be satisfied with just surprising him on set. He dreaded seeing Robert waiting outside the makeup trailer or leaning against his car in the parking lot, even though he knew his fears weren't reasonable.

Once out of makeup, the three of them made it to Devon's house without incident, and Devon opted to try and rid himself of some of the day's tension with a shower while Kit and Jonathan picked up Chinese carry-out for dinner. He'd just finished drying and had wrapped a fresh towel around his waist when the shrill of the telephone cut along his nerve endings. Knowing who it would be before he answered, he clenched his jaw and picked up the receiver. "Aldridge," he snapped.

"You certainly haven't lost your fancy for pretty boys," Robert drawled. "Does he taste as sweet as he looks?"

"Stay the fuck away from him," Devon growled. "Whatever your game is, I'm the only one you'll play it with."

Don't pollute him or the rest of the cast with your insinuations."

"You don't think he'd appreciate my attentions? I'm hurt," Robert replied, amused at the protectiveness the big blond was showing toward the pretty chit he'd seen on set that afternoon. "I bet he'd beg for it with the right encouragement."

Devon couldn't help but feel a flush of pride and arousal at remembering the times he'd made Kit beg—followed by an immediate wave of disgust so raw that for a moment he was afraid he was going to vomit. "You make me sick," Devon hissed. "Say what you're going to say and then fuck off."

Robert laughed. "Who's going to make me?" he challenged. "You? You couldn't do it before, sneaking away in the middle of the night like a fucking coward instead of facing me like a man. I think I'll drop by one of these nights and put him through his paces, see if you've gotten any better at training them. You sure as hell couldn't get it right with Blaine."

"You come anywhere near him or anyone else on this set and you'll find out how much of a man I am," Devon snarled. "Don't tell me I hurt your feelings when I left—is that what this is about? I didn't think you cared so much," he taunted.

"Tell me when and where," Robert answered. "We'll see if you still remember how to crawl."

Shouldering open the front door, his arms full of steaming cartons, Jonathan stopped in his tracks at the expression on Devon's face as he held the phone to his ear. *That bastard*, he realized, his rare temper flaring as he

watched Devon's hand clench around the receiver. It must be that bastard Robert.

"Devon?" Kit called softly to get Devon's attention, seeing the scowl on the other man's face and the way his knuckles clenched white around the phone. He gestured for Devon to hang up.

"Is he there?" Robert asked, hearing another voice. "You're generous, giving him permission to call you by your name. Tell him I'm looking forward to meeting him. Soon." He set the receiver into the cradle and leaned back against the headboard of the bed in his hotel room, well satisfied with the way things were turning out.

Jonathan dropped the food on the table and pulled the phone from Devon's hand, squeezing his lover's shoulder as he held the receiver to his ear. "Listen, you prick," he started, but only the hum of a dial tone answered him.

"Bastard hung up," he fumed, setting the handset back in its cradle and turning to Devon. "What did he say to you, babe?"

Offering silent support, Kit ran his hand up and down Devon's arm. "Whatever it is, you don't have to deal with him alone."

Devon leaned into Jonathan's embrace, shaking his head. "Just more of the same shite he's been spreading all week," he answered, unwilling to repeat the innuendos about Kit. "I shouldn't let him wind me up that way, but he still knows exactly how to set me off."

Nodding to Kit, Jonathan guided them to the couch, settling Devon between them. "Maybe so, but remember you beat him. You walked away," Jonathan insisted. "You don't

owe him anything, least of all conversation. Just hang up the next time he calls.”

“That’s right,” Kit agreed. “Whatever it was he did that drove you away, focus on that. He doesn’t have a hold over you anymore.”

“Kit’s got the right idea.” Jonathan rubbed soothingly over the tense muscles at the base of Devon’s neck. “What made you leave him back then? Maybe remembering that will make it easier for you to turn your back on him again this time.”

Devon sighed, twisting his head to work out the kinks as Jonathan’s touch turned into a deeper massage. “Aren’t you sick of listening to me blather?” he asked. His lovers had been nothing but accepting of everything he’d revealed to them about his past, but a part of him couldn’t help but wonder when he would reach the limits of their acceptance.

“No,” Kit declared. “This isn’t a game, where we give up just because things get difficult. If something’s bothering you, we want to know about it so we can help.” Kit glanced at Jonathan as he spoke, hoping his words were true for the other man as well. It wasn’t something they’d talked about, but Kit couldn’t imagine Jonathan not feeling the same.

“Nothing you tell us is going to make us think any less of you,” Jonathan insisted. “Especially anything that made you decide to leave that ba—” He bit off the epithet, knowing Devon needed support, not anger. He wished he dared to admit the truth of what he really felt, why the thought of Robert’s abuse made him angrier than he could ever remember being in his life, but he wasn’t sure how Devon would react, and his lover’s control was so precarious now that Jonathan couldn’t risk a confession that might be

unwelcome. “No matter what you tell us, we’ll be here for you,” he said instead.

Devon rested his elbows on his knees, dropping his head into his palms. “I thought the—the knife play—would have driven Blaine off, as badly as he’d been hurt, but it didn’t.” Devon shook his head, falling deeper into the memory. “Robert said since I’d already marked him, we ought to make it permanent, something he could never forget. And I wouldn’t do it—I couldn’t.”

“More permanent?” Kit repeated with a shudder as he thought about the cutting Blaine had endured. “Like what? A tattoo?”

Devon tried in vain to think of some way to soften the confession. “A brand,” he said flatly.

“That’s sick!” Kit cried, his outrage getting the better of his self-control. “I’m glad you told the bastard to take his twisted ideas and shove them up his arse!”

Jonathan might have smiled at Kit’s vehemence if he wasn’t so shocked. He wasn’t averse to the idea of tattoos—each of his own was linked to a special memory—but to brand someone like a horse, as a sign of ownership—no wonder it was more than Devon could bear. “So you left?” he asked quietly, squeezing Devon’s hand.

“Aye, but it wasn’t in any burst of righteousness,” Devon muttered, his eyes dropping from Kit’s. “I didn’t confront him and tell him off; I didn’t even fucking tell him I was leaving. When filming wrapped the next day, I just packed up and left. I hadn’t seen either of them again—until today.”

“You left,” Kit repeated. “You knew he was wrong and you left. That’s all that matters.”

Jonathan suspected that not having faced Robert when he left was part of the reason he still haunted Devon now, but he wasn't going to let the sadistic fucker anywhere near his lover again, not if there was any way he could stop him. "I'm sick of talking about that cocksucker," he said crudely. He leaned forward and ran his tongue up the side of Devon's neck and around the shell of his ear. "I can think of a lot more pleasant ways to spend our time."

"I'll second that notion," Kit agreed, grabbing both his lovers' hands and pulling them to their feet. "Let's go someplace more comfortable."

Devon reached over to turn off the ringer of the phone before facing his lovers. "Let him call now," he said with a twisted smile, wishing he could turn off the echo of Robert's voice in his head as easily.

They would never be able to truly relax with the tension still hanging in the air, Kit knew. Taking a deep breath, he looked at the other two men. "Race you!"

Jonathan's eyes met Kit's in a silent message of approval before breaking into a wide grin. "Last one naked has to blow the other two," he challenged, already pulling his shirt over his head.

"Not fair, you're already halfway there," Devon protested, glancing at Jonathan's bare feet as he struggled to kick off his shoes and unbutton his slacks at the same time. "And I happen to know you're not wearing anything under those jeans."

Kit thought Jonathan's "punishment" sounded pretty damn appealing. He sprinted for the bedroom, determined to lose the race and win the challenge.

## Chapter 5

### Breaking Free

DEVON leaned back against the headboard of the king-size bed, enjoying the view of Jonathan's lean arse wriggling out of his jeans. He cocked an eyebrow at Kit, still struggling with the buttons of his cargo trousers. "What's this, Percival? Can you not match the deeds of your King and your fellow knight?" he drawled in Lancelot's most prideful voice.

Kit's face broke into a wide grin. "I have not your years of experience," he pointed out, taking his time with his clothes as his eyes raked Devon's naked body and Jonathan's nearly naked one. "Of course, I shall reap the fruits of that experience."

"How so?" Jonathan answered in Arthur's deeper tones, kicking his jeans free and dropping onto the bed next to Devon, "when by the terms of our wager you must now serve our pleasure? I would say it is we who have the advantage of you." He winked at Devon, glad to see the lines of tension that had creased their lover's forehead eased away by their banter.

"You do not think it will be my pleasure to serve you?" Kit asked smoothly, reaching out to stroke the two knights' swelling cocks. "I find myself rather eager, suddenly, to be of such service." He dropped to his knees. "May I see to you, my King?"

Unable to stay in character, Jonathan's face contorted in laughter. "Devon should really have the honor of your attentions, since he was the first one naked, but if I tell you to see to Lancelot first, one of us is going to wind up making that corny 'uses his lance a lot' joke," he said with a chuckle.

Kit laughed too. "Well, Devon," he asked, still grinning. "Where do you want me?"

The touch of Kit's hand and the thought of that laughing mouth closing over his cock brought Devon to full, straining hardness. He slid forward, spreading his thighs to bracket Kit's shoulders. "Between my legs, of course," he answered cockily, leaning back on his palms.

"Of course," Kit repeated in a mocking voice, though his grin belied the tone of his words. He scooted forward a little more so that he knelt at the foot of the bed between Devon's widespread thighs. He dipped his head and nuzzled the inside of the blond's leg, nipping lightly at the skin. "Was that what you had in mind?"

Jonathan settled back against the headboard, his hand gliding gently over his own erection as he watched his lovers teasing each other. They were such opposites in so many ways—light and dark, north and south, rough and smooth—but they complemented each other perfectly. Once again he wondered how he'd ever gotten lucky enough to have not one, but two such incredible men in his life.

Devon drew a hissing breath, his cock jumping at each pinch of Kit's teeth on the sensitive skin of his inner thighs. "Take your time," he muttered, his voice deepened with arousal. "I'm sure you'll find it eventually."

Kit laughed again, his tongue darting out to dampen Devon's bollocks before resuming his leisurely exploration of his lover's legs.

"You *have* done this before," Devon reminded his lover, his hips arching into the teasing flicker of Kit's tongue over his bollocks.

"And why is that a reason not to take my time and enjoy when I do it this time?" Kit inquired, looking up at Devon from between his legs.

"Because you have another lover waiting for his turn?" Jonathan chimed in, his voice playful. "Take your time; just remember I expect at least as much attention when you get around to me."

Kit lifted his head and licked his lips. "I can't wait," he replied huskily. "Devon won, though, so he gets my undivided attention first. I'm sure you can figure out a way to keep yourself entertained while I see to him."

"Don't entertain yourself too well," Devon warned, threading a hand into Kit's spiky curls to gently encourage him to return his mouth to where it belonged. "I want to watch him bring you off when we're done, my King."

Kit let himself be led, his lips curving around the breadth of Devon's cock, inhaling deeply the scent of the soap he had used in the shower and of the arousal that was so much a part of their lives. He worked his way slowly toward the head, then lowered his mouth over the tip, sucking in the entire length.

A deep moan rumbled in Devon's chest as the velvet softness of his lover's mouth enveloped him. Leaving his hand resting lightly on Kit's head, he trailed his free hand

down his abdomen, his muscles trembling at the dual sensations.

The sounds from Devon's lips were music to Kit's ears. He smiled around the cock in his mouth and hummed deep in his throat, letting the vibrations add to the sensations already assailing his lover.

Devon's fingertips followed the pale treasure trail downward to the patch of hair that surrounded his cock. His hips arched upward involuntarily, pushing him deeper into the warm cavern that surrounded him. His fingers played through the short curls, moving closer until they could brush against Kit's cheek.

Kit tipped his head into the tender caress. He looked up at Devon, letting all the love he felt for the older man show in his eyes. He could not say the words with his mouth full of his lover's erection, but he gave the emotions free rein on his face. It no longer seemed like a risk to open himself up that way, not when Devon touched him so lovingly.

The pressure in Devon's chest had nothing to do with the sensations Kit's mouth was creating and everything to do with the expression in his bottomless brown eyes. He wanted to speak the words that would tell Kit how much he'd come to feel for him—to love him—but he was too overcome by the strength of the emotion to find his voice. He settled for tracing his fingers over his lover's lips, the caress as close to a kiss as his current position would allow.

Jonathan's breath caught as he watched the look his lovers shared—a look that was clearly one of mutual love. A few months ago, he might have been devastated to see them look at each other that way, but his feelings for both of them had deepened so much, it gave him only joy to watch them

sharing this moment. He knew they would welcome him if he moved to join them, but he was content to give them this time together, knowing he had his own place in both their hearts.

Kit's eyes fluttered shut when he felt Devon's fingers tracing his lips. He opened his mouth a little wider, catching the tip of one finger between his lips and Devon's cock, returning the kiss as best he could in his current position. Then he turned his attention to his lover's pleasure, bringing his hands into play, one on Devon's balls, the other further back, ghosting across the tight pucker of flesh.

Devon's head fell back as Kit's hands joined his mouth, escalating the pleasure. He quivered as the slender hand drifted between his cheeks and over the muscle that clenched at each gentle touch. "Kitten," he gasped, the nickname all he could manage before another moan was wrenched from his throat.

Taking the diminutive and the moan for approval, Kit repeated his caress, the tip of one finger probing more deliberately at Devon's entrance as he continued to bob his head on the thick cock in his mouth. Without lube, he wasn't going to do more than tease, but he had no qualms whatsoever about teasing Devon to the limits of his endurance.

Spasms of need shook through Devon at each press of Kit's finger. He fought not to thrust wildly into his lover's mouth, his hips rocking in between the wet suction on his cock and the penetration he craved. "Please," he groaned as the pressure inside him grew nearly unbearable, "need to, God, please."

Kit's eyes flicked to the tube lying on the bedside table, well out of his reach. If he'd been closer, he would have grabbed it so he could finish Devon off the way he so obviously wanted.

Devon's plea and Kit's sidelong glance drew Jonathan from his loving reverie. Retrieving the lube from the nightstand, he slid forward to place it at Kit's side, pausing to drop a kiss on Devon's stomach and another on Kit's cheek before leaning back against the headboard again, his hand settling around his growing erection.

Sending Jonathan a grateful look, Kit popped the top on the lube and coated his fingers quickly, sliding his index finger slowly but firmly inside Devon's body, crooking the tip to find his sweet spot. The yelp that escaped his lover let him know he found it. Meeting Devon's eyes, he pressed again, sucking hard as he silently asked his lover to come for him.

Kit's long, slender finger pushing into him was all Devon needed to lose himself completely. Circling his hips to rub against the invading digit, he cried out hoarsely and gave in to his body's demand for release, his fists clenching in dark and light hair as he pulsed into Kit's insistent mouth.

Kit swallowed all Devon had to give him, relishing the tangy, slightly bitter flavor as he continued to work his lover's prostate, prolonging the climax for as long as he could. Devon needed this release of tension after the day they'd had. They all needed it. He'd taken care of Devon. Jonathan was next... then he'd see about getting them to take care of him. Bestowing a last, loving lick on Devon's softening cock, Kit lifted his head and met Jonathan's eyes. "Well, my King?" he drawled.

Watching Devon come undone under Kit's loving ministrations had left Jonathan throbbingly aroused, but before he claimed his prize, he needed to kiss Kit, hungry for the taste of both his lovers. Opening his arms wide, he beckoned the younger man to come to him where he leaned against the headboard.

