



RED SKIRT,
COOL FOUNTAIN



ANNE DOUGLAS

Loose Id

RED SKIRT, COOL FOUNTAIN

Anne Douglas

LooseId®

www.loose-id.com

Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language and may be considered offensive to some readers. Loose Id® e-books are for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Red Skirt, Cool Fountain

Anne Douglas

This e-book is a work of fiction. While reference might be made to actual historical events or existing locations, the names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Published by
Loose Id LLC
1802 N Carson Street, Suite 212-2924
Carson City NV 89701-1215
www.loose-id.com

Copyright © January 2008 by Anne Douglas

All rights reserved. This copy is intended for the purchaser of this e-book ONLY. No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including, but not limited to printing, photocopying, faxing, or emailing without prior written permission from Loose Id LLC.

ISBN 978-1-59632-619-4

Available in Adobe PDF, HTML, MobiPocket, and MS Reader

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Barbara Marshall
Cover Artist: Croco Designs

Dedication

This is the story where I found the joy of critique partners -- I mean that in a good way. Thank you, Racy and Jeanne, for reading this so long ago when it was just a short story, and thank you to the AMA girls for their recent assistance when it became a whole lot more.

Prologue

A shiver ran down Ian's spine as Susan's pussy clamped down hard around his dick. "Damn, Susan! That feels good -- do it again, baby."

Her hot, slick flesh pressed down around him again as Ian drove harder into her cunt. His balls slapped against her ass as he slipped a hand off her hip and reached around to flick his thumb against her clit. Sanjay's cock muffled Susan's squeal of satisfaction as he thrust into her very, very talented mouth.

The girl excelled at the fine art of cock sucking.

It was Christmas Eve, and he and Sanjay had given themselves a present that wouldn't fit under the tree. They'd met Susan out partying with her girlfriends, looking for some action, and she'd been keen to walk on the wild side.

Susan definitely made a mighty fine gift to themselves in -- or out -- of her wrapping.

Ian had already fucked her once as Jay looked on and found his excitement through Ian and Susan before he joined them in bed. Ian was well used to catering to Jay's voyeuristic needs. It was an accustomed scene that Ian seduced and fucked an attractive woman, while Jay watched.

He had to admit he got his own thrill out of it. Like now -- Jay had the girl's long blonde hair wrapped around his fist, guiding her head while he nearly, but not quite roughly, forced her to take the whole length of his long cock. Even as Ian enjoyed the clasp and pull of Susan's cunt, he could still feel the memory of her mouth pursed around his thickness, the feel of the back of her throat against his dick as she tried to swallow him down. He relived it vicariously through Jay. It was his own personal porno. He'd figured out long ago it wasn't the act of the threesome that turned him on; it was watching Jay with their lover.

Susan's eyes rolled back and her eyelids closed, her hum of pleasure audible over the slap of sticky, sweaty flesh as she went through a series of small tremors. Her body tensed again beneath his, and he watched her struggle to keep control of her breathing as she geared up for a major orgasm.

Sanjay must have seen her struggle, and he pulled back until only an inch or two of his cock rested in her mouth. The muscles of Jay's ass flexed as he made short, rapid stabs, reaching for his release.

Sharing women wasn't just about getting their rocks off for either man; they liked giving a woman as much pleasure as she could handle. Tonight, Susan liked it a bit rough, a little dominating. Earlier that year, they had shared a woman who had wanted to be touched, cosseted...loved to the maximum. That had been equally as rewarding for them, yet something was still missing. Both men needed more than what amounted to meaningless sex.

Ian's gut began to draw tight, signaling his impending orgasm. He drove harder against Susan, fucking her like the she-devil had demanded of them earlier. Letting himself go, he roared out his second release of the night as her pussy squeezed down around him.

He managed to keep it together long enough to keep pumping, fingering her clit, then pinching it between his forefinger and thumb, sending her into a body-clenching climax as she swallowed Jay's cum.

Chapter One

Monday

In the square below, the children ran and played, trying hard not to avoid the splashes of water from the fountain. The day, like the last few before it, was stifling. The hot and humid air that sat heavily over the city would settle on Sanjay's shoulders, trap him with its lethargy the very moment he tried to leave the air-conditioned building.

As he stared down from the fifth floor, Sanjay couldn't blame the young children from the preschool for trying to cool off as best they could. He watched them playing and tried to remember if there'd ever been a time he'd felt so free as to do the same. After a while their caregivers gave up trying to keep them dry and let them splash their hands in the pool at the base of the fountain. Sanjay kept his hands firmly in his pockets, resisting all temptation to reach out as if he was beside them ready to sink his own fingers in the refreshing water.

A flash of red drew his attention away from the children. A woman was walking toward one of the seats off to the side of the fountain, a paper bag in one hand, a drink in the other. As she took her seat, her vibrant red skirt ballooned around her in a waterfall of color, falling from her waist, over her knees, and to the ground. *Bohemian.*

She smiled as she, too, watched the children, and Sanjay wondered what story he would see on her face, had he not been five floors up. From here he could only make out dark hair and generous curves, but there was an air about her. She carried herself in a way that attracted his attention; among all the solid, unbending suits, she swayed. Her skirt flowed out around her as she fairly skipped along. No cold ignorance, no sticky restraint in the humidity of the day. She was effervescent, despite the depressing heat.

The office door behind him rattled, then opened. Sanjay turned his back to the view and smiled a greeting to his friend, business partner, and occasional fellow sexual explorer, Ian Morris.

“Hey, Jay, what’cha watching?”

“Just some kids from the preschool mucking around in the fountain.” Sanjay turned back to the window and gestured at the scene.

“I don’t blame them.” Ian strode up to the window, smiling as he looked down. “It’s bloody hot out. Given half a chance, I’d be jumping in the fountain too.”

Knowing his friend so well, Sanjay could easily see Ian stripping down to his briefs to jump in, screaming and yelling right along with the kids. If he had to describe their friendship, Ian would be the fun guy -- the guy who always had a smile and a bad joke, the first one into the pool and the last one to leave. Everything Sanjay was not.

Sanjay was the responsible guy, the intense man who found it easier to frown than to laugh, who stood back from the crowd, analyzing, plotting, figuring out how to increase his profit with the least amount of potential loss.

He was the product of years of strict parental training; perform the best, demand the best, be the best, and damn all else. *No splashes of vibrant red in his life.*

Ian tapped a finger against the glass. “Hey, look at the chick with the red skirt.” Ian sounded as if he’d just spied the dessert trolley. “She looks...mmm...interesting.”

Trust Ian to spot a good-looking woman from a hundred feet.

* * * * *

Tuesday

Ian leaned up against the window. "She's down there again."

"Who?" Sanjay sat at his desk, concentrating on his e-mails, not the view that had entranced Ian.

"That girl from yesterday. You know, the one who was wearing the red skirt. She's got her lunch with her again; maybe she works in one of the other buildings."

Sanjay swiveled his chair so he could see the square below, and the far side of the fountain where the dark-haired woman, now in a floating yellow dress, sat. It was later in the day than when they'd seen her yesterday. This time the slightly older children from the preschool were playing around the fountain, dipping hands and splashing each other, a few dangling their toes in the calf-deep water.

"She looks kind of...sunny, I guess. Bright."

"That sounds almost poetic, Jay." Ian turned to him. "You okay?"

"Yeah." He spun back to the desk and the ever-present virtual pile of mail with a sigh. "Just wishing I had the time to sit outside and eat my lunch. Some days running a wildly successful business isn't all its cracked up to be."

"And if we weren't wildly successful, Jay, you'd be working twice as hard to make it so." Ian turned, a concerned look on his face as he rested his hand on Sanjay's shoulder. "You need to learn to slow down. If you don't, you're going to end up in an early grave."

Ian had that right. Sanjay's Indian father was driven to succeed -- raised that way by his father -- and pounded that same drive for excellence into his son. His mother's Anglo background was made up of wheelers and dealers, extreme businessmen to whom nothing meant more than the chase of the next deal.

Sanjay and his sister Shamila had never had a hope of having a normal childhood with roller skates, skinned knees, and ice blocks to make it all better. Instead, they had tutors, assignments, and deportment classes -- all the things to make the next perfect world leader, if only his parents had their way.

"Give that ulcer you have brewing a few minutes off, and savor watching an arresting woman enjoy a beautiful day." Sanjay could hear the grin in Ian's voice. The screen spun away as Ian rotated his chair toward the window again.

The woman had finished her lunch and now sat on the side of the fountain, her hand absently dangling in the cool water as she talked to two young girls. Their mystery lady threw her head back and laughed, her smile shining up to the sun before she looked back to the girls and shook her head. As he and Ian watched from up on high, the woman and the girls turned toward the fountain with what Sanjay imagined was a wistful, regretful smile.

The caretaker called the children together. Although they appeared reluctant, the group headed inside, leaving the woman in yellow standing beside the fountain. Sanjay and Ian watched as her head cocked to the side and her breasts lifted and dropped in what was obviously a sigh before she turned to leave the square.

"I wonder what she looks like up close?" Even Ian was touched, his joking manner gone. Both men kept a vigil as she left, following the flashes of bright yellow as she moved behind the trees that lined the courtyard.

* * * * *

Wednesday

Lost in cyberspace, Sanjay jumped when Ian pulled his hand away from the mouse.

"Let's have lunch." Two brown paper bag lunches landed on his desk with a thump.

"Lunch?"

“Yeah, lunch. I know it’s a foreign concept to you, but I’m tired of standing up here watching, while the people down *there* enjoy themselves.” Ian’s thumb pointed out the window. “Come on, the office won’t self-destruct if we take an hour and sit in the sun.” Ian grabbed one of the bags and was halfway out the door as he said, “Besides, some fresh air and sunlight can’t be bad for you...unless you became a vampire and didn’t bother telling me?”

“As if,” Jay scoffed back. He knew Ian was right and hesitated only for a few seconds before he grabbed the second bag and followed.

* * * * *

“I can’t believe I’m sitting here brown baggin’ it with a lunch that *you* made.”

“Desperate times call for desperate measures, my friend. Be thankful that I run to more exotic tastes than peanut butter and jelly.”

Thank God for small mercies; he hated PB&J. Sanjay inspected the inside of his Dagwood sandwich again and pulled out the onions. “Thanks.”

The onions went flying as Ian elbowed him in the ribs. “There she is!” Both men looked up. “Holy cow!”

“Wow,” Sanjay agreed, but kept his reply under his breath.

Dressed today in another floating skirt, this time in shades of white, she seemed to create her own breeze. She was dressed appropriately for the office, yet stood out from all the stark gray, blue, and black suits like some exotic butterfly.

Her hair was cut short, pixyish almost, and wasn’t brown as it had seemed from on high, but dark blonde with a few light, golden streaks. She wasn’t overly tall, nor was she willowy. The fabric floated and caressed curves that would keep a man carnally happy for hours, yet she exuded an air of innocence. She didn’t flaunt her assets; instead she looked comfortable in her skin and seemed to dress to her mood -- whimsical, if what they’d seen was a correct reflection of her personality.

Their eyes followed her as she walked past them to the free seat around the corner, taking a spot in the sun rather than under the shade of one of the large leafy trees, as had he and Ian. She acknowledged them with a wide, bright grin as she passed, and Jay had the notion she would probably be someone who always looked you in the eye when she said hello. No pavement watching for her as she made her way down a crowded street.

Sanjay wondered if Ian was having as hard a job controlling his response to her swaying hips as he was. Ian fumbled for his drink then gulped it down, and Sanjay took that as a clue that he probably was.

The children ran around from the opposite side of the fountain and straight to her, pulling her into their playtime. Her skirts twirled as she played chase, catching them up; tickling and giggling along with them; splashing them with fingers wet from dipping them in the fountain. Children giggled and screamed as drops of cool liquid splashed from the streams of water jetting from the decorative fountain center. She waved them all good-bye when they were corralled, their time for play over. With a sigh, she sat back in her seat and reached for her uneaten lunch. She pulled at her blouse and eyed the cool water in the fountain the way one of the children would have eyed a lollipop.

For once Ian said nothing. No smart remarks, no whistling, no whispered double entendres. He was as struck as Sanjay.

She ate her lunch politely but with heart, enjoying her food and neatly disposing of her trash as she left the square.

They openly watched as she left the square and declared in unison, almost as if they read the other's mind, "*Damn!*"

Chapter Two

Strangely enough, it was Jay who knocked on Ian's door next, his jacket over his arm and laptop case in his hand, impatient to get going.

"I've had enough for today. Come on, let's go home." Jay leaned against the doorframe, his hair mussed from running his free hand through the thick, dark hair that still managed to artfully fall over his forehead despite his manhandling.

Ian took a moment to appreciate the effect. Sanjay, with his mixed heritage, had scored the best of both worlds. He'd inherited his height and shoulder width from his Anglo mother, and the dark, straight hair, thick dark eyebrows, lean form, and café-colored skin typical of a man of Indian descent from his father. To be blunt, he was damned attractive, a handsome, almost beautiful, man.

That Jay was cutting out early -- or early for him at least -- surprised Ian. Jay didn't take nearly enough time out of life to have fun. The man was almost addicted to work -- something Ian was trying desperately to fix. He wanted Jay around for a long while yet, not dead from a stress-induced heart attack or ill from an ulcer.

"Thirty seconds and I'll have this closed down." With a minimum of fuss, Ian closed his open applications and shut the computer off, shuffling his laptop into its case. "So, if you're

skipping out early on a Wednesday night, does this mean you're planning to take it easy the rest of the week, and stay home this weekend?" Ian shouldered his bag and stopped in front of Jay. He looked him straight in the eye, daring him to disagree. The man needed to learn to relax more. Seven days in the office was no way of life for any man.

"No, I won't be here," he said with an irate sigh Ian knew all too well. Jay got sick of being nagged to slow down. "Shamila flies in Saturday morning; we'll spend Saturday together before she goes to her friend's wedding on Saturday night." Jay turned and stepped back out of the doorway, making room for Ian. "And I'm going to listen to the hints *certain* people keep dropping and take some time to do nothing on Sunday."

About damn time, too.

Ian had been born into an unusual legacy, an oxymoron even: a wealthy family of wastrels with a knack for making money. No matter how hard his parents and siblings worked at being the ultimate high society good-for-nothings, they made more than they could spend. It was uncanny how their neglect actually generated money.

That was how he'd met Jay. They'd attended the same horrendously expensive boarding school and become roommates during their teens. Despite their obvious personality differences, they had clicked. One personality balanced the other -- Jay dragged Ian out of mishaps, and Ian dragged Jay into them. Jay had learned life wasn't all about work, and Ian that working could be a lot more interesting than sitting on his ass doing nothing.

They finished University, then joined forces; Jay operated the business, while Ian developed their product. As it turned out, like the rest of his family, Ian had a gift for moneymaking. Only he actually worked at it, creating encryption software for businesses with secrets to keep.

"I'm glad, Jay. All work and no play makes Sanjay a boring, boring man."

Sanjay prickled, and Ian realized he'd hit a hidden nerve.

“Well, I might be a workaholic, but at least I have focus. You can’t even date the same girl twice --” He broke off with a frown. “Fuck it, never mind. You’ll shag anything legal, no matter what I say”

“Careful, Jay. You might just have to eat some humble pie. You need to get your head out of the bookwork. I haven’t been in the society pages for six months -- except for the charity auction. And that, my friend, was the second of only three dates I’ve had since Christmas.”

“You can’t be telling me you haven’t gotten laid since that girl at Christmas?”

And wasn’t he feeling it. “Nice one, Jay. Her name was Susan. And considering it was probably the last time you got laid as well, that’s the pot calling the kettle black.”

The elevator doors opened, and the men stepped into the carriage.

“Why?”

Ian almost laughed; that was Jay, straight to the point. “Because I’m sick of one-night stands; I want to find someone real and settle down.”

They exited the elevator into the building foyer and moved through the glass doors. They came out onto street level and were able to clearly see the fountain -- and the woman standing beside it.

“A woman who’s wholesome and enjoys life; simple and uncomplicated.” Ian pointed toward the woman. “Someone like her.” Jay shot him a curious look, and Ian shrugged. “Well, she seems that way anyway.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean. I *guess* my parents love each other in some weird way, but I don’t want a dynasty like they do. I want a family, with a dog and a cat...” Sanjay drifted off, keeping all the things he had wanted as a child locked inside where they couldn’t hurt him, Ian knew. It was the closest thing to a statement on Jay’s personal, emotional future Ian had ever heard from Jay.

Giggles and calls of children came from their left, and a handful of the kids from earlier streamed past, trailing their teacher behind them. They rushed up to the fountain and eagerly buzzed around the woman, tugging at her hands and skirt as they asked her to play. Ian and Sanjay watched as she knelt down to talk to four of the children, whom Ian assumed were waiting to be collected by their parents. She got down to their level to interact with them, laughing and giggling along with them, corralling them until their teacher caught up.

“Nicolas! Get down off that ledge this minute!” The teacher was still only halfway across the square when she yelled. Her shout turned everyone’s head, and, of course, Nicolas did just as his teacher asked, only he jumped into the pool, not out of it.

With a squeal of delight, the youngster splashed and kicked, running under one of the jets of water until he was soaked to the skin. Like ants after a picnic, the others were up and over the edge of the fountain, joining their classmate in the fun. The woman stood beside them, laughing, but watching over them until their teacher trotted up beside her.

Ian and Sanjay were too far away to hear what she said to the teacher, and Ian was surprised when she handed the older woman her handbag and kicked off her shoes.

“What’s she doing?” Sanjay sounded as perplexed as Ian felt.

“Dunno.” Ian shrugged. “Wanna find out?”

Before they had a chance to make their way across the square, the woman jumped up onto the edge of the fountain, and with a small scream, jumped in after the kids.

Since it was five-thirty, other workers were leaving the buildings, and many of them stopped and laughed, watching the woman as she frolicked with the children. Her skirt was soaked to the thighs and floated on top of the water like a white lily pad. She splashed the children as eagerly as they splashed her, and they all screamed and giggled as the cool water hit them.

As he stood on the sidelines, Ian was hit with more than just the heat and humidity of a long summer’s day. Lust slid heavily in his veins as he watched the woman’s clothing become

slowly less opaque, sticking to her skin as it became damp, then wet. Her exuberance roused a need in him to push the bystanders aside and jump in with her, to revel in her innocent enjoyment of life.

