



Bronwyn Green

MAGGIE'S
MATES

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By Bronwyn Green

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

This one is for Cait. Thanks for always having my back and being the best little sister ever. You were totally worth the wait.

Thank you to my girls – Chel, Kel, Jen and Kris. I'd be lost without your patience, guidance and butt-kicking.

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Chapter One

“No matter how tall you get, you’ll never be tall enough for that ride.”

Quinn Makwa ignored his brother and hoped against hope that the woman hadn’t heard the idiot. Quinn focused on the sight of Maggie Ryan pacing toward the back of the room, phone pressed against her ear. Or more precisely, he focused on the shape of her ass. He hadn’t seen her in at least five years, but he’d know that sweetly rounded behind anywhere.

“No. No. No. *No.*” Maggie dragged a hand through her hair. “Seriously, when are you going to get a clue? I’m done. Stop calling. Stop texting. Just stop.”

She was quiet for a moment then her whole body went rigid.

“You did *not*.” She tilted her head back and appeared to stare at a spot on the ceiling. “You chartered a flight here? On the credit card I just paid off?” She paused briefly as if she were praying for patience. “Well, you might as well charter another flight right back, because you’re wasting your time. And mine.”

Without another word, she disconnected the phone and tossed it on the counter.

“What’s a guy gotta do to get some service around here?” Quinn asked.

Maggie straightened and whirled around, brilliant red curls bouncing around her face, eyes narrowed and looking ready to snarl. Shock replaced the annoyance on her face. Her lips parted in surprise, and her deep blue eyes widened, softening with affection. She held open her arms, and he grabbed her and swung her around, holding her closer and longer than was probably proper when greeting a childhood friend.

Lucas punched him in the arm. “Hey, quit hogging the hot chick. I want a turn, too.”

Maggie kissed Quinn’s cheek before turning to his brother. Lucas pulled her into his arms and planted a kiss on her surprised lips. Clearly reluctant to let her go, he set her on her feet and tenderly brushed a stray curl from her eyes.

The air around them crackled with unspoken questions and long-ignored desire as she looked between the two of them.

A slightly older version of Maggie bustled out of the kitchen, carrying a tray laden with steaming food and breaking the awkward mood that had fallen. Charlotte nodded toward the heaping plates as she slid them onto the counter. “I had a feeling you boys would be in tonight.”

Maggie glanced at her sister. “You know, they might have plans.”

“Our plans are to be wherever you are.” Lucas grinned at her when she rolled her eyes.

“Which,” her sister said, setting three bottles of Coke on the worn Formica, “is why I fixed three plates.” She gestured to Maggie. “Now, sit down and eat. You’ve been on your feet all day.”

Without a backward glance to see if her orders had been followed, Charlotte disappeared through the swinging doors into the kitchen.

Maggie blushed as her stomach rumbled. She slid onto a cracked red vinyl barstool and immediately cut into the steaming meat and vegetable filled pastry. Quinn was betting it had been far too long since she’d had one of her sister’s pasties. He and Lucas took the seats on either side of her in the empty restaurant. For a few moments, it was as if she’d never left the small town they called home. Baraga, nestled deep in the forests of Michigan’s Upper Peninsula, was a far cry from where she’d spent the last five years in New York City.

“So what the hell, Mags?” Quinn finally asked. “How come we have to find out you’re back in town from the town drunk? We talk to you often enough—you couldn’t bother to tell us you were coming home?”

Her cheeks colored, and she twisted the silver ring she always wore around her first finger.

“And where’s Jason?” Lucas asked, swallowing a bite of pastry.

Maggie’s lips tightened, and a hard, angry edge replaced the discomfort and embarrassment of a few moments earlier. “Don’t care,” she said, taking a swallow of soda. “He’s not my problem anymore.”

Quinn didn’t miss the way his brother’s eyes brightened at the news. Looking away from Lucas, he laid his hand over Maggie’s. “I’m sorry.”

A tight, strained smile curved her lips. “No worries. It’s for the best, anyway.”

Her phone rang. Picking it up, she checked the caller I.D. and hit ignore. When it rang again, she simply turned it off.

She questioned them about what they'd been up to since they'd last spoken. It was almost as if she was trying to keep them too busy talking about themselves to ask anything about her. They talked about Quinn's adjunct teaching position at the local university and Lucas' woodworking business. They filled her in on what was going on with their family, including their cousin Noah, his wife and their new baby daughter.

The bells above the front door jingled, and a chilly autumn breeze swept through the room as the door opened.

"Why aren't you answering your phone? I can't believe I had to follow you all the way up *here*."

Maggie swiveled on her stool, slowly turning to face the newcomer. "I don't know why you bothered to waste your time. Go away, Jason."

Quinn watched the other man as he made his way toward them. Lucas did the same, looking as if he was trying to keep from jumping on the man and beating him senseless.

Jason's eyes darted from Lucas to Quinn and back again before finally landing on Maggie. "Look, can we talk? Privately?"

She shook her head. "Anything you want to say, you can say right here."

"I miss you," Jason murmured. "I want you to come home."

She slid off her stool and took several steps, stopping in front of him. "No, you don't. You miss the money I brought in. That's not the same thing. And this *is* my home."

"Maggie, c'mon. You know you don't belong here any more than I do."

"Maybe not, but I don't belong in New York, either. That's your dream—not mine."

Jason frowned. "Is this because of Isabelle? You know there's nothing there. We're just friends."

Maggie crossed her arms over her chest. "Good, then you can move in with her while you look for a job to support yourself and go on out auditions. I'm not doing this anymore."

Quinn's chest ached at the hurt in her voice. Jason might be too stupid to notice it, but her pain vibrated off her in waves.

Jason shot a glare at him and Lucas before he stepped forward and tried to wrap his arms around Maggie, but she shook him off.

"You should leave," she said quietly, not looking at him.

Jason tried to lift her chin to gaze into her eyes. "You don't mean that."

“Yeah. I do.”

“C’mon Maggie,” he wheedled.

Quinn and Lucas both hopped off their barstools and moved to flank her.

“She said she wants you to go,” Lucas said.

Jason narrowed his eyes at Lucas. “This has nothing to do with you, so stay the fuck out of it.”

“Actually, it does concern him. We’re dating.”

A disbelieving snort escaped Jason. “Right. Like I’d believe that. Everyone knows they only do threesomes. I think we all know you’re way too much of a prude for that.”

Maggie spun to face Quinn, gripped his shirt and pulled him closer. Slipping a hand behind his head, she drew his face to hers. He didn’t miss the plea in her eyes.

Threading his fingers through her hair, he angled her head and kissed her like he’d wanted to since they were in ninth grade. He dragged her against his body. She was stiff for all of about three seconds before she melted against him, all soft and warm in his arms.

Her nipples beaded against his chest, and her lips parted beneath his, inviting him to deepen the kiss. His fingers clenched in her hair while his other hand slipped from the small of her back to settle over the full curve of her ass.

His cock hardened, insistently seeking her heat as he explored her mouth, tasting the sharp, sweet tang of the soda and something else that was entirely Maggie. He knew the minute Lucas touched her. Her lips trembled against his as Lucas stepped close behind her, gently moving her hair and exposing the delicate curve of her neck. Splaying his fingers over Maggie’s stomach, he lowered his mouth to the side of her neck and pressed lingering kisses to her skin.

A barely-audible whimper escaped her as Lucas thrust against her ass, shoving her more firmly against Quinn. Reluctantly, he lifted his lips from hers, and settling his hands at her waist, guided her to face his brother.

Maggie’s eyes fluttered open at the sensation of being turned. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Jason’s mouth hanging open but didn’t give it another thought as Lucas drew closer, filling her vision. His kiss had none of the slow build-up that his brother’s had. He’d always hated Jason, and she figured he wasn’t wasting any time showing the other man who she “belonged” to.

Sliding his hand upward along her waist, he brushed his thumb back and forth, stroking the underside of her breast with the barest caress. His tongue plunged into her mouth, drawing a surprised gasp from her as the steel ball of his tongue piercing stroked across the sensitive skin of her inner lip and her tongue.

It was impossible not to wonder how that smooth bit of metal would feel on other parts of her body. Her nipples tightened almost painfully at the thought of Lucas sucking the sensitized nubs, the piercing rasping against her aroused flesh. A rush of moisture dampened her panties, and she shivered when she imagined both men drawing on her nipples.

But that wasn't going to happen, she reminded herself. This was just for show. This was just to convince Jason to leave her alone. This was just two friends helping out another friend. This was just a pile of lies she told herself to avert jumping her life-long friends.

Desperate to enjoy the charade for a little bit longer, she tangled her fingers in the thick, black silk of his hair. Longer than Quinn's close-cropped style, it grazed his shoulders—his perfectly sculpted shoulders that flexed and bunched enticingly under her fingertips. Arousal spread like warmed honey through her body, and she pressed more firmly to Lucas, subtly pushing her ass against Quinn's groin. Quinn's hands gripped her hips, and he pulled her closer.

“Magdalena Theresa Ryan!”

They jumped apart at the censure in her sister's voice. Maggie tried to tamp down her embarrassment as she shot the other woman an apologetic look before turning to face Jason.