Devon rolled to the side of the bed as his breath steadied and his pulse slowly calmed to a normal level. The tension that had wracked him for the past days was gone, and a warm smile spread across his face as he watched Kit crawl up the mattress and into Jonathan's waiting embrace. The American immediately pulled the younger man into a heated kiss, and Devon knew Jonathan was tasting his own release as his tongue plundered Kit's mouth.

Kit settled easily against the familiar warmth of Jonathan's body, giving his mouth willingly. Jonathan's tongue was a welcome invasion as it sought out every last taste of Devon's come. Kit had pushed his own desire to the side while he was taking care of Devon, but now, with Jonathan in charge, his self-control wavered, and he arched his hips forward, rubbing shamelessly against his lover's thigh.

Savoring the mingled flavors of saltiness and sweetness, Jonathan could have lost himself in feasting on Kit's kiss. The temptation to pull his lover's hips against his, to drag their swollen, leaking shafts together until they both found release, was nearly overpowering. But that wasn't what they'd wagered, and reluctantly he eased back from the kiss, trying to rein in his rampant emotions with a light response. "Don't think you can get out of the second half of your forfeit by distracting me this way," he teased, circling the base of

his shaft in a tight grip as he willed back his all-too-eager reaction. “In fact, I think I deserve something special for my patience.”

“Special?” Kit purred. “Did you have something particular in mind? You know how I like to please.” He kept his gaze locked with Jonathan’s as he lowered his mouth to swipe his tongue playfully across one peaked nipple before moving lower to nip at the tattoo that adorned Jonathan’s lower belly.

Jonathan fought to keep his eyes from fluttering closed as Kit’s lips and teeth worked their tantalizing way down his body. “Any time, any way you touch me is special,” he murmured hoarsely, his eyes dampening with the power of his emotions. “Just... put your mouth on me, kitten.” He shivered as Kit’s tongue lapped over the head of his cock, curling to catch the droplet of fluid that leaked from its tip.

Kit took no time at all in granting Jonathan’s wish, his lips closing around the engorged head and sliding down the thick shaft. He consciously relaxed his throat and swallowed, letting the hard cock fill his mouth and throat until he had taken Jonathan in completely. Just as slowly, just as deliberately, he worked his way back up, until only the tip remained inside his mouth. His tongue teased across the slit, savoring Jonathan’s unique flavor.

Tremors of reaction quavered through Jonathan’s groin as the hot moistness of Kit’s mouth settled over him like wet silk over steel. He called out wordlessly when the head of his cock bumped the back of his lover’s throat, then dragged through the damp friction of lips curled over teeth until only the head felt the cat-like rasp of Kit’s tongue. “Gonna melt,”

he groaned, his hands gripping his thighs to keep from clutching the bobbing brown curls. “So hot... so good.”

Kit lifted his head, amusement getting the better of his passion for a moment. “Nothing’s going soft down here, my liege,” he pointed out, his hand stroking the hard shaft.

Devon had to chuckle at the bereft expression on Jonathan’s face when Kit stopped his attentions to make his comment. “Here, mate,” he called, tossing the tube of lubricant to Kit. “Our King looks like he’s going to blow a few fuses if you don’t get back to business.”

Kit caught the tube with a grateful grin and popped the cap, returning his mouth to its previous occupation as he again coated his fingers with the slick gel. The eagerness with which Jonathan parted his legs would have made Kit smile if he could have around the mouthful and more that currently occupied his lips. He accepted the silent invitation, trailing his fingers over Jonathan’s sac and down to his entrance. He nudged at it gently, waiting for the muscle to relax and admit him.

Bending his knees to open himself completely to his lover’s touch, Jonathan gasped when the first lube-slick digit slid into him. He thrust his hips upward, pushing his cock deeper into Kit’s throat and impaling himself completely on the slim finger at the same time. “More,” he moaned, the feeling of fullness only serving to whet his hunger even further.

Kit would have teased Jonathan for his impatience if his mouth had not been otherwise occupied. As it was, though, he simply sucked harder, pulling on Jonathan’s cock as strongly as he could. He added a second finger, sweeping the tips repeatedly across his lover’s prostate.

“More,” Jonathan demanded, rasping unevenly as he clenched around the probing fingers. He could feel his climax building, the muscles in his thighs and groin tightening as he chased it, but it remained just out of reach. He ached to be stretched further, filled deeper, sucked harder, purged of the last remnants of anger that still heated his blood. “More,” he repeated, his voice breaking on the desperate plea.

Kit had no idea what was driving Jonathan’s pleas. Usually by now, his lover had broken, but he gave Jonathan what he wanted, adding a third finger to the two already stretching the older man’s sheath and let his teeth drag up the cock in his mouth as he bobbed his head. His own desire thrummed loudly in his veins, but he ignored it in favor of Jonathan’s pleasure.

Satiation danced just outside Jonathan’s grasp as Kit’s teeth raked over his straining erection. His head tossed blindly from side to side, his hands clenching and releasing as Kit’s fingers fucked him. He opened his mouth to plead for more, but only a strangled moan escaped with his tortured breath.

Inspiration striking, Kit lifted his unoccupied hand to Jonathan’s nipple, pinching it firmly, hoping that would be enough to push his lover over the precipice and into release.

Jonathan’s entire body tensed as ecstasy exploded through his body, firing through every nerve like a burst of lightning. His cock jerked and poured out its hot cream in pulse after pulse, his muscles jumping with each aftershock.

Kit swallowed rapidly, trying to keep up with Jonathan’s release. He pulled back, panting for breath, before lowering his head and licking the King’s cock the rest of the way

clean. Aching now for his own relief, he rolled onto his side, fisting his engorged erection.

“Here, now,” Devon protested, crawling forward and pulling Kit’s hand away, pushing the younger man onto his back. “After the yeoman service you just provided, we can’t make you take care of yourself too.” With a wicked grin, he pinned Kit’s shoulders to the bed and sucked the leaking cock into his mouth, his blond hair tickling his lover’s stomach.

As worked up as Kit already was, it didn’t take any more than that. With a hoarse shout, he came hard, filling Devon’s mouth with creamy fluid. His panting continued, slowing finally as he regained control of himself.

Called back from the wave of orgasmic bliss he’d been floating on by Kit’s shout, Jonathan rolled over on the crumpled bedding and captured his lover’s mouth, pouring all the love he felt for the younger man into his kiss. His hand reached out to Devon, tugging him closer, urging him wordlessly to join them.

More than happy to comply, Devon swallowed the last of Kit’s release and scooted upward, nudging Jonathan to join his mouth on Kit’s, their tongues swirling in a three-way dance of unspoken love.

The sound of a phone ringing made all three of them tense, eyes darting to each other’s faces in steely resolve before Kit started laughing. “That’s my cell phone,” he pointed out, pulling away to answer it. “There’s no way the prick has my number. It’s probably the Orkneys. They said something about wanting to go out tonight.”

He reached for his pants and grabbed the phone, flipping it open when he saw Bevan's number on the display. "Hey, Bev, what's up?"

Kit nodded a couple of times as he listened to the invitation, then said, "Okay, see you there in about an hour." Flipping the phone shut, he turned back to his lovers. "It seems the Orkneys have organized a welcome for the new actors now that Éamon and Glynn have arrived. Everybody's meeting at the pub in about an hour."

Jonathan groaned quietly. "Can't we just stay here?" he muttered half-teasingly. "I'm not sure I can even stand, let alone contend with a pack of drunken knights!"

"Come on, you homebody," Devon laughed, sitting up and stretching. He felt full of energy and ready to indulge in some harmless inebriation with his friends. "Besides, I'm looking forward to meeting your new big brother. I didn't get a chance to meet him when he was here to film the coronation." He slapped Jonathan on the flank as he bounded out of the bed. "Let's shower and reheat the food before we get going. I'll stand the first round for all of us."

AS TEMPTED as they all might have been to start something in the shower, Kit reminded them sternly that they had less than an hour to get dressed and eat before driving to the pub. Reluctantly, they limited themselves to quick kisses, teasing touches, and promises of what they would do to each other when they got back home. Just under an hour later, Jonathan pulled into the parking lot of the quiet local bar

the Knights of the Round Table favored when they were more interested in drinking than in dancing.

A chorus of welcomes arose as the three men entered the pub. The raucous shouts from the younger Orkneys, teasing them about arriving together, hinted to Devon that they had some catching up to do, so he waved to the table and headed straight toward the bar, thinking to order their first round of drinks before taking a seat at the crowded collection of pulled-together tables. He'd only taken a step or two when he froze in place, his head snapping back in a perfect double-take to stare at the figure seated in the middle of the chattering, laughing group.

There, sitting among the cast as casually as you please, was Robert, arms extended along the back of the chairs on either side of him, not quite around Colm and Rhodri, but definitely hinting that he could—and would, Devon knew—take advantage at any moment. Devon's face hardened as he called to Kit, asking for help at the bar.

Kit frowned, wondering why Devon suddenly needed help to carry three drinks, but he shrugged and went to join him anyway. "What's going on?" he asked as they approached the bar.

"He's here," Devon hissed, nodding his head toward the table with barely restrained rage. "Robert."

Kit's heart clenched. "Here? But Bevan said this was for the new cast members! What the hell is he doing here?"

Seeing Devon and Kit whispering together at the bar, Jonathan excused himself from Blythe's embrace and walked over to join them. "What's wrong?" he asked, following their gaze to the group at the other end of the table and

recognizing Robert from earlier that day. “What the fuck is that prick doing here?” he spat, turning his back to hide his anger from the rest of the cast.

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Kit had to smother a laugh. “I just asked the same thing,” he explained, the tension returning to his face and his voice as he glanced over his shoulder again. “Surely Niall didn’t make a last minute casting change.”

Devon’s face hardened at the thought. “If he did, then for the first time I’m looking forward to Lancelot being exiled,” he rasped.

The bitter words sent a pang of pain through Jonathan’s chest. Not being the type to dwell on what he couldn’t change, he’d tried to forget the fact that Devon would be leaving the production before he and Kit, at least temporarily, but Devon’s comment made the impending loss all too real. Unwilling to lose even a moment of the time they had left together to Robert’s influence, Jonathan scowled. “He can’t be one of the new actors, Devon—what role could he possibly play? Besides, Niall’s said all along he didn’t want to cast the series with typical Hollywood stars.”

“Look,” Kit interrupted, “we’re not going to figure anything out hiding here by the bar. Let’s just go over and meet everyone. There will be an explanation for why he’s here. And if we’re wrong, and he’s been cast for something, we’ll deal with it. He is *not* going to get the better of us. If nothing else, somebody needs to warn the Orkneys.”

“Remember, you’re not alone, Devon,” Jonathan added, his hand lingering for just a moment on Devon’s as he took his beer from his grasp. If it had only been the familiar knights at the table, he might have given his lover a quick

kiss, but he hadn't met the newest cast members yet, and he especially didn't want to give Robert any more ammunition to use against Devon.

Devon nodded once, his jaw clenching as he turned toward the table. He wasn't going to give Robert the satisfaction of letting him see how much his presence had unsettled him. "So, which one of you is our King's brother?" he asked, looking around the table at the new faces.

"I guess that would be me," a strawberry blond man spoke up, "as I'm playing Kay. I assume you're Lancelot, since your friend looks too young to have fathered a son yet. Éamon Driscoll," he added, extending his hand.

"And I'd be your son." A younger man stood and offered his hand as well. "Brodie Stewart, otherwise known as Galahad. Pleased to meet you, Dad!" he added with a grin.

Devon smiled broadly, taking Éamon's offered hand and clapping Brodie on the shoulder with his other. "Well met, my son!" he said, marveling again at Niall's casting acumen. Brodie's fair looks gave him a resemblance to a younger Devon, and the aura of innocence he conveyed despite their surroundings convinced Devon he would make a perfect Galahad. "Though I'll have you know Lancelot was a mere lad when he fathered this whelp," he retorted to Éamon.

Robert watched the exchange with barely veiled derision. Deciding to enjoy the opportunity Devon had handed him, albeit unwittingly, he turned to the boy he had seen at Devon's side earlier in the day. Brodie was attractive enough, but the brunet was the one who held Devon's—and therefore Robert's—interest. "If he decides to replace you, I'd be happy to finish training you properly, since I know he's

made a mess of it.” He deliberately pitched his voice so that only the kid could hear him.

Kit stiffened at the insinuation in the older man’s words, but he knew enough from what Devon had told them not to rise to the bait. Instead, he ignored the comment and extended his hand to Éamon. “Kit Webster,” he said by way of introduction. “Percival. Care to introduce the rest of the newcomers?”

Éamon grinned as he shook Kit’s hand and nodded toward the large, dark-haired man at his side. “This big drink of water is Glynn Aherne, Bors to you. And James Synclair who’ll play Mordred, ill-fated love-child of our King and this lovely damsel.” He gestured toward a fair-haired man about Kit’s age who was speaking with Anwyn Davies, the actress cast as Morgause, mother of the Orkney knights as well as, though neither knew it, Arthur’s half-sister.

Wagging his eyebrows at Anwyn in a flirtatious leer, James chuckled. “I could almost wish I’d been cast as King Lot instead. Anwyn is far too young and beautiful to be my mother.”

The slender blonde grinned at him pertly. “Flattery will get you anywhere, though not until after Morgause wears herself out mooning over Arthur,” she countered, her gaze passing over the three new arrivals and stopping to linger on Jonathan. “I can tell I won’t have much trouble with that,” she added with an appreciative smile.

The group around the table chuckled. “You may not have any trouble,” Colm joked, “but I’m not so sure Percival and Lancelot will care for that too much. They tend to be a little... possessive of our King.”

Devon frowned and directed a quelling glance at the youngest Orkney. The three of them had become comfortable enough being open among the rest of the cast, but the last thing he needed was for Robert to set his filthy sights on Jonathan the way he already had them trained on Kit.

“So that’s the way the wind blows, is it?” Glynn asked, speaking for the first time. “Nice to know it’s a tolerant cast. Not every set is.” As he spoke, he leaned back in his seat and draped his arm around the back of Éamon’s chair.

Anwyn glanced across the table at Blythe and Elsinore, the dark-haired actress portraying Morgaine le Fay. “Why are all the good ones already taken?” she pouted with a wink to Blythe and Ellie. “I have a feeling we’re going to be kissing a lot of toads if we expect to find a prince on this set.”

“There are so many lovelies in this cast, though,” Robert drawled. “I wouldn’t know where to begin if I had the choice.” His gaze lingered on the three women present before moving to Kit and then on to Devon, an air of challenge on his face.

Kit’s face tightened in anger. “Then I guess it’s a good thing you don’t have one,” he retorted.

Surprised at the harsh tone in Kit’s voice, Rhodri glanced up. “Have you met before?” he asked. “I know the get-together was supposed to be cast only, but when Robert stopped by to introduce himself on set, we asked him to join us. I mean, how often do you get the chance to drink with a legend?”

“His reputation precedes him,” Kit told Rhodri, his expression hardening even more as he thought of all the suffering this man had put Devon through in the past week,

and three years before that. Kit downed his shot and looked at Devon and Jonathan. “I need another drink. I’ll be back.”

“That sounds like an excellent idea,” Robert declared, rising from his seat and heading toward the bar in the wake of Devon’s intriguing sub. He hadn’t had a new toy with so much spirit since he’d broken Devon. He would enjoy breaking this one in too. After he was finished putting his former sub back in his place.

