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TEMPTATION

Carnal Connections

Berengaria Brown

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by Berengaria Brown

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*To my father,
who taught me to read,
and would not permit anyone
to place boundaries on what I read.*

CHAPTER ONE

God why the hell did I agree to come to this damn wedding? Ithiel wished he was deaf. The MC droned on and on about how wonderful Robert and Paul were, how wonderful it was they'd gotten married today, and how wonderful....

One more wonderful and I'll puke!

Ithiel sat toward the back of the function room at a round table for ten. The couple to his left was from his and Robert's workplace, but the other seven people were new to him. Although the man immediately opposite him—Jason, perhaps—with deeply tanned skin, black eyes, and dark brown hair was rather nice to look at. And the smaller blond man, Paul's sister's friend—what was his name again? He seemed fun to talk to. *If* they ever got the chance to talk again. *If* this MC would just shut up and let the staff bring out some food. Or better yet some wine!

The MC finally sat down, and the wait staff began to bring out platters of food. Ithiel caught the eye of the nearest server and asked for some wine. Everyone relaxed and began chatting.

Thank God! Ithiel took a deep gulp of a very ordinary red wine.

An hour or so later, Ithiel, still sipping his wine, wondered how soon he could reasonably sneak off from this incredibly boring event, when the blond man dropped into the empty chair next to him.

"Toby," he introduced himself, picking up a menu and fanning himself vigorously. "I finally escaped from Shelly. Nice girl you know, but dancing isn't really her best skill. Shelly's Paul's sister. She's my neighbor. You a friend of Paul? Or Robert? Don't think I've met you before."

"Ithiel. I work with Robert. Nice to meet you." They shook hands. The touch of Toby's warm skin created a flash of excitement—the most excitement Ithiel experienced all night.

"It-i-el?" Toby looked confused.

"Yeah, I was named after Ithiel Town, one of America's first professional architects. His 1820 patent for the wooden lattice truss bridge made him famous and inspired my Dad to give me the name."

"So, are you an architect too?"

"Nup." Ithiel shook his head and grinned. "Can't draw and not interested. I'm an accountant. How about you?"

Toby picked up the menu again and fiddled with it as Ithiel took another sip of wine. "IT tech. Spend my day typing things like, 'Is it plugged in? Is it switched on? Have you tried rebooting it?'" He dropped the menu and turned to Ithiel. "How did your Dad take it when you decided to become an accountant?"

The conversation flowed from there and after ten minutes, Ithiel felt like he'd known Toby forever. The shorter, leaner man with twinkling blue eyes had a lively sense of humor and had singlehandedly turned an extremely boring event into a fun evening.

In fact, as Ithiel spent more time with him, his cock lengthened and hardened in interest. Toby wasn't handsome in a traditional male way, but he was entertaining, intriguing, and interesting to be with—definitely pressing all of Ithiel's sexual buttons.

But is he gay? I know he's Shelly's neighbor, and he doesn't seem to be her partner in any way, but....

"Shit, my feet are killing me!"

Startled, Ithiel glanced up as Jason flopped into the chair next to Toby.

"I've danced with every female relative *and* all their friends. And most of them have stomped all over my feet. Do you think anyone'll notice if I take my shoes off?" Jason reached for the pitcher of iced water and filled his glass.

"Will your socks stink if you do?" Toby joked.

Ithiel just grinned.

"Probably." Jason drained the glass and poured some wine.

"Toby," the blond introduced himself.

"Ithiel." He couldn't help noticing the dark man looked even yum-mier than he'd thought, now that he was up close. *Hmm. I wouldn't mind getting even closer.*

"Jason. I'm Paul's cousin, and since I'm single, I'm the designated sacrifice to entertain all the female relatives. But I've done that now, and I reckon Paul owes me at least a year of favors for it."

"Designated sacrifice, huh?" Toby leered and waggled his eyebrows suggestively at the other two men. They laughed. Soon Toby had the conversation flowing, with what Ithiel recognized as a real skill and talent that Toby had for putting people at their ease. Toby simply enjoyed himself, wherever and whatever he was doing.

Ithiel's cock twitched and stretched. Again.