“As you can see, I'm involved. I'm sorry you made the trip for nothing, but if you would have listened to me in the first place, we wouldn't be in the middle of this awkward situation right now.”

“*Slut,*” Jason spat.

The guys both tensed as if they were going to throttle him, but she stepped away from them. “Better a slut than a doormat—which is all I've been to you for the last two years.”

Her sister pointed at Jason. “You will *not* speak to my sister like that. Maggie's finally seen the light where you're concerned. That's your cue to leave. I don't ever want to see your face in here again.”

He stood there and stared dumbfounded for a few more seconds before turning and heading for the door. The bells jingled anxiously as Jason left the building, or maybe it was just Maggie's nerves. Slowly she turned to face the other three people in the room.

“It’s not what it looks like,” she said to Charlotte.

The older woman simply raised her eyebrow and waited.

“I figured the best way to get rid of Jason was to make him think I was involved with someone and... I got a little carried away.”

Her sister nodded as she grabbed the empty plates off the counter. “I’ll say.” She shook her head and grinned. “I wish you could have seen the look on his face.”

Maggie forced out a strained laugh.

“I’m going to finish up in the kitchen,” Charlotte said. “Will you lock up out here before you leave?”

“I can help,” she offered, feeling suddenly out of place and more than a little reluctant to be left alone with the guys. Her plan had worked—but at what cost? Had she just ruined her longest friendships?

Her sister looked between Lucas and Quinn. “I think you’ve already got a pretty big mess to deal with out here. Besides, I’m almost done, and then I’m heading out.” She pushed open the swinging door with her hip. “Don’t wait up,” she tossed over her shoulder. “Brian’s picking me up, and we’re going to Copper Harbor for the weekend.

“Okay. Have fun.” Maggie turned to the guys. Both men watched her with intense, dark eyes. Lucas’ seemed to dance with suppressed laughter while Quinn’s glowed with a force that unsettled her. Awareness coursed through her veins. It seemed every illicit, suggestive, wicked thought she’d ever had about either of them came rushing back at once. She’d known coming home would entail seeing them, but she’d been hoping for more time to get her head on straight after leaving New York and Jason.

Jason had been a mistake from the moment she’d agreed to go out with him. But it had seemed better to try to love someone else than to try to choose between the two guys who’d always held her heart. It was better to keep them both as friends than to try to pick one over the other. Of course, she’d heard the rumors about them preferring to share a single woman between them, but she hadn’t given it any real credence until tonight. Until she’d used them both to convince Jason to leave.

Chapter Two

“Look, I’m really sorry,” Maggie murmured. “I didn’t mean to take advantage of you...or our friendship. I just wanted to get rid of Jason, and—”

“It’s okay,” Quinn said, taking her hand.

She shook her head and paced away from them. “No, it’s not. I used you.”

“We’re totally cool with it. I promise.” Lucas grinned. “In fact, if you wanted to use us some more, I’m positive neither one of us would complain.”

A startled laugh escaped her as she considered taking him up on his offer. Just as quickly, she shoved away the thought. The last thing she needed to do was get involved in another relationship—especially since the one she’d just gotten out of had been awful.

“Always a giver,” she muttered, shaking her head.

“That’s me,” he agreed.

The insistent sound of barking distracted her from what she was about to say.

“Is that Bailey?” Quinn asked.

“Yeah. I need to let her out a sec. She’s having a hard time adjusting to being in the country again,” she said as she opened the door, gesturing for the guys to exit first. “The only wildlife she saw in New York was pigeons, rats and the occasional squirrel. Now, she doesn’t know what to do with herself.”

Engaging the lock, she pulled the door shut behind her before making her way across the yard to the small cottage she and her sister had inherited when their mom died. Bailey jumped up and danced on her hind legs at the front door when she saw Maggie, but as the men drew closer, the golden lab dropped to all fours and growled. Hackles raised, she scrambled backwards until she hit the side of the couch. Still snarling, she snapped at both Lucas and Quinn, her teeth clicking loudly as she threatened to bite.

Worry tugged at Maggie as she coaxed the dog out of the house. The only time she’d ever seen Bailey behave like that had been when a wolf or bear was in the vicinity. But that had been

years ago, and right now, it was just her and the guys. Maggie couldn't imagine why her dog was acting out. Even now, she cowered against the side of the house. Kneeling in front of the animal, she held out her hand for Bailey to sniff. Shaking and whimpering, Bailey finally settled down and let Maggie pet her.

"What's up with you, baby? It's just Quinn and Lucas. You used to love these guys." Hell, they were the ones who'd given her Bailey as a puppy.

"It's been a while," Lucas pointed out.

"I guess," she said doubtfully. "It's just weird. I've never seen her act like this with anybody before."

Quinn squatted next to her, his warmth reassuring. "Maybe she's just freaked out from all the changes." He slowly extended his hand, palm side up toward the shivering animal. Bailey growled low in her throat, ears cocked back, tight against her head, but Quinn stayed where he was.

With more coaxing, Bailey finally let Quinn pet her, but she still watched him warily. After repeating the process with Lucas, Maggie brought the agitated dog into the house.

"I was going to take her for a walk down by the lake, but I think that'll need to wait until later."

"We could still go for a walk," Lucas suggested. "It'll give you plenty of time to explain why you didn't bother to tell us you were coming back."

"And what the hell happened with Jason," Quinn added.

What *had* happened with Jason? Nothing terribly earth-shattering, she supposed. They'd gone to New York after they'd graduated from college—Jason to pursue an acting career and Maggie to explore the city. They'd both gotten jobs at nearby restaurants and lived in a closet-sized apartment. That had worked for a while until Jason decided that his job was interfering with his acting classes and auditions, and he'd quit. He'd promised her it would only be for a couple months—just until he could get a few decent acting jobs. He'd gotten a few. But any money he made went back into more workshops or headshots, and she was left paying the rent and everything else.

As stupid as it seemed now, she hadn't minded at first. She'd naively assumed that when he got to a stable place in his career, he'd return the favor and she'd be able to follow her dream. But the more successes he had, the more it went to his head, and she realized that the person he

loved most was himself. She was merely a convenience. To some extent, she'd always suspected that was the case, but it still hurt like hell to have it confirmed.

"You okay?" Quinn asked, pulling her attention back to the present where it belonged.

"Yeah. I was just thinking that maybe I should stay here and keep an eye on Bailey. Why don't I get some beer out of the fridge, and we can hang out on the back deck?"

They nodded and headed around the back of the house while she ducked inside to grab the beer. Butterflies rioted in her stomach as she popped the metal tops off the bottles and tossed the lids into the recycling bin. Why was she nervous? Lucas and Quinn were her friends—her friends she'd just made out with. Her friends that she'd used to make a point. She was an idiot.

Forcing a façade of calm she was far from feeling, she grabbed the bottles and pushed open the screen door. Lucas and Quinn sat on either side of the porch swing, leaving a space in the middle for her—just like they always had when they were kids. With their broad shoulders and firm chests, they definitely weren't kids anymore.

She'd kept in touch with them over the years, but the occasional photograph sent via email didn't do justice to the gorgeous men they'd become. The setting sun blazed in the autumn sky, brightening their already copper skin tone. High, sharp cheekbones and sculpted lips hinted at their Native American ancestry, as did the faint tilt of their deep brown eyes. Despite the fact they were twins, she'd never had any trouble telling them apart, not even when they'd switched places in school.

Quinn had always been quieter and more studious, while Lucas was the wild child. But the minute Lucas had gotten into trouble, Quinn had been right there to back him up. She'd always loved that about them. They'd been the same way with her—looking out for her, making sure the guys she'd dated weren't jerks. Of course, when it came to Jason, she hadn't listened.

"Are you going to stand there and stare at us all night?" Lucas asked. "Or are you going to pass out the beer?"

Shaking herself out of her reverie, she handed him a bottle, startling as a current raced along her skin where his fingers grazed her hand. Passing a beer to Quinn, she sat down between them and took a swallow of hers. Quinn pushed at the worn plank deck and set the swing to rocking.

Maggie tilted back her head and closed her eyes, letting the alcohol and the motion of the swing lull her into a state of near relaxation, but complete relaxation eluded her. The warmth of

their bodies and their firm, shifting limbs reminded her of what it had felt like to be wrapped in their arms earlier, their hard cocks pressed against her body. Desperately, she tried to push away those memories. Dwelling on what could never be wouldn't help anything.

“So,” Quinn said, “are you going to tell us what happened between the time you told me everything was fine last time I talked to you and breaking up with Jason then renting a car and driving almost twelve-hundred miles back to the U.P?”

Staring at the desolate Lake Superior shoreline behind the cottage, she sighed. “Well, obviously, everything wasn't fine.”

“You don't say,” Lucas muttered, taking a pull off his drink.

“Not. Helping,” she said.

“Sorry,” he said.

“What happened?” Quinn asked.

“I'm not even sure,” she said, picking at the label on the brown, glass bottle. “About a year or so ago, I noticed that we'd become more like roommates than lovers. Just sort of platonically existing, barely seeing each other, and when we did, it was usually at some after-party for one of his shows.”

“Not exactly quality time,” Lucas observed.

“Trust me. I'm aware.” Maggie took another swallow before continuing. “I tried to talk to him about it, but he blamed it on the stress of whatever show he was working on—always promising me things would get better, but they never did.”