Seeing Robert trail after Kit, Jonathan pushed his chair back roughly and followed, muttering a curse under his breath. Several heads turned in surprise at their King’s unusual behavior. Addison Nichols’ bushy eyebrows rose as Devon caught up with Jonathan and gestured angrily toward the bar, but the older man shook his head when Rhodri started to follow them. Something was definitely going on between the four men, but the actor playing Merlin sensed that whatever it was, their friends needed to work it through in private.

Catching up with the young beauty as they neared the bar, Robert rested a heavy, claiming hand on the boy’s shoulder. “I was right,” he growled. “Devon still doesn’t have the slightest idea how to train a sub. No boy of mine would dare act the way you have tonight. It’s time you learned some manners.”

Jonathan didn’t arrive in time to hear what the other man had said to Kit, but he saw the grimace of disgust that crossed his lover’s face. “Get your fucking hands off him,” he snarled, wedging himself between Robert and Kit. He wished that for once he hadn’t left Excalibur at Devon’s—he’d like nothing better than to take this prick’s hand off at the wrist for daring to touch Kit.

Robert arched a challenging eyebrow. He had expected Devon to object—after all, the boy was Devon’s—but he hadn’t expected a challenge from this quarter. Seeing Devon arrive, he turned his attention to his true quarry. “You know what they say about lending out your sub, don’t you?” he asked conversationally, ignoring the glowering American. “You get him back, but he’s never quite the same. Of course, since you’ve already made that mistake, I’ll borrow him for the evening and teach him some manners for you. You sure as hell haven’t taught him any.”

Before Devon could respond, Jonathan knocked Robert’s hand from Kit’s shoulder and caught a handful of the older actor’s shirt. “You filthy hyena,” he rasped. “Aren’t you man enough to find someone yourself? You’ve got no business with Devon anymore, and you’re not welcome here. I suggest you leave—now.”

“I’m not anybody’s sub,” Kit added, stepping up beside Jonathan. “I make my own decisions and answer to myself and myself alone. Devon and Jonathan are my *lovers*, not my Doms, not that a freak like you can understand that distinction.”

“I should have known Devon wasn’t man enough to satisfy a pretty thing like you,” Robert drawled. “When my cock’s buried down your throat you won’t be so mouthy.”

Robert’s sneering insults to both his lovers set the fuse to Jonathan’s temper. Acting without thought, he smashed his fist into the actor’s smirking face, knocking him into a bar stool and sending him crashing to the floor. He’d bent over him to haul him up and deck him again when Devon grabbed his arm, holding him back.

Kit glared down at the other actor. “I wouldn’t fuck you if you were the last man alive,” he snarled. “Devon and Jonathan are ten times the man you’ll ever be.”

“What would a prissy bottom like you know about real men?” Robert ground out, struggling to his feet.

Jonathan fought to shake off Devon’s grip, more than ready to knock Robert’s insults down his throat a second time. “Only an ignorant bastard like you would automatically assume he’s the bottom. You’d never be able to understand what the three of us share, so just shut the fuck up and get out of here. We don’t ever want to hear from you again.”

“And who’s going to make me?” Robert challenged, getting into Jonathan’s face.

“I am,” Devon retorted, tightening his grasp on Jonathan’s arm to prevent his infuriated lover from throwing another punch. He stepped between the two, squeezing Jonathan’s shoulder in reassurance before releasing him to face his former Dom. “I should have done this three years ago,” he growled. “Your idea of mastery makes me sick. It ends now.”

Robert snorted. “You didn’t stand up to me then. You won’t do it now. You’re still just a pansy boy with no balls.” He reached for Devon’s shoulder, intending to send him to his knees where he belonged.

Three years ago Devon would have found it unthinkable to stand up to Robert’s insults. Now, in his bone-deep assurance of his lovers’ acceptance, his response was instinctive. His blow knocked Robert back against the bar, scattering stools in every direction and drawing the attention of the group sitting at the other side of the room.

“Do our friends need some help?” Glynn asked, looking around the table. As one, the knights rose to their feet and headed toward the four men at the bar.

“What are you doing?” Rhodri yelled as he approached the bar, though it was not at all clear whether he was addressing Robert or his fellow cast members.

Kit turned at hearing Rhodri’s voice, trusting that Jonathan would not let Robert get the upper hand on Devon. “Old, unfinished business,” he told the others. “Let Devon handle it.” When he had confronted Robert, he hadn’t thought about it, determined to defend Devon, but now, seeing Devon finally standing up to his former Dom, he realized that Devon needed to do this for himself, ending Robert’s tyranny once and for all.

Devon pulled Robert upright until their faces were only inches apart. “You no longer have any place in my life. If you ever contact me or any of my friends ever again, I’ll kick your sorry arse all the way back to L.A.”

“Big words from a little man,” Robert goaded. “You wouldn’t want word of your little fling to get out, though, now would you? Wouldn’t help your career, and it would be a disaster for theirs.”

Addison approached the bar, drawing the mantle of Merlin’s dignity around himself like a cloak. “You may want to reconsider that threat,” he said, the mild tone belying the steel beneath.

“What do you think you can do to me, you old queen?” Robert snarled.

“We queens have far more power than you might realize,” Addison replied, turning to walk away, leaving the

threat implied. He had no idea what had happened between the four men, and he would not do anything until he knew he would not hurt Jonathan, Devon, and Kit by his actions, but he would not stand by and watch his friends persecuted for their relationship.

Robert grabbed Addison's arm. "Listen, you...."

The rest of the words never left his lips. The four Orkneys surrounded Robert, glaring up at him with clenched fists. "Our friends told you to leave," Rhodri said, his voice hard. "I used to admire you—if I'd had any idea what you were really like, I'd never have invited you to join us."

"You gonna get rid of me, pipsqueak?"

"You can't possibly take on all of us," Glynn pointed out, his calm, deep voice resonating with reason. "Why not leave before anyone gets hurt?"

Infuriated, Robert swung out blindly, not caring who he took down but determined not to let this group of posers get the better of him.

Devon caught his former master's arm, bearing it down with a strength honed by months of swordplay. "You forget, I know things that would be as damaging to your career as anything you could say about me."

"And plenty of your former cast mates would be happy to corroborate Devon's word," Jonathan added, thinking of Mariselle, certain she wasn't the only one who had seen and abhorred Robert's behavior.

"You have no power here," Kit added. "Cut your losses while you still can."

Robert's scornful gaze swept over the assembled group, meeting a unified front of opposition in return. He snorted

with laughter as he pulled free of Devon's grip. "Enjoy your little fantasy world while you can," he challenged. "You've already proven you can't make it in films if you've sunk to working on television. A year from now no one will even remember this ridiculous series, and you'll all be lucky to find work in dog food commercials."

He stalked to the door, turning to glare at Devon, who stood surrounded by the entire cast. "And if you expect this freaky little threesome you have is going to last, you're even stupider than I thought—which is pretty hard to imagine." He paused for a moment, but no one bothered to dignify his insults with a response. With a final sneer of laughter, he walked out, the swinging doors of the pub rocking behind him at the force of his exit.

## Chapter 6

### Making Love

A STUNNED silence had settled over the bar at Robert's words. Suddenly, as if his exit had released them from a spell, everyone began talking at once.

"Are you all right?"

"What was that all about?"

"What set him off, anyway?"

Ignoring the sudden chatter around them, Kit looked directly into Devon's eyes. "It's over," he said softly. "He can't bother you anymore."

Devon drew a deep breath and released it, feeling the last of Robert's influence flowing out of him with the exhalation. "Bloody straight," he affirmed just as softly, reaching out to take Kit's arm, turning just enough to clasp Jonathan's as well. "Don't know why I didn't do that three years ago."

Jonathan hoped he knew the answer to that question, but this was not the time to go into it, nor was it his place to provide the answer. He settled for claspng Devon's forearm in return, a warrior's greeting to outsiders, his other hand settling on Kit's shoulder, completing the circle that was their strength. "What do you want to tell them?" he murmured, nodding to the group of concerned friends approaching them.

“Just some old, unfinished business,” Devon answered the questions with a rueful grin. “Sorry to have thrown a spanner into the party atmosphere. Next round’s on me, right?”

Glynn looked around the bar at the assembled cast. “I don’t see any spanners, but if I’m not missing my count, I do see two Oscars, a dozen BAFTAs, and a knighthood among the cast. That prick has no idea what he’s talking about. Another drink sounds perfect.” He joined the three, clapping hands on Jonathan’s and Kit’s shoulders before treating Devon to the same. “We ‘freaks’ have to stand by each other.”

“Are we really that obvious?” Kit asked with a grin, knowing their relationship was an open secret on the set. Nobody talked about it, not really, but everyone seemed to understand and accept it.

“Mate, I just met the three of you, and I can already feel the heat,” Glynn answered honestly. “I bet it sparks like hell on screen.”

“It’s wuv,” Colm teased in his best *Princess Bride* imitation. “Twu wuv.”

The words set the Orkneys howling, Rhodri and Bevan finding the comment particularly funny. Kit looked away with a pang, knowing that for him, it was indeed true love. If only Jonathan and Devon felt the same way, everything would be perfect, but even now, even after the intimacies of earlier that evening, he dared not say the words that would commit him to his lovers, not because he doubted his feelings, but because he doubted his reception.

“All three of them? Really?” Éamon asked Addison, fascinated by the idea and already sensing that the older

man would have the clearest insight into what actually went on around—and off—the set.

“You have a problem with that, mate?” Devon retorted, overhearing the question. He hadn’t expected that reaction, since it was common knowledge in the industry that Éamon and Glynn were a couple, but just because Éamon was gay didn’t mean he’d approve of a three-way relationship like theirs. Devon hoped he wasn’t going to cause any trouble. The last thing they needed was friction between members of the principal cast.

“None at all,” Éamon answered, “except maybe jealousy. I was wondering what a guy had to do to get that lucky.”

“I still wonder the same thing,” Jonathan answered honestly, relieved that Éamon’s reaction was a positive one. He would have managed his scenes with the other man if it hadn’t been—he was an actor, after all, that was what he was being paid for—but he was glad he wouldn’t have to work with someone who actively disapproved of him and his choices. The thought made him pause, considering what it would mean if the relationship with Devon and Kit were to continue, to become known outside the fantasy world of this utterly atypical cast. Recognizing that he might not have anything to worry about if the relationship ended with filming was even harder to contemplate.

Devon’s glare softened to a smile at his newest cast mate. “Fortune favors the bold,” he said in Lancelot’s confident tone.

“How bold?” Glynn asked, eyes running over Devon, Kit, and Jonathan lasciviously.

Addison watched the interactions with a keen eye. This was the closest any of the three had come to talking, in his hearing, about their relationship. He caught a glimmer on Kit's face, then one on Jonathan's, that made him wonder. It was obvious to him—to anyone watching, really—how much the three men meant to each other, but he wondered now if it was at all obvious to them.

“Let's just say they made me an offer I couldn't refuse,” Jonathan said, surprising himself with his openness. But somehow it felt comfortable, right, not to hide the truth. He'd always trusted his instincts, and he sensed that the newest members of the cast could accept what the three of them shared.

Glancing over at Éamon, Glynn smiled. “I know the feeling,” he murmured, knowing he needed to talk to Éamon before he said anything else. Turning instead to Devon, he added, “So where's that round?”

Blythe, their Guinevere, slipped her arm through Devon's. “You all go sit back down,” she told them. “I'll help Devon carry the drinks.”

With a nod and much milling about, the group of actors moved back toward the table where they had been sitting before Robert provoked Kit. Jonathan hung back for a moment, listening to the Orkneys each vying to top the others in the stories they could tell the newest members of the cast about the three of them, before deciding this would be a good moment to visit the men's room. He wanted to wash the last taint of Robert's touch off his skin.

As he stood at the sink rinsing his hands, he couldn't help but smile at his reflection in the cracked and silvered mirror. “How the fuck *did* you get so lucky, old man?” he

asked himself, his cock tightening in anticipation of returning home at the end of the evening, of the three of them loving each other without Robert's specter as an unwelcome fourth in their bed.

"It's a very good question," Addison agreed from the doorway, "not because you don't deserve it, but because most of us search our entire lives for one person to love us. To have found two, who love each other as much as they love you, is luck indeed!"

Jonathan's first impulse was denial, but as he considered Addison's words, he thought back to what he had felt when Robert had come on to Kit, to the rage he had felt at the older man's treatment of Devon, to what he felt every time the three of them made love. It didn't matter who was on top, who made the decisions, who took who—that was what they did, every time. They made love. Suddenly all his reasons for holding his feelings in check each time he was tempted to say the words seemed foolish. If their time together was destined to end when filming did, something he had always tried to avoid thinking about, all the more reason to make the most of the time they had now.

Addison watched the emotions play across the younger man's face, solidifying his belief that the three had not admitted their feelings to each other. "The time has come, I think, for the King to show his leadership once again," he observed softly. "They will follow where you lead."

"I hope you're right," Jonathan answered, though even if he was mistaken, if Kit and Devon didn't love him as deeply as he loved them, he wouldn't regret telling them how he felt. He was tired of hiding it.

“Trust an old wizard,” Addison intoned in Merlin’s gravest tones. “And if you can’t trust him, trust an old queen.”

“I do,” Jonathan said, pulling his friend into a grateful hug. “Both of you.”

Addison laughed and returned the hug. “Let’s go. Your lovers are probably wondering if I’ve stolen you away.”

“If anyone could, it would be you, Addison,” Jonathan grinned.

“Don’t tempt me,” Addison scolded, stepping out of the restroom and back into the bar.

Jonathan followed, his eyes instinctively scanning the room until he spotted his two lovers. Devon was still leaning against the bar with Blythe, their heads almost touching. That didn’t surprise him much. Fortunately for the chemistry required between their characters, Devon admired the elegant blonde who portrayed Guinevere, though judging by the expression on his lover’s face, at the moment she was giving him an earful about something. He was more surprised to see Kit talking with Anwyn, just away from the table where the Orkneys had the newcomers in stitches with their tales. Anwyn had taken her role as mother to Gawain, Gaheris, Gareth, and Agravaine to heart, and by virtue of the actors’ friendship had practically adopted Kit as another of her “sons,” though Kit generally tried to avoid her mothering. Curiosity getting the better of him, he headed toward the bar, only to see Devon flush and straighten as soon as he spotted Jonathan approaching.

“Need a hand with those drinks?” he asked, wondering what Blythe could have been saying to garner such a

reaction. “I’m sure the only reason the others aren’t complaining by now is that the Orkneys are telling them all kinds of lies about us.”

“Remember what I said, Devon,” Blythe declared before turning her attention to Jonathan. “Here,” she said, handing him several glasses and bottles. “We can get the rest.”

Feeling Jonathan’s eyes on him, Devon couldn’t help but feel a flush warming his cheekbones—the curse of being fair-skinned, though there weren’t many things that could make him blush anymore. Blythe had just managed to find one of them, and she’d refused to be put off until she’d said her piece. Trying to divert attention from himself, Devon wrapped his hands around as many bottle necks as he could. “Thanks,” he muttered, hoping Jonathan would think the words were for him as they headed toward the large table.

“About time!” Rhodri cheered when Blythe, Jonathan, and Devon arrived with the drinks. “Telling stories is thirsty work!”

“You don’t need an excuse, Rhodri, especially when someone else is footing the bill,” Devon retorted. He suspected telling the truth was thirsty work too, though he didn’t plan to do more than nurse a beer or two for the rest of the night. If he was going to do this—and Blythe’s argument had been very convincing—he wasn’t going to rely on liquid courage to see him through it. He had just stood down Robert, for Christ’s sake! How much harder could this be?