So fixated on watching her, he hadn't noticed that another couple had removed their shoes. The man rolled up his pants, handed his wife into the fountain, then joined her. He pulled her into the splash of one of the jets and kissed her deeply. A pair of office girls on the other side of Ian giggled. "I've been eyeing this fountain for days...come on, Jen...let's jump in, too."

Ian felt a heavy stare rest on his shoulders. *Sanjay.*

When Ian turned, he saw that Jay stood with his hands in his pockets, his clenched fists hidden. More people let loose of their workday inhibitions and jumped into the fountain, and Ian knew Jay waited for Ian to do as he often did -- join in the fun. But Ian was getting tired of leaving his friend standing on the sidelines.

Sanjay's gaze broke away, the woman in her bohemian skirt drawing his focus.

Sanjay's as attracted to her as I am. Well, well, well.

His attention was drawn back to the fountain and the woman who frolicked there, and Ian wondered if there could be a way to give him *and* Jay what each craved. After all, they had shared before. *If Jay was jealous enough, wanted the woman enough to take the field, it just might work.* It would be a slight twist to his recent thoughts to find himself a wife and settle down, but one he could work with nonetheless.

Ian bent down and untied his laces, toed off his shoes, and shoved his socks inside; then he rolled his pants hems up 'til his calves were bared. His jacket was already off, draped over his laptop case.

"What do you think you're doing, Ian?"

"I'm going to go kiss a good-looking woman in a fountain."

“You --” Jay broke off as Ian ignored him, jumped up onto the edge, and stepped off, striding through the barely calf-deep water until he reached the woman who had so surely captivated both men over the last three days.

Sam’s laugh bubbled to a halt when a pair of well-shaped, tanned calves under rolled up suit pants splashed their way into view. Sweeping her wet hair back out of her eyes, she looked up to find one of the attractive, sexy men she had noticed watching at her intently at lunch.

“I hope you don’t mind; I wanted to cool off as well.”

Even though she didn’t see him move, she was suddenly plastered against his chest, the damp fabrics of their shirts sticking together as his hands wrapped around her arms and pulled her in tighter.

In surreal slow motion, Sam captured the image of the man as his lips descended toward hers. Tall and solid through the shoulders, his blond wavy hair shone as droplets of water caught there and sparkled in the sun. His skin was tanned; his face carried lines and creases, giving testament to a life lived with laughter. His clothing reeked of money, but his hands felt rough against the bare skin of her arms, telling her he liked getting down and dirty despite the designer suit.

When his hot, spray dampened lips touched hers, the screams and laughter faded away, the sound of her heartbeat drowning out even the loud splash of the water hitting the fountain floor. The surreal moment stretched, everything else besides the kiss slowing as his tongue swept along her lower lip seeking entrance. A small moan escaped her as he pressed her lips open. The stranger’s hands came up and cupped her cheeks. He backed away a bit to place little nibbling kisses along her mouth, only to crash down again with a harsh gasp of air once he had gone from one side of her mouth to the other.

One hand tunneled into her hair. His fingers flexed in the wet strands as he pulled her closer and angled his head, groaning as he plunged his tongue deeply. The other hand swept down her back and along her bottom, anchoring her as he ground against her. Sam was left in no doubt of the man's attraction to her -- his cock was hard, long, and hot as it pressed into her belly. They may as well have been naked for what little coverage their clothes gave them.

Heat pooled low in her body as her hips instinctively pressed forward, seeking ease against the ridge of flesh.

Then he was gone, and she felt the heavy weight of another's stare. The second man from earlier stood to the side of the fountain, his hands clenched in his pockets, his whole being tense, radiating a fierce energy as he hungrily watched them. She didn't know how, but she knew that if she dropped her eyes from that heated, sultry, and demanding stare, she would find a very aroused man.

It left her wondering just how these two men were connected. Enemies? Friends? Lovers? Or maybe it was something of all three.

Oh, Jesus. He was in big trouble with a capital B and T. Big Trouble.

Ian's hands shook as he stepped back from the much too intimate embrace and released the woman. Despite the chaos around them -- the children screaming, the adults laughing, the splash of water that now sounded like a roar -- there was a pocket of silence as they stared at each other, chests nearly heaving as they tried to assimilate what had just happened.

Warm gray eyes flicked to the side, and widened as another trapped their gaze. *Sanjay.*

He'd been with Jay through thick and thin, through lust and sexual exploration, and Ian knew Jay would be as aroused as he. Their cat and mouse games had started in high school with Jay as an observer, usually only touching himself. In college, he'd finally become

a full participant, but Jay still got a voyeuristic high from watching Ian and their partner of the evening before joining them.

Truth be known, it affected Ian to know Jay watched him. Ian hadn't experimented with men, but figured if he ever did, Jay would be the one he would want to experiment with. *Not that he planned on telling Jay that anytime soon.*

Ian wished he had a camera to capture the image of the woman before him -- her skirt plastered to her legs, sunlight silhouetting their shape; the scoop of her neckline and her high cheekbones showing pink, aroused skin; lips roughened, reddened, beckoning him to lean in again.

"Sam! Sam, come on! We're going to miss the bus!"

One of the other office girls called out as she jumped out of the fountain, scooping up her shoes as she went; the woman...*Sam*...spun on her heel and followed. After retrieving her bag and shoes, she ran after her friend, barefoot and laughing as she went with a freedom even Ian didn't possess.

Chapter Three

Thursday evening

“Nothing; nothing this morning, nothing at lunch, and I’ve been watching for two damn hours now; nothing this evening.” Ian slumped back in the office chair, swiveling around to face Sanjay. Neither man needed to say what, or more exactly who, they were waiting on. Her. Sam.

“I know.” He hated admitting that he had been as intent as Ian, not watching the people, but Ian as he concentrated on spotting the woman, *Sam*, from yesterday. It bugged him that someone he knew so little about attracted him so easily, and as surely as a moth to a flame. “Tomorrow’s another day.”

* * * * *

Hot water cascaded over Sanjay’s back and down around his hips. He stood with his legs spread and his feet firmly against the floor, one hand against the white tiled wall in front of him and the other wrapped around his heavily aroused cock. He rubbed his thumb slowly around the crown, and the rest of his hand rhythmically clenched around the hot, blood-thickened flesh as he played back the scene from the previous day.

His fist began to move, stroking up and down the hard length when his memory reached the point where Ian swept the girl into his arms. At the time, Sanjay's arousal had been instant; his was body trained to react from so many years of watching Ian with their partner du jour. However, the ferocity of his Pavlovian response to a simple kiss had taken him by surprise.

He didn't need Ian and their voyeuristic play to get aroused; his many private conquests put paid to that suggestion. Nevertheless, with Ian in the mix there was a heightened level to his arousal. A sexual high he would be loath to give up if they were to settle down into traditional marriages.

Seeing Ian in the fountain with that woman -- *Sam* -- had given him a clarity of vision he hadn't possessed before. And along with it came the realization that his chances of having the relationship he needed -- something to step out of the rigid structures drummed into him all his life -- was next to nil.

Ian was his touchstone, one of only two people who could drag Sanjay out of his solitary, concentrated existence without ruining him in the process. Everyone else saw Sanjay Chandra as an immaculate businessman, driven to succeed, uncompromising, and cutthroat. He never let anyone see the lost man inside, hating the shell of humanity he had, little by little, become.

Sanjay doubted he could have a relationship with a woman like Sam appeared to be without corrupting the relationship with his ingrained aloofness. Yet Sam with Ian? Possibilities he'd held firmly suppressed over the years began to coalesce.

Sanjay groaned. The images of Ian and Sam were burned into his brain. The outline of wet fabric against her legs, Ian's hand silhouetted against her ass as he tugged her into the shelter of his body.

His hand fisted against the wall as he stroked faster, his breathing choppy in the humid confines of the shower. Sanjay's hips thrust, trying to gain more momentum as he inserted

himself into the memory. He wished he could have thrown his reserve to the wayside and climbed into the fountain with them, pressing his front along Sam's back as he crowded her closer to Ian. *The feel of his cock pressed into the back of Ian's hand.*

"*Fuck!*" His balls pulled tight and cum spurted over his hand, soon washed away by the rain of water from the showerhead.

* * * * *

Friday

"Any sign?" Ian's voice from behind him didn't surprise Sanjay in the least. Yesterday Sanjay had seen a fervor in Ian that he'd only seen previously when Ian was immersed in mathematics and computing. It was early, even for him.

"Nothing yet, but I wasn't expecting to see anyone this early." After all, only workaholics were in the office at six thirty a.m. on a Friday.

"I guess not." The scent of breakfast wafted past, and a Styrofoam cup of coffee appeared over his shoulder. "Eat, Jay, you're looking like shit lately."

* * * * *

Both of them had given up any pretense of work well over an hour ago, their attention stolen as they studied the square below, ready to hightail it downstairs as soon as they spied the woman they only knew as Sam.

Usually so stoic and cool, Jay wasn't hiding his feelings all that well. A stranger might not see it, but to Ian, the lines of tension on his face, the one finger tapping, and the controlled gray aura that seemed to surround Jay gave all too much away.

Ian approached his friend from behind and laid a hand on Jay's shoulder. Seated and looking out into the darkening sky, Jay should have been reasonably relaxed, but his shoulders were set tight and rigid.

Ian had been with Sanjay through all the ups and downs of dealing with his family, through all the times he had shut down emotionally, becoming as cold and calculating as his parents. Physical abuse might have been easier to deal with than just being treated as an ongoing business concern. Nothing had been spared to make Sanjay the ultimate corporate machine. Everything had been serviced but the emotional needs of the young child, the preteen, or the young man. Jay had entered college as an emotional husk.

Alone, except for Ian.

And Ian was selfish enough to enjoy that fact, happy that even with his overdramatic, self-serving, all-about-me family, he'd finally had someone to take care of other than himself.

Deep down, Ian was certain both men desperately wanted the same thing -- to be able to give a little piece of themselves to another person. Ian craved what his irresponsible family was too self-centered to give, and Jay craved what his family was too cold-hearted to feel -- emotional attachment to another being.

"Can you find her?" Jay's question was low and hoarse.

"They don't call me a wunderkind computer genius for nothing." Ian studied Jay studying him in their reflection in the window. Ian's hand squeezed on the tight shoulder beneath his hand. "And what are you planning to do when I find her?"

"*We*" -- there was a heavy emphasis and a pause -- "are going to figure out if she's the woman we think she is, and if she is...well, I guess we figure it out from there."

Ian wasn't sure if he was reading Jay right. His body language suggested so much more than his words said.

Jay turned his chair, and Ian stepped back, leaning against the desk behind him. He didn't move further from Jay's personal space, forcing the issue as he studied Jay's stare that challenged Ian to make something out of his last statement and to be just another person to walk away. It should have shocked Ian more to know that their relationship was about to

take a dramatic turn. But Sanjay would be dead wrong if he thought Ian was going to walk away from it.

“All right, I’ll find her.”

Chapter Four

For the second night in a row the same two men sat in the darkened corner of the supper club. She recognized them as the men from the fountain.

Men had tried to buy her favor in the past, spending night after night at the club, sending expensive gifts, flowers, and requests for her company. They became lost in the old-fashioned hype that the singer was truly looking for what the song was selling. And with her low, melodic, and sexy voice, they tended to think she was selling something she hadn't really yet had a chance to find.

Her voice made her sound older, worldly. The songs, lustful and heated, told of dark, humid nights spent sating yourself in a lover's body. Something she hadn't had that much experience with -- only just enough for her to realize there was a whole lot more to sex than she had yet to experience, physically or emotionally.

Her overprotective family thought her a wide-eyed innocent, unable to take care of herself and ready to be taken by the first shyster who propositioned her. The truth lay somewhere in the middle. She was a responsible person, but Sam refused to stop finding the joy in life just because she was an adult; nor did she want to stop basking in the glory of a hot summer's day or delighting in the fun and laughter of children. She hungered for the deep

sexual excitement the music suggested -- the longing and yearning; the gratification of a true lover -- not hurried bursts of lust that left her wanting.

Sam had a feeling either of the men hidden away in their dark corner as they watched her perform could excite her beyond all her experiences. *Heck*, they already had with just their heated stares. She felt their regard so palpably she wanted to wiggle, to scratch at the itch of arousal that'd blossomed in her pussy. She'd started singing at the age of eighteen, and, for the first time in the five years since, she was going to approach an admirer...*admirers*.

And didn't *that* concept rather intrigue her?

Were they competing for her attention? While a little part of her preened at the idea, the rest of her thought it would be disappointing to have the handsome, sexy men fighting over her.

She'd known for years that she was not quite like her straitlaced family. Oh, she loved them desperately, but Sam had been born with her grandmother's lust for life. She felt freer, less constrained by society's mores and restrictions -- her grandmother had always called her a closet hippie.

Sam had known when she was a teen that settling down straight out of college with a man, two kids, and a dog wasn't for her. Not that she was averse to the idea, or thought there was anything wrong with that sort of life. Sam just wanted something different for herself. To be open to change as it came her way. To be able to revel in all of life's possible potential, not tied to home and hearth like most of her family.

Maybe these two men were destined to be one of those amazing experiences.

They watched her make her way from the piano and around the dance floor. Their attention never left her, and she felt the heat of their gaze intimately, their lust burning into her the closer she got to their table. The men stood, one pulling out a chair while the other took her hand and guided her into the seat. *Very charming*.

Her dreams had run rampant since Wednesday's encounter in the fountain, her fantasies heated by dark, serious, exotic eyes watching her, and hot, sensuous lips nibbling at her body. She studied them as intensely as they did her and catalogued their differences.

One was more serious than the other; he was the one who stood outside the action until the optimal moment. With his dramatic looks and coloring straight from a Bollywood movie, his Indian heritage was obvious in his heavy, dark eyebrows over sparkling deep brown eyes, smooth café au lait colored skin, and long aristocratic nose. He was tall and lean, but not what she'd call thin, not with those shoulders. His face carried sharp angles that suited him.

The man who had kissed her was his opposite. His face was worn by laughter; he looked as if he had played hard for a large part of his life. Yet Sam could sense seriousness beneath the playboy exterior, and thought that maybe his face was just as much a mask as the first man's.

Yes, her wonderful kisser had his problems with the world -- maybe not as obvious as his friend's, but there all the same.

"Thank you, gentlemen." They both nodded as they sat back down, book-ending her, one on either side of the table.

Time to find out what it was they wanted with her.

"I've a feeling that you well know who I am, but I'm still in the dark as to who you are -- other than men who saw me splashing in a fountain." In the dark jazz- and blues-laden club atmosphere, and them in tuxedos to her in slinky satin, it didn't feel right to just up and say "who the hell are you?"

Ian held out his hand, and when she placed hers in his, he raised it to his mouth, pressing his lips against her skin. "My apologies, Sam. You're right; we do know who you are. I'm Ian Morris, and the man to your other side is Sanjay Chandra."

Ian passed her hand to Sanjay with a smile. Sanjay turned her arm over and placed a kiss on the inside of her wrist that made her shiver. Tendrils of heat wound their way around her pulse point.

“Please accept our advance apologies. We didn’t come here by chance. We tracked you down.” He gently returned her hand to her lap. “We looked for you on Thursday and Friday, and I’m afraid neither of us wanted to let you go without first meeting you properly, so Ian used his computer skills to find you.”

When she turned to Ian with a raised eyebrow, he looked a little flustered. “That sounded a whole lot more stalkerish than it is in reality. I tapped into the square security cameras and figured out where you had been working, then hoofed it over and asked them who you were. No weird and wonderful secret FBI database searching or anything like that.” Sam figured it was more likely they now knew all there was to be found out about her, from her punching Billy Grayson in the nose at preschool to her size XL underwear, but she let it slide. In this age of information, she could Google and do a search on them just as easily as they could her.

“Okay.” She paused a moment, taking a sip of the lemon, lime, and bitters the waitress had set in front of her. After so many years playing at the club, the wait staff all knew her preferred drink of choice. “You hunted me down; now what are you planning on doing with me?”

That brought a smile from Ian and a soft, ironic laugh from Sanjay. Sam figured that these men played hardball, so she was going to step up to the plate along with them.

“You look all innocent and light, but you don’t pull any punches, do you?”

“Not when I shouldn’t.” She shrugged. “Look, you may have thought you saw a naïve girl splashing in that fountain with those kids. But the truth is I’m just an average woman who likes to sing, loves to laugh, wants to travel the world, and refuses to forget that life is

for living. If you thought you were hunting down some not-touched-by-the-evils-of-life innocent, I'm afraid your time was wasted."

The heated look that passed between the men spoke volumes. But it was Sanjay who finally spoke, which, based on her first impressions, surprised her. "Oh, I don't think our time was wasted at all."

Chapter Five

Today was to be her second day in Ian and Jay's shared company. Another date, yet not -- she wasn't quite sure what to call an outing with *two* men with romantic intentions toward her. She didn't get the one-night stand or the just-a-fling vibe from either of them. There was an intent air to the pair that both confused and excited her.

After she'd approached them Friday evening, they'd asked her to accompany them to an early meal the following night. The low-key evening they'd spent together had been enjoyable, and they'd requested her company for the next day. Intrigued with the way these two men interacted with one another, she'd agreed.

Her brothers all had close friends, people they would trust with their lives, but with Ian and Sanjay it was more than that. Not two halves of one whole, but one without the other felt slightly...unfinished. Had they not made their attraction to her so damn obvious, she would have assumed them to be lovers.

As she'd expected, the knock on the door came exactly at 10:30 a.m. -- Sam doubted Sanjay would ever allow himself to be late. What she hadn't expected was three people on the other side of the door, one of them an Indian woman who was as beautiful as Sanjay was handsome. Ian introduced her as Shamila, Sanjay's sister.

The woman extended her hand with a smile. "I apologize for intruding, Sam. I don't usually barge in on my brother's dates, but sometimes it's a little sister's prerogative to bug her big brother." Sam took her hand and returned the friendly handshake. "And please, call me Mila."

Sam's arm was scooped up under Mila's as she marched past the men and dragged Sam down the hall, chattering as she went. "Seriously, my plane got horrendously delayed, and Jay wouldn't leave me at the airport alone to wait, so here I am. Though, I have to say I am glad to get to meet the woman who has Jay and Ian so atwitter." Sam was surprised by Mila's manner of cultivated effervescence, outgoing while at the same time considering. Not at all what she'd have expected from Sanjay's sibling.

"You're English?" Sam judiciously ignored the inferred question. "I thought Sanjay was American." Shamila had the mannerisms and accent of an upper crust Englishwoman, but not quite so staid.