Shifting on the seat, she scooted down and rested her head against the cushion behind her and listened to the waves washing over the shore. “When our lease was up, I decided I was done too, and I packed up my stuff and headed home.”

“Why did you put up with it for so long?” Lucas asked.

“Why didn't you tell us what was going on?” Quinn asked before she got a chance to answer the first question.

“I didn't want to end up a failure. And I definitely didn't want to hear you guys say, ‘I told you so’.”

“We wouldn't have said that,” Quinn chided her.

“Uh-huh.”

“What the hell did you ever see in him, anyway?” Lucas asked.

She shrugged. “I was young and stupid and thought I was in love.”

“That’s your reasoning for following a guy over a thousand miles and several states away?” he asked incredulously.

“Not completely. He was cute and funny and seemed genuinely interested in me. That was pretty heady stuff for a girl who was practically invisible to every other boy on the planet.”

“That’s not true,” Quinn murmured. “You were never invisible to us.”

His quiet admission charged the air with anticipation and uncertainty. She kept her eyes closed, unable to meet his gaze. Or Lucas’ for that matter.

“And we dropped enough subtle hints that we were interested in you,” Quinn continued.

“Hell, we dropped a lot of not so subtle hints, too,” Lucas added. “So, what? You weren’t into us like you were Jason?” he teased.

“It wasn’t that,” she blurted before she could stop herself.

“Then what was it?” Lucas asked, his voice low and almost dangerous sounding.

Taking a breath, she opened her eyes and looked at both men. “I was twenty-two. I could never get my head around the idea of having a relationship with two guys—the idea of having sex with my two best friends,” she admitted, heat suffusing her cheeks at her confession.

Several long moments passed, and the only sound she heard was the pounding of her own heart and the wind through the leaves.

“And now?” Quinn finally asked.

Chapter Three

Trapped in Quinn's heated gaze, Maggie couldn't look away. Hell, she could barely remember to breathe.

"I don't think that scene at the diner was an act for Jason's benefit," Lucas commented, trailing a path down her forearm with his fingertip. "Maybe it was when you started it," he amended. "But I think you forgot about him pretty quick."

Maggie's stomach dropped to her feet as she teetered atop the highest hill she'd ever climbed. But she couldn't bring herself to push them away or to move. She couldn't deny it. Her panties were still damp from the experience.

"I'm guessing," Quinn began, his voice like dark velvet, "that now you can't help but wonder what it would be like." His lips quirked. "You always were a curious one." He toyed with the seam of her jeans, tracing the fraying line of fabric near her knee and sending tendrils of need coursing through her.

Lucas' lips brushed the outer shell of her ear. "Are you curious now, Maggie?"

Her lips parted. She wanted to speak, but no sound came out. Somehow, she found the strength to nod her head.

Quinn's lips curved in a near-feral grin that sent nervous energy coiling through her middle. "Me, too."

She couldn't have looked away if she'd wanted to.

"So am I," Lucas murmured as he pressed a kiss to the sensitive skin behind her ear.

Her breath caught in her chest as the arousal she'd pushed aside earlier came rushing back. Her nipples beaded, and her breasts ached to be touched. Her folds dampened as she remembered the sensations of their erections pushing against her. She wanted their hands on her. She wanted their mouths on her. She wanted to know what it felt like to take both men at the same time. At least once in her life, she wanted to know what it was like to be truly desired.

But was that a mistake? Reality and guilt niggled their way into her thoughts.

“I-I don’t know if this is such a great idea. I don’t want to ruin our friendship, and you need to know, I’m not looking for anything permanent. Not after Jason.”

“Jason’s an asshole,” Lucas bit out. “Forget about him.”

Quinn shot his brother a look. “Let us help you forget him,” he said soothingly.

Maggie glanced helplessly between the two men. “I don’t want ruin what we have,” she whispered.

Quinn slid his hand into her hair and tilted her head back until she met his gaze. “We won’t.” He lowered his head and captured her lips, silencing anything else she might have said. The feel of his mouth against hers drove all thought of protest from her mind. His tongue swept inside, and she met him stroke for stroke as he explored her mouth, taking his time, teasing and tasting her.

Lucas plucked the beer bottle from her suddenly nerveless fingers and set it aside. She couldn’t believe she was contemplating having sex with her oldest friends...at the same time. A breathless moan left her mouth as Lucas’ callused hand found its way beneath the hem of her shirt to caress the sensitive flesh of her stomach.

“We’re going to make you feel so good,” he whispered in her ear as Quinn continued to kiss her. Lucas’ hand crept higher toward her breast as he whispered wicked promises in her ear, telling her what they were going to do with her, how hard they were going to make her come, how they’d been dying to taste her for years. God, she was so close—all from an endless kiss and a few harshly whispered words.

Finally, Lucas cupped her breast, slipping his hand inside her bra and rasping his thumb across her distended nipple. He did it again, and she cried out, arching into his touch as Quinn caught her strangled sounds in his mouth. Her hand curled around the nape of Quinn’s neck, urging him closer. His lips left hers, following the line of her jaw to the side of her neck, nipping and soothing as he went.

Turning her head to give him better access, she lifted her mouth to Lucas and sank her teeth into his lower lip. He pinched her nipple, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger before taking control of the kiss, thrusting into her mouth, the warm steel of the piercing taunting her, making her want more.

Lucas lifted his head, breaking the kiss. “God, you’re beautiful,” he murmured.

She couldn't look away. It was as if the entire time they'd known each other had been leading up to this moment. She was dimly aware of Quinn unbuttoning her shirt, dragging his fingers across her skin as he separated the fabric, exposing her to the chilly evening air. Both men grabbed a bra cup and dragged it down, freeing her breasts to their gaze.

Maggie glanced at Quinn. He watched her, a mix of desire and concern showing clearly on his face. She knew him well enough to know he was worried that she was having regrets or about to freak out. She reassured him the only way she knew how. Slipping a hand behind each of their necks, she urged them toward her aching nipples.

"Please," she whispered, her voice ragged with need.

They both bent and drew the pebbled nubs into the heated recesses of their mouths. Her fingers tangled in their hair as they sucked and nibbled at her needy flesh. Nothing had ever felt better than this. Two sets of lips and teeth, two tongues, the rhythmic pull and release. The teasing rasp of Lucas' tongue ring nearly sent her over the edge.

A fresh rush of moisture soaked her panties, and she squirmed between the guys, her pussy clenching emptily. How had she gone from unsure she should encourage them to wishing they were buried balls deep inside her already? Her misgivings continued to melt away as her arousal grew.

Someone's hand, she wasn't sure whose, crept down her stomach to unfasten the button at the waistband of her jeans and ease the zipper down. She lifted her hips and pushed at the offending fabric. With their help, she was able to kick free of her jeans. Together, they trailed their fingertips over her silk covered pussy.

Lucas moaned around her nipple as he pulled aside the crotch of the sodden fabric, exposing her swollen pussy.

"You're so wet," Quinn muttered, stroking her. "You're just about ready to come, aren't you?"

She nodded, unable to manage the skills speech would have required.

As if they had an agreed upon signal, they each grabbed a thigh and draped it over theirs, spreading her wide.

Quinn inhaled deeply. "You smell so good."

"I bet she tastes even better," Lucas rasped, his voice husky with desire.

Maggie bit her bottom lip as their hands slipped beneath the elastic of her panties, their long fingers sliding through her dripping folds. Rhythmically, they stroked into her, taking turns filling her grasping pussy and brushing their thumbs across her straining clit. As one slid out, the other shoved in, keeping her full and pushing her toward the edge of release.

Need wound tightly in her abdomen—she was so close. She tried to lift her hips to meet their well-timed thrusts, but she couldn't get any leverage. Someone had set the swing to rocking again, leaving her feeling as if she were flying, as if the guys were the only things keeping her tethered to the earth.

Their thumbs rubbed on either side of her clit, and she was lost. The desire that had coiled so tightly in her womb snapped and spun out of control, whipping through her body. Her pussy clamped down on their fingers, but they pushed through her spasming muscles, as they continued to suck her suddenly over-sensitized nipples.

Slowly, they withdrew, gentling her and smoothing their hands over her pussy while her breathing gradually returned to normal and her needy cries faded to shuddering whimpers.

“Good thing most of the neighbors are only up here for the summer,” Lucas teased as he slid to his knees between her splayed legs.

Surprise lit Maggie's eyes, and she struggled to lift her head from where it lolled against his brother's shoulder.

Her breath caught as Lucas skimmed his hands up her thighs before hooking his fingertips under her panties and dragging them down her legs.

“Did you think we were done?” Quinn asked, nuzzling her neck. “Lucas wants the same thing I want,” he said as he pulled her between his legs.

Maggie looked from Quinn to Lucas and back again, eyes wide and lips parted.

“To see if you taste as good as you smell,” he said, positioning her thighs over the top of his, completely baring her pussy to his Lucas' gaze. Evening shadows blanketed them, but he could still make out the soft pink skin of her waxed pussy—lips slick and swollen with arousal.

Quinn's big hands slid down her belly and framed her cunt, dark against her pale, creamy skin. Spearing his forefingers through her folds, he spread her wide, exposing her delicate flesh to Lucas' gaze.