Kit and Anwyn returned to the table just then, Kit looking more than a little shell-shocked. He grabbed one of the shots of vodka and downed it in a single gulp, starting to

reach for another, but Anwyn grabbed his hand. “That won’t help,” she scolded. “Just relax and trust me.”

Kit didn’t say “what if.” He’d used all his excuses already, and Anwyn had shot down every single one. He knew she was right, but that didn’t make him less nervous. He looked at Jonathan, then Devon, letting the sight of their beloved faces bolster his confidence. They wouldn’t shoot him down, even if they didn’t feel the same way. They weren’t that kind of men.

Jonathan wasn’t exactly sure, afterward, how he’d made it through the rest of the evening. He’d chatted with the others, even engaged in a fairly lengthy conversation with Éamon Driscoll, though he couldn’t have said later what they’d talked about. All the while, his attention was drawn to his lovers, always aware of where they were and who they were speaking with, even when they weren’t in his line of sight. A low but constant spark of arousal flickered inside him, like a fire damped down to embers, needing only a little fuel to burst into flame again.

When he judged that enough time had passed that they could leave without appearing rude, Devon yawned loudly and rose to his feet, excusing himself to the rest of the table. “Early call tomorrow,” he reminded them, nodding toward the newcomers. “Don’t let us stop you, though—you haven’t lived until you have to make a five o’clock make-up call after a night of partying with the Orkneys.”

“Since we drove in with Devon, we’d better be going too,” Jonathan added, knowing they weren’t fooling anyone.

“Don’t wear yourselves out too much,” Colm teased as Kit rose as well. “We’re fighting King Lot’s army again tomorrow, and we need our knights at the top of their game.”

“What’s a small castle to the Knights of the Round Table?” Kit asked haughtily, staring down his nose at Colm.

“The doom of us all if Arthur can’t defeat Lot,” Colm retorted cheekily.

Kit shook his head. “Okay, you win. I promise, no exhausted King or knights tomorrow. Can we leave now?”

“Oh, very well,” Colm agreed grudgingly, the expression spoiled by his twinkling eyes. “Have a good night, gentlemen.”

“We will,” Devon promised, his eyes softening as he smiled at the two men at his side.

Kit started toward the door, turning back to smirk at Colm over his shoulder as they left. He knew it wasn’t nice, but he couldn’t help gloating silently that he was going to get laid tonight—spectacularly laid—and Colm would be going home alone. Unless he could persuade one of the local girls to go home with him. Even then, it couldn’t possibly compare to Kit’s own good luck.

GLANCING at the alarm as he slipped under the cool sheets, Jonathan couldn’t believe it had only been a few hours since they’d left Devon’s bedroom. So much had happened in the interim, so many emotional swings that their loving interlude might have been a week ago for as much as he needed to reconnect with his lovers. He slid to one side of the bed, folding back the covers and leaning on an elbow as he watched his fair- and dark-haired companions undressing, offering a silent thanksgiving to any power that might be listening for bringing these men into his life.

Kit finished stripping off, folding his clothes and setting them aside. His eyes flitted back and forth between his lovers, his conversation with Anwyn echoing in his mind. He wanted to say something, wanted to tell them, but he couldn't seem to find the words. Seeing his own desire reflected back to him in their eyes, he let the concern go. He would say something later, after they'd made love and affirmed their relationship in that most primal of ways.

Despite both his lovers waiting for him, Devon undressed slowly, remembering Blythe's words. Jonathan was already in bed with the covers pulled back to reveal his bare chest, the small pink nipples that always seemed to be hard tempting Devon to take them between his teeth; Kit was leaning over to set his clothes on the dresser, providing a tantalizing view of smooth, tawny buttocks. He hungered for them both, not only for their obvious physical appeal, but for their unconditional support as he'd worked through the shock of Robert's reappearance. They hadn't been turned away by his past, and they'd stood by his side when he needed them, and even more, they'd sensed that he needed to face down his former Dom himself to extinguish the last of Robert's influence on his life. Devon knew intuitively that the nightmares were over—those caused by memories of his time with Robert, at least. Whether he would be able to leave these two when his part in the filming was over without spawning a new set of nightmares was a different question. Blythe was right; he couldn't let any more of the time they had left pass without taking action.

“Come to bed, Devon,” Jonathan urged, holding out his free arm in welcome, knowing without having to look at Kit that they both wanted the blond between them. “I am so

fucking proud of you, babe. You showed that bastard more class than I would have in your place.”

Kit chuckled, having trouble imagining Jonathan not acting with class, but he didn’t contradict his lover, moving instead to stand behind Devon, urging him toward the bed. Tonight wasn’t about Jonathan anyway, but about celebrating Devon’s newfound freedom. “Let us love you,” he said instead. “Let us show you how proud of you we are.”

Kit’s words were the opening Devon needed, but before he could speak, the younger man nudged him from behind, gently pushing him to his knees on the bed. Jonathan reached up to draw him closer, and Devon slid under the covers, tangling his legs with Jonathan’s as Kit curled against his back and wrapped an arm around him to rest on Jonathan’s hip.

The connection Jonathan felt with both his lovers at this moment was so strong that any lingering fears melted away in the warm glow of simply being with them. “I realized something tonight,” he admitted, his knuckles tracing the curve of Devon’s cheek while he interlaced the fingers of his other hand with Kit’s. “Watching you stand up to Robert made me see that there was something I need to tell both of you, something I can’t take the chance of waiting to say until filming is ready to end.” He drew a breath, the strength of his emotion making it difficult for him to speak. “I love you,” he said simply, knowing that no words he could find would give the declaration any more meaning. “Both of you. I don’t know where we go from here, but I need you to know how very much you both mean to me.”

Devon’s heart felt as if it were going to swell right out of his chest. “Jon,” he rasped, reaching up to cup his lover’s

face, blinking away a sudden moistness as his gaze met a pair of equally swimming blue eyes. He rolled onto his back enough to touch Kit's face with the same gesture, seeing a matching glow in the ocher depths. "Kit... I never expected this to happen, but I love you both so much, so damn much."

"I know," Kit murmured, his hand tightening on Jonathan's fingers as his other hand lifted to clasp Devon's. "I was going to tell you both tonight, after... both of you." He took a deep breath, not because he was afraid to say the words, not after his two lovers had already made their declarations, but because he had never said the words to anyone besides family. "I love you," he declared firmly.

"Who the fuck would have believed it?" Devon marveled, his voice thick with emotion. Kit's grip contracted around his hand, and Jonathan leaned forward until their foreheads touched, the back of his fingers still brushing over the light stubble of Devon's jaw line. Devon squeezed his eyes shut, fighting a lifetime of conditioning that insisted men don't cry. "I don't want to leave you," he admitted, a tear slipping from beneath his tightly closed lid to trickle down a chiseled cheek. "Think Niall would notice if Lancelot hung around after he's banished?" he asked, trying for a lighter tone without much success.

"He might notice, but he wouldn't kick you off the set," Kit insisted, his embrace tightening at the thought of Devon leaving. The strength of their threesome had already carried him through some difficult moments in filming, but he knew the most demanding shoots were still to come. Having to face that without both of his lovers there was daunting. A part of him wanted to beg Devon to stay, but he understood that

Devon had to settle his business with his ex-wife once and for all so he would be free to move forward with his life. With their life.

“We’ll work it out somehow,” Jonathan insisted, wishing he felt more confident than he sounded. “It’s only temporary—Lancelot has to come back to rescue Guinevere.” He didn’t mention the separation they’d all face when filming ended, though his words were meant for them as well. “Somehow, some way, we’ll make it work.” His lips met Devon’s, pressing against them gently as his thumb brushed the moisture from his cheek. “We didn’t let your past break us apart. We won’t let distance beat us, either.”

“Let us love you, Devon,” Kit reiterated, propping up on one elbow to kiss Devon tenderly. “Let us *show* you how we feel.”

Gently freeing his hand from Devon’s clasp, Jonathan threaded his fingers into Kit’s curls, pushing up enough to reach his younger lover’s lips. Their eyes meeting in wordless accord, Jonathan thought again how Kit always managed to sense just what he or Devon needed. “Love you, kitten,” he whispered before easing back to claim Devon’s lips, spreading his legs to welcome the blond between them. “Want you, Devon,” he murmured when the kiss broke at last. “Want to feel you love me, the way you did the first time.”

“Won’t be like the first time,” Devon answered, cupping Jonathan’s buttocks to draw him even closer, moaning when their cocks throbbed against each other hotly. “Back then, I only wanted you. I’m going to make it so much better for you now.” His palms roamed the King’s chest, rubbing his thumbs over the hardened nipples, catching them between

his forefingers to roll and tug on them the way he knew Jonathan liked best.

“We’ll make it perfect for each other,” Kit declared, curling along Devon’s back, his hands sliding over hard muscle and bare skin. He spared an amused thought for Robert’s mistaken belief that he was the bottom in the relationship, but only for a moment. He had far better things to occupy his thoughts, like driving his lovers absolutely out of their minds with pleasure. Knowing Devon’s preferences now nearly as well as he knew his own, he nipped lightly at the curve of his lover’s shoulder before biting down hard, harder than he had ever dared before.

Devon groaned as Kit’s teeth cut into his deltoid, making his cock jolt against Jonathan’s where they were trapped between their bodies, wringing an answering moan from their other lover. “Fuck, Devon,” Jonathan panted, grinding his hips hard against Devon’s pelvis. He pulled his lover’s head to his, kissing him fiercely, rocking in short, hard thrusts that dragged their cocks against each other, the motion growing smoother as they slickened with each other’s precome. Jonathan’s other hand skated down the curve of Devon’s waist to where his own thighs wrapped around both Devon and Kit, then back up Kit’s body where it molded to Devon’s.

“Not tonight,” Kit insisted, rocking firmly against Devon’s ass. “Tonight, we’re making love.”

“Always,” Jonathan agreed when he could finally tear himself away from the intoxication of Devon’s mouth. “Any way, every way we’re together, it’s love. We may not have said the words before tonight, but that’s always what it’s been.” He worked a hand between their bodies to circle

Devon's cock, running up and down its length, gently easing back the foreskin to coax more fluid from its tip. "Please, babe," he entreated, inching himself upward until he could guide the shaft between his legs. "Need to feel you inside me."

Unable to resist the plea in Jonathan's voice, Devon thrust into the cleft between his buttocks, his precome lubricating the already sweat-damp crease, but that alone wasn't enough to let him continue. He knew Jonathan wouldn't protest, but tonight of all nights he refused to inflict any pain on either of his lovers. Scrabbling under the pillows until he found the tube of gel they'd left there earlier in the evening, he squeezed a dollop onto his fingers, reaching over Jonathan's hips to work his way past the clenching entrance, determined to prep him completely. Jonathan's gasp as the first finger slid inside sent Devon's own need skyrocketing. "So good," he crooned, twisting the digit deeper until he could scrape the pad against his lover's sweet spot. "So hot, so tight. Open up for me, Jon, gonna make it so good, so good for us both."

Kit pushed up on one elbow to watch as Devon prepared Jonathan. The sight of those strong fingers disappearing in their lover's firm ass made his own cock swell painfully. He looked around for the lube, snagging the tube and covering his own fingers with the slippery gel. Sliding them between the cheeks of Devon's backside, he probed gently, mirroring the caresses the older man was bestowing on Jonathan. "And you open for me," he husked.

"Always," Devon echoed Jonathan's response as he reacted to his lover's wordless appeal for more. Working a second finger into the portal that stretched and squeezed to

draw him in deeper, he felt himself reacting the same way to Kit's touch. "Either of you—both of you," he gasped, the layered sensations of Jonathan stroking his cock as Kit scissored his fingers inside him stealing his breath. "Want you both—love you both—so much."

"Now, Devon," Jonathan insisted, feeling the heavy shaft swell with each curl of Kit's fingers and needing to feel that thickness filling him, uniting him with Devon and with Kit through him, an unbroken circle of desire and love. Hitching his hips until he could throw his top leg over Kit's thighs, he guided Devon's cock to his entrance, working it between the fingers that still filled him, wanting to take as much of his lover inside him as he could. "Love you so much—want all of you—always." A cry of pleasure broke from his throat as the slick head of Devon's erection entered him, the long fingers still surrounding it. "Oh God, babe," he panted, his hips lifting to seek even more of his lover's length. "More, want more, want you inside me forever."

"You have me," Devon promised, the burn of Kit's fingers making him jump inside Jonathan's hot sheath. "Always—no matter where we are—always—" His lips closed over Jonathan's, uniting them in yet another way, his emotions stronger than any words could describe.

Deciding Devon was stretched enough and wanting desperately to be a part of the joining already taking place on the bed, Kit slid his fingers out and slicked his shaft quickly, lining up and pressing inside, letting Devon's movements draw him in deeper with each stroke.

This moment was more than anything Devon had ever dreamed of—loving and knowing himself to be loved in return, not once but twice, without jealousy or weakness—

strength building on strength, love building on love. Sheltered between his two lovers, giving and receiving pleasure in equal measure, a wellspring of joy overflowed inside him. His free hand caressed Jonathan's cock as Kit filled him, each thrust driving him deeper inside Jonathan. The sensations spiraled through him, as though he were feeling both his lovers' pleasure on top of his own. With a wordless shout of pure adoration, Devon's release fountained inside Jonathan, Kit's urgent pulses driving the intensity higher with each pump of his hips.

Kit bit his lip hard to stop himself from coming the minute Devon's climax started, squeezing his cock repeatedly, tightly. He was not ready to let go of this moment of communion, this instant of infinity. He knew, rationally, that they would find it again each time they made love, each time they whispered their love or shouted it to the heavens, but this was the first time, the moment they first made love openly, knowingly, intentionally rather than hiding their emotions behind the mask of physical sensation, and he was loath to have it end. He reached for Jonathan's hip, wanting the physical connection to both men that would mirror the emotional and spiritual one they had finally acknowledged.

Devon's hand on Jonathan's cock, his heat spilling inside him, were nearly enough to push Jonathan over the edge. Only one thing was missing, and as Devon's head fell to his chest in ecstatic release, Jonathan reached out for Kit, pulling his head down over Devon's shoulder to join their lips as his orgasm flared inside him like a thousand shooting stars.

Though their lips barely brushed as they met over Devon's body, Jonathan's kiss broke Kit's resolve, sending

love and lust welling through his heart and body, his release sending him flying, higher than any plane, than any mountain, yet he felt only exhilaration, knowing that his lovers were there with him, ready to catch him, to support him, comfort him, help him, love him. With them by his side, he could do anything. “I love you,” he shouted hoarsely.

By the time the spasms of pleasure slowed, Devon was too drained to do more than collapse against Jonathan’s chest, his breathing still rough and shaky. The warmth radiating from Jonathan beneath him and Kit behind him grounded him, imbuing him with a sense of peace and rightness. He could still feel Kit inside him, though not as deeply, as tightly, as when Kit had stretched to kiss Jonathan. He wasn’t sure he’d ever felt a lover as deeply inside him as Kit had been in that moment. “Love you,” he murmured, clasping each of his lovers’ hands and raising them to his chest. “Love you both.”

Jonathan squeezed Devon’s hand, stretching his fingers until they could brush the back of Kit’s, his other hand combing through Devon’s rumpled hair. Maybe later he’d find the words to convey how much the two men beside him had come to fill his heart and his life; for now, lying joined with his lovers like this was enough, and everything he needed.