Silently, he studied them. Beside the lively and fascinating Toby, Jason's good looks and snarkier humor were accentuated—and just as exciting and enticing. Jason exemplified tall, dark, and handsome with a muscular build and very broad shoulders. Toby was all quick-silver lightness and fun, but just as sexually arousing.

Both of them. I want both of them in my bed. The light and the dark. The humor and the snark. Oh yeah, what an erotic time we could have as a threesome. Thank God, I booked a room for tonight at this hotel.

Ithiel brought his mind back to the conversation and joined in, wondering how he could check to see if the other two men might be interested in joining him for a night of sex.

By the time the dessert was served and their table mates came back from the dance floor, the three were once again deep in conversation. Everyone else changed seats to let them continue talking. Ithiel was so absorbed in the conversation he didn't even notice what he ate. But he did notice the hot looks the three were sharing. And when Toby casually dropped a hand on his cock and his other hand on Jason's cock, Ithiel needed every ounce of control he could muster not to explode in his pants on the spot.

Ithiel leaned toward the other two and spoke softly, "I have a room here for tonight. Didn't want to get arrested DUI or anything. Would you both like to come up for coffee or whatever, after this is over?"

Jason looked meaningfully into Ithiel's eyes, then into Toby's bright blue ones. "Whatever. Sounds good to me."

“Me, too.” Toby’s hands were once again stroking their cocks, up and down, pressing firmly through their suit pants. Ithiel was so hard, he could pound nails; and from the look on Jason’s face, he was the same. *Thank God the long tablecloth will prevent people from seeing us!*

The evening finally wrapped up with the last few speeches and the obligatory round of hugs and kisses for everyone. Ithiel was still half-hard and hoped it wasn’t too obvious. He noticed Toby’s pants seemed tight too, and Jason was shuffling from foot to foot. Ithiel bet Jason’s actions were more from a desire to ease the pressure on his cock than from having had his feet stepped on during the dancing.

The three men exchanged private grins.

CHAPTER TWO

Half an hour later, they stepped out of the elevator, walked a little way down the hall, and Ithiel unlocked his room door, welcoming Jason and Toby inside. He was excited but a little unsettled. On the one hand, he craved these two men, desperately wanted to make love with them, get to know them better, and fuck them thoroughly. On the other hand, he wasn't the kind of man who carried condoms in his wallet or had frequent one-night stands.

Shit! I hope that box of condoms is still in my Dopp kit, or I'm really gonna be fucked!

"So," he started in a husky and half strangled voice, "do you want coffee or what?"

"Oh, I think the what." Toby grinned.

"Definitely the what." Jason kicked the door shut, emphasizing his words, then strode into the room. He drew them both into his arms, uniting them in his strong grasp.

Jason touched his lips first to Toby's, then to Ithiel's. Suddenly, the three were in a fierce, messy, sloppy, three-way kiss with tongues and lips—tangling, sucking, licking, and hearts pounding.

Ithiel pressed his cock into Toby's butt and wrapped his arms around the smaller man, pulling Jason against them both.

Jason swiveled his hips, scraping his cock across Toby's and against Ithiel's thigh. Toby pushed his ass back into Ithiel's cock, rubbing hard, then thrust sideways to increase the pressure on Jason's.

Three long, hard erections. So much heat.

Jason gasped, tightening his hug and gyrating his pelvis harder.

"This would be a really good time to get *nekkid*," said Toby, breaking free from their embrace and shrugging out of his jacket.

"God, yes." Jason wrenched at his tie and kicked off his loafers, matching Toby's eagerness.

Ithiel was hit with a momentary pang at the loss of their hard bodies pressed together, but knew he needed something.

"Condoms," Ithiel panted, and headed into the bathroom. With a quick rummage in his Dopp kit, he had the box and tube of lube in his hand. *Thank you, God.* He ran back to the bedroom and dropped them onto the nightstand.

Ithiel gazed in awe for long seconds. Clothes flew like midwinter snow, but the temperature in the room was burning hot. Then he collected his wits and started shrugging out of his own tux. Within seconds, the three men were piling onto the bed and reaching for each other again.