Lucas' cock throbbed in his jeans. He never in his life thought he'd have Maggie, spread and waiting for him to taste her. Of course, he'd imagined it a thousand different ways, but none of them had come close to the reality of this moment. Except that in his imagination, she knew and accepted them for who they were—*what* they were. What would she do when she discovered the truth? Would she still let them touch her? Fill her? Love her?

“Taste her,” Quinn urged, his voice rough with need.

Drawing his fingertip along her slit, Lucas traced the quivering opening, marveling at the way she gasped at him. Her scent drifted to him, intoxicatingly sweet. He knew they should tell her. They'd planned to tell her. But he couldn't bring himself to stop now. Closing his eyes, he lowered his head and tasted heaven.

Groaning, he dragged the flat of his tongue over her slick cleft, letting her flavor wash over him. Her whole body trembled as he repeated the action, whimpering cries escaping her parted lips. He tormented her clit with the metal ball at the end of his piercing, and her eyes flew open, holding his. Tangling her fingers in his hair, she gripped his head and pulled him more snugly against her fevered flesh.

He felt each of her needy moans along his cock. Every sound she made throbbed against his shaft tightening his balls until he thought he'd spill in his jeans like an untried boy. He could scarcely believe he was with her, touching her like this, burying his face in her gorgeous cunt. He knew Quinn had to feel the same way. The one woman they'd wanted more than anything was offering herself to both of them.

From beneath her, Quinn rocked against her ass, shoving Maggie's cunt rhythmically against Lucas' mouth. Her fingers slipped from their hold on Lucas' hair to grip Quinn's hands. Slowly, she dragged them up her body until they were cupping her breasts. The sight of her small, pale hands guiding Quinn's much larger and darker ones made Lucas' cock jerk against his fly. The contrast of their skin in the rapidly fading light was more sensual than he would have thought possible.

Quinn plucked and twisted her tightly crinkled nipples while she writhed between the men.

“Oh, God!” she cried as he pinched the swollen buds.

“You're so close,” Quinn murmured. “Any minute now, you're going to come all over Lucas' face.”

Maggie's only response was a harsh gasp that punched Lucas hard in the gut. He stabbed into her tight passage, his metal piercing grazing her sensitive flesh. He did it again and again as her internal muscles contracted and fluttered around him.

All the while, Quinn alternated between dragging his palms in circles over her nipples and rolling them between his fingers and thumbs. "Do you have idea how long he's wanted to lick your pussy? How long he's wanted to be the one to make you come? How long we've both wanted to be the ones who make you come?"

She whimpered at his harshly whispered questions.

Lucas replaced his tongue with a finger, loving the way she clamped down on him, imaging how tightly she'd grip him when his cock was buried inside her. Adding another, he slowly pumped them in and out of her grasping channel as he moved upward to circle her clit with the tip of his tongue.

"That's it," Quinn urged, tugging on her needy flesh. "Make her come."

Lucas drew her clit between his lips as he added a third finger and thrust faster into her slick passage.

"God, yes!" she cried. "Harder...please."

He plunged harder and faster, reveling in the way her body tensed, quivering on the razor edge of bliss. Sucking harder on her clit, he scraped his teeth across the tight bundle of nerves, sending her over the sharp edge of release.

Her entire body stiffened as she screamed. Quinn clamped a hand over her mouth, but that only seemed to incite her further, shudders racking her shaking limbs. Her pussy convulsed, milking Lucas' fingers, and he could only imagine how good she'd feel around his cock. Eventually, she relaxed, slumping against Quinn's chest as Lucas continued to lap at her satiny skin until she calmed.

Finally, he lifted his head and gazed into her sleepy-looking eyes. "You okay?"

"Yeah-huh." She nodded drunkenly. "That was amazing."

"You know we're nowhere near finished, right?" Quinn asked.

Chapter Four

An almost shy smile curved Maggie's lips. "I was hoping you'd say that."

Quinn scooped her into his arms and carried her inside the house, and Lucas grabbed their clothes and locked the door behind them. Following them into Maggie's old room, he paused in the doorway to watch as his brother tossed her on the end of the bed and followed her down, taking her mouth in a desperate kiss. Lucas didn't miss the way she lifted her hips and ground herself against Quinn's cock.

Leaving her lips, Quinn dragged open-mouthed kisses down her torso, stopping when he reached her pussy. "I've been dying to taste you," he murmured against her skin. "Your scent's been driving me crazy."

Her breath caught in her chest as Quinn spread her wide with his thumbs and licked up and down the length of her cleft. Planting her feet on the mattress, she arched and slowly pressed her hips against his mouth.

As if she felt Lucas' eyes on her, she beckoned to him.

"Why are you all the way over there?" she asked, her voice husky with desire.

Moving closer, he knelt at the foot of the bed and kissed her, his fingers finding her still tight nipples.

She groaned into his mouth as her hips thrust jerkily.

Raising his head, he saw Quinn go down on her while Lucas continued to caress her breasts. There was something stimulating about watching the woman he loved aroused by another man and knowing that together they were going to give her more pleasure than she'd ever before experienced. And he did love her. They both did. They had for years.

Maggie grabbed his shirt and tugged. "Strip," she demanded, her voice breathy.

Lucas pulled his T-shirt over his head and dropped it on the floor.

Desire glowed plainly in her eyes as she stared at him. She trailed her hand over his shoulders and chest, everywhere she could reach. "Pants, too."

Holding her gaze, he unbuttoned his jeans and lowered the zipper. A damp circle marked his boxers where he'd leaked pre-cum. He kicked off his shoes then shoved his pants and underwear down his legs and off. He didn't miss the widening of her eyes when she saw the three barbells that pierced his cock from top to bottom.

Her fingers circled him, and she slowly stroked her hand up and down the length of him, pausing to brush her thumb over the jewelry. His eyes slid closed as she traced each steel ball before gripping the base of his cock and pulling him closer. Wet heat closed over the tip of his cock as she took the head into her mouth. Unwilling to miss a moment, he opened his eyes. She stared up at him as she ran the tip of her tongue around the flared edge, still squirming as Quinn licked her pussy.

Maggie still couldn't quite believe she was having sex with Quinn and Lucas, but there was no denying the orgasms that had ripped through her a short while ago. There was also no denying the one now building within her, either. Granted, it had been forever since she and Jason had had sex, but she didn't remember it ever being this good.

Growing bolder, she took Lucas deeper, his piercings tickling her tongue. She'd known about his tongue stud, but the cock piercings had surprised her. Surprised and intrigued her. Her tummy fluttered with nervous excitement as she imagined those metal studs sliding in and out of her pussy. She groaned at the thought of it, drawing harder on his cock. Already huge and firm, it seemed to expand and stiffen further in her mouth.

She really needed one of them inside her soon. Reaching toward Quinn with her free hand, she tugged at his shirt as she let Lucas' cock slip from her lips. "You, too. Clothes off."

A slow, wicked grin spread across Quinn's face. "You're getting awfully bossy."

"I'm getting awfully desperate waiting for one of you to fuck me." Her face flushed with embarrassment as she said it, but it didn't change the truth of the matter.

Holding her captive in his heated gaze, Quinn unbuttoned his shirt and shrugged out of it, letting it fall to the floor. Tightly plated muscles covered his chest and his arms. She wanted to trail her lips over his golden brown skin and drag her fingers through the light dusting of hair that covered his well-defined abdomen. Between the two of them, she'd never seen more gorgeous bodies.

Still keeping his eyes on hers, Quinn worked his leather belt free of the buckle and unzipped his pants, sliding them down his legs and baring himself. His thick cock jutted proudly from his body, and her pussy fluttered with need.

Grabbing his wallet from his back pocket, he flipped through it, a frown marring his face. He glanced at Lucas. "Please tell me you have a condom."

Lucas checked his pants and came up empty-handed, too.

Maggie choked back a giggle. "I don't know whether to be charmed that you didn't show up planning to seduce me or insulted."

Quinn leaned forward, planting his hands on either side of her head, effectively caging her.

"As far as we knew, you were still with Jason. Even though we've wanted you for-fucking-ever, we wouldn't have come on to you if we'd thought you were happy with him."

Her breath caught at the intensity of his words.

"You should know by now, we only want you to be happy," Lucas added.

Like a raising bubble, a thought burst on the surface of her consciousness. She looked between the two men as the realization continued to grow in intensity. "I am happy," she murmured. "For the first time in years, I finally feel like I'm where I belong."

The guys exchanged a weighted look, and Lucas brushed her hair from her eyes. "We need to talk to you."

A tiny ripple of dread spread through her, but she pushed it aside. She shook her head. "Condoms first. Talk later." Whatever horrible thing they needed to tell her could wait. She wanted to at least have this bit of perfection to cling to later. "Check the top drawer in Charlotte's nightstand."

Lucas held her gaze for a moment longer then nodded and headed for her sister's room. He returned a moment later with a handful of stuff. Setting it on the dresser by the door, he tossed a condom to Quinn.

Quinn wasted no time sheathing himself and settling between her legs. Her stomach muscles trembled in anticipation as his thick head lodged at her opening. Reaching out, she wrapped her hand around Lucas' cock.