Mila replied with a wry smile. "When Jay was shipped off to boarding school at ten, my parents decided to move to England --"

"They left Jay here by himself?" The thought horrified Sam enough that she broke into the conversation. She might want to spread her adult wings more than the rest of her family, but she couldn't imagine missing out on a second of her boisterous childhood.

"Yes." There was a few moments' pause. "Let's just say we didn't have the most conventional childhood and leave it at that."

"Sam, could we beg you for a coffee before we leave?" Ian called out from behind them, sounding decidedly ragged from his apparent caffeine loss. "We were at the airport at the crack of dawn, and the coffee-colored water at the only place open that early just didn't cut it."

Ian could have given a hound dog a run for his money with his hangdog face. "You're a java head, huh?"

“They both are, Sam, no matter what they try to tell you. If they could replace their blood with coffee, they would. All the better for their plans for world domination, don’t you know!” Mila’s tone was sarcastically humorous, joking with the men. Even Sanjay laughed at his sister’s smart-aleck comments.

Sam was surprised at how much Sanjay had unwound; he almost looked relaxed. His sister’s company was obviously good for him.

* * * * *

“Sam... Ian and Jay, they have this thing where they like to...ahh...share their lovers. Had you figured that out yet?” The last of the sentence came out in a rush, most unlike the Mila she’d begun to know. They walked together, arm in arm, down one of the zoo paths, with Ian and Sanjay trailing along behind.

“I had guessed at something of the sort, yes.” From the first kiss in the fountain, when Sanjay had watched them so intently, Sam had figured there was more to the situation than met the eye. That they were both dating her made it all the more obvious.

“Does it bother you?” The question seemed offhand, but Mila had given herself away by tensing her body. They walked a few more paces before she spoke again. “I won’t have him hurt, Sam, Ian either.”

Sam smiled. Mila might like being the annoying little sister at times, but she was as protective of Jay as he was of her. No different than Sam and her brothers.

“I can’t tell you what’s going to come of this, Mila. We barely know one another.” Sam spoke quietly so only Mila would hear. “I can tell you that if this, whatever *this* is, doesn’t work, it’s not because I can’t handle that they might come as a package deal.”

Mila answered with a small nod.

“Tell me, Mila, Ian calls your brother Jay, yet Sanjay calls himself Sanjay. I can’t figure out why.”

Mila's sigh sounded tired and sad. "My parents are very strict, Sam. They're all about business. We didn't play with dolls and build tree houses; we studied the *Wall Street Journal* and calculated returns. It was a cold and lonely childhood for Sanjay until I came along. Then, all of a sudden, he had a little sister to look out for. All my life Sanjay has buffered me from our parents. I think all he's ever wanted was someone to love, who'd love him back." Mila's face lost its usual animation as she remembered her cold childhood.

"He changed a lot when they shipped him off to school. The ten-year-old boy shut himself away so he could cope...I never let my parents see it, but I cried every night for weeks after he left." Mila sighed, melancholy. "Please don't ever tell him I told you that."

They walked a few steps more before Mila carried on. "He was Sanjay from there on. He lets Ian and I get away with being familiar by calling him Jay, but to himself and everyone else, he is Sanjay Chandra -- cool, calm, and collected, the ultimate businessman."

"It's another wall to hide behind." Shamila stopped and looked at Sam, surprise written on her face.

"Yes, yes indeed." Her eyes narrowed as they stared at Sam, evaluating. "You really see them, don't you?" The question was rhetorical, and Shamila didn't expect a reply. She pulled Sam's arm tighter and went back to walking, her elegant, proud silhouette facing forward, her long dark hair damp in the summer heat, blown lightly by the small breeze that had picked up.

"Yes, you just might be the right person."

Chapter Six

Ian's mind wandered as he stared out at the night sky filled with thunderous rain clouds waiting to break at any moment. The ceiling fans barely kept the turgid evening air rotating enough to make it feel like a breeze as the three of them sat on the covered porch at the rear of the house, Jay and Sam on the wicker two-seater, while Ian lounged opposite them in a large chair.

Spending a day at the zoo trailing around after two attractive women in short shorts and tight tank tops, fighting a hard-on all day as a result, wasn't Ian's preferred way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

It wasn't that he lusted after Mila -- she was like a younger sister he actually liked, unlike his own siblings -- but he was quite able to appreciate the view. He'd walked behind those bottoms for hours, bewitched. Mila's slim and pert body was pleasing to the eye, but Sam's lush shape set him alight. The fleeting glimpse of the pale curve of her ass when she bent over and the way the hem of her tank top had ridden up, now and then exposing the dimples at the small of her back, had his mind racing. His cock had given him more than enough cause for potential embarrassment in front of too many children and their parents.

No, he thought to himself, the zoo had been an inspired decision. That way he'd had no choice but to keep his hands away from Sam and concentrate on getting to know her as a person, and not in the biblical sense.

They had taken Mila back to the airport in the late afternoon, the three of them waving good-bye as Mila went through the gates to wait for her boarding call. When they returned Sam to her house, she invited them in for a light dinner -- soup with crusty, chewy French bread on the side -- light in the stomach, but astonishingly refreshing for a hot meal, considering the heat of the summer evening. *Maybe there was truth to the old tale that heating the inside cools the outside. It sure would explain Jay.*

When he looked back over to Sam and Jay, all his pondering of thermodynamic laws was abandoned as he heated both inside and out.

Although they both had dark hair in the dim light, they were a study in contrasts. Jay was dark and brooding to Sam's lightness of being. At first glance, he might've bypassed Sam for a more obviously beautiful woman. She was curved, but not fat, short, but not too short -- about five feet five -- and despite the curves on her body, she had an angular face that wouldn't have looked out of place on a pixie. Her choice of flowing clothes matched her personality, and when she let loose with her effervescent smile and that big, enjoying-the-moment laugh of hers, she became a truly beautiful woman. Someone he was sure both he and Jay wanted for more than a momentary one-night stand.

The loud clap of thunder right over the house made all three of them jump, and moments later the thud of heavy rain pounded the roof. The crescendo of the rain splashing on the trees and ground was almost deafening in the wake of the pre-storm stillness.

"When was the last time either of you danced in the rain?" Sam went up on her knees on the couch and rotated around so she could reach the switch of the cheap little radio that sat on the side table. Her sweet ass poked in the air to tempt them as she bent over the back of the seat.

The tinny sound of old rock and roll was nearly drowned out by the weight of the water thundering down. Yet it seemed to lend a cadence, a cheerful tune that cut through the humidity and moisture.

Sam bounced up onto her feet and ran to the screen door, turning back just before she stepped into the deluge. "Come on! Come dance in the rain with me." Her voice was urgent, appealing and convincing.

Ian's cock went hard as he watched Sam's passion for life flush her cheeks, and both he and Jay stood as the screen door slammed dully in the now loud night. His breath rasping in his ears, Ian watched Sam's thin white tank top turn transparent as the sky seemed to cascade over her skin. It was just the three of them, locked in a hot little bubble that held the rest of the world at bay.

Already barefoot, Ian was through the screen door in a moment, determined to capture Sam and demand a little more of her than he should.

Sam danced ahead of him, leading him away from the house and down into the garden. *Well, this is a first, being voluntarily led down the garden path.*

Ian stopped just short of her spinning figure, caught in the web of Sam's making, and deep down inside, he felt the birth of a spark of light within him that had always been missing. With a rush, Sam was upon him, wrapping her wet arms around his neck as she launched herself up, trusting him to catch her.

She wrapped her legs tightly around his waist and leaned back, tilting her face up to the rain -- the same as they had seen her do with the sun -- pulling back upright again as she locked her hands behind his head. The long moment dragged as her mouth hovered above his, and just when he was sure she would pull away, her tongue lapped at his lips, scooping up the raindrops as they rolled down his face.

"Sam..." Her name came out on a groan as she leaned in closer, pressing her pussy against his stomach and taking his face in her hands. Her hot, sweet mouth pressed as hard and insistent as the rain, forcing his mouth open as she greedily ate at his lips.

Mmm, so good!

Sam wiggled, trying to get closer even as Ian's big hand cupped her buttocks, pulling her more tightly against him. *So much water, so wet, yet these two men stoke such a fire inside me.*

Ian slowly spun them around in time to the music that was a distant melody. Maybe she shouldn't trust him so quickly, but she felt sure and safe in his arms. Sam pulled away from the kiss and laughed again at the beauty of it all as she stared down into Ian's smoldering eyes. "See, I knew it would be fun...we all need to dance in the rain more often."

The sound of the screen door drew her attention as it banged closed. Sanjay stood on the path, legs spread and his arms at his sides, his fists clenched as his jaw worked.

It wasn't anger that stirred him so much; it was lust. Intense arousal poured off him in tangible waves that made her breasts tingle and her nipples harden further.

"He likes to watch, Sam." Ian's deep, rasped comment drew her eyes back to his face. "It works for us -- do you mind it?"

There was hope in Ian's eyes. There was no way to disguise it -- not that Sam wanted him to. So what if she didn't know them that well; she was beginning to think that knowing them, and daring to love them, might be an amazing journey. That traveling that road with these men would lead to only bigger and better things, a wealth of experiences -- both given and received.

Sam unhooked her ankles and slid back down to the ground, unhappy to see the wry glint come back to Ian's eyes when he thought she was about to reject them.

“I think it’s time we showed him that being involved is better.” There was a sharp intake of breath as Ian took in the meaning of her words.

Sam turned to Sanjay and crossed the expanse between them in a rush, stopping just before him. He didn’t balk at her abrupt approach; he stood firm, his chest heaving in time with the clenching and releasing of his fists.

“Dance with me, Jay.” It shouldn’t have been possible, but his eyes darkened more when she shortened his name. But he hesitated when she held out her hand.

“I don’t know how.” The reply was terse, angry almost, but laced with emotion -- with the need to join in.

“Let us show you how, Sanjay.” The mask he wore cracked a little as he placed his hand in hers. “Let us show you how to be Jay.”

Sam swept in close to Jay and pulled herself into a standard dance position. One hand still caught in his, she rested the other lightly on his shoulder. Heat burned through the wet fabric of his shirt, warming her palm. “Dance with me, Jay, I know you can do this.”

Sam didn’t doubt that Sanjay knew how to waltz his way around a ballroom. One could learn the steps easily enough, but you had to *feel* the dance to enjoy it.

The dip of his head surprised her, and the scorching heat of his lips on hers burned her as his tongue plunged deep into her mouth.

Then she felt it. With his lips still pressed to hers as if he would die if he let them free, his body began to move. Sam’s body flowed into his as she naturally followed his lead.

Chapter Seven

As she expected, Jay danced beautifully. *Like a sleek panther.*

Their slow pace began to hasten as he plundered her mouth. Sam wished for a ball gown to billow out behind her as Jay twirled them around the garden. Instead, the rain still thrummed over her skin, soaking them anew as they came to a panting halt.

Sam pulled her hand from Jay's and reached down to drag the soaked fabric of her top up and over her head, flinging it to the ground with a wet plop.

"Taste me, Jay." His fingers brushed against lace of her bra, pulling the cups down and exposing her to the rain. "*Yesss*, that's it...*taste me.*" His tongue rasped across her nipple, circling the pointed tip. She closed her eyes and relaxed into his embrace, her face turning up to the rainfall, her breasts thrust up to the sky, begging for more of Jay's mouth.

A hand fumbled at the zip of her shorts, then slid under her panties once the taut fabric released.

"*Sam.*" Jay's voice pleaded with her. "So hot...your pussy's so wet." Strong, agile fingers stroked around her clit, gently brushing over the engorged bud with a fingertip.

Sam pushed away from Jay's embrace and wiggled out of the rest of her clothes. Lace and denim landed at her feet, instantly forgotten as she stepped back into Jay's warm arms.

Her arms went around his neck again as she stretched up his body and pressed her breasts to his chest, wishing away the fabric that kept her skin from his.

Damp, warm, naked skin pressed into her back. "Jesus, Sam, you're so open, so damn sexy." Ian's growl echoed in her ear as he nuzzled into the crook of her neck, tickling along the slick skin of her bare shoulder.

Two pairs of hips thrust against her; two thick bulges rode against her intimately, and she mewled at the contact.

"Jay...Ian..." Her voice dropped until it was low, husky. "Tell me what to do." There hadn't been that many men in her life, and only one with whom she had played anything close to sex games with -- nothing at all like this. *This*, this attraction, zinged through her blood and turned her insides into needy mush. She knew without a doubt it was Ian and Jay who heated her blood so, not the adventure of making love to two men.

"Sam, I don't know that we know what we're doing either. This is...well, this feels different." Jay's dark eyes bored into her, and as he watched Ian move Sam's head to the side, his gaze followed the kisses Ian placed along the tender skin of her neck. "I've never been as attracted to a woman as I am to you. Seeing Ian kiss you makes me want to crawl in and join you. I don't just want to watch; I want to *do*."

Ian chuckled against her neck. "About time, my friend. I was beginning to think it was my ass you were chasing all these years." The banter was lightly said, but the silence hung in the air, blatant, as Jay refused to answer.

"Can we make love to you tonight?" Jay asked.

Sam didn't imagine Jay sounded this close to pleading very often.

"Well, I don't just take my clothes off and stand naked in my garden every time it rains -- so I sure hope you're about to make love to me."

Cold droplets trickled down her back as Ian moved away, and with a rush, Jay scooped her up in his arms.

“We need to take this inside.” Jay marched toward the house and through the screen door Ian held open.

Ian’s hand trailed along her leg as they passed through the door. “I can’t wait to taste you, Sam. I wonder...” Jay wasn’t the only one to master a brooding, dark stare. “Does your pussy taste as good as your mouth?”

“Is that a warning that you’re going to lick my pussy till I come, Ian?” Ian’s harsh intake of breath pleased her. He had thought to shock her with his provocative words, even if they were said with a big grin. Her quick comeback had turned the tables on him.

“It won’t be a matter of how you come, Sam, but how many times.” *Well, then, Jay had the last laugh, it seems.* It was now her turn to gasp as an expectant shiver ran over her body.

“Are you cold?” Sanjay paused in the hallway.

“Jay, cold is the farthest thing from what I’m feeling right now.” Sam’s arms were already linked around Sanjay’s neck, so she gently tugged until they were cheek to cheek, with her mouth by his ear. “Despite appearances, I haven’t slept with many men, and never this soon, but you and Ian excite me so much it makes me shake.” Jay’s harsh breath tickled across her neck and made her shiver again.

Jay stumbled a little, then leaned back against the wall. He tilted his head back and closed his eyes, breathing hard as he tried to grab at control. He was supposed to be cold and reserved, jaded even, not scrabbling to contain himself.

There was something about this night. The sleepy heat had worked its lethargy on them earlier, and now the thunder and rain had woken a sleeping beast. His body fairly shook with lust; it coursed through his veins like fire, consuming his control as it spread.

Sam lay against him, naked, wet...hot. The heat of her body burned into him like a brand. Her body seemed fluid against his, yet a fine tremor ran through her, her excitement at a fever pitch.

More weight pressed him against the wall. *Ian.*

"I don't mean to sound like an ass, but can we move this along?" Jay opened his eyes to look at Ian. The crack in the man's voice had already given it away, but the raw angle of Ian's gritted jaw confirmed it. He was as close to losing control as Jay.

How could they be so affected by someone they barely knew? The analytical portion of his brain posed the question as he pushed away from the wall and through the bedroom doorway. *It's not just her; its all three of us together.*

His subconscious kept presenting answers he wasn't yet ready to deal with and Ian's unanswered quasi question still echoed in his head. *I was beginning to think it was my ass you were chasing.*

Sam's bed echoed her clothing choices -- bohemian and eclectic, but crisp and clean. Yet she was full of contradictions. A buttery yellow duvet puffed up around her as Jay dropped her on the bed. The mattress bounced underneath her, and Sam's soft flesh shimmied in a way that made his dick ache.

Ian was already stripped of all clothing, naked and erect as he spread himself across the bed beside her. Jay loved to watch Ian's seduction, the play between man and woman as she resisted his charms only to fall headlong into the sensual strands he wove around them, driving her to a peak over and over. Would tonight be any different? More potent because of their mutual attraction?

Sam stretched her arms out above her head, her hands lightly linked together as she relaxed back into the bed.

She knew.

She knew that he liked to watch. That he was a voyeur. She spread herself wide, making sure that he could see Ian's hand as it made its way down her belly and through the curls at the apex of her thighs. One knee fell to the side, opening up her folds to his gaze.

"Jay?"

He jerked his eyes up. He'd been so intent on following Ian's questing fingers he hadn't seen Sam's equally intense stare.

"Don't make me wait, Jay, *taste me.*"

Even the dark eagerness in her gaze couldn't hold his attention now; his mouth went dry at the prospect of his tongue mingling with the stroke and play of Ian's long fingers.

His body worked on instinct, dropping him to his knees as if to worship.

Chapter Eight

Ian's fingers didn't pause as Jay's tongue rasped between them to lick at the juices flowing from Sam's pussy. He moved on the bed, shifting so he could reach farther, and pushed two fingers into Sam's cunt, letting Jay's tongue and lips work soft magic on her clit while Ian stroked her pleasure from the inside.

He had a new appreciation for Jay's voyeuristic tendencies now. Watching Sam coax Jay to dance in the rain, and the way he'd twirled her around had made Ian's heart beat fast and his cock harden. And that kiss -- it would sell a million copies if he'd had a camera to capture it. He had caught himself stroking the long line of his cock behind his shorts like some teenage boy at a pool party.

Sam had bewitched them both. She grabbed at life and laughter with both hands and had pulled Jay right along with her. For that alone, Ian was ready to love her.

"My God, what are the two of you doing to me?" Sam's hands had strayed down to her breasts, cupping them and pinching at her nipples as her back arched, pushing her pussy closer to Jay's mouth. "I-I'm going to come!"

Ian pulled one of her hands away, replacing her fingers with his mouth and teeth, tugging on the beaded nipple with a growl. "Come on my fingers, Sam, on Jay's tongue. We want to see it, taste it. I want to feel your pussy around my fingers."

"*No...*Not until one of you is inside of me." Ian could feel tremors under his hands; Sam was so close but she was denying it, refusing to fly solo. "Please, *please, Jay...now.*"

Her body fell back against the bed as Jay pulled away, shakily taking to his feet and stripping off his clothes, fumbling in his wallet for a condom.

"Bedside table, Ian -- top drawer."

Ian reached over Sam, grazing her hardened nipples, and pulled a packet of condoms out of the drawer. Ian crooked his brow at Sam at the jumbo-sized box.