Mouths and hands were everywhere at once—kissing, sucking, touching, and rubbing.

"Love the wax job," murmured Ithiel, running his mouth down Jason's bare chest, straight to his naked cock. *Yum! Hot salty skin with just the slightest taste of spice.*

He turned to Toby. "Nice tat and I like the nipple ring." He sucked both ring and nipple into his mouth.

"Yeah, that bare look sure is hot." Toby licked a drop of pre-cum from Jason's engorged cock—the head, a deep reddish purple. His cock looked enormous with no nest of curls to hide the base.

"Why the phoenix?" Jason asked, licking Toby's tat.

"From when I came out. This is the new me—reborn, accepting everything I am and will be."

"Good decision. I've thought of getting a tat. We must talk about it. *Later.*" Ithiel gasped. "I'm versatile," he added, grabbing a condom and handing the lube to Jason.

"Me too," replied Jason. He accepted the rubber and lube, then gave Toby a hot look.

"I like to be bottom." Toby licked his lips and watched them from under his eyelashes.

Ithiel stuffed a couple of pillows behind himself and leaned back against the headboard, tilting his hips up, his legs wide apart, feet flat on the bed. "Fuck, I can't wait a moment longer."

As he rolled on a condom, Jason squirted the lube into his ass, then added a finger and rubbed it into his walls.

Toby stopped rolling on his own condom to watch them. Ithiel noticed the fast rise and fall of Toby's chest and his cock lengthening as Toby stared at Jason's finger plunging in and out of Ithiel's ass. When Jason added a second finger, a drop of pre-cum gathered at the eye of Toby's cock, and all three men groaned.

Jason squirted in more lube and scissored his fingers.

Toby lay across Ithiel's belly. "Do me," he begged, voice rasped with suppressed need.

Jason's slick fingers disappeared into Toby's dark hole, and they all panted heavily.

"Shit!" Ithiel ran his hands over Toby's back, skimming the smaller man's sides. Then his fingers slid over his chest to tweak his nipples and pull gently on the nipple ring.

As Jason lubed Toby's ass, Toby rubbed his cock on Ithiel's belly—its solid heat teasing both men with the promise of what was to come.

Jason slapped his palm hard on Toby's ass. Startled by the noise, they all moaned again.

"More." Toby cried out, his hips moving against Jason's finger.

Another sharp crack, and then a third before Jason said, "Gotta be inside. Can't wait any longer."

Jason placed his cock at the rim of Ithiel's ass, then pushed hard past the tight muscles. Ithiel breathed out as the head of Jason's cock popped inside. Slowly, Jason pushed in farther, the hot walls stretching to accommodate his thick girth. As soon as he was balls-deep, he pulled Ithiel's legs up over his shoulders and put his own flat on the bed beside the other man's torso.

Toby slid over them both and kneeled, then lowered his pink ass onto Ithiel's cock, balancing himself by holding onto Jason's shoulders.

Ithiel thrust upward, past the ring of sphincter muscles, deep into Toby's welcoming heat. "Fuck, that feels good. So hot. So damn good."

Jason gripped Ithiel's shoulder with one hand and Toby's cock with the other. Ithiel mirrored him from the other side. Then, together, they began to move. Jason thrust into Ithiel and Ithiel powered into Toby. Jason stroked Toby's cock as Ithiel played with Toby's balls.

Toby leaned back, rubbing his shoulders across Ithiel's nipples—turning them into hard, hot little berries. Toby's hands reached out to Jason's nipples, pinching and tweaking them.

The three kept a hard, fast rhythm—pulling almost all the way out, thrusting deep inside, only to pull out and power in again.

"Too much. Too good. Not going to last," gasped Ithiel, redoubling his attentions to Toby's balls.

"Damn straight. Hottest thing I've ever done," added Jason with a groan.

Toby twisted his head around and Ithiel met his kiss. Then Toby turned to kiss Jason.

The sexual tension in the room was explosive.

Toby's hip-swiveling movement on his cock sent Ithiel over the edge with a deep groan, as he exploded into Toby's ass.