Quinn took her mouth in an almost brutal kiss, before trailing his lips along her jaw to her ear. “Take him in your mouth,” he whispered. “Take him while I fill you,” he grated, pressing forward, slowly tunneling into her slick passage.

She opened her mouth, but the only sound that came out was a strangled moan.

“Take him,” he said again, slamming himself home, “while I fuck you.”

Her hand convulsed around Lucas’ cock, drawing a hiss of pleasure from him as Quinn rocked within her, stretching her taut tissues.

He shuddered as if he were struggling to hold still.

“So tight,” he groaned.

Her internal muscles rippled around his width as she squirmed beneath him, urging him to move. Finally, she stared into his dark, hooded eyes and canted her hips upward. “Fuck me. *Please,*” she begged before drawing Lucas into her mouth again.

She glanced up at Lucas taking as much of his cock as she could manage. His eyes closed, and his teeth sank into his lower lip.

“God, Maggie,” he breathed. “Your mouth feels so good.”

His harshly whispered words sent a tremor through her pussy, and a fresh rush of juices coated Quinn’s cock. Slowly, he pulled back, dragging his thick shaft through her grasping cunt before shoving home again.

Her nipples tightened as his damp chest grazed them, and she moaned around the tip of Lucas’ cock. Gripping the bedspread next to her head, he leaned on the mattress making it easier for her to take him deeper.

She sucked harder, in time with Quinn’s thrusts. Lucas’ whole body trembled, and he started to pull back, but she refused to let him go.

Quinn slowed his advances slightly, avidly watching as she gripped the base of his brother’s cock and tongued the piercings, pulling a guttural moan from Lucas.

“Maggie,” Lucas panted, his voice rough. “You’ve gotta...I’m gonna...”

She shook her head as best she could, hoping he’d figure out she wasn’t releasing him.

His hand clutching the blanket seized as his entire body stiffened, and he exploded spilling in thick, hot jets down her throat. She swallowed as fast as she was able, taking everything he offered.

Finally pulling free, he laid down next to them on the bed and slipped his hand between her and Quinn, pushing gently on her abdomen. Leaning over, he pressed a kiss to her mouth, tentatively slipping his tongue inside as Quinn plowed forward and her lips parted on a groan.

She lifted her hips in offering, silently pleading with Quinn to take her hard and fast. He must have gotten the message because he powered in and out of her body, fucking her as if the last of his restraint had been stripped from him.

“I can feel him filling you,” Lucas whispered in her ear. “I can feel his cock pounding into your pussy.”

Need coiled in ever-tightening circles in her middle, growing more rigid with every whispered word.

Leaning forward, Lucas grazed her nipple with his teeth and sensation shot through her body, pushing her that much closer to the release that built in her womb. “Does it feel good?” he asked. “Quinn’s cock slamming into your tight, little cunt?” He inched his fingertips downward until they were pressing on her mound. “I can’t wait to feel what it’s like to be buried inside you. I can’t wait until you’re taking us both at the same time. One in your pretty pussy,” he breathed as he brushed his fingertips over her clit. “And the other in your ass.”

His wicked words were too much for her, and she broke, orgasm slamming into her even harder than Quinn’s cock. Her internal muscles clamped down on him as he pushed through her spasming tissues, jerking wildly into her willing body. Each frenzied thrust heightened her sensitivity a little more, drew her pleasure out a little longer, until they finally slowed and lay panting in each other’s arms.

With a sense of dread-tinged wonder, Maggie looked at both men and realized nothing would ever be the same again.

Chapter Five

Quinn leaned back against the headboard and pulled the sheet up a little higher over Maggie's shoulder. She was curled up between them, blinking sleepily. He smiled, a bittersweet happiness rooting in his heart. She and Lucas had both fallen asleep briefly, but now she'd started to stir. He knew his brother was right. They needed to tell her, but he couldn't bring himself to crush the sense of peace that had settled over her. At least, not yet. Worry twisted his gut. If he knew Maggie, she was probably wrestling with the fact that not only had she given herself to two lovers but those two lovers were also her best friends. How would she react to hearing that they were shape shifters, too? Not well, was his guess.

Maggie stretched and rolled to her stomach, propping her head up on her hand as she stared at him. Her lips were red and kiss-swollen, and desire still swirled in the depths of her dark blue eyes. A mischievous smile quirking her lips, she snaked out her hand and grasped the sheet that lay draped over his waist. Licking her lips, she inched it down, the soft fabric teasing the sensitive skin of his cock.

Blood rushed to his shaft, hardening it further with each agonizing tug. Once she exposed him fully, she traced every ridge and vein with the tip of her finger until his cock twitched at every faint touch she bestowed.

"It's not nice to tease," he murmured.

She wrapped her hand around the base of his cock and squeezed. "Who said I was nice?" Her lips hovered above the head, and she held his gaze.

Helpless to do anything besides watch, he waited. Finally, she closed her mouth around the tip, swirling her tongue around it. Sweet, wet heat engulfed him as she took his shaft as far down her throat as she could. His head fell back against the wall with a hollow thunk as she drew a guttural groan from him. He spayed his finger into the vibrant silk of her hair, loving the cool slide of her curls across his skin as he guided her up and down his length.

“That’s it, baby. Suck it harder,” he whispered. Nothing had ever felt as good as Maggie’s mouth...well, except her pussy.

Opening his eyes, he watched as his slick cock disappeared and reappeared between her lips. He still couldn’t quite get his head around the fact that she was finally theirs. They still needed to convince her of the fact, but he was sure, with enough time, they could persuade her.

On the other side of Maggie, Lucas woke and eagerly observed them. Shifting to his knees, he brushed her hair to the side and trailed kisses over her back and down her spine—alternating between nipping and soothing the abused flesh with his lips. Her hand trembled around Quinn’s cock, and tiny little whimpers vibrated along his length as Lucas mapped his way across their lover’s back.

Quinn couldn’t take his eyes off Maggie’s ass as his brother brushed his lips over the rounded flesh before sinking his teeth in to one of the firm curves. Her squeal of surprise throbbed against his skin, and he nearly lost control.

Lucas slid his fingers along the cleft of her bottom before dipping lower into her tender pussy. Maggie writhed, sucking harder on Quinn’s cock and shoving her hips against Lucas’ questing fingers. Spreading her ass cheeks, he stroked the puckered opening with his fingers that were shiny from her juices.

She stiffened, releasing Quinn’s cock, a squeal trapped in her throat.

“It’s okay, Mags,” Quinn murmured, smoothing a hand over her hair. “Have you ever taken a man there before?”

A bright blush colored her cheeks, and she shook her head. “Jason wasn’t...interested in that.”

“But you were curious?” Lucas asked as he continued spreading her cream over her anus. Flushing even brighter, she nodded.

Quinn fought the urge to roll his eyes. Jason was an idiot.

Slowly, Lucas worked a fingertip into her ass. “Just relax,” he soothed. “I promise we’re going to make you feel so good.”

By increments, her muscles loosened, and she sank into the mattress.

“That’s it,” Lucas praised. “Now spread your legs a little wider for me.” Catching Quinn’s eye, Lucas nodded toward the dresser.

Quinn stood and immediately spotted the small tube of lube lying next to the box of condoms. He snagged the tube along with two of the condoms and laid down next to Maggie again, handing the supplies to his brother.

Twisting the top off the lube, Lucas broke the seal and squeezed a healthy dollop of gel onto his finger.

“Remind me,” he said as he worked the clear substance into her entrance. “We owe your sister more lube.”

Maggie’s giggle morphed to a full-fledged moan as Lucas completely sank a finger into her ass. Quinn’s cock jerked at the ragged sound. Slipping his hand between her trembling legs, he slid two digits into her cunt. In tandem, he and Lucas worked in and out of her grasping body.

Lucas carefully added another finger to her ass, soothing her with whispered words as she cried out. It didn’t take long before she was pushing her hips into their hands, meeting them thrust for thrust, twisting the pillows in her grip.

Quinn’s cock steadily leaked pre-cum, and each of her breathy little cries pulled more from him. He’d known she’d be amazing, but she was proving to be the perfect match for them sexually. He just hoped she’d see it, too.

He watched as Lucas scissored his fingers apart, stretching her to take a third, readying her to take one of their cocks. Quinn added another digit to her pussy and pumped her a little faster. Her cunt rippled around him, and he felt Lucas sliding in and out of her ass. She rocked on the bed, grinding her clit against the mattress and edging closer and closer to her peak. Just a few more thrusts and she’d be there—he could feel it.

She was so beautiful the way she gave herself so completely to them. The way she opened her heart and body to them. The way she trusted them to take care of her needs. To guide her into unexplored territory. She really was their perfect match.

Her body stiffened, and she screamed as she convulsed around their fingers. Quinn groaned. It was all he could do to keep from coming. As it was, he knew he wouldn’t last long once he was inside her.

Carefully the guys pulled free from her body, pressing tender kisses to her back, her thighs, wherever they could reach. Maggie knew she should be sated from the release that had just ripped through her, but she wasn’t. She was restless as hell and hoping they planned on

finishing what they started. Ever since Lucas had whispered to her about one of them taking her pussy and the other taking her ass, she'd thought of nothing else.