Coming down from the sensual high, Kit chuckled softly. “You know,” he murmured, “I could almost be grateful to that bastard. His interference finally got us to admit our feelings.”

Jonathan privately wasn’t sure he could ever forgive that twisted piece of shit for abusing Devon’s trust, but he wasn’t going to let even the thought of him spoil this

moment. “I owe Addison for convincing me to tell you,” he mused, humming in contentment as Devon settled into a more comfortable position against his side. “He’s right—I’d be lucky to have found only one of you. Loving you both is a gift beyond price.”

“Blythe told me I was a coward,” Devon admitted, curling around Jonathan as Kit’s warmth pressed against his back. “Said I was using my failed marriages and the fact I was leaving as excuses to keep from facing what I really felt for you both.” A yawn escaped as he spoke, making Jonathan chuckle when it ruffled the hair on his chest. “Dunno ’bout you, but I can’t argue with Guinevere.” His voice trailed off into a muffled murmur.

“Any more than I can argue with Morgause,” Kit agreed. “Anwyn said pretty much the same thing to me, said I’d been mooning over you both and that it was time to stop being a kid and admit that I had found an adult relationship worth keeping.” Stifling a yawn of his own, he shifted more comfortably against Devon’s back.

“Sleep,” Jonathan whispered as his lovers’ breathing softened, letting his own eyes drift closed.

Following Jonathan’s direction, Kit’s eyes fell shut, his last thought before sleep claimed him that they would make the most of every day they had left together, free of Robert’s taint and secure in each other’s love, so that when filming ended, they would have such a wealth of shared loving between them that they would be able to endure even that.

## Chapter 7

### Start Me Up

“IS IT just me?” Kit asked Jonathan when they entered their trailer at the end of the day. “Or is Devon avoiding anything more than vanilla sex?”

Jonathan arched his back, feeling vertebrae cracking as he worked out the tension of the day’s filming before dropping into his makeup chair. “You noticed it too?” He stretched one arm, then the other before starting to unfasten the layers of chain mail and leather armor. “Not that I’d ever complain about any sex with either of you, but I haven’t seen the toy box in weeks—not since—”

“Since Robert showed up,” Kit agreed. “I thought we banished his specter last week when Devon beat him up, but I guess I was wrong.” He sank into his makeup chair, pulling his tunic free carelessly. Stacy and Carol would fuss, but he needed it off. Now. “Could he still be afraid that he’ll treat us the way Robert treated him?”

It took several deep breaths before Jonathan could even consider Robert without a red haze of anger clouding his thoughts. “That bastard has so much to answer for,” he muttered. “At least he’ll have a harder time getting his sick kicks with anyone else. Addison told me he’s put the word out with some of his friends—the ‘gay grapevine’, he called it—that Robert is dangerous.” He loosened his tunic enough to pull it over his head, draping it over the chair back. “It

still burns me that after the hell he put Devon through, he walked away with nothing more than a sore jaw.”

“I know,” Kit agreed, “but I don’t know what else we could have done. I’m more concerned about Devon, though. He was just getting comfortable as a Dom again when this happened. I wonder if it’s time to confront him. As much as I love everything we do together, I’m not willing to just abandon the games we played, not when they brought us all such pleasure.”

A surge of liquid heat spread through Jonathan’s loins, his cock hardening at the memory of the fierce pleasure he had experienced at the beach cottage the first weekend Devon had acted as their Dom. That was an experience he definitely wanted to try again. “We’ll just need to find a way to convince him,” Jonathan murmured, his voice husky with desire.

Kit’s grin widened, and his eyes took on a desirous glaze. “Oh, I’m sure we can think of something,” he assured his lover, lust pooling in his groin. “Do you suppose greeting him at the door in nothing but our cock rings, with the toy box and his leathers in hand would do it?”

The swelling in Jonathan’s groin surged into a full-fledged hard-on at the image of Devon poured into his skin-tight leathers. “It sure as hell does it for me,” he admitted, standing up and dropping his leggings to pool on the floor. “C’mon, kitten—let’s get ready so as soon as Carol and Stacy are through with us, we can head home to shower and get everything set before Devon gets back.”

Kit chuckled as he waited for his naked King to dress in street clothes. He knew better than to think they’d get out of the bathroom without making love, but maybe it would take

the edge off enough that they would have the patience to convince Devon to claim them again like he had at the beach.

DEVON trudged up the walk to his rental house, rubbing at a kink in the back of his neck. Brodie and the Orkneys had tried to talk him into going out for drinks with him when they'd finally finished running through the scene of Lancelot preparing Galahad to be knighted, but he'd begged off. They'd accepted his excuse of wanting to read the new pages of dialogue Niall had distributed, but from the ribald glances they'd exchanged as he headed to his trailer to change out of costume, he knew they were convinced he was off for a wild night with his lovers. Lately, though, he'd lost his appetite for anything more than the most vanilla of lovemaking—if *anything* about their threesome could be considered vanilla, he supposed. But any thought of games inevitably reminded him of his time with Robert, and although he had finally driven his former master out of his life, it seemed he hadn't yet succeeded in freeing himself of the taint of his memory.

No sooner had Devon opened his front door than he found his arms full of energetic Kit. Jonathan closed the door behind him and slid his jacket from his shoulders, gently massaging the knots he found with strong fingers. It would have been a perfectly stereotypical welcome home—if both of them weren't stark naked and proudly sporting their cock rings around their nascent erections.

"Welcome home, Sir," Kit purred, nuzzling Devon's neck eagerly. It was more forward than a proper sub would have

### III

been, but until and unless Devon agreed to their plan, he wasn't really a sub. "How can we serve you tonight?"

"You've had a long day," Jonathan added, working around Kit's clinging embrace to unbutton Devon's shirt from behind him, letting his cock nudge between Devon's ass-cheeks in the process. As soon as he had the shirt halfway open, he burrowed a hand beneath it to find and tease at the soft blond pelt coating Devon's chest. "Tell us how we can please you."

Not to be outdone, Kit lowered his head as soon as the skin of Devon's chest was revealed and nipped sharply at his collarbone, knowing how much the older man enjoyed that little bit of rough. "Tell us what you want," he added, looking up and meeting the glowing green gaze.

"Seems to me you're doing a fine job of conning that out on your own," Devon managed to comment before Kit's teeth closed on his shoulder and Jonathan's hands dipped lower to cup him as he worked open his trousers. The "own" turned into a moan when Jonathan conquered the zipper and slid his slacks down around his ankles, wrapping a callused palm around the quickly engorging flesh he'd uncovered.

"But think how much *better* we could do if you'd guide us," Kit replied, pulling back from the embrace enough to nip at Devon's nipples, first one, then the other. He glanced over his shoulder at the toy box and leathers sitting on the coffee table. "Everything you need's right there. Just tell us what you want us to do, Sir."

Jonathan could feel Devon tense in his arms when he saw what they'd laid out for him. "Not exactly a pipe and slippers, is it?" Devon grated, turning his head away to gaze

somewhere in the direction of the kitchen linoleum. “I don’t think I can go back to that again.”

“We want it, Devon,” Jonathan murmured against the blond’s ear, letting his lips trail down the strong column of their lover’s throat. “We want to serve you, to give you pleasure.”

“We love every part of you,” Kit added, “including the Dom. And we’ve missed seeing that side recently.” He pressed closer, letting his erection bump against Devon’s. “Do you remember the weekend we spent at the beach? Do you remember how good it felt to take control and bend us to your will? All you have to do is ask, and that can be yours again. Either of us, both of us, tied up, spread wide, however you want us, for your pleasure. And ours, luv. Don’t ever think that we don’t want this just as much as you do.”

The fierce jump of Devon’s cock at Kit’s sinful words made it useless for him to deny exactly how well he remembered. “A man’d have to be dead not to want you—either of you—that way, but I can’t....” He swallowed harshly, searching for the words to explain. “All of that, it’s part of what I’ve finally put behind me. It took three years, and both of you loving me, to break free of it... of him... and I still—” He rubbed his face, trying to make them see. “I can’t even think of it without thinking of him, and I won’t let him have one more moment of my life. I won’t let him taint anything to do with either of you.”

“Then don’t let him steal this from you,” Jonathan argued, pulling Devon back against his chest. “Don’t let him rob you of something that all of us want. We trust you, Devon. We love you, and—” Letting Devon go, he slid to his knees, resting his forehead against his lover’s bare thigh.

Gently, he mouthed at the pale hair that gilded it, the same emotional vulnerability he'd felt that weekend at the beach beginning to suffuse him. His voice gentled as he nuzzled Devon's thigh. "We want to submit to you."

"Were you really thinking of him at the beach?" Kit added, dropping to his knees in front of Devon, mimicking Jonathan's stance. "Was he controlling your actions that weekend? His idea of being a Dom was sick and twisted, and you suffered for that, but that wasn't how you were with us. Yes, you controlled us. Yes, you mastered us—and we loved it, in case you don't remember—but you didn't hurt us. There was nothing of the rat bastard in what we shared then, and there won't be any of him in what we do now. Unless you keep letting him hold you back. Do you really want to put away your toys, your leathers, that side of you, and pretend it doesn't exist—that it never existed? I really hope the answer is no, because you promised to expand my horizons, and I don't think you've even really begun."

The tight knot that had been squeezing inside Devon's chest loosened at the sight of his lovers voluntarily on their knees before him. He slid a palm under each man's chin, raising their heads to look deeply and searchingly into each of their eyes. Azure blue and ocher brown gazed back at him with total and unconditional love and trust. He let a thumb caress each cheek, his heart swelling at the magnitude of the gift they were giving him. "What did I ever do to deserve the two of you?" He closed his eyes and vowed to banish Robert's memory from ever again touching what he shared with these two incredible men.

"It's hardly worth putting m'leathers on, is it?" Devon mused, letting go of their chins and stroking one hand slowly

over his hardened cock. Jonathan's eyes had dropped immediately to the floor, but Kit continued to stare at him with a cheeky grin. "I'd only be taking them off again before very long, wouldn't I?"

"It's up to you, of course, Sir," Kit replied, "but we really hoped you'd wear them. For us?"

Devon's gaze turned to the butter-soft trousers and the toy box arranged on the low table before returning to the two men before him; his fingers brushed aside a tendril of hair from Jonathan's cheek, finding it slightly damp to his touch. "You've already showered?" he asked, sorry to have missed the chance to relax his tired muscles under warm water. A guilty flush colored Jonathan's cheeks, and Devon hid his smile. He knew his lovers too well to expect they could have showered without making love. "Started without me again, did ye?" he growled, catching Jonathan's jaw in a firm grip and holding it still when the other man would have dropped his eyes again. "Which one of you fucked the other?"

"I did," Kit admitted in a small voice, everything in him reacting to Devon's show of dominance. "Let us make it up to you," he suggested meekly. "Let us help you shower."

Regardless of whether or not he topped, Kit was a damned bossy bottom, Devon thought. The suggestion was tempting, though. "I'd prefer a soak," he decided, tapping Kit on the shoulder. "Go and run it for me." He nudged Jonathan and nodded toward the kitchen. "Get me a drink, and bring it into the loo." He picked up his discarded clothing and strode toward the master bedroom, never doubting his instructions would be obeyed.

Hearing Devon's order, Kit hurried to the bathroom to draw Devon's bath. He turned the water on full, adjusting

the temperature the way he already knew Devon liked it. Once that was in order, he leaned forward to put the plug in the drain so the tub would fill.

Entering the bathroom, Devon's first sight was Kit's ass facing him as the younger man leaned over the tub. That was an invitation too blatant to resist. Gripping the younger man by one hip to steady him, Devon laid a firm slap across one smooth cheek. "That's for taking Jonathan without my permission," he rumbled, feeling a tremor run through Kit at the contact.

"I'm sorry," Kit apologized immediately, even as he pushed back against Devon's hand seeking more contact. "But you weren't here and he begged so sweetly..." He trailed off, realizing he was probably getting them both in even more trouble. Hiding a grin, he added impulsively, "How was I supposed to resist?"

"Mouthy," Devon tsk-ed, striking a slightly harder blow on the other cheek. Kit had clearly been asking for more, and Devon was happy to oblige him.

*Just the way you like me,* Kit thought as he wriggled with the slight pain and growing warmth, but he didn't say anything aloud. There would be time for that later if the situation warranted.

Holding the tumbler of scotch carefully to keep it from spilling, Jonathan entered the bathroom just in time to see Devon smack Kit firmly. The low moan and wiggle from the younger man convinced him the blow was more arousing than painful, and Jonathan found his own cock tightening in response to his lover's spanking. Moving gracefully to his knees, he held the drink out to Devon, his voice quiet as he said, "I hope this will suit, Sir."

Devon made note both of Kit's eager reaction—despite his continued challenging comments—and the hungry light in Jonathan's eyes as he'd watched the second blow. A scenario began to take shape in his mind as he dropped a hand to Kit's shoulder, pulling him back to sit on his heels. Stepping into the tub, Devon lowered himself carefully, a sigh escaping as the warm water—just the right temperature, he noted with appreciation—covered his tired limbs. "I'll take that drink now." He extended a hand languidly to Jonathan, sighing again as the chilled liquor eased down his throat. A man could get used to this!

Not waiting for another order, Jonathan picked up the soap and began to lather Devon's feet where they rested on the edge of the tub, massaging the insteps with his thumbs. Devon's quiet groan sent a shiver of pride through him. He wanted to lean forward and press a kiss to the bend of his lover's ankle, but he was already acting without Devon's explicit permission and didn't want to go too far.

Seeing Jonathan's advances being accepted, Kit picked up a washcloth. "May I help you bathe, Sir?" he asked, not wanting to be accused of being cheeky too soon.

Setting down his drink, Devon leaned forward and allowed his two lovers to wash him, letting the day's tension fall away at their soothing hands. Jonathan seemed content to wait when they had finished bathing him, but he could feel Kit's nervous energy despite the lad's best attempt to kneel quietly. Hiding another grin, Devon rose to his feet, standing for moment to let the water cascade from his body before motioning for a towel.

For the same moment, Jonathan let himself enjoy looking up at Devon's toned body, silvery droplets of water

defining the strong limbs as they ran downward. Blinking to remind himself that he was supposed to be serving Devon's pleasure and not his own, he reached for a towel and held it open for Devon to step into, tucking it around his lover's waist.

"Would you like your leathers now, Sir?" Kit asked, needing something to do besides just wait. The tension in the air was palpable, and he was having trouble sitting still.

The air in the tiny bathroom was thick with more than just steam; Devon couldn't imagine struggling into his leathers in that charged atmosphere. "In the parlor." He gestured for them to precede him, reaching down to open the drain and adjusting himself beneath the towel.

Kit hurried back into the main living area, eager for whatever Devon had in mind for them. Visions of the hours spent on the porch at the beach assailed him as he tried to imagine what their lover might demand of them this time.

Once both his lovers were kneeling before him again, Devon dropped the towel and nodded at Kit; since he seemed to be the one most eager to see him in his leathers again, it seemed only fair to allow him to help. Especially since it was the last thing he'd be helping with for a while. "Give me a hand getting into these," he ordered coolly.

"Yes, Sir," Kit answered eagerly, grabbing the leathers and holding them out for Devon to step into. Images of how the older man looked in the black, clinging pants flitted through his mind, and his mouth watered at the thought.

Gripping Kit's shoulder as he stepped into the supple garment, Devon let his young lover ease the black leather up his legs, stopping him only when he would have pulled them

over his hips. “Jonathan,” he commanded their other lover, who was watching with a rapt expression, “get my cock ring from the toy box.” He knew he’d never be able to last through what he had planned without it.