Sam shrugged, "Hey, I might not do it all that much, but I believe in being prepared."

Ian chuckled. "Girl Scout, were you?" He emptied the box on the top of the bed and pulled one wrapper free from the pile, ripping it open before handing the prophylactic to Jay. It wasn't until he finished watching his friend roll the condom down his penis that he realized how odd that must be -- he'd just handed another man an open condom, then watched him apply it, and it didn't worry him in the least.

This was playing out so differently from any of their joint sexual escapades in the past. Sanjay was never involved so soon, never so in tune with Ian and their partner. Jay felt the touch of Ian's gaze as he smoothed the condom down. It was familiar, comfortable even, to have Ian see him this way.

Sam lay before him on the bed, panting from their attentions. Her legs were splayed wide, her pussy wet and glistening, as she waited for him to sink deeply inside and satisfy her.

"Fuck me, Jay; I need you hard and fast. I need to feel you slamming into me."

Sam's body called to him, begged him to help her find release. He had fucked any number of women, with or without Ian, and this didn't feel close to the same. Even as he moved to do her bidding, he couldn't help but feel he was making love to Sam. That she was so much more than just an available piece of ass.

He stayed on his feet and pulled her to the edge of the bed, then dragged her legs around his waist. Taking no time, knowing she was as aroused as he, he plunged hard and deep, making her scream against Ian's mouth as he kissed her.

Overwhelmed with the fever of his flesh in hers, Sanjay fell forward, his knees resting on the bed under her ass altering the angle of their bodies so he sank yet deeper. His hands wrapped around her hips and pulled her into his thrusts, jarring both of them as they slammed together. Sanjay wanted to climb inside her and stay there, to bask in the passion he stoked with each stroke of his cock.

He didn't miss a beat when the warmth of a large hand rested at the base of his spine. Touch had only been accidental in the past, but the deliberateness of Ian's action felt right.

"Can you lean back a little?" Ian stood beside him, one knee still on the bed, the other foot flat on the floor, his body at a right angle to Sanjay, his fist working his cock with slow, sure movements. "If you can lean back a little, I can still lick Sam's clit. I want her to come hard, Jay."

Sam mewled and then cried out as Ian's fingers played with her clit while Sanjay's cock thrust into her pussy. Her mouth worked but no sound came out as her body trembled.

Sanjay shifted his weight back and made room for the other man as he lowered his head. Looking down, he wondered why they hadn't done this before -- one cock, one tongue, giving pleasure in double.

A stray swipe of Ian's tongue caressed the shaft of his cock, and he gasped. *That's why we haven't done it before.* Ian's hand still rested at the small of his back and pressed him closer again, and right now, at this time and in this place, he didn't care that another man

was touching him. It was Ian; that was all that counted. And that they please this one woman beyond anything she had ever known.

Sam had never felt anything like it. Her breasts felt tight, achy, needing to be licked and kissed, even bitten. Her belly was tight as her core twisted, seeking a release that hovered just out of her grasping reach.

Sanjay was doing just as she asked: fucking her hard, madly, exquisitely, letting loose of all his control as he took them both to new heights. She watched Ian move to the end of the bed, one hand on his cock and the other on the sensitive skin of Sanjay's back. There were a few low words before Ian leaned down, picking up where Jay's lips and tongue had left off.

"*Ohmigod!*" She wanted to say more, to tell them how good the dual sensations of penetration and manipulation felt, but her throat seized. Sam moved her hands so she could touch both men, one hand in Ian's hair while the other laced with Sanjay's on her hip. She anchored them all together as her back arched and she screamed, succumbing to the fire and ecstasy of Jay's plunging cock and Ian's flickering tongue.

Chapter Nine

Sam woke early to the erotic press of two bodies around hers. Two hot, male bodies with fierce morning erections pushed against her front and back. Carefully, she crawled from between them and made her way to the bathroom. When she returned, she paused at the doorway, watching them sleep.

They had turned onto their backs, unknowingly echoing each other with a hand on their bellies and the other arm flung above their heads -- one opposite the other, like matching bookends, even though one was light and the other dark.

To see them like this, soft and at ease, made her wonder again at their relationship. She'd seen their surprise at the other's touch during their lovemaking the night before. Surely if they'd shared women in the past, they must have brushed or touched one another in the heat of the moment? Maybe that was a *ménage faux pas* she knew nothing about.

There was more to their relationship, but Sam didn't think either man realized it. She wasn't quite sure herself what she sensed between them, but there was a depth of emotion between them she'd not seen just between friends.

One thing she knew for sure: If it wasn't addressed soon, while the idea of a triad relationship was just a seed, it would cause a rift later on that they might not be able to overcome.

The slatted blinds weren't quite closed, and stripes of morning light shone through like tiger stripes against the men's skin. Asleep, Ian appeared more serious, more adult than the animated laughter lines on his face suggested when he was awake. Jay looked more like the little boy his parents had not let him be. With his eyes closed, the effect of that direct, blazing gaze of his that didn't ask but demanded was diminished. The pair was an interesting dichotomy and perfect together as a support system.

She hadn't heard much of Ian's family yet, but the few comments from Ian, Jay, and Shamila led her to believe they were rich, pampered, spoiled, overemotional, and only thought of themselves. Sanjay had lived in the opposite vacuum: cold, emotionless, driven to succeed at all costs.

Both men had been given everything, but nothing that really mattered. Instead they'd found in each other the closeness their families had denied them. Power and riches did not guarantee happiness -- one only needed to watch the news to know that.

As Sam moved toward the bed, she felt a delicious ache between her legs. Her thighs burned as she walked, and her lips felt a little swollen when she licked them. Her joining with Ian and Jay had been the most adventurous, and most rewarding, sexual experience of her life. Sure, she'd had orgasms before, but last night had been something else. She still felt the echo of Jay's pounding thrusts and the gentle tickle of Ian's tongue as it took her over the edge. Her body trembled as she remembered how they'd made her scream.

The rising sun glinted off the corner of a metallic packet that had fallen to the floor; walking around the bed, she bent to pick it up, stifling her groan as her overused thigh muscles stretched out. She stood back up as she dreamily contemplated just how, and who, she could use the condom on.

“Sam?” A sleepy smile greeted her. Ian’s eyes lit up when he saw what she clasped in her fingers. “Can I make a suggestion?” The cheeky man then flipped the covers back, exposing just where she could put the condom to best use. He was superb. His cock reared up, hard and tight, strong, thick -- not as long as Jay’s had felt the evening before, but Sam could imagine how that delicious thickness could give just as much pleasure. *Why only imagine?*

“Only a suggestion?” Sam moved closer while ripping the little packet open.

“Well, maybe more of a gentle but insistent nudge.” Ian smiled with his whole face as he leaned back on the bed, his hand a loose fist around his cock. He slowly stroked himself as he watched her walk forward. She put an extra little sway in her step, just for him.

“What if I need more than just a little nudge?” she asked with faux coyness.

“I think I’m up for the task.” She brushed Ian’s hand away from his sex and watched his entire body stiffen as she wrapped her hand around his cock in replacement. His hands fisted in the bedsheet when she rolled the condom down.

A small movement to her right caught her attention. *Jay*. He hadn’t moved, yet his body seemed less fluid and relaxed, like someone had flicked a switch and there was now a small electric current running through his system. When she looked at his face his eyes were open, watching her prepare Ian. The heat in his gaze made her stomach clench tightly with desire, and she felt a rush of slickness across her sex before she straddled Ian on her knees.

Hands went around her hips as she leaned forward. The slow slide of Ian’s cock along her clit was delicious, and then he was nudging at her entrance. His thrust was quick, and they both groaned with combined pleasure. He stretched her so well. She felt so snug around him; she tightened the muscles in her vagina to feel him better.

“God...*don’t!*” Ian’s eyes were closed and his breathing fast. “I won’t last if you do that again, Sam.” His words were a hurried, gasping rush. Sam couldn’t help it; she giggled, which made Ian groan again and grab her hips tightly, stalling her movements.

Another warm hand slid up her thigh, resting gently on her hip. When she met Jay's gaze, there was a smile in it. His hand kept going, sweeping higher as Ian's arm made way for him. He slipped a finger gently between her labia and caressed the erect button he found there.

Now it was her turn to moan. Ian held her in place while he moved his legs. Bending his knees, he put his feet flat on the bed for leverage and started a tight, short thrusting motion with his hips that punctuated the growing throb from her clit.

Then she was floating, a wave of sensation engulfing her. Prickles of heat flashed across her body; her breasts drew tight, making her nipples harden to points so eager to be touched she cupped them herself, rolling them between her fingers. Opening eyes she hadn't realized she had closed, Sam looked down into two faces covered with satisfaction. Their goal wasn't their own gratification, but hers. They wanted to give to her, not be selfish and only take.

The rolling pleasure of her orgasm overtook her, and Sam knew Ian and Sanjay were a challenge she couldn't resist.

Chapter Ten

Ian sat at what had become his and Jay's regular table at The Supper Club, where Sam performed. The final notes of her last song of the set faded into the smoky room, and he watched her take a moment just to breathe before moving from her chair. Which song wasn't important; sad, lonely, uplifting, or joyous, she was affected by the music. It became a part of her while she sang, and she always took a moment to shake it free of her soul.

He moved to his feet and made his way to the back of the club, following in Sam's footsteps. The staff didn't stop him; they knew both Jay and him well enough by now as they often attended the show together or separately when the other was out of town.

The club was in an old part of town that had become popular again. The area had been revamped, mixing the old with the new, and the club was no exception. Housed in an old theatre building that had lived a long, varied life, the new owners had taken charge and refurbished it to its former glory. Now, rather than vaudeville on the stage or movies on a jury-rigged, patched up movie screen, it served as an eclectic bar and dining venue for those who appreciated the old-time concept of a dinner club. It also meant that the performers had the use of the old dressing rooms from the theatre's earlier stage days.

Sam's door was shut when he reached it, but the handle turned easily enough. Sam looked over her shoulder in surprise when he quickly and quietly slipped through the door and locked it behind him.

"Ian, is something wrong?"

Not unless you counted the hard-on he'd been sporting for the last hour a problem. But she was used to her men popping back to see her on her second, longer break, not her first short escape from the smoky room. "No. Turn back around, Sam."

She'd turned on the small, old-fashioned piano style stool that she used in front of her mirror to face him, and that didn't suit his plans at all. "Ian?"

"I said, turn back around." She did, but looked back at him in the mirror, her confusion clear on her face.

It only took him two steps to cross the small room and come up behind her. Ian lifted her up off the stool and pulled her back into his chest. "Put your knees on the stool and your hands on the table."

He had to give Sam her due; she didn't question him or balk at his instructions. She positioned herself and leaned forward, just as he asked.

Ian let his fingers settle at the back of her knees for just a second, then scooped up the back of her old-fashioned evening dress and pulled her to him. His fingers dug into her hips as he ground his cock against her, letting her feel just how aroused he was.

"Oh, God." Sam's voice was husky, strained almost, as she watched him in the mirror.

He didn't care what she saw on his face; he just wanted her to feel what she did to him. He'd been away for ten days working onsite with an important contract, and he'd come home to an empty apartment that, despite its expense and beautiful views, did nothing to welcome him. He'd shrugged off his jet lag, changed, and come straight to the club, knowing Sam's crooning voice and Jay's quiet companionship would chase away the sense of loneliness.

But he'd forgotten Jay had left the day before for England and an overdue visit with Mila, so he'd sat alone, watching Sam sing. He'd blocked out the rest of the room and imagined the love songs were sung just for him, and his arousal had grown with every low, husky note and sweeping rush of rhythm as she progressed through the gamut of new and old, upbeat and brokenhearted, or sentimental and wistful. Sam's sultry voice made her listeners *feel* the music and become as lost in it as she.

Ian knew he was being a bit of an ass, but he needed the rush, the intimate knowledge that he excited her just as much as she did him.

One hand slid from her hip, then around and under the satin briefs she wore, his fingers delving through the intimate curls he found there. As he stroked a fingertip along her labia, he felt Sam's sex blossom open, her arousal slicking her skin as he pressed deeper, eager to find her clit. There was little finesse in his movements. He needed her too badly, though he made sure not to hurt her. Sam's knees shifted, opening her pussy to his seeking fingers, and she dropped her head to her arms with a low, hoarse moan.

"Ian, please..."

She pressed back against him. She didn't go far, as he already held her tightly, but it was the signal he'd been waiting for that she wouldn't rebuff him.

His fingers still played, a gentle pressure against her clit, as he fumbled at his trousers with his other hand, managing to free himself without toppling either of them to the floor. He pulled her panties to the side and exposed her pussy to his view. As always, her body entranced him, amazed him with how receptive she was to him and Jay, but right now he didn't have time to worship her as he should, and would, later that evening. One hip-snapping thrust and he felt the glorious heat of her pussy as she surrounded him -- Ian sent up a little prayer of thanks to whoever had developed oral contraceptives.

He gave up all pretense of trying to be civil and plunged again, pulling her to him hard as he wrapped his hands back around her hips. He knew there might be bruises come

morning, but he couldn't help himself. The way that Sam pushed back into him even as she braced herself against the dressing table, she probably didn't care. She was right there with him, racing him to the finish line.

He concentrated on their reflection in the mirror as they fucked. Sam's face was as primal as his own, each of them in their own little world as they sought the explosion that hovered just out of reach. He closed his eyes and imagined Jay behind him, his dark face only a shadow in the mirror, eating both of them up with his stark, heated, intent stare. He'd fallen in love with Sam, but it was Jay who made the union complete. His imagination filled the gaps in the scene, and as he felt the ghost of Jay press against his back and the heat of Sam's pussy around his cock, he let his need free and came, his seed escaping his body in a rush that left him drained. Bent over Sam's body, he felt her chest heave as she, too, struggled to get her breath back.

Holy crap! She was a singer, for God's sake. She had lung control out the wazoo; she shouldn't be blowing like she'd just won the Derby.

She felt Ian's cock, still hot and hard in her pussy, and decided she didn't care. His body weighed heavily on hers, and a drawer knob was digging her in the belly, but she wouldn't ask him to move for all the tea in China.

They'd been seeing one another for six months, and this was the first time she'd seen Ian really let go and just take what he needed from her. It was perverse of her, but she wanted to purr.

Her men loved her well, and often. They gave and gave, never taking their own satisfaction until she lay limp from her own. There had been no balance to the equation. She shouldn't complain. Most women wouldn't, but she knew that the uneven path their relationship had taken would soon become rocky if things didn't change.

But right this minute, she was just going to concentrate on getting her breath back.

“Sam?” Ian moved behind her. He slid free, and she missed him against her.

“Yeah?”

“You okay?” Her people pleaser was back, and she couldn’t have that.

“Oh, *yeah*.” The words weren’t much, but the look and the scorching kiss she gave him after she turned around said more than words ever would.

The taste of Jack Daniels filled her mouth as she stroked his tongue with hers. Its smoky flavor was a sharp contrast to the tinny taste of the water she’d been drinking. She still knelt on the stool, and Ian’s hand rested on her ass, dragging her closer as he embraced her. She pulled away with one last swipe of her tongue over his bottom lip.

“Mmm...” She rubbed her cheek along his then nipped at his earlobe, a little like a cat when it decides it needs attention. “I think I could be up for more set breaks like that.”

“Really?” Ian seemed taken aback.

“Sometimes a quickie is all a girl needs, you know...and, of course, a guy who knows how to give it to her hard and fast.”

Ian chuckled and uttered an egotistical-sounding reply into the curve of her neck. “That, I can do.”

There was a moment or two of silence as they held one another. “What were you thinking when you closed your eyes? Who were you fantasizing about?” she whispered against his skin.

Ian stiffened, and his chest expanded and released against hers with the deep breath he took.

“What makes you think I was fantasizing about anyone?”

Chapter Eleven

“Because I was.”

“What?” Ian took a step back, his eyes wild. “Who?”

“Hopefully the same person you were -- Sanjay.”

The fire in Ian’s eyes changed to confusion, and he started to set his clothing to rights as if to avoid the question. She sensed his relief when a knock came on the door reminding them it was time for Sam to head back out onto the stage.

Sam sighed as she began to straighten her dress. Then, leaning toward the mirror, she reapplied her lipstick and tucked a few loose strands of hair back where they should be. Ian stood behind her, his fists in his pants pockets as he stared blindly at her reflection in the mirror. He was lost in his thoughts, and if the melancholy in his eyes was anything to go by, they weren’t easy ones.

“This conversation isn’t over, Ian.” His hazy eyes snapped back into focus when she spoke.

“No, it’s not.” He didn’t sound happy about it, but he leaned down and placed a gentle kiss to her lips anyway, taking care not to smudge her makeup again. “Tonight? My place or yours?”

“Let’s make it yours. I love waking up to that lovely view you have.”

A small, tight smile formed on Ian’s face, as if he was remembering something not quite pleasant. “All right, my place it is.”

The three of them had shared keys long past, so Sam quietly let herself into Ian’s apartment. It was well after midnight, and although they’d said they’d talk tonight, she knew Ian was probably jet-lagged and long asleep. She wasn’t about to stress about it if he was.

The topic she’d raised that evening was important, but a few hours’ time wouldn’t make a difference. It was more important that Ian catch up on lost sleep. She hadn’t fallen far from her mother’s worry tree, after all, in some respects.

The television was dark when she walked through the living room, but the dim glow of a small lamp came from the bedroom. Ian always left it on when someone was going to be in late. She kind of liked being expected by someone, though she had a feeling that the muted light stayed on, overnight guests expected or not.

The master bedroom had a wonderful walk-in luxury shower with nozzles that hit all the right spots, but Sam headed for the guest shower so she didn’t wake Ian. She hated going to bed with the smoky, boozy smell of the club still on her skin. That was taking the “I’m a singer in a nightclub” atmosphere a little too far.

She spent about ten minutes in the shower: eight minutes of relaxing under the hot wash of water, the other two doing a quick scrub and rinse. All the more intimate details taken care of in the shower could wait ‘til tomorrow. Ian’s warm body waited under the sheets, and she hadn’t had him curled around her for what felt like a month, even if it was really only ten days. The sex was grand, but snuggling with her lovers was just as good.