Stretching, she rolled to her back and pushed herself up on her elbows. Lucas leaned forward to suck one nipple then the other into the scalding heat of his mouth. Tangling her fingers in his hair, she held him to breast. He pushed her flat to the mattress and freed himself before straddling her. Her breath caught in her throat as she stared up at him. He captured her lips, taking her mouth in a desperate, greedy kiss, his cock trapped between them, leaving a smear of warm pre-cum on her belly.

Her pussy clenched, eager to feel him inside, eager to feel those piercings sliding in and out of her needy body. She was nervous, too, but curiosity and lust overrode everything else.

When he finally raised his head, she met his gaze. "Please tell me you're going to fuck me now. I'm not sure I can wait any longer."

His dark eyes brightened with hunger, and without breaking visual contact with her, he held out his hand. Quinn slapped a condom in his palm, and Lucas sheathed himself quicker than she would have thought possible. He hovered outside her opening for just a moment before plunging into her waiting passage, filling her completely.

She barely recognized the keening cry that filled the room as her own voice. Each steel ball dragged pitilessly along her channel, and she loved it. Unimaginable streaks of intense pleasure careened through her body, and she wanted more.

Lucas pulled back. Each metal nub caressing her sheath set off tremors that stole her breath. She clung to his shoulders, nails scoring his back as he shafted her faster.

"More, more, more," she chanted.

From the corner of her eye, she saw Quinn put on a condom. Nervous anticipation swirled through her belly as she watched him slick it with lube. For the briefest of moments, she wondered if she could do it. If she could really take both men at once.

She glanced at both of their faces. It was more than two men at once. It was *these* two men. The two men who'd been a part of her life for almost as long as she could remember. She realized that these were the only guys she wanted to be with. Not permanently, of course, but long enough to explore this with them.

As soon as the realization solidified in her head, she was rolling. Lucas flipped onto his back, taking her with him.

Eyes shining, he reached up and caressed her face. “Do you have any idea how amazing you are?”

Bracing her hands on his chest, she shifted and slid up the length of his cock, before slowly gliding down his engorged shaft, the piercings making their presence deliciously known. “I’m positive that you have no trouble getting women into your bed.”

Lucas scowled at her. “That’s not what I meant.”

She knew it wasn’t, but she wasn’t sure if she was capable of looking at this as if it were anything more than a one-time thing. It would be far too easy to fall in love with these guys—not that she wasn’t already halfway there already—and when it ended, it would be bad. Really bad. And she wasn’t sure if she could handle that.

Quinn moved into place behind her, tracing the spot where she and Lucas were joined.

She stifled a moan as his finger teased her opening.

“The way you stretch to take him is so fucking beautiful,” Quinn murmured. He dragged the lube-slicked head of his cock along her ass, and she shuddered. “I can’t wait to see you take both of us,” he said, his breath warm against her skin.

She wouldn’t have thought it was possible, but his words made her even wetter.

“I can’t wait to make you come again,” Quinn said. Placing his hand in the center of her back, he gently shoved her forward. “Are you ready for both of us?” he asked as he ran his hands over her hips and thighs.

With only the slightest hesitation, she nodded.

“You’ll love it,” Lucas promised, reaching to grip her ass cheeks, spreading her wide and exposing her opening to his brother.

Quinn set his tip at her entrance. “Just relax,” he said, inching his way inside.

She panted through the burn of stretched muscles as he pushed forward until the wide head made it past the tight ring. He paused briefly before shoving deeper, and a harsh gasp tore from his throat as he seated himself fully within her.

The sound of his pleasure made her want more. The pain subsided into an amazing fullness. For a moment, the pleasure became pain before edging back toward bliss again. Then they moved.

All coherent thought vanished. Maggie existed in a world where there was nothing but the sensation of two thick cocks sliding through her body. Two sets of arms wrapping around her. Two mouths kissing her skin and whispering wicked promises to her.

Every thrust and counterthrust pushed the air from her lungs. Their cocks slid together, throbbing inside her, separated by nothing more than a thin membrane. Judging from their groans of pleasure, she knew it had to feel as good to them as it did to her.

Their hands were hard on her body as they gripped her. With each frenzied drive, a little more control slipped away until they were pistoning feverishly in and out of her. It didn't seem possible that she was capable of one more release, but it swirled within her like a gathering storm.

Quinn shifted. Suddenly, every lunge into her ass shoved her clit against Lucas' pubic bone. The storm raced closer. Without warning, the tempest broke, and like thunder, her release rolled over her body, shaking her from the inside out. Her internal muscles seized as she shuddered, savage bliss ripping through her body.

Both men fought to tunnel through her grasping tissues, pushing her peak higher, making it last longer. Finally, Quinn stiffened, filling the condom with a hot rush of fluid. Lucas followed shortly after, his cock jerking and spewing inside her. As she collapsed on his chest, she closed her eyes, wishing they could just stay like they were—far away from the reality that waited.

Chapter Six

Gray tinged light filtered through the window, dimly lighting the room. Maggie blinked, trying to clear the fog from her brain. Slowly, she registered warm, solid bodies on either side of her, and the entire night came rushing back. Her face heated as she remembered how wantonly she'd behaved. Not that the guys had seemed to mind at all.

She risked a glance at them. Eyes closed and lips parted, they looked peaceful, younger and almost innocent. Memories of what they'd done to her last night flickered to life. She was pretty sure it had been quite a while since they'd been innocent. Her body tingled to life as she replayed the evening in her head.

The more she remembered, the more she worried about the repercussions on their friendship. Cold uncertainty crept through her, quickly replacing the burgeoning arousal with the beginnings of regret. What the hell had she done?

An insistent scratching and a stab of guilt brought her back to the present. Poor Bailey needed to be let out. Carefully squirming from underneath Lucas and Quinn's arms, Maggie scooted to the end of the end of the bed. Both men stirred.

"Where are you going?" Quinn mumbled.

"I have to let Bailey outside."

Lucas yawned and patted the empty space between him and his brother. "Hurry back. We miss you."

Smiling, despite her growing sense of dread, she pulled on a pair of leggings and a T-shirt and went to find the dog.

Bailey paced in front of the door, stopping to wag her tail when she saw her.

Maggie squatted down, quickly scratched the dog's ears and attached a chain to Bailey's collar. "I'm sorry, baby."

Opening the door, she let the anxious animal out into the backyard then sat down at the table and put her head in her hands. Ending the relationship with Jason had been more annoying

than painful, but losing Quinn and Lucas would be devastating. Despite what had occurred last night, she really couldn't get her head around a relationship with both of them. And there was no way she could choose between them

The longer she was awake, the stupider she felt about letting things progress like they had last night. The only outcome seemed to be losing both of them. There was no possible way things could ever go back to the way they were before.

She wasn't sure she wanted them to, but she really couldn't see herself in a permanent relationship with two men. They lived in the smallest of small towns. She wasn't sure she could stand up to that kind of scrutiny. Oh God, and what would her sister say? Maggie could hear the conversation now. *Hey, Charlotte. Oh by the way, here's a new tube of lube—I borrowed yours last night when I was fucking my two best friends. Yeah. That's right. Both of them. At once.*

What the hell was she going to do? When she thought of never being with Lucas and Quinn again, tears burned the back of her throat and a heavy ache spread through her chest. She didn't want to hurt them, but she wasn't sure she was the woman they hoped she was.

Frantic barking and growls interrupted her train of thought. Pushing away from the table, she walked to the back door to see if it was a chipmunk or a rabbit that had upset Bailey. Maggie's stomach dropped to the floor as she saw four gray wolves circling her dog, snapping and biting.

What had she been thinking to let Bailey out there alone? She'd heard how aggressive the wolves had gotten in the last few years. They considered household pets, especially dogs, as territorial threats.

Fear turned her blood to ice. "Quinn! Lucas! Help!"

She threw open the door and grabbed a snow shovel—the first thing she could put her hands on—and raced toward the animals.

One of the wolves leapt at Bailey and knocked her to the ground, sinking its teeth into her hind leg. The dog yelped in pain as Maggie barreled toward the wolf, hollering and swinging the shovel as she tried to get the animal away from Bailey.

The metal part of the shovel connected with a dull thud, but the wolf didn't relinquish its hold. Another wolf snapped at Bailey's neck, but she bit back, tearing at the attacker's ear, making it howl in pain.

Maggie hit the wolf again before swinging at the two that were rounding on her, teeth bared. She jabbed at them with the shovel, but they stood their ground. From the corner of her eye, she saw a gray blur, barely registering that it was a wolf before its teeth sank into her forearm, knocking her to the ground.

Brutal pain ripped through her body as the animal tried to drag her toward the woods. She tried to punch the animal in the face, but it had no effect. Neither did trying to pry its jaws from her arm. Sticky blood and wolf saliva coated her hand making it nearly impossible to get any kind of grip on the predator's snout. Not that she had the strength to do anything anyway.

"Maggie!"

She glanced toward the house praying one of the guys had a gun. Instead, she saw both leap from the porch naked. As they hit the ground, their bodies pulsed and stretched, growing bigger and darker. The sounds of flesh tearing and bones breaking filled the morning air, adding to the sounds of the wolves' growls, Bailey's whimpers and her own panicked, pained breathing.