Jonathan rummaged through the contents of the box, wondering with a twinge of excitement which of the toys their lover might choose to use on them, until he found the smooth leather ring. Kneeling before their master, he held it out on his palm, hoping he might be allowed the privilege of easing it onto Devon’s growing erection.

“Put it on me,” Devon murmured, running his hand through Jonathan’s silky hair. His grip tightened as careful fingers coasted over his cock, guiding the band over his length until it encircled the base and then pulling it snug, making him thicken even more beneath the firm pressure. Taking a step back, Devon allowed Kit to carefully ease the snug pants the rest of the way up his hips, carefully doing up the bottom two buttons but leaving the rest free, the head of his shaft peeking out from the open vee. He liked these pants too much to risk staining them.

Knowing both his lovers’ eyes were on him, Devon slid his palms down the clinging leather, over his hipbones, and back up his thighs, following the split of his fly. He consciously cleared his mind of the day’s stress, of his lingering misgivings, of everything but the smoothness of the grain beneath his fingers and the sensations his own touch transmitted. A successful Dom needed to find the right headspace as much as his subs did, so Devon stilled his mind and just let himself feel, stroking over the planes of his abdomen unhurriedly, trusting Kit and Jonathan to find

their own equilibrium as he slowly let himself become comfortable with the role he was about to resume.

Kit did his best to sit quietly at Devon's feet, awaiting the next order, the beginning of whatever scene their Dom would dictate, but he didn't understand the delay. Next to him, Jonathan seemed perfectly serene as he waited, but Kit could not stop his eager twitching. He managed, barely, to hold his silence, but he could not sit still, leaning forward finally to nuzzle at Devon's groin.

A touch that definitely didn't come from his own fingers snapped Devon out of his reverie. Glancing down, he hid a smile as Kit tried to bury his face between the open plackets of his leathers. "Did I give you permission to touch me?" he asked, his voice carrying a hint of steel beneath its silk.

Kit froze, caught in blatant disobedience. "No, Sir," he said in a small voice, not trying to justify his actions. If Devon wanted an explanation, he would ask.

"Jonathan," Devon purred, wondering whether the other man would balk at what he was about to command him to do to Kit the way he had that first weekend.

Hearing his name, Jonathan raised his eyes from their contemplation of the floor and met Devon's calmly. A detached part of his mind noted that his lover's gaze was sharp and decisive, without any of the hesitancy that had colored it the past few weeks, but he pushed the thought aside and answered quietly. "Yes, Sir?"

"Go back to the toy box and get the restraints, two sets. The suede ones."

Jonathan rose to his feet and gathered the requested items, returning to kneel at Devon's feet, breathing in and

out slowly to calm the sudden surge of his heartbeat. The memory of being restrained on the porch of the beach house, of being claimed first by Kit and then by Devon, made his cock throb against the unrelenting ring. He held the flexible leather out silently, hoping he would be allowed to serve his lovers that way again.

“Kit.” Devon paused until his dark-haired lover looked up.

“Yes, Sir?” Kit made himself ask, looking up from his spot at Devon’s feet, his heart pounding at the thought of being restrained, of being at his lovers’ mercy.

“On your feet. Move the toy box and lie down on the table.” Though he wasn’t looking at him, Devon registered the slightest slump of Jonathan’s shoulders, promising himself he would be sure to make up for his other sub’s disappointment. “Face up.”

Kit swallowed forcefully, rising to his feet with as much grace as he could manage. He set the toy box on the floor, bending at the waist to give both his lovers an extra tempting view of his ass, though he doubted they needed tempting at this point, then lay back on the table as Devon had directed, trying to find a comfortable position. In the end, it probably didn’t matter. Devon would position him as suited him best. He was just glad the house came furnished with a suitably sturdy table. He didn’t relish having it collapse under him in the middle of their session.

Letting Kit’s shimmy go unremarked—the lad really was incorrigible, and it wouldn’t do to reinforce his behavior—Devon ran his hand lightly over Jonathan’s now-dry hair instead. “Secure him to the table, Jonathan, hands and feet.

Tightly enough to keep him from squirming too much, hmm?”

Still on his knees, Jonathan turned to fasten the soft leather cuffs around Kit’s ankles, binding them securely to the legs of the coffee table. He could feel the slight tremor that shook through the younger man’s shins as he held them. Wishing he could reassure Kit, he gave the leg he was holding a gentle squeeze before crawling to the other end of the table and securing his lover’s wrists. He couldn’t resist interlacing their fingers for just a moment before straightening up, the length of the table—with Kit’s body stretched across it—between him and Devon.

“Good boy,” Devon praised, beckoning Jonathan to him. “Even though you’ve already had your fun for this evening”—Jonathan’s heart dropped, fearing he wasn’t going to be allowed to participate in whatever was to come—“I think you deserve a treat for obeying so readily.” Picking up the toy box, Devon strolled around the table and set it at Jonathan’s side. “Pick out a plug for yourself, and I’ll put it in you.”

Swallowing roughly, Jonathan whispered a quiet “Thank you” before looking down at the jumble of latex in the container, wondering if the plug would be all he was allowed to feel for the rest of the night. Knowing he was already stretched and still slippery from making love with Kit in the shower, he selected a wider plug than he had ever worn before, holding it out to Devon for his approval. “This one, Sir?” he beseeched.

Devon’s eyebrows rose, but he said nothing, inclining his head and motioning Jonathan toward the couch. The sub rested his forearms on the cushions and leaned forward, lifting his hips to present himself to his master.

Bound to the table, Kit listened to the exchange in silence, his skin still tingling where Jonathan had touched him lightly while fastening the restraints. He hoped he had not gotten Jonathan—or himself—in trouble with Devon, but they had not been in the middle of a scene when they made love in the shower. Surely Devon could not intend to punish them for that! He scolded himself silently. Devon was *not* Robert, was not unreasonable. If pretending to be put out with them added to their play, he had no doubt Devon would do it, but not because he was truly upset. Letting that thought reassure him, Kit’s focus returned to the physical sensation of being restrained. The width of the table left his arms and legs splayed wide, knees lifted, his body stretched out for his lovers’ delectation, yet it seemed that their attention was elsewhere. Reminding himself to be patient, that Devon had two subs to take care of, not just one, he tried to calm his breathing and his racing pulse as he wondered what they would do to him once they turned their attention to him.

After glancing back to reassure himself that Kit was waiting as patiently as could be expected—not that he could do much of anything else—Devon ran an admiring hand down the elegant plane of Jonathan’s back, lingering on the curve of his buttock. Bending forward, he held the plug to Jonathan’s lips, which opened automatically to admit the bulbous head. “Get it good and wet,” Devon advised, watching appreciatively as Jonathan suckled the latex until it glistened with his saliva. Squeezing some lube onto his fingers, he explored the crease of Jonathan’s ass with his other hand, teasing at the opening that would soon be stretched wide to accept the thick plug. The portal opened to him easily, more proof that Kit had been there before him.

Plunging two fingers inside, he coated the clinging channel with the gel, scissoring them to judge if his sub was ready to be claimed. When he felt Jonathan starting to quiver beneath him, he tugged the slick toy from his lover's mouth and plunged it into him, corkscrewing it to ease the way, knowing from the groan Jonathan quickly bit off that the burn was as much pleasurable as it was painful.

Digging his fingernails into his palms to keep from bucking when the plug pushed into him, Jonathan groaned, his cock jerking against the rough fabric of the couch. Taking a few short, panting breaths, he tried not to clench around the intrusive toy, letting the burn wash over him and focusing instead on the stretch of his guardian muscle, the fullness that pressed against him, hinting at the pleasure he still hoped to earn. Devon's strong hand caressed his flank, soothing him, and he relaxed further, letting himself sag slightly as his muscles gave up their tension.

"That's good," Devon straightened with a final pat to Jonathan's hip, "very good." He glanced at Kit again, judging by the younger man's eager gaze that he had enjoyed watching Jonathan's reward. "Feeling a bit neglected?" he asked Kit, sauntering back to the toy box and selecting a set of nipple clamps. "You shouldn't. I have an adornment in mind for you too."

## Chapter 8

### Feeling the Pinch

KIT'S groin tightened as he looked at the pieces of metal in Devon's hand. He had no idea what they were, but the look on his lover's face assured him he'd be finding out soon. "What are they for?" he asked, hoping Devon would talk first and act second.

Devon raised an eyebrow, his glance clearly reminding Kit that he was once again overstepping his limits by speaking out of turn. "They're for expanding your horizons," he answered with a cocky smile, echoing Kit's comment of a few minutes earlier. Without warning, Devon bent over and grasped one of Kit's dark nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Tugging until it hardened, he twisted it slightly, his mouth twitching at the gasp Kit made no effort to hold in. *You haven't felt anything yet, lad*, Devon thought to himself. Squeezing one of the clamps open, he closed it over the distended nub, careful to keep the tension from becoming too tight.

Devon's words both reassured and unnerved Kit. Then the clamp closed over one nipple, replacing the pressure of Devon's fingers, and sensation exploded outward. "Shite!" he cursed before he could consider how that response might affect Devon and Jonathan. "Oh, fuck, that hurts!" He panted as the pain radiated out and then settled in, no longer unbearable, but a backdrop for whatever was to come.

His whole body felt sensitized, as if the pressure on his nipple had somehow lit up every nerve he had.

Jonathan clenched his fingers into his thighs to keep from jumping up when Kit cried out in pain. *Trust Devon*, he told himself sharply, his gaze flickering from Kit's face to Devon's and back to Kit's again, reassured by what he saw there. *You said you trusted him—he knows Kit's limits by now. He won't go beyond what Kit can take.*

Devon watched Kit closely, recognizing the moment his body transcended the pain. He traced the dusky aureole gently with a long finger, avoiding the clamp itself. "All right, then?" he asked softly.

"Yeah," Kit husked, the tender touch as arousing as any more intimate caress. "*He* would never have asked, you know," he added, hoping he was not going too far.

The unspoken trust in Kit's assurance made Devon close his eyes for a moment, letting his confidence settle back over himself. He could do this. Breathing deeply, he opened his eyes and slid back into his role. "Still talking out of turn," he chided, though his voice was warm. "And I didn't hear you address me properly."

"Yes, Sir, I'm fine, Sir, thank you for asking, Sir," Kit parroted immediately, a cheeky smile on his face now that he knew his comment had not destroyed the mood of the evening. Memories of the two swats Devon had given him in the bathroom assailed him, the thought of feeling their like now, when his skin was so much more sensitive from the clamp, making his cock leak a little despite the constriction holding back his release.

“Brat,” Devon laughed, bouncing the second clip in his palm. His fingers tweaked Kit’s other nipple a little more firmly, prepping it for the pinch before he fixed the remaining clamp around it. He glanced over his shoulder at Jonathan still kneeling quietly behind him. “Come look at this, Jon,” he invited. “Doesn’t he look good in them?”

Shuffling forward, Jonathan moved to the side of the table opposite Devon, the plug that stretched him shifting inside with each movement. “Beautiful,” he whispered. Now that he was close enough, he saw that the clamps were shaped like delicate tweezers, a silver ball threaded over the legs to adjust the tension, a cluster of crystal beads dangling from fine chains at the tip. The silver clasps glinted against the dark circles of Kit’s nipples. He wondered whether Devon had bought them with Kit in mind. “They’re beautiful, Sir. He’s beautiful.”

Having been more prepared for the second bite of pain, Kit rode it out with only a sharp hiss, his body tensing against it before he forced himself to relax. The invitation to Jonathan and the other man’s reaction had his chest puffing with pride. He wanted his lovers to find him beautiful, to desire him as strongly as he desired them, as he loved both of them. “Just for you,” he murmured, wishing his hands were free so he could touch his two amazing lovers. “Sir,” he added guiltily after a long enough pause to reveal his forgetfulness once again.

“There are chains,” Devon said thoughtfully, trailing his finger from one clamp to the other, “that connect from here to here. They’d pull on the clamps when you move, and they’d look so good against your skin. Maybe next time you can earn those.” His cock throbbed at the image, but it was

more than Kit was ready for, he knew. He would save them for another session.

Kit felt the subtle reprimand as sharply as any harsh word. He bit his lip, holding back the comment that bubbled up of its own accord, his eyes sliding sideways to Jonathan's still, composed form. He envied the older man his easy acceptance of the sub mentality when they played their games. He had no illusions that Jonathan's submissiveness would carry over to other areas of their lives, yet Kit did not seem able to give up that last bit of control now the way Jonathan did.

Jonathan bit back a moan at Devon's description, imagining the graceful sway of silver links as Kit walked, imagining Kit's face as Devon gently tugged on the chains. The mental picture was so vivid he almost didn't hear Devon's voice the first time he spoke.

"So, what should we do with our beautiful boy, Jonathan? What would you like to do to him?"

Breathing in deeply, Jonathan let go of his own need, feeling himself settle in the place where all that mattered was his lovers—obeying Devon's commands, watching over Kit, giving them both pleasure through his yielding to them. His own arousal didn't disappear, but he was able to subdue it, knowing his reward would be all the sweeter for having seen to theirs first. "Whatever would please you most, Sir," Jonathan answered truthfully.

"Touch me," Kit pleaded immediately, every inch of his skin begging for attention. Turning to look at Devon, he continued, "Just let him touch me, Sir. Please."

“Would you like that, Jonathan?” Devon asked. The temptation to touch Kit himself was strong, but watching Jonathan would be almost as erotic, and the sub had been so obedient he deserved some reward. “Would you like to touch Kit?”

“Fuck, yes,” Jonathan groaned. “Please, Sir, let me please you both.”

Kit nodded enthusiastically, biting the inside of his cheek to keep from repeating his plea, not wanting Devon to refuse because he was being “cheeky.”

Taking a step back, Devon stretched onto the couch, leaning against the cushions and letting one hand tease at the damp head of his cock. “Go ahead, then,” he told Jonathan. “Show me how much you can please us both. Touch him anywhere, any way you like—except his cock,” he added, almost as an afterthought. “Make him come that way, if you can, and then I’ll fuck you.”

Jonathan’s muscles clenched around the plug at the promise in Devon’s words. “Oh, fuck, yeah,” he murmured, already feeling Devon’s thick cock reaming him instead of the lifeless toy. “Want that, Sir. Want you inside me.” Pushing his weight off his heels, he shifted up, eager to lavish pleasure on Kit, even if he couldn’t suck him the way he wanted to. Seeing the way Kit’s cock already leaked against his stomach despite its constraint, he paused, glancing back at Devon. “Should I take off his ring, Sir?”

“Leave it on,” Devon commanded. “Maybe it will remind him he’s only to speak when he’s given permission, since nothing else seems to.”

“If you want me to be quiet,” Kit replied cockily as his body thrummed with anticipation, “put something in my mouth.” Hungrily, he eyed the cock Devon was stroking, hoping he might get a taste of it.

“Keep talking and you might be surprised what I put in your mouth,” Devon answered. Kit was incorrigible, but he’d just given Devon the excuse he needed to put another of his toys to good use. He considered commanding Jonathan to retrieve it, but his sub was kneeling so patiently, albeit with the look of a starving man staring through a restaurant window, that he didn’t have the heart to make him wait any longer. “See if you can shut him up, Jonathan,” he ordered.