Toby thrust his tongue deep into Jason's mouth as he came, and a cry ripped past Jason's lips. Their spasms shot through to Ithiel, pulling him into the power of Toby's release.

Jason's control snapped and he came too, shaking from head to toe as he erupted in Ithiel's ass. Despite the thin latex, Ithiel gasped at the surge of heat inside him.

They relaxed in a tangle of sweaty bodies, rolling to their sides on the mattress—hearts pounding, breath rasping, and pulses tumultuous.

Toby recovered first. "Now, that was awesome. Let's all have a shower, then do it again."

Jason and Ithiel laughed and agreed.

CHAPTER THREE

Ithiel was woken the next morning by the very energetic Toby, who threw the comforter off, and lay across Ithiel's and Jason's legs—his mouth, teasing from one cock to the next.

"Oh yeah. This is the kind of wake-up call I like," Ithiel said, thrusting up into Toby's mouth.

"Mmmrf. Two hot cocks. How can that be bad?" Toby transferred his mouth to Jason's cock.

"God yeah, but we could do this better as a team," replied Jason, sitting up. He moved to show them his idea.

Very soon, they were arranged in a triangle of overlapping limbs: Ithiel's mouth filled with Jason's cock, Jason sucking Toby, and Toby licking Ithiel's balls.

Ithiel's lips continued to torment Jason while his fingers ran through Toby's blond locks. Then someone's hand started playing with one of his nipples and Ithiel's brain began to fry from the heat of the moment. He concentrated on scraping his teeth gently over the head of Jason's cock. Gradually, he withdrew his lips, sucking as

much of the length as he could deep into his mouth, then relaxing the back of his throat to take the entire cock in his mouth. He slid his hand from Toby's hair to his chest and gave a sharp pull on the nipple ring.

"Ahh," Toby gasped.

But it was so hard to concentrate when Toby was running his tongue under the sensitive ridge of Ithiel's cock. Fingers were rolling his balls. Another hand was pinching his nipple.

Shit. I'm gonna come!

Ithiel nipped and sucked harder on Jason's cock as he lost control and blasted his cum into Toby's mouth.

His own mouth filled with Jason's seed as he sucked and licked him, while the last of his cum pumped out into Toby. From the way Toby was shaking, he knew he'd come too.

Ithiel rolled onto his back, sweaty and panting. "Shit. What a workout. God that was hot!"

"Oh yeah, and there are so many other things we haven't attempted yet." Jason leaned up on an elbow to watch the others.

"Well, if you want to do stacks-on on the bed, I bags being on top. Otherwise, you big lugs will crush me," said Toby, making them all laugh.

"Thank God, it's Saturday. None of us has to be anywhere this weekend, right? So, why don't I just extend this room 'til Monday? That will give us plenty of time to test out a range of stuff. Then maybe we can talk about the three of us being more than a one-night stand?" Ithiel hesitated, wondering if he was reading more into this encounter than he should be. The three of them had enjoyed talking to each other at the wedding, had found a lot in common and had built a genuine rapport. But maybe...

He looked around, worried. Toby was nodding and smiling at him and so was Jason.

"First, let's have a shower—" Jason began.

"Then breakfast. I'm starved," interjected Toby.

"Then we'll talk about making this relationship work."

"Then we'll fuck again, with me on top."

"But first let me book the room for two more nights. I don't want to be interrupted," said Ithiel.

"Except by breakfast," added the irrepressible Toby.

As Ithiel picked up the house phone to organize the room and breakfast, excitement and amazement bubbled through him that so much happiness—and hot sex— could have come from what had started out as a boring chore—attending a wedding.

Biography

Variety is the spice of life. Berengaria Brown loves reading erotic romance, all different kinds of erotic romance. One man/one woman, two men, two women, two men and a woman, three men—

But since her favorite authors could not write as fast as she could read, one day Berengaria decided to try writing a book herself. While she was waiting to hear back from the publisher, she wrote another one, and another one. Now Berengaria is a multi-published author with books right across the spectrum of erotic romance. Whatever your taste, Berengaria has a book for you.

Other Books by Berengaria Brown

Carnal Connections

Dinner Delights

Loving Lydia