In a matter of seconds, Lucas and Quinn were gone, and two huge black bears hurtled toward the wolves. She was seeing things. She had to be. It was a hysteria and pain induced hallucination.

One bear raked its claws across the body of the wolf biting her. Needing to protect itself, it released her arm and turned on the bigger animal. The other bear attacked the wolf tearing at Bailey's leg. After several well-placed swipes and the liquid squish of slashed muscle and organs, two of the wolves lay dead and the other two escaped into the woods.

Bailey dragged herself to Maggie's side, growling at the huge beasts as if she could protect Maggie from them should they decide to turn on her. Before her eyes, the bears shrank, dark hair receding to reveal smooth, golden skin stretched over tightly corded, completely human-shaped muscles.

Her mouth dropped open, but she couldn't speak. Instead, she just breathed faster and faster until she felt lightheaded.

Quinn grabbed her arm to inspect her wound while Lucas lifted her face to stare into her eyes. "It's still us, Maggie," he said. "We're still us."

"It's not possible," she whispered brokenly, her voice catching. "It's just not possible."

Lucas scooted closer to Bailey, gingerly lifting her leg while the dog growled low in her throat. “I promise, we’ll explain everything, but right now, we’ve got to get you to the hospital and Bailey to the vet.”

Those words were enough to force her to pull herself together, at least for a while.

“Vet first,” she snapped. She tugged her arm from Quinn’s grasp and struggled to her feet, refusing his help while Lucas lifted a snarling Bailey in his arms and carried her toward his truck.

Quinn darted toward the house and came out with their clothes, her purse and several clean dish towels. Tossing everything but a towel on the porch swing, he tenderly wrapped her throbbing arm in the green and white terrycloth before quickly dressing, paying no heed to the blood he smeared on the fabric. She wasn’t sure if it was hers or the wolves.

She couldn’t help but look behind her. The crumpled, bloody bodies of the predators lay on the ground like so much trash. As the reality of the situation—or unreality as the case may be—sank in, she started to shake. Attacked by wolves and rescued by bears...who were also her lovers. What sort of fucked up world had she come home to?

Bailey started to struggle as Lucas fought to keep her still. She’d spotted her mistress and wanted to go to her. Ignoring the insanity of her present situation, Maggie scooped up her purse, careful not to jostle her arm. Climbing in the backseat of the cab, she calmed Bailey while the guys finished getting dressed and got in the truck. Quinn slid behind the wheel while Lucas tugged his shirt over his head.

Turning to face her, he said, “Quinn will drop us off at the hospital then run Bailey to the vet.”

“No way,” she said. “I’m not leaving her.”

Quinn looked at her in the rearview mirror. “You need to get that arm looked at.”

Maggie shook her head, willing herself not to cry. “Not before she’s treated.”

“God damn it, Mags.”

“Don’t,” she bit out. “Don’t you dare start with me.”

Lucas sighed and pulled his cell phone out of his pocket. Punching in a phone number, he turned away from her as he held it up to his ear. “Hey, Gwennie, sorry to wake you, but can you put Noah on?”

Maggie petted Bailey's head, softly crooning to her as Quinn raced up highway forty-one.

"We need some help over at the Ryan place" Lucas said. "Some grays attacked Maggie and her dog this morning. There are two dead in the backyard."

Lucas peered back at her again. "She will be after a few stitches and a rabies series." After a pause, he said, "Bear."

Maggie heard Noah's raised voice over the phone but couldn't make out what he was saying.

Lucas turned away from her. "She does *now*. All right. Thanks," he added and disconnected.

"So what? Does everybody but me know you two can magically turn into bears?" she asked, not really caring that she sounded as if she were having a temper tantrum.

"It's not magic," Quinn muttered.

"Considering what I saw defies every known law of nature and probably a bunch of other laws, it looked pretty freaking magical to me."

"And to answer your question," Lucas said, "no, not everyone knows. Just Noah, his wife, a few members of the tribal council and now you."

Maggie sat in silence as Quinn pulled into the driveway of the local vet. It was way too early for clinic hours, but Doc Saunders was usually available for emergencies, and a wolf attack definitely constituted an emergency.

She felt Lucas' eyes on her, but she couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze. She was too close to breaking down and freaking out as it was. Blood soaked through the dish towel wrapped around her arm and into her clothes. The pain was getting worse, and she was starting to feel a little dizzy. Absently, she wondered if this was what going into shock felt like.

"As soon as we get Bailey situated with the doc, we're bringing you in for treatment. There's no way we're letting you wait until she's patched up."

Maggie met his gaze, blinking back tears as she nodded.

The day went by in a blur. By the time they made it to the hospital in L'Anse, got several different antibiotics, the first round of rabies injections and several hours worth of stitches, it was nearly supertime. Lucas and Quinn had barely spoken, but they'd never left her side.

Now that she was settled between them on the way home, they were just as quiet. She realized that they were likely at as much of a loss as she was.

“The vet called,” Quinn finally volunteered as he turned onto the road leading to the house.

“Is she okay?” Maggie blurted.

Quinn nodded. “She’s going to be fine. They’re keeping her overnight for observation, but we should be able to pick her up tomorrow.”

She sank back against the seat, relief filling her. But the respite was short lived. There was still the fact that she’d slept with her best friends and the whole bear thing. She wasn’t sure which changes were more difficult to overcome—the shape-shifter business or the sex. Right now, the bears were definitely in the lead.

“Have you always been able to do that?” she asked, picking at the hem of the hospital-issued scrubs a nurse had given her to replace her torn and bloody clothes. There was no need to be specific. She had no doubt they knew what she was referring to.

“No,” Lucas finally answered. “We knew it might be a possibility some day, but not a very likely one.”

“There have always been shifters among the Ojibwe,” Quinn said. “Not a lot. Just a handful—a few every generation. Foxes, wolves, deer, lynx and, obviously, bear.”

She glanced at him. “Yeah. I got that.”

“We’re called ‘the other’,” he continued.

She frowned. “The other?”

“Human but more. Animal but not...just...the other.”

She’d had almost all day to get used to the idea, but it still seemed too fantastical to be believed. Like maybe she’d hit her head on a rock and imagined the whole thing. But she certainly hadn’t imagined the throbbing pain in her arm or Bailey’s injuries or the wolf corpses in the backyard. No. This was definitely no fairytale.

“When did you find out?” she finally asked.

Lucas met her gaze. “If you’re going to change, it happens around the time you turn twenty-five.”

“So...nearly three years ago?” Shock turned sharp, edging toward anger. “I can’t believe you guys didn’t bother to tell me.”

“Christ, Maggie.” Lucas scowled at her. “What were we supposed to say? Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and, by the way, we’re werebears now? It’s the not really the kind of thing you announce over the phone.”

She could see his point, but wasn’t that something she needed to know if she was going to get involved with them?

“We’re still the same guys,” Quinn said quietly.

“Well sure—except for that part where you turn into *bears*.”

Lucas leaned back against the headrest and stared at the roof of the truck. “It’s not like we chose this. We didn’t wake up one day and say, ‘You know what would be great? Shape-shifting. And while we’re at it, let’s alienate Maggie’.”

Guilt niggled her. Part of her felt awful for pushing them away because of something they couldn’t control. But the other part was freaking the hell out because *ohmygod bears!* And then there was that other part that was still wiggling out because she’d had a threesome with her best friends.

She sighed. Right now, all she wanted to do was sleep for at least a month before trying to think about bears or guys or threesomes. Too bad, they were all related.

As soon as Quinn stopped the truck, she got out and headed for the front door. The guys followed close behind.

“I’ll be okay. You guys can head out now.”

Identical expressions of hurt shone in their eyes before they schooled their features to blankness. Or maybe the pain meds were kicking in and she’d imagined it.

“You were attacked by wolves,” Lucas snapped. “And you just got a hundred and seventy-three stitches. Do you really think we’re going to leave you alone?”

“I’m fine. I—”

Quinn laid his fingers across her lips. “We’re staying—at least until Charlotte gets back.”

“Look, I’m not sure that’s such a great idea.”

Lucas scowled at her, his eyes narrowed. “Too bad. You’re our friend, and we’re not about to turn our backs on you.”

His unspoken words were perfectly clear. *The way she was turning her back on them.*

“This isn’t just about the whole shifter thing,” she said.

Lucas crossed his arms over his chest, skeptical expression plain on his face.

“Then what else is it about?” Quinn asked.

She swallowed past the sudden lump in her throat. She’d started this, and she was going to have to finish it.

“Last night was amazing,” she said, unable to meet their eyes. “But I’m not sure I can be in a relationship with two guys. I mean...I want to get married someday and have kids.”

“And we don’t?” Lucas asked.

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but marriage tends to be between two people—not three.”

“We can still make it work, Maggie,” Quinn said.

“It’s a small town,” she said, her voice faltering.

“People will always talk,” Lucas said. “But they’d talk about you if you were with one of us or both of us. Hell, they talked about you when you were with Jason *instead* of us. But none of that’s important.” His expression softened as he cupped her face. “The only thing that’s important is that we love you.”

“We always have,” Quinn added, moving to stand behind her. “And I think you love us, too.”

The tears she tried to suppress spilled out, and they both carefully folded her in their arms before urging her to her room and into her bed.