The permission he’d been silently pleading for granted, Jonathan nodded, mindful that Devon seemed disinclined to listen to chatter. Crawling to the table, the plug was a constant reminder of the reward he would earn if he performed well. He didn’t mind having to wait for his own fulfillment; giving pleasure to Kit, and by extension to Devon, was no hardship as far as he was concerned. Stopping when he reached the side of the table, he knelt again and studied Kit’s face, reassured to see nothing but desire and an undercurrent of mischief in the wide brown eyes.

“Come on, Jonathan,” Kit teased softly, hoping Devon wouldn’t be able to hear him. “I know you can figure out some way to keep me quiet... or at least make me incapable of speech.”

The part of Jonathan’s head that had already embraced his submissive role was startled at such blatant disobedience, but Kit’s impishness still couldn’t help but make him smile—it was as natural as his charm and his beauty. Leaning forward, Jonathan dragged his thumb over

Kit's lips, lingering while his fingers caressed his lover's cheek. "Shhhh," he whispered almost soundlessly at Kit's mock-pout. He wondered if he dared to kiss Kit into silence. He glanced up at Devon, sprawled in cat-like elegance on the couch, watching them with an amused look in his eyes. Their Dom didn't say anything, and after all, he had given Jonathan permission to touch "anywhere, any way he liked." Giving in to his own longing, Jonathan placed a hand on either side of Kit's head and kissed him.

Kit turned immediately into the kiss, giving Jonathan complete control of his mouth and their interaction. Bound as he was, he had little choice, but that did not even figure in his thoughts. All he knew was the touch of firm lips against his, gentle hands on his face, a beginning of respite for the desire throbbing through him, centered in his clamped nipples and his bound cock. His cock would not be receiving any attention—Devon's orders—but perhaps Jonathan would touch the clamps, adding to the mixture of pleasure and pain that had Kit already so on edge.

Jonathan began the kiss gently, tenderly nibbling at Kit's lips, resisting the temptation to taste him at once deeply and hungrily. He would have to build Kit's arousal without touching his most sensitive flesh, and to do that he would take his time, layering sensation on sensation. The fingers of one hand wound into Kit's hair, caressing his scalp, while the others traced the line of his jaw and the long, slim neck and throat. When Kit's head lifted to seek more contact, Jonathan let his tongue trace the outline of slender lips, accepting the unspoken invitation when they parted beneath him.

The kiss was so much what Kit needed and yet not at all what he had expected. Devon's words, the command he had given Jonathan, combined with the clamps, already had him fiercely aroused. It wouldn't have taken much, when Jonathan first knelt beside him, to make Kit come. A few tugs on the clamps, a couple of fingers in his ass, and cock ring or no, he would have climaxed. The kiss Jonathan was bestowing on him now had no connection to that level of tension. Jonathan's mouth, Jonathan's hands, soothed him, eased the passion riding him, brought him down from the shock of pain from the clamps and the surge of arousal at being bound at his lovers' mercy. His heart swelled with love, as it did every time either of his lovers kissed him, amazement at how well they knew him, how easily they gave him exactly what he needed, warming him in a far more lasting way than any surge of lust.

Watching his two lovers kiss slowly, almost languidly, surprised Devon at first. As keyed up as Kit had been, as long as he'd made Jonathan wait, he'd expected their first kiss to be explosive. He should have known better, reminding himself that he was not watching two near-strangers whose only interest was achieving physical release. These were lovers—*his* lovers—and watching them show their love in every touch of lips and fingers made him hungry to claim his share of the banquet. By the rules he had laid down, though, he could only do that once Jonathan had made Kit come. It was time to step things along.

"Jonathan." Devon's voice sounded thick in his own ears. "Touch him. Touch the clamps."

Kit moaned into Jonathan's mouth at Devon's words, his passion surging to the fore again at the mere thought of

what any contact with the clamps would do to him. Devon really did know him well.

Lifting his head from the kiss, Jonathan smiled at Kit's moan, equal parts protest and plea. Leaning forward onto his elbows, he swung a leg over his lover's prone body, straddling the slim hips. The move set the plug rocking deeper inside him as he scooted backward, sitting on his haunches. For just a moment he gazed down in appreciation at the elegant silver clips adorning each wide, dusky nipple: then he bent forward and lapped around them with his tongue, wetting them, worshipping them, soothing the abused flesh even as he stimulated it.

"Oh, god, Jonathan!" Kit gasped as even the soft touch of his lover's tongue set his flesh to throbbing again. Not painfully, but powerfully, his whole body jerking in reaction, pulling at the suede that held him in place.

Encouraged by Kit's response, Jonathan drew one of the clamps into his mouth, suckling it gently as his fingers toyed with the other, spreading his saliva over it, tracing the contours of the clasp gently enough to set it quivering. His cock leaking at the sounds Kit was making, he could feel the younger man undulating beneath him, bumping the plug's handle, arousing him even more.

Devon could see Jonathan's buttocks twitch as he clenched around the plug, and it was getting damned hard not to give in to the urge to pull it out of him and sink into that tight heat. "Soon," he promised Jonathan. "You want it, don't you? Want to feel me filling you? Kit wants it too, I warrant. Touch him there, Jon—rest your thumb on his hole. Don't put it in—just let him think about what you're feeling, what you're going to feel once you bring him off."

Jonathan couldn't hold back his own moan of anticipation at Devon's sultry promise. Lifting his head, he raised the thumb that had been teasing the second clamp to his mouth, wetting it before reaching behind himself and between Kit's legs. Taking the other nipple into his mouth, he traced the crease between Kit's cheeks blindly with his fingers, spreading them until he could press his saliva-damp thumb against the puckered opening.

Kit squirmed wildly within the extent of his bonds, curses falling volubly from his lips as Jonathan teased him at Devon's direction, touching but not penetrating, teasing without delivering, even as his mouth stimulated the other pinched nipple. "Please," he begged, trying to lift his hips just a little more, to gain a little more pressure. "Please, I need you inside me, need you to touch me."

As much as he could sympathize with Kit's need, there was no way Devon could let his vocalization go on unchecked. Mindful of the near-disaster that could have resulted from pushing Kit beyond his limits at the beginning of their relationship, he considered his next step, smiling when he hit on a solution that could give them all what they wanted. Pushing to his feet, he retrieved the toy he'd contemplated earlier and moved to stand at the head of the table, looking down at the erotic tableau as Jonathan straddled Kit's hips, his mouth still closed over one of the clamps, his fingers buried between the cheeks of Kit's ass. He touched the back of Jonathan's head gently, his fingers sliding into the tawny hair.

Jonathan stiffened at Devon's touch, wondering if he'd done something wrong while at the same time longing to push up into his lover's hand, to plead for more attention for

himself. Raising his head, he looked up at Devon towering over them, up the long legs encased in skin-tight leather, the engorged head of his cock pushing through the open placket, up the toned planes of his abdomen and the muscled chest to meet glittering green eyes.

Seeing the trepidation in Jonathan's gaze, Devon's other hand tipped his chin upward, the backs of his fingers ruffling the stubbled jaw. "You're doing fine, Jon," he reassured his lover, glancing down at Kit still writhing beneath him. "Take the clamps off now."

"No, leave them, please," Kit protested before he could think about how Devon might react to his comments. He didn't want the incredible pressure to go away, didn't want a lessening in the tension that held him in its grip. "I'm so close." If Jonathan stopped now, he'd lose that edge.

His free hand hovering above Kit's chest, Jonathan hesitated, waiting for Devon's response. His other hand stroked the damp length of Kit's crease, his thumb still pressing over the entrance as Devon had directed, hoping that might be enough to drive the younger man over the top.

Kit squirmed beneath Jonathan, biting his lip as he caught sight of Devon's face. The thumb was driving him wild, almost as wild as the clamps on his nipples. Just a little bit more....

Trying to maintain a stern visage, Devon nodded at Jonathan, knowing better than either of his lovers what would happen as soon as the pressure of the clips was released. The hand behind his back gripped the smooth silicone of the toy as he waited for the inevitable. "Now, Jon."

Reluctantly, Jonathan reached for the clamp he'd been suckling, moving as gently as he could to slide the restraining bead upward enough to ease the clip from the reddened nipple. Greatly daring, he pressed just a fraction harder against Kit's puckered entrance, not quite penetrating, but pushing the opening just a little wider with the pad of his thumb as the clip slid loose.

Kit had expected the clamp's removal to lessen the sensation assailing him. The opposite was true. The sudden cessation of pressure allowed his blood to rush back into the previously constricted flesh, a feeling not unlike having his cock ring removed. Combined with the increased thrust of Jonathan's thumb against his hole, it pushed Kit into the throes of a powerful orgasm, his cock twitching as if disgorging the contents of his painfully full sac, though only a dribble escaped the confines of the ring.

Jonathan's own cock throbbed against the leather strap of his ring as Kit thrashed below him, hitting the handle of the plug and pushing it hard against his prostate. Heat flared through him so fiercely that he bit his lip to keep from groaning, his fingers trembling as he fumbled to remove the second clip as quickly as he could.

The release of the second clamp, the renewed surge of desire, tore through Kit, a wordless shout issuing from his throat as he thrashed wildly on the table before collapsing back against it, replete and exhausted as he would never have believed possible only from having his nipples pinched and his entrance toyed with. Looking up at Devon again with hazy eyes, he murmured, "I didn't know."

"Just expanding your horizons, lad." Devon let the corners of his lips twitch for just a moment before stretching

out his hand to Jonathan to reclaim the silver clamps. “You’ve earned your reward,” he assured him, knowing the effect that watching—and feeling—Kit climax below him must have had on his other lover. “There’s just one thing I have to care for first.” Looking down at Kit, he brought his other hand forward, letting them both see the ball gag dangling from his fingers. “Since you can’t seem to keep your mouth shut, Kit, we’ll have to find another way to keep you quiet.”

## Chapter 9

### Gag Order

“YOU didn’t keep my mouth busy,” Kit retorted, knowing the gag was going in his mouth whether he spoke or was silent. “What was I supposed—”

With an indulgent smile, Devon bent forward and took Kit’s mouth with his, silencing the younger man in the most expeditious means possible. He let his tongue probe deeply, savoring the flavors of tea and clove and Kit, and even the hint of Jonathan he imagined he could taste from their earlier kisses. Kit met him with enthusiasm, as he did everything, sucking Devon’s tongue deeper into his mouth and worrying it gently with his teeth. Devon let the kiss last a little longer than he should, knowing it would be some while before he could enjoy the pleasure again, but finally he pulled back, the gag still dangling from his fingers. “I much prefer my method of keeping you quiet,” he admitted, “but I have other plans that involve my mouth, so I’m afraid it will have to be this for now.” He eyed the younger man from beneath a raised brow, wondering if Kit was going to fight him.

Kit considered protesting, but he really had no grounds for it. Devon had made it clear, the first time they had played like this, that he expected his subs only to speak when spoken to, and while Kit had only a passing idea of what other forms of discipline Devon might choose, a gag was

surely the least of them. Nodding, he lifted his head and opened his mouth.

Somewhat surprised at Kit's immediate obedience, Devon ran a finger around the parted lips before popping the ball inside. He waited for Kit's attempts at positioning it to stop before adjusting the strap to a comfortable pressure. He could feel Jonathan's gaze from behind them as he bent to the toy box at the side of the table, straightening with nothing more threatening in his hand than a soft length of scarf. He trailed the ends over Kit's chest, earning a shiver before he placed it in the lad's right hand.

"If you need us to stop for any reason, drop the scarf," Devon instructed. He didn't plan anything that should come close to causing Kit to need to safeword, but he wasn't going to make any assumptions or take any chances at pushing Kit too far ever again, and trussed up as he was, Kit's back could spasm and he'd have no other way of telling them. His hand brushed Kit's cheek, trusting that he, and Jonathan too, would understand the gesture was a safeguard and not a threat.

Kit's eyebrows raised in surprise as his fist closed around the scarf. Yes, they had talked about safewords, back when they first started out, but he had never even considered using his. Even so, the thought that Devon cared enough, as his lover and his Dom, to make sure he had a way out if he needed it made him smile as best he could around the gag. He nodded to show his understanding, hoping Devon could read his gratitude and his love in his eyes.

Relieved at Kit's smile, Devon glanced back at Jonathan. He still straddled Kit at the lower end of the table, his

erection standing stiff against his stomach, his eyes warm as they watched Kit. Seeing Devon's gaze shift to him, Jonathan dropped his eyes, waiting for the next command, hoping that Devon would remember the bargain he'd made. Kit wouldn't have hesitated to remind their Dom already, Jonathan knew, but he was content to wait, certain anything Devon ordered him to do would lead to their mutual pleasure in the end.

Rising from the table, Devon stepped back, once more taking in the image of Kit's firm body spread open for their taking and of Jonathan straddling Kit's hips, his posture tight with anticipation and arousal. It was time he gave something to Jonathan, he knew, but something that kept Kit included as well. "Move to the end of the table, Jonathan," Devon ordered, his hand dropping to pop open another button on his leathers, easing some of the pressure on his own engorged cock. "Kneel up, with your hips in the air."

Jonathan's shaft swelled at the sultry note in Devon's voice. The deep, thick accent became stronger during their games, the sound of Devon's commands arousing him as much as the actions Devon ordered him to perform. He positioned himself on his knees between Kit's spread legs at the edge of the table, grasping the sides with his hands, raising his hips to present himself to his Dom, his lover, hoping Devon was ready to take what he wanted so much to offer. He wished he could turn his head to look at Devon, to try and read his intentions in his eyes, but he kept his gaze focused downward, at the almost as enticing view of Kit's groin, the circlet of his cock ring blending with the dark curls that framed his still-hard shaft.

Kit squirmed restlessly on the table, the pressure on his cock keeping his desire from fading despite his earlier orgasm. With the gag in his mouth, he couldn't keep his lovers' attention on him that way, so he lifted his hips as best he could, trying to remind the two men not to forget him in their quest for their own release.

"Insatiable," Devon grumbled to Jonathan, stifling a smile. He noticed Jonathan moistening his lips and added in a slow drawl, "What should we do with him, Jon?"

"Suck him," Jonathan whispered, raising his eyes just enough to meet Kit's, hungry for the taste Devon had denied him earlier. "Let me suck him this time, please, Sir."

The low rasp of Jonathan's voice fired an answering hunger in Devon's blood, but there was no reason to deny Jonathan what he asked for while Devon took his own pleasure. "Go ahead," he nodded his permission, using the moment when Jonathan's head dropped to gather another necessity from the quickly depleting toy box.

Lowering his head to nuzzle at Kit's abdomen, Jonathan breathed in the heady scent of his lover's musk. He teased at the dark nest of curls for a moment while the rosy column stiffened beneath his regard. When it stood at attention before him, he let his tongue trace its length, following the vein that pulsed beneath the silken skin down and back up again, swirling around the enrobed head before finally lapping the bead of fluid that was all the ring had allowed to escape.

Kit's head tossed back and forth as Jonathan's tongue lavished attention on his rapidly reawakening cock. Were the gag not in the way, he would have already begun to beg. As it was, he had to settle for moaning low in his throat and

pushing his hips up toward Jonathan's mouth. He kept his hand clenched tightly around the scrap of silk he held, determined not to let it slip accidentally from his fingers, thus ending the sensual torture Jonathan so lovingly imposed on him.

Encouraged by Kit's reaction, Jonathan opened his lips around the head of his lover's cock, teasing his tongue around the shroud of foreskin, flicking over the veiled ridge, so intent on winning another groan of pleasure that it caught him by surprise when he felt Devon's hands grasping his ass, parting his cheeks. His own mouth as blocked as Kit's, he growled deeply when slick fingers wandered down his crease, teasing around his hole, skimming over the skin stretched so tightly around the plug that filled him. His muscle flexing involuntarily, Jonathan pushed backward, arching his hips, trying to follow the maddeningly elusive touch while taking Kit even deeper into his mouth.