Wrapped in only a towel, she padded her way across the cool wood flooring to Ian’s bedroom. He lay on his stomach, one arm up high and the other to the side. The sheet had twisted around his legs and pulled down until it only covered his hips...barely. Ian was one

of those guys who was always doing things, and his tan, and that tight, white, bubble butt showed it. She'd teased him about it before, his needing to take some time from standing on his surfboard, and do some lying on it -- naked -- so he could lose his tan lines. He'd looked horrified at her suggestion of wearing Speedos instead of his board shorts and muttered something about losing face with his surfing buddies. It was almost too easy to make fun of him and Sanjay at times. *Her three brothers had been useful for something after all.*

Jay and Ian hadn't met her brothers yet, so they didn't really have a clue that she was well versed in the art of poking fun at the male of the species.

She dropped the dry towel she'd wrapped around her onto the chair, then walked up to the bed. From here, the lamplight barely highlighted Ian's features. She gently ran her finger over his eyebrow and down his cheek. *He must be totally wasted to look this tired even as he slept.*

Jay had mentioned that when Ian went onsite, he often ended up working twelve-hour days, sometimes more, to get the job done and get it done fast. His lack of sleep showed in the dark smudges under his eyes, and his laugh lines looked a little deeper than usual. His eyes flickered open when she took her hand away.

"Don't stop, that was nice."

"Headache?"

"Yeah." Ian rolled slightly and scooted back on the bed, giving her room to climb in. "I'm going to make an appointment at the optometrist tomorrow. It makes me feel old, but I think I need glasses for the computer screen."

Sam slid in beside him and rolled to her side, her head propped up on her hand. "Poor baby." Her fingers soothed along his brow and forehead again, and Ian's eyes closed.

"Mmm." Ian sounded sleepy and warm, not really awake even though he'd been making conversation. She felt the flutter of his eyelashes against her palm as his eyes opened again. "Roll over, love."

Quite happy to have this man wrapped around her as she slept, Sam turned over. His arm came up beside hers under her pillow, and the other curled around and pulled her tightly into the curve of his body. "That's better. I miss this when I'm away."

Sam didn't say anything, but let out a little sigh of approval as she wiggled herself into a comfortable position. She felt the thickness of Ian's tumescent cock against her backside, but he made no move to make it a full arousal.

"Why did you ask me that tonight?" His question tickled across her neck.

"Because I had to."

"What do you mean?"

"Since the moment I met you and Jay, I've known there is more to your relationship than either of you have let yourself believe. If I hadn't seen it, I doubt I would have let this relationship go as far as it has. But it's past time for you and Jay to stop avoiding the issue and bring it out into the open."

"Jay's my best friend."

"Yes, but you also want Jay as your lover, and I believe Jay wants the same as you. You just need to admit it, to yourself and to Jay and I."

"What, so you think I'm gay?" The low, guttural snort of near disgust let her know his supposed opinion on that. "That's not really flattering to any of us, is it?"

"No, I think you're attracted to Jay. There's a big difference."

Ian was quiet, but still held her tightly, his fingers tensing against hers now and then as if he were dithering about a decision.

"And if I said I've thought about it, are you going to leave us?" There was genuine worry in his voice. He didn't even try covering it up with brisk nonchalance the way that men often did. His emotions were out there and obvious.

Sam turned in Ian's arms so they were face-to-face and kissed him, letting her lips reply in the first instance. "Now, why would I want to do that? I've two men who turn me inside

out when they love me; they pamper me nonstop; and they're always coming to see me perform. I'd be a fool to let that slip away because they want to explore what they feel for one another. I won't say I'm not a jealous person at times, but not over this. Not over you and Jay." With a hand on either side of Ian's face, she kissed his nose, then his eyelids. "Sleep, love. We'll talk more in the morning."

* * * * *

Ian flicked the channel one more time, hoping for something more interesting than David Hasselhoff in *Baywatch* reruns or Jessica Simpson hocking Proactive. It was Tuesday night and he was bored. Sam was catching up with some girlfriends, and Jay still had the rest of the week in London; he wasn't due home 'til Saturday night. While Ian was set up to work from home, he was loath to work until the wee hours.

The room was dark, only lit by the flickering screen as it jumped from picture to picture, ad to boring ad, rerun to tacky rerun. He thought he might actually scream if he flicked the channel one more time and found another episode of *Friends*. *Abso-fucking-lutely useless for taking his mind off of his problems.*

The click of the television turning off was loud in the quiet room. The silence hung heavy without the steady hum of the TV and the burble of inane shows. The room went dark, but the uncovered windows showed the city skyline to perfection.

Ian slumped back into the couch and stretched his legs out in front of him, dropping the remote onto the cushion beside him. It was the middle of winter, but in his perfectly air-conditioned home it was a balmy seventy-five degrees -- perfect for roaming the house in a pair of sweats and little else.

Rubbing his hand across the taut muscles of his belly, he wondered if a snack might help his jitters. The floor was cool against his feet as he made his way to the kitchen. He stared in the fridge for a few minutes, unable to work up an appetite for anything there. It

wasn't like there was nothing to choose from -- he didn't eat out all that much, and liked to eat healthy, so the cupboard wasn't bare. There was just nothing in it that piqued his interest.

He sighed and closed the door, then pulled an apple from the bowl on the counter. He wasn't really hungry, but it was something to do for a minute or two.

As he walked back to his bedroom he heard the ding announcing a new e-mail. Detouring into the room he had set up as an office, he flicked the mouse to remove the screen saver, hit the e-mail icon, and took a look.

"Oh, great, more spam." It frustrated him to no end that he couldn't make a spam blocker that worked every time. They kept coming up with new ways around it. "What is it this time? Penis enlargement, get bigger boobs? Oh, look -- juicy porn, twenty-four seven. Girls' wet pussies, guys' big dicks -- you can find it all at *fuckmesilly.com*." Ian laughed. "Yeah, just what I need."

But instead of hitting the delete button, his cursor hovered over the link, and his forefinger pressed down and clicked. As the page loaded with hundreds of thumbnails of graphic sexual scenes of every shape, size, and color, he spun his computer chair and took a seat.

He was trying hard not to think about what he was doing when he hit the link titled "Gay." He stared at the screen and just let his finger do the walking. It didn't take long for his credit card details to be entered, and a wide array of sites came open at his fingertips. Twinks, Asians, hairy horny men...the list went on and on. Not ready for leather and chains or dungeon scenes, he hit a link that looked to have fairly average guys in the pictures.

As the new page opened, Ian's eyes went wide. Four big pictures with ten thumbnails underneath each filled the page -- scenes from each individual video. Men in every sort of position you could imagine -- up, down, under, and legs in the air -- their asses filled with cocks of every shape and size, and loving it, if their faces were to be believed.

His cock twitched, but his brain didn't think much of it.

It took four minutes to download his chosen movie, and he spent the time browsing another site from the links on the sidebar -- *Bi Inspired*. He set two movies from there downloading too.

His download manager dinged, telling him the first movie had finished. He clicked on the file and sat back, waiting for the movie to start. There was a brief notice about copyrights and conventions, then a jump as the video moved into a scene in a tacky hotel-style room, with bad dialogue, bad acting, and bad lighting.

Straight or gay, bad porn's bad porn. Ian laughed at his thoughts, remembering the time he'd stolen some tapes from his father and taken them back to boarding school. He'd made a small fortune that semester from renting out those damn videos to horny teenagers. He and Sanjay had watched them first, of course -- all in the name of quality control. They'd sat on opposite ends of the bed, so far to the edge they might as well have been sitting on the floor with the bed between them, watching the miniscule television/VCR combo and surreptitiously stroking their cocks through their shorts. Once the movies finished, neither of them said a word when the other went and changed his shorts, stuffing the damp underwear down to the bottom of the hamper as if hiding the evidence meant it never happened.

Jay had put an end to Ian's video business at the beginning of the next semester. Too risky, he said, the teachers were getting nosy. *All good things have to come to an end, I guess.*

The two men on the screen had finally gotten their clothes off, rubbing up against each other as much as they could while they did it. One guy was down to his jock and the other wore some overstretched Lycra bit of a thing. *Wonder why half the guys in those pictures are wearing jocks?* Ian had no clue. His boys, though hanging free and easy at the moment, were usually tucked up safe and sound in some CK's or some Aussie Bum briefs he'd found on the Internet.

As he watched the scene unfold, the purpose of the jock became quite clear -- instant access. No need to worry about that awkward get-the-underwear-off moment when there was none at the back.

He watched the scene and couldn't help but be affected -- it was porn, after all. Sex of any kind tended to make the human creature take notice. But though his dick was hard, he didn't feel any emotional urge to go with it. It just felt like a nuisance rubbing against the slightly rough fabric on the inside of his sweats.

The scene finished and moved onto another. This time it was obvious the pair knew one another; the touching was more intimate than in the last. Strokes and caresses, deep, breath-stealing kisses, and the way they grabbed one another's ass as they pulled themselves together looked desperate, not bruising like in the first scene.

Ian watched, fascinated. The first two men had fucked and it hadn't done a thing for him, but these two were making love. It made a world of difference to his cock.

The two men contrasted. One looked to be Hispanic maybe, his skin darker and his black hair slightly long -- he was the one who seemed to be in charge. The other was white, blond, but tanned -- he had the lines to prove it. *Like me.*

The comparisons were too easy to make -- Sanjay as the darker, Ian the lighter. He worked hard not to let his mind's eye superimpose an image of Jay's head on the other man's body. Besides, he didn't do Jay's body justice. Jay was lean, tall for an Indian man, though shorter than Ian; he wasn't heavily muscled, but sleek and strong. There wasn't anything wrong with the guy in the movie...he just wasn't Jay.

His thoughts wandered as he watched. *Was he really gay?*

Hell, it wasn't really a real test, but if the movies were anything to go by, not really. He didn't give a crap for the first two guys he'd seen fucking, but the two in front of him now? If that was how it would be between Jay and him -- *that* he'd like. So maybe that did mean he was gay?

He tried the label on for size, speaking it out loud, "I'm gay." It felt uncomfortable, like a badly fitted suit.

Sam didn't think he was gay. She thought he was in love with Jay, and after seeing those two movies, he understood what she was saying. He hadn't at the time. His feelings toward Jay had been growing, especially in the last month when the three of them had made love. Ian had decided to not be afraid of the accidental touches that they had avoided with their partners before Sam. In fact, he'd gone out of his way to make sure he touched Jay -- it just made the act...better, more sensual and emotionally connected.

His download manager dinged again, and he closed the last movie and double-clicked the new file, still not at all sure if he liked what he'd seen.

The next movie opened, warnings rolled again, then more tacky setting and cheesy music, but this time there were three, two men and a woman -- just like they were.

Only this wasn't how they were at all.

Nothing was out of bounds. They all worshiped the other's body. Man, woman, it didn't matter; whatever flesh they laid a hand on was given attention. One of the men mounted the woman, and the spare cock didn't go in her mouth. It went in his while the woman on the bottom licked and nuzzled at her second lover's balls. Then the camera, and the second man, moved. No longer was he on the bed, he was behind the first man as he pumped into the woman. He wasn't quite sure if her cries were genuine or fake, but she looked as if she was enjoying it.

The second man pressed up behind the first and let his dick sit in the crease of the other's ass. It was then that Ian's cock got the better of him. It tented out the front of his sweats so much that he carefully pressed it into his body so he could pull the elastic waistband down without injuring himself. The head of his cock was already slick, and he ran his palm over the top then down, circling the length of his erection with his fist. He'd swear he could actually feel the pulse of his blood in the palm of his hand as it surged into his cock.

He couldn't look away from the screen now, and he watched the second man finger the first's ass, preparing him. There was a click as the man opened a bottle of lube, thoroughly slicking himself up before pressing the head of his cock to the other man's hole. He pressed, and the muscles gave beneath the pressure as his dick sank into his lover's ass. The man sandwiched in the middle stopped his movements, his head going to the woman's chest as he groaned, obviously having to accustom himself to the feeling of being stuffed, fucked up the ass. Her encouragement was audible on the movie, telling him how wonderful he looked with a cock up his ass, how she could feel his cock jerking in her pussy as his lover began to stroke into him.

The three of them together proved too much, and Ian's fist moved faster, twisting slightly at the top of his stroke as he hit the sweet spot behind his glans. His eyes closed as he leaned back into the chair, his head dropping back with a *thunk*.

"Oh, fuck...*fuck, yeah*." He came in short bursts that dribbled down his cock and dripped on his stomach, while the man in the middle of the screen yelled out his climax.

Ian squeezed his fist and groaned at the exquisite pressure on his sensitive member. His other hand hit the exit button of the movie screen, and the room went dark again, lit only by the screen's glow.

After a few moments, Ian pushed up out of the chair onto wobbly legs, kicked off his sweats, and walked to the shower. He'd learned something, all right -- he just wasn't quite sure what the hell he was supposed to do about it.

Chapter Twelve

The same storm that had delayed his landing buffeted Sanjay as he exited the cab. The wild wind whipped his long coat around his knees and messed with his already disheveled hair even more. No rain, but if the dark, heavy clouds hovering in the night sky were anything to go by, it was probably not far off.

He paid the driver and turned toward his house, taking in the lights and the two cars in the drive. *Sam and Ian.*

“And Jay,” he muttered to himself, and wondered if he was the only one to notice that their names, if he used the nickname his close friends and lovers gave him, were all three letters long. All things considered, it was quite ironic, really.

The blinds were pulled over the front windows of his townhouse, but yellow light glowed from around the edges. After circling in a plane above the city for thirty minutes, then delays in baggage claim, plus the initial flight from London, a full house, versus a cold, empty one was a welcoming sight. He’d nearly gone straight to Sam’s to avoid his lonely house, but decided to pick up his car first. He was glad he had. His friends...no, his lovers were here to welcome him home.

He reached into his pocket for his keys, but when he laid his hand on the doorknob he felt it give. The door was unlocked, ready and waiting for him to come home.

Sanjay hefted his bag over the threshold and set it down in the hallway with a thump. Mila had loaded him down with English goodies for Sam. They'd only seen each other in the flesh once since their initial meeting, but they had built a fast friendship via e-mail and phone.

He shut the door against the storm-ridden night, then shrugged out of his coat. As the warmth of the house enveloped him, he was glad that he'd spent the time and money refurbishing the old brownstone-style house with its working fireplaces. On nights like tonight the gentle pervading heat was a welcome home to enjoy.

As he was unwinding his scarf he heard the padding of feet that came to a stop behind him. When he turned, both Sam and Ian reclined against opposite sides of the doorway looking warm and comfortable in flannel pajamas and a smile.

"About time you got home," Sam said with her smile crooked to one side.

Ian looked him up and down, no doubt taking in his tired eyes and slumped shoulders. "Tough flight?"

"Yeah, we started feeling the storm about two hours out. Then, of course, we got stuck in holding for thirty minutes. I'm not ashamed to say that, along with the rest of the passengers, I was feeling pretty green around the gills by the time we landed."

"Poor baby." Sam moved toward him and pulled him into a hug, tilting her head so that their mouths could connect.

Her lips were soft against his, and he tasted the lingering flavor of her lip-gloss and the sweet, milky coffee she favored in the brief, fleeting touch. As she pressed closer, her tongue darted to meet his, brushing along his lips, then stroking along the edge of his tongue until he groaned with the sweetness of it all. Somehow she smelled like summer rain, even in the depths of winter.

Sanjay felt the presence of another body, and then Ian was there, sandwiching Sam between them. He had an urgent, unexplained need to feel connected to the man with whom he shared his lover. Sanjay slipped his hands from the small of Sam's back and grabbed the waistband of Ian's sleep pants, fisting the fabric as he pulled Ian in tightly, rocking all of them off balance.

Sanjay fell back against the wall with a small thump, but never lost his touch with Sam's lips. He was just off kilter enough that Ian's weight forced Sam against him in a way that could only be described as delicious. Her soft belly pressed against his cock that, despite his weariness, had quickly hardened. *Would it be wrong to ask her to rub all over his cock like a cat until he came?*

Fingers tunneled their way through his hair, paying no heed to the tangles the wind and his own fidgeting had caused. Then his head was pulled back, wrenched away from the heat of Sam's mouth, and he faced Ian. He had no choice as his friend held his head fast.

Ian's eyes burned him with their intensity. His face was flushed, and his breathing was harsh, explosive almost. Sanjay refused to back down and held his stare, letting Ian pull him closer until Ian's breath washed across the slick wetness left on his lips from Sam's kiss.

The scent of Ian was different, not light and airy like Sam, darker, rougher. His cologne was subtle, but like the storm brewing outside, he smelled of action, fierceness...brewing uncertainty. Sanjay stupidly thought, *he smells like a man*.

Sanjay made no effort to move away. He'd fantasized about this moment, but never dreamed it might become a reality, and even now that it was, he wasn't sure if he would regret the fact that he let Ian move closer so that their lips pressed together.

It was tender -- sweet almost -- that first touch of their mouths, and Sanjay was surprised at how soft Ian's lips felt against his. But then, as Ian canted his head to the side, the kiss became hard, punishing in its intensity. It was the end of the day, and as they opened to one another Sanjay felt the scrape of their stubble, rough against the other's cheek.

The kiss was everything Sam's wasn't. Sam's scent and taste rolled over him, giving, womanly; whereas Ian's kiss demanded of him, took from him, a wave of external sensation washing over him.

His lovers had different needs and desires, and Sanjay was lost in them both.

"Oh, God." It was only a whisper, but Sam's words shocked him out of his daze. Sanjay pulled away from Ian's mouth. His hair caught in Ian's fingers; the pain was slight and perversely pleasurable, enough to remind him that the way men and women loved would be intrinsically different.

Ian pulled back and took Sam with him, leaving Sanjay slumped against the wall. Sanjay ran his hand over his face, pausing as he reached his kiss-roughened lips. He wasn't sure what to make of that kiss. He couldn't deny he'd ached for something more from Ian, but was this what he really wanted?

"*Well...*that was one hell of a welcome home."

Ian's bark of laughter at his uncharacteristic jibe broke the spell, and he offered his hand to pull Sanjay upright again as if nothing had happened, choosing to let the moment ride until Sanjay had had the time to process it. Yet Sanjay felt Ian's thumb against his wrist, just a short caress, before he released him. *What the hell had gone on while he was away?*

"We've missed you." Sam took the hand Ian released and led him toward the kitchen. "I made some soup, if you'd like some?"

"I wouldn't mind something. Nothing heavy though -- I think I left my stomach circling the city." This conversation seemed so normal, so much the opposite of the way his gut twisted when he thought of Ian's kiss. But he was just so goddamned tired he couldn't think straight. He just wanted something warm in his stomach, and to curl up in his bed and rest with Sam and Ian. If it was offered, he thought he might even turn down sex.