Quinn kissed to her damp cheek. “We’ll be out in the front room if you need us tonight.”

“And if you change your mind, you know where to find us later,” Lucas added, pressing a tender kiss to her forehead.

Her tears continued to slip into her hair as they left the room and closed the door, leaving her in the dark, alone with her regrets.

Chapter Seven

Maggie blinked her gritty eyes at her alarm clock. Three p.m. How was that even possible? Then she remembered—in horrible Technicolor detail. She glanced down at the mattress hoping against hope that the guys had crawled in bed with her last night, but she was alone.

Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she gingerly sat up, cradling her injured arm. A glass of water and two pain pills sat next to her alarm clock. She gulped down the water and the pills.

The door opened, and Charlotte peeked in. “Oh good, you’re awake. I was getting worried about you. How are you feeling?”

“A lot like a giant chew toy.”

Charlotte wrapped her arm around Maggie’s shoulders and carefully hugged her. “I’m so glad you’re okay. When the guys told me what happened, I couldn’t believe it. They brought Bailey home this morning. She’s snoozing by the stove.”

Bailey was going to be okay. Relief washed over Maggie, but it was tinged with something unsettling. “Are they here?” she asked tentatively.

Charlotte shook her head, uncharacteristically solemn. “What’s going on with you guys anyway? Something seems off.”

Something was off all right. She wanted to spill everything to Charlotte, but one of the secrets wasn’t hers to tell. Tears welled in Maggie’s eyes again, and she angrily swiped them away. She hadn’t cried this much since their mom died.

“Is this about the kiss in the diner?” her sister asked.

A watery laugh escaped Maggie.

“Or about the open box of condoms on your dresser that looks suspiciously familiar?” When Maggie didn’t respond, Charlotte added, “So...is it Lucas or Quinn?”

Maggie sighed. She might as well just get this over with. “What would you say if I told you both?”

Charlotte's mouth fell open, and her eyes bulged. "At the same time?" she choked out.

Maggie nodded, unable to meet her sister's gaze.

"Is it as fantastic as you'd think it would be?"

This time, she looked at her sister. Slowly, she nodded. "Better, actually."

"I don't know whether to be scandalized or jealous." After a pause, she said, "But I'm leaning toward jealous."

Maggie snorted then leaned her head on her sister's shoulder. "I think I love them. Both of them."

Charlotte took a deep breath. "Look, I'm not saying it's conventional, and it's not always going to be easy, but these guys have been crazy about you since you were teenagers. I think you owe it to yourself...and to them...to see if it's worth pursuing."

"You wouldn't think I was a slut and a half?"

"I'm your sister. I'll always have your back. No matter what." Charlotte brushed a stray curl from Maggie's eyes. "I want you to be happy. If Lucas and Quinn make you happy and you make them happy, then it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks or says."

"I love you," she said, hugging Charlotte as best she could. She really did have the best sister in the world.

It took four more days before she could work up the courage to go see Lucas and Quinn. They'd been by several times, but despite her sister's cajoling, she hadn't answered the door or her phone. She'd made a tentative kind of peace with the idea of being in a threesome, but she still needed to come to terms with the shape-shifter aspect of said relationship. And after some thought, she could only come up with one way to accomplish that.

Checking her appearance, she straightened her skirt and smoothed her hair. The bandage covering her right arm sort of ruined the look, but at least, she'd been able to shower. If she'd had to take one more sponge bath, she would have lost her mind.

Charlotte looked up from the couch where she was reading. "I'll look after Bailey until you get back." Her sister smiled. "Give me a call in a few days after you surface."

A flush stole across Maggie's cheeks.

"Thanks," she murmured. "For everything."

"Go get 'em, girly."

Maggie scratched Bailey behind the ears then swallowed her nerves and drove into the woods where Quinn and Lucas had built a cabin. When she'd started the trip, she'd been full of nervous anticipation. Now that she was pulling onto the dirt two-track that led to their house, it had deteriorated to plain old nervousness.

What if they'd changed their minds? What if they'd decided that she wasn't worth the trouble? What if they'd realized that they were mistaken about how they felt about her? For a brief moment, she considered turning the car around and going home, but she forced herself to go on.

She half expected them to be standing in the driveway waiting for her, but the only thing she heard was the steady thunk of an ax against wood. Pulling her nerves around her like a frayed cape, she walked around the back of the house where the wood pile was. By the time she rounded the corner, the chopping had stopped and both men were heading toward her.

On the drive over, she'd played this scene in her head a hundred times and not one of them ended with Lucas and Quinn staring at her while she struggled to think of something—anything—to say.

"I hope this is the right spot," she finally choked out.

Quinn's lips quirked. "The right spot for what?"

She glanced at Lucas, but he didn't seem particularly inclined to help her out. "The right spot to admit that I'm an idiot and that I was scared. I'm still scared," she amended. "But I realized I was afraid of the wrong thing." Absently, she twisted her ring around her finger.

"What were you afraid of?" Lucas finally asked.

Stomach in knots, she met his gaze then Quinn's. "I'm not afraid of you guys. Bear or no bear, I know that you would never hurt me. I just want you both to know that before this goes any further."

Lucas' expression softened as he waited for her to continue.

She tried to swallow past the sudden lump in her throat. "Growing up, you guys knew this was a possibility."

They both nodded.

"I didn't even know it was possible," she said. "And it's taken me a little time to get used to the idea, but I'm trying. I'd actually like to see it again—you know, sometime when I'm not being gnawed on."

Lucas' eyes brightened with amusement, but he didn't say anything, instead, he tucked a flyaway curl behind her ear.

"We can show you now," Quinn offered. Butterflies the size of bombers careened through her stomach, but she nodded anyway.

Both men toed off their boots and stripped out of their clothes, revealing their tightly corded muscles and smooth golden skin. It was nearly impossible to resist the urge to touch them, but somehow, she managed.

Holding her gaze, they both crouched close to the ground as the transformation began. The sound of joints popping and bones breaking drowned out the birdsong as their bodies stretched and contorted, coarse, black hair sprouting and covering them in a matter of seconds. Almost instantly, two huge black bears stood on all fours in front of her. Neither one made a move towards her. Instead, they watched with familiar eyes—eyes she knew almost as well as her own.

Maggie extended a tentative hand and stroked one enormous head then the other. Her apprehension faded when Lucas' rough tongue snaked out to lick her hand, startling a laugh from her. Slowly, she circled them, petting them and getting used to the fact that she could still tell them apart even in their bear forms. Beneath the fur and claws and teeth, they were still her friends. They were still the guys she'd fallen in love with.

Just as quickly as they'd morphed into bears, they shifted back into their human bodies. Fur and claws receded, leaving them naked in the late afternoon light. Both men watched her cautiously, curiously.

Quinn broke the silence. "That night, when we brought you home from the hospital, you said it wasn't just the shifter issue."

Maggie took a deep breath. "I was afraid of being with you—being with both of you. But I'm an idiot. What I should have been terrified of is being without you." She twisted her ring again as she rushed to say, "And you were right. I do love you. Both of you. I think I always have. This time, I want to be brave enough to do something about it. If you'll give me another chance, that is."

The words were barely out of her mouth before Lucas' lips closed over hers. Cognizant of her injuries, he carefully pulled her against his chest before gently guiding her to face his brother. Quinn kissed her too, delving between her lips to taste her thoroughly.

Raising his head, he trapped her in his gaze, his hand shaking slightly as he brushed his thumb across her lips. “I was afraid we’d lost you forever.”

She shook her head. “Not a chance. I may be a little slow on the uptake, but I’m not stupid.”

Lucas stepped close behind her, his erection nestling against her ass. “Neither are we—which is why we fell in love with you in the first place.”

Her skin tightened in anticipation as Quinn stepped closer, his cock hardening against her. A rush of liquid need flooded her body at the press of warm naked skin.

Lucas inhaled deeply. “God, you smell good,” he growled against her ear.

Her breath caught in her throat and her nipples tightened with excitement.

“Bears have an excellent sense of smell,” Quinn murmured against her lips.

Lucas slipped his arm around her and cupped her suddenly aching pussy. “And an insatiable taste for honey.”

“The last thing you need to know about bears is that they mate for life,” Quinn said, staring into her eyes.

“Well,” Lucas added, as he slowly dragged her skirt upward to bare her slick folds, “*these* bears do.”

Maggie shivered in their arms as the rest of her misgivings melted away. Nothing else really mattered as long as they had each other, and there was nowhere else she’d rather be.

About the Author

Bronwyn lives in Michigan with her wonderful husband, two amazing sons and six somewhat-psychotic cats. When not tormenting her characters, she can usually be found helping with reading and writing projects in her sons' classrooms as well as being the car pool mom extraordinaire for five teens and a couple of preteens. Besides writing, she also enjoys reading, knitting, sewing, cross stitching, pottery, drawing—basically anything that helps her avoid the tortures of cleaning and cooking.

Bronwyn loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.bronwyngreen.com.

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Wyn has spent her life alone, living vicariously through those who love winter. When she learns of Kai's predicament, she knows she must save him. If only she could save herself. She craves his dominance, but there's one tiny thing standing in their way. No human can touch her without experiencing chilly agony. And that might bring any relationship to an icy death.

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