Devon knew Jonathan probably couldn't help his body's reaction, but it was time he started to learn the discipline Devon expected from his subs. Drawing his hand back, he slapped the tightened globes firmly, surprising a muffled grunt from the kneeling man. "I didn't give you permission to move," he said sternly, watching as Jonathan immediately dropped his hips. "Your pleasure is my responsibility to administer, not yours to seek," he added.

Shamed at needing to be admonished, Jonathan shrunk back, trying to focus on what he was doing to Kit rather than what Devon was doing to him. Whatever it was, it would be good. He could trust Devon to see to that. Breathing in deeply, he slid his lips further down Kit's shaft, exhaling slowly as the silken hardness filled him, emptying his mind

of any concern but that of pleasuring his lover. A sense of freedom grew in him, letting him focus fully on just this moment, knowing that Devon would take care of him, would give him whatever he needed.

Another moan escaped around the gag in Kit's mouth as the smack Devon delivered forced Jonathan forward onto his cock. He tried to keep his hips from bucking up even more into the wet cavern, shivering in delight at the suction as Jonathan swallowed to keep from choking. He heard the Dom's words of warning to Jonathan, knew they should apply to him as well, but he was too far gone in pleasure to process them completely. Later, when he could think straight again, he'd think about them, try to make them apply to himself. For now, all he knew was how close he was to coming again, held back only by the constriction of the cock ring. His fingers gripped the scarf until his knuckles turned white. Whatever happened, he did not want to drop it.

Watching Jonathan deep-throat Kit—hard to believe a few short months ago Jonathan had never had a cock in his mouth before!—and listening to Kit's increasingly frantic noises were undeniably arousing, and Devon was ready to do more than just watch his lovers. Popping open the final button on his leathers, the placket gaping to free his hardened shaft, he returned to the pleasant task of teasing up and down Jonathan's crease with lube-slicked fingers, sliding around the circumference of the thick plug, just enough to stir it minutely in his sub's channel. He was pleased to see that despite the provocation, Jonathan held himself still, only a slight quiver of his thighs hinting at the effect Devon's actions were having on him.

Devon's callused but surprisingly gentle fingers circled the handle of the plug, each touch setting the thick silicone knob vibrating in Jonathan's channel. He tried to keep his muscles from clenching around it, tried to ignore the tendrils of pleasure that Devon's touch sent spiraling through him. Every time Devon nudged the plug, Jonathan's cock twitched against his belly; he could feel it rubbing damply against him, knowing he was leaking and that without the cock ring to constrain him, he'd probably already have come. Focusing on the steadiness of his breathing, he sucked harder on Kit's shaft, wishing he had permission to touch so he could take Kit's balls in hand and push fingers into his hole the way Devon was driving the plug into him.

Kit wanted to beg, to plead, to do anything to move them closer to release, but the gag in his mouth silenced his words, the bonds around his limbs stilled his movements. He had only the scarf in his hand, and he knew dropping that would end the scene entirely rather than speeding it up. Jonathan's tongue teased him, his mouth trying to suck out the younger man's orgasm through the cock ring, or at least that was how it felt. It wouldn't take much for Kit to come again despite the constriction, but he tried to hold back, wanting to come with his lovers this time.

Impressed that Jonathan was able to control his reactions even under increased provocation, Devon decided the lesson had gone far enough for this scene. The fact that his own cock was throbbing against his leathers, demanding its own relief, might have played into the decision just a little. Tightening his grip on the handle of the plug, winning a smothered gasp from Jonathan as it twisted, he pulled it out quickly and positioned the head of his cock in its place.

Knowing Jonathan was already well-stretched and well-lubed, he didn't hesitate to thrust in his full length with a single plunge, hissing in pleasure as the muscle contracted around him, wrapping him in a tight, hot cocoon.

Jonathan was so centered on the soft whimpers escaping from around the gag in Kit's mouth that Devon's actions took him by surprise. He couldn't hold back a gasp of shock when Devon grasped the plug and pulled it free, making Kit tremble as his mouth closed even tighter around him. When Devon's thick cock drove into him, replacing the momentary emptiness, it was so much better that Jonathan struggled not to push back against him, not to plead for Devon to fuck him hard and fast, to come inside him and to let him make Kit come.

Lifting his head as best he could, Kit tried to see what Devon was doing. The sight that met his eyes left him trembling. Devon's golden body drove into Jonathan, driving the hungry mouth farther down Kit's cock. Kit's head fell back with another groan, every muscle in his body taut as he fought the bonds, not to end the scene, but to join in, to touch his lovers, to give back to them the pleasure they were bestowing on him. His back arched as his balls drew up again, pulsing hard as if to disgorge their load, the fluid held back only by the tension of the ring.

The tableau beneath Devon was so intense—Jonathan's taut ass spread wide as he pistoned in and out of it, Jonathan's mouth filled with Kit's straining cock, the younger man watching them both with wide, pleading eyes—that Devon's control was evaporating fast. He tightened his grip on Jonathan's flank, reaching his other hand between them to grasp for his cock, groping blindly until he could

close his fingers around the circlet constricting its base. “Take off Kit’s ring,” he instructed Jonathan hoarsely, fighting to hold back a few moments longer once he released the pressure of his own ring. “Let him come.”

Given the permission to touch he’d been longing for, Jonathan was quick to reach for Kit, cupping his sac in one palm as he worked the catch on the ring, sliding his mouth upward as he went. The instant he reached the head, the ring popped free and Kit erupted, pumping burst after burst of creamy fluid that Jonathan tried to catch, closing around the fountaining tip and working his tongue to capture more of his lover’s taste.

Kit screamed his release against the gag, the sudden cessation of pressure allowing him to climax powerfully. His body collapsed on the table as all the tension gripping him swept out through his cock. He wanted to lift his head, to watch Devon and Jonathan come, but he didn’t have the strength to move.

Even after Kit’s cock stopped twitching, Jonathan held the softening shaft in his mouth, lapping it gently as Kit slumped bonelessly beneath him. Without the drive to make the younger man come, he could no longer distract himself from Devon’s thickness moving inside him, Devon’s hand on his shaft, removing his own ring. The strap slipped free of his cock, and he clenched his fists against the tabletop, fighting the need to empty his balls, wanting to feel Devon come inside him first.

Devon had expected Jonathan to come as explosively as Kit had as soon as he was freed from the restriction of the ring. That his sub was somehow managing to hold back from

climaxing made the Dom in him swell with pride. “Come,” he urged, rubbing his thumb over the slit of Jonathan’s cock.

“You first,” Jonathan managed to utter, letting Kit slide free and lifting his head, his hands clutching the side of the table. His breath came in ragged bursts as he struggled against letting his orgasm overwhelm him. “Please.”

Nothing could have made Devon prouder, and nothing could have held him back after Jonathan’s words. Tightening his grip, he thrust in powerful strokes until the tension coiling inside him snapped and his climax tore through him, his body shaking as he filled Jonathan’s channel with hot seed. “Ah, fuck,” he cried, sagging forward to brace himself against the table, the change in angle just enough to rub the head of his shaft against Jonathan’s prostate. With a garbled cry, Jonathan came hard, spraying over Devon’s hand and Kit’s belly, shuddering through each aftershock until his knees buckled and he sank onto his heels, dislodging Devon with a soft moan of loss.

The three men slumped against the table and each other in a sweaty, salty heap, their unsteady breathing the only sound for long minutes. Finally, Devon pushed back and rose carefully to his feet. He rubbed Jonathan’s back and bent to kiss the nape of his neck before circling to the head of the table, unbuckling the gag, and gently removing it from Kit’s mouth. As soon as it was free, he knelt to take the reddened lips in a tender kiss that grew more intense as Kit’s tongue swept into his mouth.

Watching his lovers kiss and recognizing the game was over, Jonathan untied the restraints from Kit’s ankles and moved forward to begin working on his wrists. The motion

was enough to recall Devon's attention, and he removed the final restraint, helping Kit sit up slowly.

Letting the scarf fall from his grasp finally, Kit stretched a hand out to each of his lovers. "You're incredible," he told them, his voice raspy from the gag in his mouth. He turned and looked at Devon. "Better now?" he asked softly.

"Only because I'm with the two of you," Devon answered, taking each of his lovers' hands and squeezing them tightly.

Rising to his feet, Jonathan tugged gently at the two hands clasping his. "I need to feel both of you against me," he urged. "Let's take this to bed."

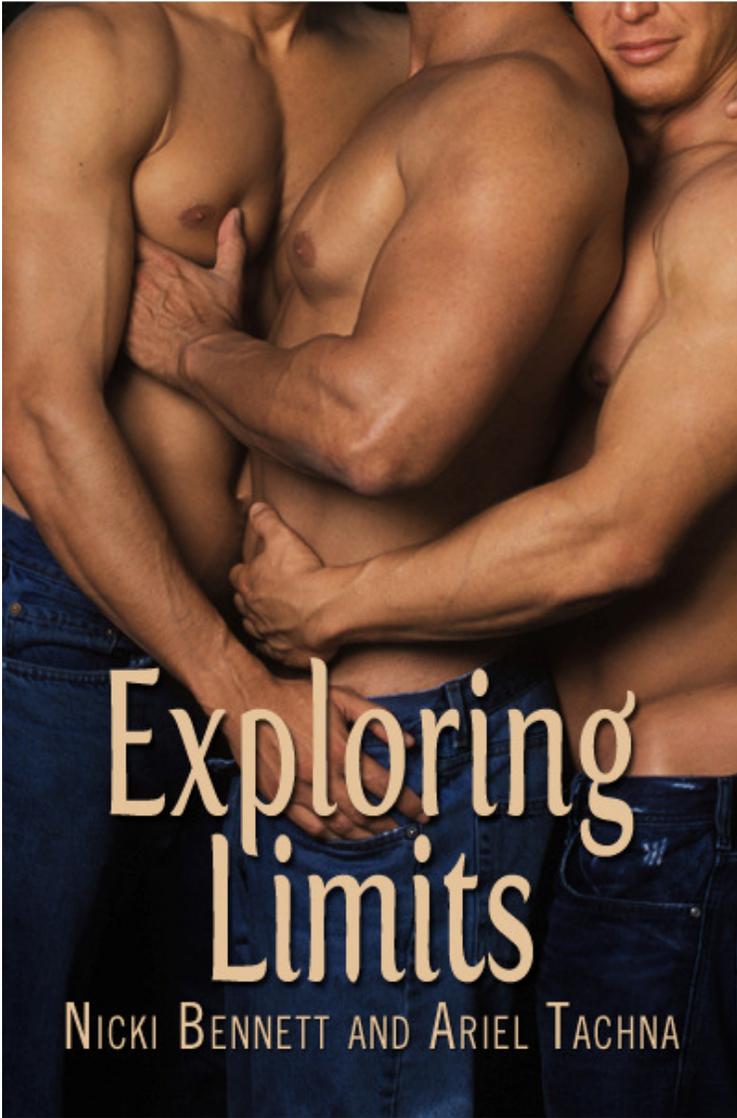
Kit's smile lit up his face. "All in favor, say aye."

Three voices uttered "aye" in unison. Laughing, they made their way into the bedroom. They snuggled together in Devon's bed, kissing and stroking lightly, not pushing for more yet, although Kit doubted it would be long. As he lay there, spooned around Devon's back with Jonathan on the other side, he let hope bloom in his heart. They loved each other, not just in the silence of their hearts, but out loud, committed. He knew what Devon, and probably even Jonathan, would say. They'd say he was naïve for believing that love was enough to take them past the end of filming, and maybe they were right. They'd both been in committed relationships before and had those fall apart, but Kit wasn't ready to give up. The three of them had been through so much already to get where they were. The impossible had already happened. Jonathan was bisexual rather than straight, as he'd first thought, and was interested in both Kit and Devon. Devon was willing to share Jonathan and interested in Kit too. Somehow they'd managed to fall in love,

all three of them, a gift beyond price. Together, they'd stared down the demons from Devon's past and vanquished them. No, too much had already come right despite the odds for Kit to be anything less than optimistic. They had months still before filming was over, time to make plans and figure out a way to keep this good thing, this amazing, wonderful, out-of-this-world thing going. That wasn't naïveté—it was faith.

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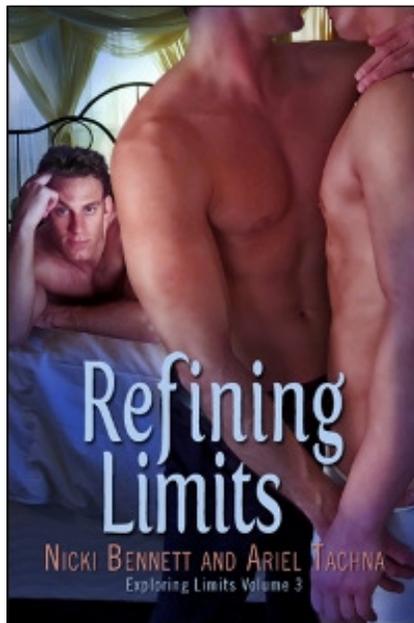
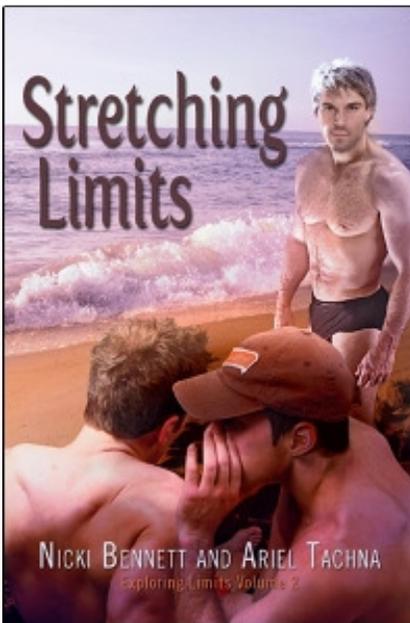
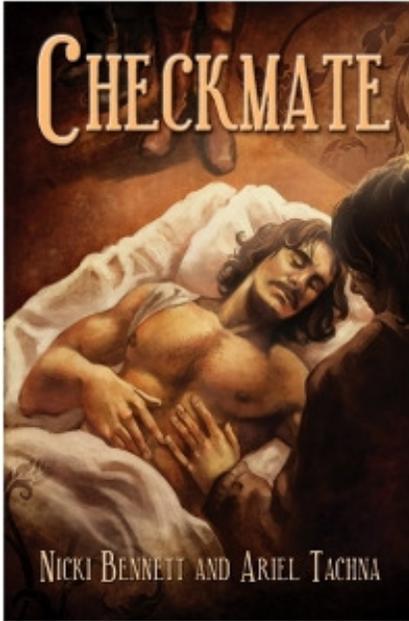
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ARIEL TACHNA lives in southwestern Ohio with her husband, her daughter and son, and their cat. A native of the region, she has nonetheless lived all over the world, having fallen in love with both France, where she found her career and her husband, and India, where she dreams of retiring some day. She started writing when she was twelve and hasn't looked back since. A connoisseur of wine and horses, she's as comfortable on a farm as she is in the big cities of the world.

Visit Ariel's web site at <http://www.arieltachna.com/> and her blog at <http://arieltachna.livejournal.com/>.

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