Sam put a large bowl-like cup filled with soup down in front of him. The crisp smell of lemon, maybe some lime, and an herb he couldn't place steamed up out of the bowl, no

doubt superbly flavoring the chicken that floated in the stock. They'd learned that Sam was no slouch in the kitchen, but her love was creating soup. She said she hadn't created the perfect soup yet, but according to his and Ian's taste buds, she was damn close. He was halfway through the bowl when he heard the wheels on his bag rattle their way across the wooden floor of the hall. Sanjay called out to Ian, "Can you bring that in here, Ian? Mila filled me up with goodies for you two."

"Goodies? This thing weighs a ton, feels more like she sent half of London."

"Just about. I could have bought half of London by the time I paid the excess weight fee."

Ian trundled the bag into the kitchen and came to the table. Sanjay reached for the zipper, but Ian's hand on his arm stopped him. "You look knackered, Jay. This can wait 'til tomorrow."

"He's right, you know; let's wait 'til tomorrow when you're not so tired." His cup was nearly empty now, and Sam swept it away and into the sink before he'd really had a chance to process that he'd finished the last sip of his soup.

Between the two of them he was hustled to his bedroom and into bed, Sam climbing into the middle with Ian behind her. If his head hadn't been so full of cotton wool, he would have made more of an effort to complain about the pair of them managing him. He almost laughed -- him, of all people? But for the first time in his micromanaging life, Sanjay just let the need to be in charge slide away, instead enjoying the comfort they offered as he curled around Sam's body and relaxed. *Home.*

* * * * *

He woke early. Much too early. *Still on London time, damn it.*

They'd only gone to bed at eleven, but it was three a.m. and he was wide awake, despite his jet lag. He slipped Sam's arm from around his waist and managed to sneak out

from under the covers without waking either of them. Sam just rolled over into the warm spot he'd left, and Ian went with her, still spooned around her back.

He crept out to the quiet kitchen and poured himself a glass of water. Sanjay sat at the kitchen table, staring at nothing while he took his time downing his drink and thinking about Ian's kiss.

Since the first time they'd made love to Sam, Sanjay's feelings toward Ian had coalesced into more exact emotions. His shocking secret fantasy, usually only brought out in times of desperation, had become a vivid dream that plagued him every night he was alone. Hazy recollections of skin against skin, man against man against woman were stored away to be fretted over during his waking hours.

He didn't feel any different than he ever had, no raging need to deny everything he was now to come out of the closet and embrace a new sexual identity. But something inside of him had changed -- he just didn't know if he was able to embrace it.

He was in love with Sam, even if he'd not said the three words out loud, but his love for Sam was tied up with Ian. Sanjay had begun to look for those covert touches from his friend when they pleasured Sam, begun to crave them if he was honest with himself. Ian's skin and scent was as familiar as his own, and he'd begun to return the fleeting touches with ones just like them.

Sanjay was so confused on where things were leading that he'd drowned his too busy thoughts in a bottle of wine shared with Mila and spilled all his thoughts and fears, hopes even, to his sister. Mila had listened, questioned him now and then, and at the end had risen on slightly unsteady legs and hugged him, telling him that no matter what she would always love him. The next day she'd approached him with her only words of advice -- if you don't ask, you don't get. Then she'd encouraged him to at least talk to Sam and Ian about his desires, even if they never acted on them. Her last words before he went through Customs were to trust Ian, as she thought he might surprise him.

If Ian's welcome home kiss was anything to go by, Mila had Ian pegged.

There was a scuff against the floor from the direction of the hall, then a footstep, and he waited to see who'd woken.

"Are you angry with me?" Ian's question came from the dark doorway before he stepped through and into the less murky light of the unlit kitchen.

Sanjay shook his head, then realized in the dark shadows Ian probably hadn't seen. "No, I'm not angry with you. Confused as all hell, but not angry."

"I had to try, Jay." Ian moved forward, naked but for his sleep pants, stopping a few steps away from where Sanjay sat. "I can't tell you why and I can't tell you when, but I've -- I've..." Ian stuttered to a halt. Sanjay didn't need to make out Ian in the darkness to see his frustration; he felt it from where he sat. "Jesus, this is hard."

"I know."

A sharp movement bought Ian's head around. "You do?"

"I've been trying to come to grips with my desire to do exactly what you did tonight."

There was a noncommittal grunt from the shadow that was Ian.

"It shouldn't surprise me though. You're usually the first one in, and I'm left sorting out the logistics."

This time the sound was a snort of disgust. "You're never going to let me forget high school and college, are you?"

Sanjay chuckled, careful not to laugh too loudly and wake Sam.

Both men let the quiet wrap around them as they contemplated themselves, each other, and what had led them to this place in time. The storm had lessened, but now and then the windowpane rattled, and though the tile was cool under his feet, Jay finally felt the warmth he'd been aching to find when he'd bought the rundown house. *It wasn't the house that made a home, but the people in it.*

Ian had taken the first step; now it was up to him to take the next. He rose from the chair and took the two steps across to friend -- *lover* -- and took his hand. "It's late, let's go back to bed."

Ian didn't say anything, but he let Sanjay lead him to the bedroom, only raising his brow when he saw how Sam had rolled to one side of the large bed. They ran the risk of waking her if they moved her to take their usual positions on either side of her. Now was the time for Sanjay to risk as much as Ian.

"Take the middle. I'll take the outside." Ian didn't question him, only moved as Sanjay had asked him to, pulling Sam into the protection of his embrace. As he got comfortable, Sanjay moved in behind him, pulling the covers over all of them, and mimicked Ian's hold on Sam by pulling himself around the curve of Ian's back. He felt Ian tense for a moment as his bare chest pressed to the skin of Ian's back and his groin against Ian's ass, but then he relaxed with a slow release of breath.

"Let's go slow, okay?"

Ian must have heard the crackle of emotion he'd tried hard to repress as he released Sam and squeezed Sanjay's hand where it lay on Ian's belly. "I'm scared too."

Chapter Thirteen

Ian resisted the call of the sun that tempted him to wake. It wasn't the weak, gray light that'd preceded yesterday's storm. The warm yellow light that peeped around the curtains said the storm had passed through while they'd been sleeping.

He lay with his eyes closed, feeling more asleep than awake until a warm hand slid over his thigh. The slow, methodical curve of movement as the hand moved over his stomach left tingles of anticipation in its wake. As if shy, the hand slid under the elastic of his sleep pants and touched briefly on the hair surrounding his cock, just enough to tease before it darted away, moving to slowly caress his belly again.

Ian trapped the hand beneath his palm and moved it to his cock and pressed the errant fingers around his erection. He encouraged the hand to a slow rhythm that suited his lazy morning mood, then moved his grip away, only to be disappointed when it stopped.

The hiss of surprise from behind him brought the sharp recognition that *this* hand covered a whole lot more flesh than Sam's did and woke him properly. *Jay*.

Ian tensed, his shock matching the no longer fluid body that pressed along his back. Moments that felt as if they were long, long hours passed before he felt the breath in Jay's

chest let go and his arm loosen up against his side. The fist around his cock tightened, not painfully, but as if to ascertain what it held, before loosening again.

He'd woken aroused, but now, these uncertain fumbblings and the way his heart raced had his blood rushing to his dick so fast that in the space of one stroke he was hard and aching. Jay wasn't alone in his uncertainty, but Ian was sure about one thing -- this moment didn't feel bad or wrong -- in fact, it felt extraordinarily good. And that just wasn't his morning hard-on talking.

Ian was the bigger man of the two, yet the heat of Jay's body seemed to surround him, cocooning him. Jay's wrist caught on the waist of Ian's pants and pulled the fabric taut, catching Ian across the sensitive head of his penis.

His surprised grunt was more reflex than anything. It hadn't hurt all that much, but Jay released Ian's cock as if scalded and pulled back. Ian felt the bed rock as Jay rolled away.

"Shit. Ian...I didn't mean to --" The regret and embarrassment in Jay's voice was obvious. "*Shit.*"

"It didn't hurt, Jay, I just wasn't expecting it." He tilted back so he could reach back and touch Jay's hip. "Please...don't stop. I liked it."

"You did?" Jay seemed genuinely astounded, but rolled back onto his side so he was once more alongside Ian.

With a wiggle and a little tugging with his feet, Ian pushed his pants down and off, leaving them scrunched at the bottom of the bed. He reached back and found Jay's hand, brushing against the front of Jay's pants as he did, and felt the jerk of Jay's cock behind the tented fabric. Jay was just as aroused as he, and that made Ian's dick throb even more.

When he pulled on Jay's arm, he rocked against Ian. Jay's cock was obvious against Ian's back, and it seemed natural as it snuggled into the crease between Ian's ass cheeks. He pressed back tentatively, trying the sensation on for size while Jay's hips twitched, the tiny

thrust driving the pair of them closer together. Ian decided the feeling, while foreign, was not at all displeasing.

He led Jay's hand back to his cock, but just as he began to anticipate the pressure of Jay's fist, Jay pulled away.

"Wait."

Ian looked over his shoulder in time to see Jay flop onto his back again, and then carefully pull the waistband of his pants over the head of his cock. With a lift of his hips, he pushed the pants down and off before rolling back to Ian. Jay's cock wasn't just a fabric-covered outline; it was now hot, bare flesh that pressed against his ass as they slid against each other.

Now that they touched intimately, skin to skin, the differences were apparent. It wasn't just the smell or variation of touch, but the all over sensation -- the tickle of the rough hairs on Jay's chest against Ian's back, and as Jay's legs moved against Ian's, the tease of the hairs on his legs against Ian's inner thigh. When compared to Sam, who was smooth and soft, it was almost a sensory overload. Ian knew there was more to come as they explored one another, scents and flavors that neither man had experienced before.

Ian pushed back against Jay's groin and was rewarded with a husky groan of pleasure. Jay's grip on Ian's hip was almost painful as he tightened the embrace, pulling Ian as close as he could. The tension in Jay's body was no longer from uncertainty, but hard arousal.

"Jay, please..." Ian hadn't thought ever to speak those words out loud, not with the amount of pleading that came with them, and certainly not to Jay.

He pulled Jay's hand free from his hip and drew it to his cock where it belonged, wrapping it around the solid flesh of his dick and holding tightly with his own hand. Jay had always been the leaner of the two men, more refined, and Ian's hand easily fit over those elegant fingers as they began to move against his flesh.

Puffs of air fluttered across the skin of Ian's shoulder where Jay's cheek pressed against him and raised goose bumps along his skin, causing his nipples to pebble and pull tight.

"Is this okay?" The question was just a whisper against his skin before Jay pressed an open-mouthed kiss to his shoulder, his tongue working along the small strip of skin his mouth covered.

Ian clenched his eyes shut and did his best to stop the tattletale shiver that made its way down his body. He felt unmanned to have such a small intimacy affect him so, yet primitive satisfaction thrilled through his veins when Jay thrust against him in response.

"*Jesus*, Ian." Jay's voice strained against the words, and his hand clenched around Ian's cock as he continued to thrust, his fist stroking as if Jay held his own cock in his hand.

All too quickly, Ian felt the familiar sensation of his orgasm rushing over him. He pumped into Jay's stroke just as Jay thrust against him. And then it was there, and he could only gasp out his surprise at the explosion that flooded through his body. Jay moaned against his shoulder, and Ian felt the scrape of Jay's teeth against his skin, then a blossom of warmth along his back.

They lay together as if caught in a Polaroid, frozen in place, neither of them moving bar their chests as they fought to catch their breath. Ian's hand still secured Jay's around his cock, so he slowly let loose. But Jay didn't pull his hand away in disgust as Ian thought he might; he waited the long moments until Ian's dick went soft -- prolonging the interlude they'd just shared.

Jay finally released him with a sigh and rolled onto his back. Ian followed him, only to feel the cold squelch of Jay's cum between his back and the bed as he settled back.

He pulled a face and made a disgusted sound, forgetting that Jay might well be watching.

"You hated it, didn't you? I didn't do it right."

What? Ian tilted his head to the side and took in Jay's fierce frown as he studied him.

"No. What makes you say that?" His brain was going slowly as it tried to recover from the orgasm that had just swamped it with sleepy pleasure, and Ian couldn't grasp Jay's logic.

"You just made a face, and that noise you make when you're disgruntled with something."

"I have a noise?" How many years had they known one another and this was the first time he'd heard anything about a "noise," let alone one of disgruntlement?

"Yeah, you do," a distinctly feminine voice piped up from behind them, and Ian was shocked to realize Sam had been standing there watching them. Her face was flushed, and she looked kind of...antsy.

"Huh." Sam's snort of disgust at his reply made him laugh, and he sat up, letting them see the damp circle on the bed. "I screwed my face up 'cause I got the wet spot."

Jay still frowned at him, but it wasn't so much with apprehension as with consternation. Sam covered her mouth with her hand, trying to hide her giggle, but Ian heard her anyway. He lunged out and caught the bottom of her pajama top in his hands and tugged. She fell into the space between the two men, her laughter ringing out as she did.

"Now you know how *I* feel all the time."

Ian could have sworn he heard a snigger from behind Sam, but when he looked, Jay's face was as stoic as ever until he spoke.

"How long were you standing there?"

Sam reached her arms up, pulling Jay's head down to hers and kissing him between the eyes, easing away the frown lines before she kissed his lips. "Long enough to know that watching you kiss last night was hot, but seeing you together this morning...well, *damn*, that was beyond sexy."

It was interesting to watch the play of emotions over Jay's face as he studied Sam. It wasn't often that even Ian, who'd known him for half his life, got to see him so exposed. The long moments where Jay hovered, undecided, made Ian nervous. "It was?"

“Oh, yes, I could have watched the two of you together for positively hours.” Sam wiggled. Her butt pressed back into Ian’s groin, and his errant cock twitched as it took notice.

“It doesn’t bother you?”

“Oh, honey, who do you think made Ian face up to what he really wanted?”

Sam surprised him with that comment. Sanjay let himself think on that for a moment, absorbing the fact that somehow she’d known that he and Ian had been heading toward a change in their relationship before they did.

Perceptive little pixie, wasn’t she?

Jay let the pause stretch -- he’d not gotten this far in life without recognizing the value of a well-placed moment of silence for getting answers.

“To tell you the truth, the first time Ian kissed me in the fountain, you stared at us so fiercely that I thought you were lovers.” Sam broke off when Ian’s hand slid from behind, then up and underneath her shirt and over her breast. Her sharp little “oh” of surprise had him reaching for the buttons on her pajamas to see just what Ian was doing.

“And...” he prompted.

“And I’ve not really changed my mind, in some ways.”

As the last button popped free and she was bared to him, Sam shrugged and the soft flesh of her breasts bounced. What she was saying was important, but Sanjay had to catch himself before he went cross-eyed as he stared at the nipple Ian was pinching between his thumb and forefinger. *God, these two tested his control.*

“I...” Sam gulped as Ian pinched particularly hard. “I’ve always thought that there could be something between you two that could be so good --” She was having an obvious problem finishing her sentence -- Sanjay figured it could be that he had taken her other nipple into his mouth that’d done it.

“And...” Sam moaned and pressed up against the flat of his hand as he slid it below the waist of her pajama pants. “And I figured that if this relationship was to go anywhere, it needed to be addressed.” Sam’s words came out in a rush, finished off with a whimper as both he and Ian’s hands stalled.

“What the hell are you talking about, woman?” Ian wasn’t easy to rile, but when he was, he was a pretty formidable sight. He sat bolt upright and pulled Sam with him like she was a rag doll, stopping just short of shaking her with frustration.

“Ian...” Sanjay ground out the word in warning.

“What? She just said she thought we were just playing with her!” Ian’s outrage wasn’t yelled so much as growled.

“No, she didn’t. She said that to *stay* together we needed to work through what you and I thought we might feel for one another.” Sanjay sat up and reached for Sam, pulling her back into his chest. “And she’s right. We do have to work through this, or else it’ll fester and we’ll all lose in the end.”

Ian frowned at him. “When did you get all philosophical and shit?”

“After I spent the night crying in my sister’s wineglass that I didn’t want to lose my best friend and the woman I’d fallen in love with.”

“You don’t get drunk, and you don’t cry.” Ian stated the two facts forthrightly, damn close to calling him a liar.

“Call Mila and ask. She’s the one who convinced me that I’d regret it if I didn’t try.”

Ian humphed. “She could convince a shark to become a vegetarian.”

Sam’s head had been swiveling between the two of them, watching the ping-pong of their exchange with a look on her face that didn’t bode well. “Umm...that’s nice and all, but did Jay just say he loves me?”

Chapter Fourteen

The panic in Ian's eyes and the hitch in Jay's breathing might have been comical had this been a cheesy chick flick. But it wasn't funny in the least when it was your heart on the line.

First, they'd got her as horny as hell when she'd come back in the room to find them wound around each other and exploring the path that Ian had set them on with his kiss the night before. She'd never thought about how two men together might look, but she now had her answer -- damn hot!

Second, Ian had made her laugh. She loved laughing, especially with these two men.

Then they'd started making delicious love to her. She hadn't had both her lovers together for weeks now because their schedules had clashed, and after watching them touch one another for the first time...that they'd stopped was just plain cruel.

But then Jay slipped that little four-letter word into the conversation and had knocked her into next week. *He'd fallen in love with her?* Despite his immediate panic, Ian didn't deny it but...well, she wasn't about to put words in his mouth.

Or maybe she was. "Ian? Did he mean you, too?"

The man looked positively feral as he looked away and gulped, nodding his agreement when his voice croaked as he tried to speak. *Men and their stupid notions about not talking about their feelings.*

“Why would you think we wouldn’t?” Jay still held her tight, so his words were clear in her ear.

Good question. “Uhh...well, I wasn’t quite sure.”

“What do you mean, not sure?” It was surprising how quickly Ian’s temperament could change from outrage to horror and then back again.

Sam shrugged; some things just didn’t translate easily into words. And she’d never been in love before herself. She’d been struggling too fiercely with her own feelings about these two men to actually worry if they felt the same back. A strange situation, considering most women would be pulling off flower petals, playing “he loves me, he loves me not,” but true nonetheless. She’d been so busy covering her own ass if things went south that she must have missed something -- something important by the look of things.

These two men had posed quite a risk to her ideas on where her life was heading. She’d always thought that if the right guy -- not *guys* -- came along she would be happy to settle down -- or follow him around the world if that were the case -- but two men?

Sam had become quite accustomed to her lovers; she wasn’t ashamed of them or the lifestyle they had, in a fashion, taken up. However, she’d felt a permanency with the two men she had not thought to, and she wasn’t afraid to say that scared her more than a little.

What had happened to the free-and-easy, make-sure-to-smell-the-flowers life she’d planned? Somehow, all the staid and boring things about her parents’ and siblings’ lives that she’d thought to escape from had snuck up on her and wormed their way into her relationship with Ian and Jay. Instead of being the dandelion floating on the wind, she’d become the wild rose, sinking her roots down into fertile soil to grow no matter how rough the terrain.

Having her heart broken by one man would be painful enough, but two?

"We thought you understood."

"Understood what?"

Ian sighed and looked over her shoulder to Jay for assistance, and there seemed to be some form of silent communication between them.

"We've never really talked about previous lovers, have we?"

"Do we need to?"

"Maybe not who, but the how long, I think, is appropriate."

"Oh." She didn't really want to hear about other woman they'd spent their time with.

"We made sure up front you knew we intended to share you, and that we'd shared others."

"Yes." Sam drew out the word as she scrambled to figure out where Jay was going. "And Mila made mention of it too. I knew what might happen if I kept seeing you."

"Did either of us say that the women we'd shared were one-night stands?" Jay questioned.

"Ah...*no.*" *And didn't that tilt her world on its axis?* That one small piece of information, combined with all that she now knew about these two men, how solid and dependable, how proper they could be, made the world of difference.

Ian leaned forward and kissed her with a sense of possession she hadn't dared let herself feel before, crowding her back until her head rested on Jay's shoulder. "Well, they were. Until you came along, sharing women was just a pleasurable kink we sometimes indulged in." He peppered her mouth with kisses. "I can say without a doubt that what we have with you is nothing that we've experienced before."

"And we mean to keep on experiencing it." Jay's voice brooked no argument.

“Oh.” She felt a little dumb just saying “oh” and scrambled for something more to say. “I think I’d like that.” Although *that* hadn’t been quite what she’d been expecting to come out of her mouth.

A stupid grin lit up Ian’s face, and this close she easily caught the much too sexy glint in his eyes that told her he was up to no good.

“So, now that’s settled -- we love you and you love us -- let’s get back to where we were.” He ignored her gasp of indignation -- she’d said no such thing! -- and pushed both her and Jay back onto the bed, falling on top of them with a rush. “Right about here, I think...”

Oh, yes, right about there, Sam thought to herself as hands and mouths began to explore her body. Her indignation and worry faded away as her men began to make love to her.

Chapter Fifteen

Sanjay felt a sense of déjà vu as he stared down from the fifth floor to the fountain below. No children played there today; it was too cold. Even the water in the fountain was sluggish as it stayed just this side of frigid. Winter was well upon them now. The trees that had sheltered in the summer stood bare, snow sometimes coating their branches if the wind wasn't blowing a gale.

Seven months ago he'd stood here wishing. He hadn't been sure for what at that point, but now? Now he had his answer.

Sam and Ian.

Ian. He was the main reason Sanjay leaned against the window staring at nature's cold, yet glorious, winter display. He had everything he'd ever wanted in his grasp, but Sanjay could feel it all slipping away. Freezing, not unlike the water in the fountain as it slowly succumbed to the unusually intense cold the season had thrown at them this year -- the mirror opposite of the extraordinary heat of the summer.

His relationship with Sam and Ian was everything he'd hoped for and everything he'd feared all those months ago. Sanjay knew he was aloof, that people called him cold, but that

was who he was. Hell, he usually couldn't even call himself by the familiar name his lovers used.

Jay. Not Sanjay. Jay. *God*, how he wished he could be that man. Jay was the man that laughed, took chances, joined in the fun. Sanjay, well, he was not.

Sanjay, not Jay, was the man who stood at his office window and contemplated how to tell Ian, his lover, that he didn't think he would ever be able to accept being fucked. Just the thought of fucking Ian made his cock hard and his balls ache, but in reverse...he didn't know if he could do it, no matter how he felt about Ian. His nature to control everything around him was making stomaching that form of submission difficult.

They'd gone slowly, just as they'd planned at the beginning, dipping their toes in the various sexual acts lovers enjoy. But they hadn't fucked, not penetration at least.

That first blowjob? *Damn*, it had been heaven and hell all at the same time. Sam had coaxed Ian along, encouraging him to explore, to find the thrill of the act itself, and damn if Ian hadn't nearly bought Sanjay to his knees. It had been in the shower, the three of them together one morning. Sam had been cheeky with her suggestions, but Ian had been the one to follow through. He was the one who'd sunk to his knees and taken Sanjay's cock into his mouth.

Something primal, a heady sense of dominance, had surged through Sanjay when Ian had taken him into his mouth and then looked up, meeting Sanjay's eyes with his own. He'd seen so much in those eyes, the gamut of fear through desire, and Sanjay had fought against the need to claim Ian's mouth in the most brutal way possible, to brand Ian as his in the most elemental way. Instead he'd tunneled his fingers through Ian's hair to anchor himself to this world and let Ian do as he would. He'd watched every moment as Sam showed Ian how and where to touch him, but Ian had invented a few things of his own, things he knew, as a man, would set Sanjay afire.

And set him alight he did; it was over in minutes. Almost embarrassing really, yet comical as Ian had struggled to swallow his cum. Ian was like that, all or nothing, no matter what he was doing. It became a moment to be remembered between them all when Ian laughingly said he'd liked servicing Sanjay that way, but swallowing was going to take a bit of getting used to.

Ian got his own back a few days later when Sam insisted Sanjay reciprocate. Ian had smiled like the cat that'd got the cream in his post-orgasm haze, then handed Sanjay a mint. They both found out not too many minutes after that peppermints and Sam were a combination that made her gasp, then writhe, then scream, much to their own satisfaction.

He didn't fear oral, or his lover's touch; he'd even gone so far as to explore Ian's ass with his tongue. But the moment Ian made to do the same to him, he froze. Or more exactly, he redirected their love play to avoid it. He'd become the ultimate art director.

No matter how he tried to convince himself otherwise, he'd come to a sticking point in their relationship.

Who was he to ask for all his lovers had to give when he couldn't offer back the same? It had begun to haunt him, in his dreams and his waking hours alike, and he was scared. Shit scared that for the first time since he was ten that he was going to lose everything he held dear.

"If you stare at that fountain any longer, I think it might grow legs and relocate out of pure discomfort."

Sanjay turned, surprised to find Ian right behind him, ass parked on his desk as he leaned back against it. "Jesus, Ian!"

He expected Ian to smile, laugh maybe at having got one over on him, but instead he frowned.

"Everyone's gone, and your office door is locked."

Sanjay looked at his watch and realized time had slipped by and it was after seven. “Hell.” He looked back at Ian. “Why’d you lock the door?”

“Because we’re going to have this out; right here, right now.” He’d seen Ian at his most serious, but this? He’d never seen Ian this angry. “Avoid me all you like, but you’re upsetting Sam.”

“Shit.” Sanjay threw himself down into his chair, his head thumping back into the headrest, giving him no release from his frustration. Sam was much too sensitive to their emotions. He should’ve known better than to think even his iron control would hide his unease from her.

“You’ve got that right. Things have been going good, Jay; what the fuck is wrong?” Ian’s voice was harsh, but got quieter as he asked, “Are you having second thoughts about the two of us?”

“No. *Christ*. No. Not really.” *How the hell was he going to explain?*

Ian’s jaw tensed and his eyes narrowed as he stared him down. “What the fuck does that mean?”

Sanjay’s temper broke, and he leaned forward in his chair, getting right up into Ian’s face. “It means I want to fuck your ass ‘til you scream my name, but I don’t think I can offer you the same.”

Ian stared right back and asked slowly, clearly, enunciating every word, “Who asked you to?”

It took him a moment to digest the greater implication of what Ian had just told him. After his mind probed Ian’s suggestion and came to the only conclusion it could, Sanjay slumped back into the chair, his anger deflated.

“Have I ever asked you to give more than you were willing to, Jay?”

Words escaped him; he was still stunned by Ian’s revelation, his willingness to take the subdominant role.

“Want to know what I’m thinking of when I’ve got my hand wrapped around my cock in the middle of the night and need release?”

Sanjay nodded, not wanting to interrupt Ian now that he’d opened up.

“I fantasize about being the meat in the Sam and Jay sandwich. The thought of your cock in my ass does it for me, Jay. Does that surprise you?” Ian was working up a great head of steam -- the deadly, concentrated, intent-on-its-quarry kind. “I won’t say I’ve not had moments, wondering how it would feel to have your ass tight around my cock, but I don’t need it, not the way you do. I’ve known that from the beginning, even if you haven’t.”

Ian had moved forward, his hands on the arms of Sanjay’s seat mimicking Sanjay’s earlier stance. “Does that scare you?”

Sanjay wrapped a hand around Ian’s neck and pulled him in until their lips touched and whispered against Ian’s mouth, “Shitless, but I’ll get over it.” Then, with his mouth, he took everything Ian was offering.

Their kiss was a fierce, violent meshing of mouths and tongues as they fought one another for dominance. Ian finally conceded to Sanjay with a groan, and Sanjay gentled the kiss before allowing Ian to pull away from his hold.

Ian’s chest bellowed as he fought to catch his breath. “Take me home and fuck my ass like I want you to. We need to show Sam we aren’t about to break her heart.”

* * * * *

Sam wasn’t one to avoid confrontation, but she didn’t go looking for it either, so her phone call to Ian earlier had smacked of desperation. She hated that feeling, the uncertainty of not being able to read Jay.

Since the day they’d first met she’d been able to sense Jay, make her way beyond the mask he hid behind. But the last week, and especially the last few days, he’d been so locked

down even she'd not been able to see past his strict hold on his emotions. And it had scared her.

With no temping job that day and no performance to prepare for that evening, her mind had nothing to hold it back from running wild and imagining the worst. She'd built up a fire and taken to her couch with a cup of hearty vegetable soup and a book, but the book had gone unread and the soup cold as she sat, her arms clenched around a cushion, and worried herself into a state of unrest she'd never known she could achieve. That's when she'd phoned Ian and burst into tears.

"Damn them for saying they love me!" Sam punched the pillow she clutched, almost wishing that she'd never let herself fall wholly in love with the pair. Until they'd voiced their feelings, she'd been content to love them as she had been: knowing that they might never love her truly in return. It had guarded her heart against being trampled beyond recognition if time proved that they had not felt the same about her.

But after their declaration she'd let that shield down, let herself get carried away in the excitement of helping Jay and Ian discover one another, in watching their relationship grow as a whole. The way they'd gone slowly as they became lovers had satisfied her, buoyed her hopes that this alternative relationship just might work. She'd been fool enough to begin dreaming of white picket fences and little feet -- her, of all people, *looking forward to unconventional conventionality*.

She held back more tears even as she snorted her self-disgust. "Stupid fool. What happened to floating where life takes you?"

What a fucking joke that was. All these years she thought her grandmother had been such a free and easy soul, stifled by her grandfather's stodginess. Now, with eyes no longer blinkered, she saw the free spirit trapped in the net of her own making -- one that her grandmother had no intention of ever freeing herself from. While as different as chalk and cheese, Sam now saw not the discord of that juxtaposition, but the beauty of it. Her

grandfather had not been holding her grandmother back, but bobbing in her wake, pushing her along. Together they were perfect.

Just the way she'd begun believing she, Jay, and Ian were the perfect blend. Until now.

Now she wasn't quite sure if she had seen it right at all. She wasn't the catalyst that had opened their hearts to love, that brought Jay to the light and helped Ian to face his demons, not laugh them off. No, she was the one these two men had taught a lesson.

Her reasoning had been backward. Her family wasn't staid and boring; she'd not been the gosling among the ducklings. They, in fact, were perfectly happy. They'd found what they needed in life and were satisfied, whereas she had been the one flitting around in her guise of being a free spirit, not because she didn't want to set down roots, but because she hadn't known how. Hell, even her day job was temporary.

That she thought Jay might be backing away from her, from Ian, had shined a glaring light on what she knew of herself and rocked the platform she'd begun to build using Ian and Jay as the base.

She had enough presence of mind to keep stoking the fire as the day wore into night, but she'd not made it as far as the light switches, so she sat in the flame-lit dark, huddled into the corner of the couch.

The rattle of keys in the door jarred her from her mental discoveries. The door opened and closed swiftly, and the fire flared with the burst of wind that rode in on the heels of one of her lovers. Who would come around the corner -- Ian or Jay? Before the footsteps had progressed far down the hall, the door worked again.

Both of them.

"Sam?"

Jay's voice reached out to her, and though she tried to call out, her voice had given up the ghost hours earlier during her crying jag. So she sat, waiting, almost hoping they'd think

she wasn't there and leave. Sam didn't know if she could cope with anything more on top of her afternoon's revelations.

"Her car's here -- check in the living room." Ian sounded expectant, like he was rushing toward something he wanted.

Surely he wouldn't sound so eager if they were about to impart bad news?

"Samantha?" A dark shadow questioned her from the doorway, and she turned to face it. *Sanjay*...Ian never called her by her full name, only Jay.

Chapter Sixteen

With the room so dark, Sanjay couldn't see Sam's face in full, but the firelight did let him see the sheen on her cheeks. Sam had been crying.

He'd made her cry. *And he thought his conversation with Ian had been painful.* That he'd upset Sam really tore at his gut.

"Damn it, Sam." Sam flinched, and Sanjay kicked himself again. He hadn't meant for his anger to speak, but it had, and he'd made the situation worse.

Sanjay took the steps to the couch in large strides, then reached over the back and pulled Sam up until her body pressed the length of his. "Yell at me, hit me, but don't cry, Sam, please."

"I can't help it." She sniffed, and the firelight glinted off the tears that had yet to fall. "I figured out this afternoon that I'm not at all the person I thought I was."

"What the hell does that mean?" He'd never been great with people in general, but women? They totally confused him. But he didn't think he was entirely alone in that. Ian had come up beside them and looked as perplexed as he at Sam's statement.

"I started thinking about why you've been so aloof lately, and I figured maybe you were thinking of leaving." Sam sniffed again, though it looked as if she was trying to gather

herself together. “And when I thought about that, I realized I’d been fooling myself the whole time. Here I was thinking that I was all footloose and fancy-free, when all I’ve wanted all along was someone to tie me down.”

“I assume you mean that figuratively, right?” Ever since they’d left the office, Ian had been bouncing, eager, his unease from earlier gone now that it was out in the open that he was happy to be topped. But now wasn’t the time for him to try injecting humor into the situation.

“Don’t make fun, Ian.” Sanjay lifted Sam up and over the back of the couch and into his arms before walking around to take a seat with Sam on his lap. “Ian and I talked at the office, and we figured some things out between us.”

“Oh.” Sam made the small word sound quite final, as if she’d come to a conclusion already. The wrong one, if the way her body tensed was any indication.

Ian sat beside them, pulling Sam’s feet up into his lap. “We sorted it out, Sam.”

“What exactly?”

Sanjay looked to Ian and with a small nod indicated Ian should carry on. Though it had been his problem, Ian was the one offering the solution, so Sanjay felt it right that Ian be the one to reassure Sam that they’d found a compromise.

Having put the issue into the open, they’d talked a little on their drive over to Sam’s. While they’d not been able to discuss a lot, they’d found out a few things about one another.

It’d turned out both of them had been doing some online research, running the gamut from true power splits in BDSM to just average gay lifestyles. They were both now much more aware of different types of hierarchical sexual relationships, and terms like tops, bottoms, Dominants, and submissives. They’d also been able to see that, while certain parts of those relationships fit for either of them, they weren’t carbon copies of any specific mold.

Ian had told him that he was willing to be the bottom, but not submissive to Sanjay, and frankly, Sanjay couldn’t ever see himself wanting his friend that way. He liked the way

he and Ian complemented each other and bought out in the other what each was not, and he liked the way Sam gave them something else again.

“We figured out that Jay is a top and I’m a bottom.”

“A what and a what?” Sam sat up from where she’d slumped into his chest, pulling up straight on his lap to see Ian better and inadvertently grinding her ass into his cock. While he wasn’t averse to Sam doing that, Ian’s eagerness to move onto the next stage of their relationship had him half aroused already, and it wasn’t really a comfortable time to have a hard-on bent painfully in his briefs.

“They’re terms used to describe whether you’re the one who likes to fuck or be fucked.”

Ian put it baldly, but it was a clear and succinct definition at least.

“Oh?” This time the small word was curious, contemplating.

“Turns out Jay’s been obsessing about the fact that he’s not at all comfortable about being fucked, while all I’ve been wishing for was to be fucked. But instead of saying something, we’ve both been thinking there was something wrong with feeling that way, that we weren’t sharing equally.” Ian paused and indicated with his eyes for Sanjay to carry on.

“It seems what Ian wanted was what I wanted, but it took you calling Ian, crying, for him to finally ask what the hell was upsetting me.” Sanjay hugged Sam forcefully enough that she squeaked. “We were both being idiots, and we’re sorry, Sam. We didn’t mean to make you upset. But this stuff’s hard -- we’re both confronting attitudes that are deeply ingrained.”

“Yeah, well, three can play at that game. I’ve been sitting here all afternoon wondering if I pushed you two into something that you didn’t really want, and have come to the conclusion that I’m not as different from my ordinary, everyday family as I’d thought. Losing you two would be bad, real bad.”

“Honey, we aren’t going anywhere. In fact, I’ve been thinking if I can convince Ian to get rid of that glass monstrosity of an apartment, do you think you could get used to living with two highly emotionally, unevolved men in a slightly old but recently refurbished house?” It had been a long time since he’d put himself out there like this, if he ever had, making an offer that could so easily be rejected and trample him to pieces. But it felt like the right moment to suggest it, his way of saying that he was in this for the long haul.

“You want us all to move in together?” Ian asked, studying him as intently as he might a piece of software code. His hands, wrapped around Sam’s ankles, didn’t move.

“Yeah. You up for that?”

“That’s a big step, out of the blue.”

“I guess you’re finally rubbing off, huh?”

“You really want us to move in with you?” Sam’s voice was scratchy, and Sanjay figured it was from her earlier crying. “With all my clutter and everything?”

Sanjay thought of his neat, uncluttered house. Then he looked around Sam’s living room, visualizing the contents not lit by the fire in his mind’s eye -- knickknacks and pillows, teetering piles of sheet music, and cast-off shoes. “Clutter and everything, as long as you come with it.”

Sam relaxed, snuggling into him with a happy sigh. “I’ll try to be neater.”

Sanjay felt a sense of peace he hadn’t for a long while. Despite its unusual combination of partners, he’d found a relationship that filled all his needs, or nearly did at least. He looked at Ian to find the man staring right back, his eyes full of heat that had nothing to do with the firelight reflected there. There still remained that last taboo to break.

Chapter Seventeen

“So, what are the chances of moving this impromptu party to the bedroom?”

Maybe he was pushing things too fast. After all, he and Jay had only just reached an understanding, but now that he’d made his desires known, he was keen to act on them. That they’d gone slowly had been appropriate at the time, but now he was physically more comfortable with the idea of being fucked by a man -- by Jay at least. Ian wasn’t quite sure if the sentiment crossed over to any other males; he’d only ever been thinking of Jay.

Ian thought of it more as embracing the different facets of his sexuality, rather than coming out of the closet. Women, one of them specifically, attracted him just as much as they ever did, but he felt this urge to explore some of his other options, so to speak.

He swung Sam’s feet from his lap, then stood. Ian offered his hand to Sam, and when she put her hand in his, he tugged her off Jay’s lap and into his arms, wrapping her into a tight embrace.

“Sam, we love you for who you are, so don’t go changing because you think you need to be something you’re not.” Since he was taller than Jay, Sam only came to his shoulder, so she had to tilt her head back to look up to his face. “And as for that whole tied down

thing..." Ian wiggled his brows and leered. "Can we change that to tied up? I could go for that idea for something a bit different."

Sam gasped, then hauled back and socked him one in the side. "Ian Rupert Morris! You'll do no such thing." Then she chewed on her lip a little as she contemplated it. The little minx turned in his arms and did her own leer at Jay. "Though it could be interesting... specially if we tied up Jay."

Jay's face was priceless. Ian would have given his left arm to have had a camera right at that moment.

"Not in this lifetime," Jay growled out, but even in the firelight Ian could see the dark flush across his café colored skin. *Interesting.*

Ian wasn't fooling himself. He'd placed Jay in the dominant position sexually when it came to the two of them, but that didn't mean he was going to let him run the show. Forcing Jay out of his comfort zone, when it came to his obsessive control at least, might well prove rather educational -- and fun -- for all of them.

"So..." Sam dragged out the word, giving it a wealth of meaning. "You guys really sorted out what was bugging you, huh?"

"Yeah." Ian let his arms go loose and held his hand out to Jay this time. "Shall we go see if we can put it into action?"

Jay took his hand, his grip firm, and Ian hoped Jay treated the rest of his body to that same treatment. He was anticipating a few bruises and a sore ass come morning, as he expected that between them it wouldn't be all roses and light. No delicate sensibilities between them as men, only the desire to taste the supposedly forbidden, and Ian intended on sampling and savoring well.

As Jay moved to his feet, Ian let his eyes wander down the smaller man's body. Shorter, leaner, more elegant than Ian, he wore his masculinity like a dark cloak that swirled around him like a mysterious, noble highwayman of old. A thrill of pleasure ran through Ian's body,

and blood surged to his already excited cock. Ian had to wonder if he felt lightheaded because he'd lost his mind or from blood loss. He had that slightly sick feeling in his stomach from the adrenaline rush of expectation, but just like when he was falling from a plane or racing across the water, he embraced it and rushed toward the high he knew was coming.

No one bothered with turning on lights as they made their way to the bedroom. No point, when they planned to stay abed for the rest of the night.

As he stood beside the bed stripping off his clothes, Ian thought that of all the possible places, this was probably the best for this first time. Neither man had the advantage of familiar surroundings, though they'd spent their fair share of time in Sam's home and her bed, so it was comfortable.

Ian was no stranger to the fact that life was a series of gambits; that man and woman alike jockeyed for supremacy, so an even playing field to start with eased some of the tension he held.

In a hurry, Ian only released the top few buttons on his shirt, and then pulled it, along with his undershirt, over his head. As the fabric cleared his head, he saw Jay was taking the time to disrobe properly, one button at a time, methodical as always. Ian suppressed the urge to reach over and rip the fabric apart, letting the buttons pop and fly where they would. There would be other times where he could succumb to the sense of urgency that rode him to break Jay out of his overcautious habits.

"Guys?"

Ian looked up and found Sam sitting on the end of the bed, still fully dressed. "Sam?"

"I, um...well, I was thinking." She looked nervous, unsure.

"What, love?"

"Maybe this first time I should leave you guys by yourselves." Sam waved her hand abstractedly. Ian wondered if she knew she was gesticulating like she was directing traffic.

He'd noticed the habit coincided with when she was anxious about something. "I mean, this is kind of personal, private."

"Does us fucking disgust you, Sam?" Jay's voice held an edge; he wouldn't have used the profanity so easily had Sam's question not disconcerted him.

Her encouragement was the main reason they'd embraced one another. Was the final act, now that it was here, too much for her?

Sam looked at Jay, her eyes showing her confusion. "No. Not at all." She gave a small smile. "I think it's hot."

"This is about all three of us. If it wasn't, I doubt either Ian or myself would be here, Sam."

"It...it's not that I think it's dirty or that you shouldn't do it; I just thought keeping it simple this time might be good...I mean, it's your *first* time."

Jay reached out, brushing away a lock of hair that'd fallen on Sam's forehead. "Sorry, love. I shouldn't have second guessed you."

Ian moved and pushed his way between Sam's knees. "Simple's not a bad idea, I'll admit, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't be here."

He made short work of her sweater and bra, then pushed her back onto the bed and pulled her pants and underwear off as one. Ian's hands drifted along her thighs, encouraging her legs to relax and spread wide. Her sex glistened, the slickness of her natural lubrication smooth under his fingers as he ran them along her nether lips. He brought the slick digits to his mouth and sucked. Sam watched him with big eyes.

Ian heard movement, and then felt Jay press up along his body. All the times they'd played together they'd not fallen into anything resembling this position except for that first hand job, and the heat of Jay's chest against his back was as pleasing as his dreams had suggested. Ian's hands involuntarily tightened around Sam's ankles as warm arms reached

around and released Ian's belt and slid his zipper down, before letting his pants fall to the ground.

"Sam, scoot up on the bed."

Sam did as Jay instructed; then Ian suddenly found himself facedown on the bed, naked with an aroused man caging him with his arms and legs, pushed there courtesy of a strong, unexpected shove from Jay. Jay hadn't yet removed his pants, and the scrape of the fabric and rough edge of his zipper sensitized the skin along the backs of his thighs and ass. Jay's cock was obvious as he bore down with his hips, not thrusting, but applying a constant pressure that forced Ian hard down into the bed.

This, this is what he'd been waiting for all this time -- the aggression that was part and parcel of men wrestling, sporting, *loving* one another. No matter how rough he might have asked Sam to be, she couldn't replicate the thickness of limbs or the force they could wield, the darker, musky smell of man. Jay was the dark to Sam's light.

Christ, listen to him. They hadn't even gotten as far as actual penetration, and he was already drowning, waxing lyrical.

Jay's mouth shocked Ian and made his body jerk when it made contact with the back of his neck. Jay's cheek scraped along the sensitive skin of his nape, the prickles of his evening stubble scratching, making him shiver just as Jay grasped the skin of his shoulder between his teeth. The subtle pain of the sharp scrape of his teeth made him ache for more, to feel that same rasp along his cock.

Winter seemed far away as the heat of Jay's body sank into his.

A small whimper made him look up -- *Sam* -- she sat cross-legged as she watched them. Naked, she made quite the erotic sight. Her hands hugged her thighs as she watched them, caught in the moment, and as one hand crept to her breast to pluck at her nipple, he knew that while she was not physically part of their embrace, she was very much a part of it

emotionally. Knowing she was so aroused by them made it all that much better, easier to assimilate.

Jay's kisses worked their way down his spine. Swirls of tongue, the scrape of whiskers, the suck of his flesh into Jay's mouth teased him as Jay moved toward his goal.

The bed tilted, and he almost cried out when Jay moved away. The clink of a belt buckle and the swoosh of fabric falling to the ground reassured Ian Jay would be back, but this time it would be flesh against flesh. *Just the way he wanted it.*

"Face up or down, Ian?" Jay's words accompanied the click of a bottle top.

"Wait!" Ian rolled to his side, then sat up.

Jay's hand stalled as Ian's knees came around his legs. He leaned into Jay's body and took the bottle of lube from Jay, tossing it onto the bed. "Let me." He reached for Jay's penis and stroked, his head bent, and he closed in until he could easily take the hard flesh in his mouth.

Experienced at this he might not be, but he loved the thrill he got from sucking Jay's cock. The first time he'd wrapped his lips around Jay's erection he'd been disabused of his assumption that the one receiving the blowjob was in the position of power. Now he knew better, and had a new appreciation for his partners in the past.

Jay growled his response to Ian's light suction as his long, graceful fingers flexed in the short crop of his hair, holding Ian's head as he began to shallowly thrust. Impatient for more, Ian made to take Jay deeper, but Jay surprised him with a longer thrust just as Ian moved forward. He choked on the unexpected butt of flesh against his soft palate; Jay pulled back, but didn't let go.

"Use your nose, Ian. Breathe." Jay's thumb came around to Ian's jaw and pressed, opening his mouth wider so he could slide deeper again. "Just like you've told how many women?" There was a hint of mirth in Jay's voice as he resumed his thrusting.

Ian concentrated on his breathing and let his neck and jaw relax. The bump of Jay's glans became less intrusive, his gag reflex not as strong. Jay wasn't being all that rough, but Ian wrapped his hands around Jay's hips nonetheless. He craved the deeper connection from touching his lover, the feel of Jay's ass as it flexed when he thrust, Ian's grip providing a physical ground for the sensations running across his skin. Ian wondered if Jay's skin felt as tightly drawn as his, like he might burst from sexual need.

"Enough." Jay pushed Ian's head away, forcing him backward until he laid on the bed, sprawled, Jay's knees still between his spread legs. Looking up to Jay, he felt...vulnerable, yet strong when he saw his lover's clenched, set jaw. Jay's infamous control was strained.

"You never did say, face up or face down?" The edge of the bed dipped as Jay knelt on the mattress.

Ian didn't even think about it. "Up."

At his word, Jay came over Ian, his body covering him as his knees moved forward, bringing Ian's legs with him. Jay's cock dragged over the skin of Ian's groin as he moved forward. When he halted, Jay's cock rested alongside his own, Jay's balls pressed down against his, and for the first time, Ian felt the pleasure in having another man's dick rubbing along his own.

It felt odd for the sensation to not be accompanied by the slick heat and wetness of a woman's pussy. Instead, as Jay began pulse his hips against Ian, their cocks slid over one another, and he felt the strange satiny smoothness that surrounded the thickness of Jay's erection. Dry, yet at the same time clammy as momentum built and precum made their cocks sticky.

Jay reared back, his hand unerringly going for the bottle of lube. One small click and a pool of liquid lay in Jay's hand. Cool drops landed on the exposed crease of Ian's ass as Jay squeezed the bottle again while his fist twisted around the hard length of his dick, coating

himself, making his flesh slippery; his dark skin shiny, like old, burnished copper. Jay moved back over Ian's body, his arms stiff as they held their bodies apart.

Ian reached for Jay, wrapping a hand around his neck before he tugged, forcing his lover's arms to bend. He slowly pulled his lover's mouth down to his own, but while the coming together was slow, the kiss was anything but. Their lips crashed together, battling the other for position, supremacy.

Jay's hips moved, his cock butting into Ian's perineum as it slid lower, catching on the pucker of his hole. The lube was slick, and the first time Jay pressed against him, his cock slipped past his hole to furrow between his cheeks. A grumbled moan rumbled across Ian's tongue as Jay expressed his displeasure.

Jay levered himself away some, changing the angle of his hips, and Ian felt Jay's cockhead nudge him again. This time he relaxed, and combined with a push of Jay's hips, the head of Jay's cock punched through the tight ring of muscles and breached his ass. Both of them stopped, their hips and lips halting, waiting for the next move as they struggled for breath.

Ian wrenched his lips from Jay's, his eyes closing as his head pressed back into the bed, "More, Jay, do it."

Jay's cock slid deeper, and Ian felt the exquisite burn as Jay pressed on, his cock rubbing over a spot inside Ian's ass that made his dick jump. Finally, when he didn't think he could be stuffed any more full, he felt the rough hairs on Jay's thighs pressing against his ass, and his lover paused -- only to flick his hips and drive into him, gaining extra depth with the force of his thrust. A shaft of near pain made him grunt, but it was quick to become a deep ache that began to ease when Jay's hips moved back. Jay's next plunge came without the sharp stab of discomfort, but the deep ache still burned.

"Ian?" Jay whispered in his ear. "Am I hurting you?"

Ian's eyes popped open. Lost in exploring the sensation of another man in his body, he'd nearly forgotten they were closed. "Yes, but no." Jay's hips slowed. "I just needed some time to adjust; it's getting better."

Jay's forehead had dropped to Ian's chest, but Jay levered himself away, stiff-arming himself up so he hovered again. It felt odd to be the one looking up into those dark eyes. They'd played together, and he'd seen Jay in this position with more than one woman, yet this angle made all the difference to his perception. It felt right to have his legs wrapped around Jay's hips as the other man fucked him. Ian didn't feel any less manly for it, although the constant drag of Jay's cock over what he assumed was his prostate had him feeling much baser emotions.

"Sam, come over here." Jay's husky request was a command. "Use your hand on Ian, I want to feel him come around my cock, but I don't know if I can last that long without some help."

The sweet, musky scent of Sam's arousal came from his right, and her smooth skin slid along his as she lay beside him. Her small, soft hand slid between Ian's and Jay's bellies and gripped Ian firmly, her thumb caressing his most sensitive spot, right under his glans.

Ian's back arched and he groaned, long and low. He reached for his cock with one hand, wrapping his fist around Sam's, making the grip almost painful as his cock throbbed against the pressure. His other hand reached for Sam, and as he had with Jay, he drew Sam close, straining his neck as he sought out her mouth. Only rather than a brutal meshing, Sam's sweet lips found his and teased him, her teeth nibbling at his lower lip.

Being fucked by Jay felt good, great even, but Sam's touch was what made it perfect.

Jay's back ached from holding back the release burning into his spine by pure force of will. He held on by a thread of sanity, refusing to come until Ian had found his pleasure.

He'd been aroused near enough to come from the start, from the moment Ian had taken Jay's cock into his mouth. When he'd struggled, but still done his best to take as much of Jay's length in as he could, Jay had nearly lost it there and then. Only his nature to control everything saved him.

Then they'd kissed, fighting against one another even as they aimed to please. His hips had moved of their own accord, seeking a channel to thrust his cock into. The tight grip of Ian's ass around the head of his cock had surprised him, thrilled him, and he'd fought not to slam into his lover, instead taking his time. Yet he'd been unable to help his last violent thrust as he'd seated his cock deep in his lover's ass; Ian had winced, and Jay had had a moment of guilt. This wasn't about just getting his rocks off with a body he barely knew. Ian was his friend -- *his lover* -- he deserved more. Had he said it hurt, Jay would have found the strength somewhere to back away.

But Ian hadn't pushed him away; he'd lifted his legs around Jay's hips and smiled.

He was no stranger to anal sex. They'd had lovers who'd asked for double penetration, but this was different. He'd never felt this burning need, the desire to feel the spicy heat of Ian's flesh wrapped around his cock, searing him, branding him. The whole act was rough and tumble, a war of aggression as they tussled, dragging responses from each other. It just didn't feel or smell the same. Male musk scented the room, sweetened by a feminine note, body hair rubbing roughly, even as sleek, smooth skin touched them both.

Ian arched beneath him, Sam's touch proving too much, and Jay's cock felt the squeeze of Ian's ass. Ian set Sam free of their kiss and reached for Jay, finding his hip, managing to clench his fingers into Jay's ass. His grip was so hard Jay knew it would most likely bruise him, but he really didn't give a shit. Ian had begun to thrust back, to work his body around Jay's cock, driving forward into Sam's fist, then back onto Jay's cock.

It was bliss...*it was fucking torture.*

Ian arched up again, his body going rigid, and let out a shout that echoed around the room. Ian's ass rhythmically clenched as he came, and Jay felt a moment of sweet agony before he lost the battle with his own orgasm. He felt like a balloon bursting as his cum spurted deep in Ian's bowels. The force of his orgasm robbed him of his strength, and he collapsed, his head on Ian's chest, both of them heaving as they tried to right their breathing. A hand swept along his back as if to gentle him. Jay recognized Sam's touch and had another flash of guilt that his lover had not found her own satisfaction, followed by gratitude that she'd been the one to let them set this side of themselves free.

"Sam." His voice cracked, and he had to clear his throat. Ian moved below him, and Jay's softening cock slid free. He moved to the side, leaving the comfort of Ian's chest, though their legs were still tangled. They both looked toward the woman they thought of as theirs.

"Later," she said softly, with a sly smile.

Sam moved away from them, slipping under the covers as she took her usual spot in the middle. He and Ian split apart and moved under the covers, too. Neither he nor Ian needed more of an explanation -- Sam knew as well as they did that later would come soon enough. Wrapping themselves around Sam, one at her back the other at her front, an untidy heap of lovers, they drifted to sleep.

 THE END 

Anne Douglas

2006 was my break out year. Yup, I escaped from jail and the suckers haven't caught me yet.

Now wouldn't that make a great hook line for a novel?

Seriously, 2006 was the year I first put pen to paper, then sold those chicken scratchings to Loose Id, who was very wise and realized they had a winner on their hands! (Oy, ego! Back away from the chocolate jar). And that, as they say, was just the beginning.

I'm a transplant, like most of the rest of Florida, although I came to the Sunshine Peninsular via Auckland, New Zealand. Many people ask me why I left, which is a tricky question to answer. I'll blame it on my husband and Kiwi wanderlust -- I think it's a living on an Island in the middle of nowhere thing.

I am ~~an avid dedicated addicted~~ a fast reader who has much too much time on her hands to read, and a fascination for stories with an erotic twist to them. My girlfriends all joked about how much I read and the smutty content, so in a way they dared me to take up a pen and write myself -- after all they were the ones who exclaimed I should be able to write the stuff out in my sleep as I read so much of it!

Now, of course, they get a kick out of the conversation stopper "I have this friend, she comes from New Zealand and has this cool accent, and she writes porn!" I've tried over and over to get them to replace porn with erotic romance, but it's not working -- though I do hear them bandying around "Chick Porn" now. *sigh* I guess that's closer at least.