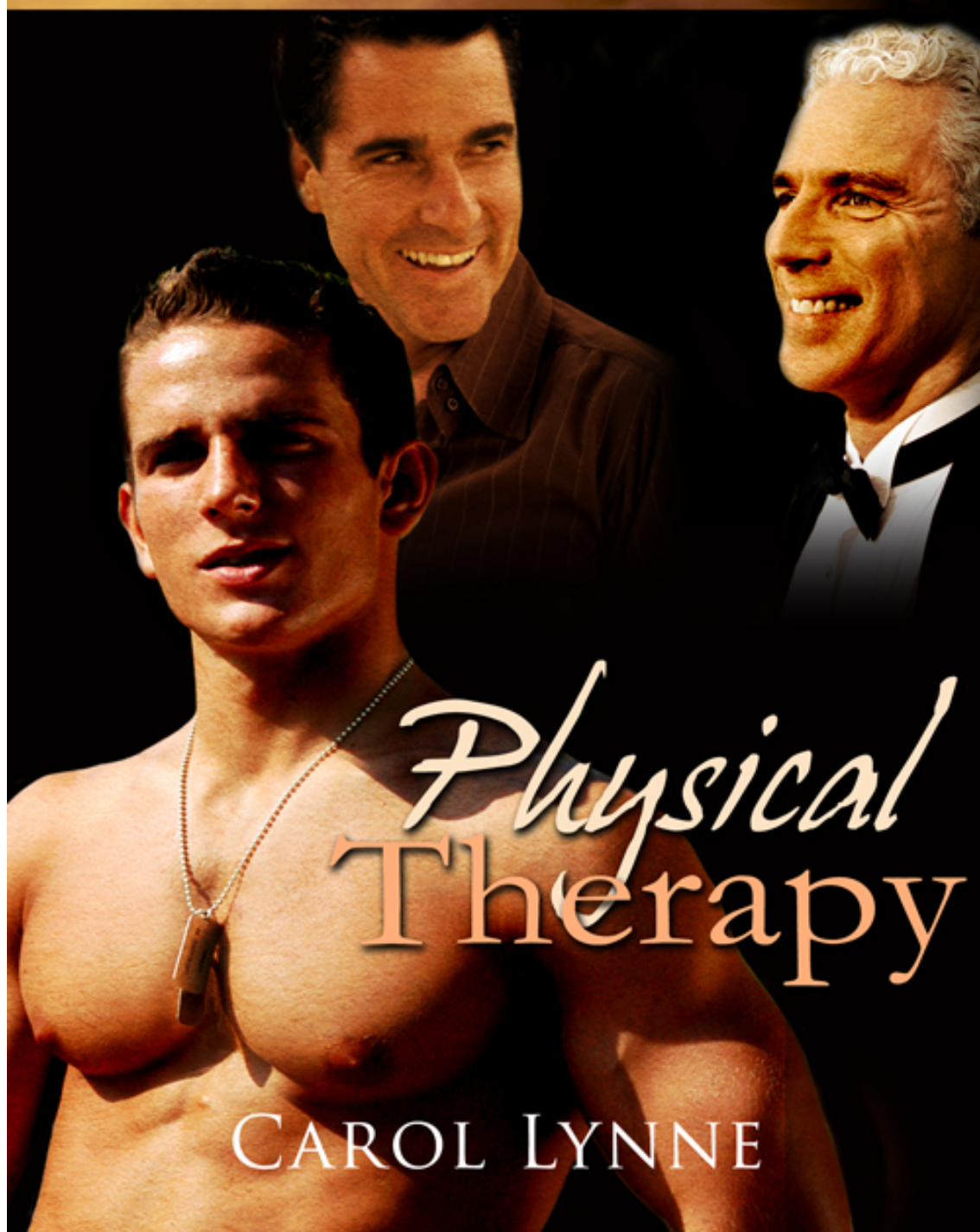




CATTLE VALLEY



Physical Therapy

CAROL LYNNE

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Physical Therapy

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

Cattle Valley

PHYSICAL THERAPY

Carol Lynne

Dedication

Dedicated to Dr. Chad Neal. Thanks for your help and insight.

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Chapter One

"Jeffries!" the pilot shouted as he jumped on the helicopter.

Shit. Matt rushed to climb into the helo. He gave Chuck the thumbs up as the Blackhawk lifted into the air. As they flew over the outskirts of Baghdad, Matt could feel sweat begin to trickle down his spine under his flack jacket. This was Iraq. It didn't seem to matter that the sun had set hours earlier, or that they were two hundred feet in the air, the temperature still hovered around eighty degrees.

Just ahead he could see the fire burning from the car bomb that had been driven into an Army outpost, the blowing smoke burning his nostrils. From the report they'd received over the radio, they were to expect serious injuries and several casualties.

Matt's stomach knotted. It was something he never got used to. It didn't matter whether he knew the soldiers personally, they were still soldiers, and because of that, his brothers and sisters.

Chuck set the helicopter down with a light touch. Without time to think, they jumped onto the ground running. The next few moments were organised chaos as the wounded were triaged. The soldiers that managed to escape without serious injury helped load those whose lives depended on getting to Sina Hospital in Baghdad.

Within minutes, the Blackhawk was back in the air, Matt trying desperately to save a boy of about twenty. "Come on," he said as he gave the soldier chest compressions.

Next to him his friend Danny worked on a corporal whose leg had been severed by a flying piece of metal.

Blood. There was always so much blood. It's coppery scent, something he'd never forget. "How's your patient?" Danny asked through his headset.

Matt gave a sombre shake to his head. As long as he continued administering chest compressions, he knew the young man would make it to the hospital alive, but the prognosis was grave from that point on. Miracles had been known to happen, however, and Matt hoped for one for this particular private.

A hand gripped his sleeve. Matt's attention swung to the injured soldier to his other side. The man had been unconscious when they'd loaded him, a piece of shrapnel lodged in his neck. They all knew better than to touch it, so they loaded the soldier and started an IV.

"Help me," the guy gasped.

Evidently in the transfer onto the helo, the piece of metal in the soldier's neck had shifted slightly. Blood was arching upward in copious amounts with every breath the man took.

Matt looked around the interior of the Blackhawk. There was no-one available to help the bleeding man. Matt knew if he stopped the chest compressions on the young man he was working on, he'd surely die moments away from the hospital. *Shit.*

This was the worst part of his job. It was like playing God on a daily basis. *How do you live with the guilt of sacrificing one to save another?*

With a deep breath, Matt continued with the compressions. He looked at the bleeding man beside him. "Try to relax. We're almost there."

"Please," the bleeding man begged.

"I'm sorry," Matt said. "I can't do anything more, you need a surgeon." Even as he said it, Matt watched the private's eyes begin to close. As the Blackhawk touched down, Matt watched the life drain out of the bleeding soldier.

Opening his eyes, Matt sat straight up, a scream still resonating through the room. He rubbed his eyes as he tried to even out his breathing. It was always the same dream, different soldiers, same outcome.

Matt flung back the sweat drenched sheet and swung his legs over the side of the bed. He knew from experience there wouldn't be any more sleep for him. After slipping on a pair of sweats and a T-shirt, he opened the door to his garage apartment, and stepped out onto the small landing.

The night was cool, cold actually, but it was just what he needed. He walked down the stairs to the little courtyard at the back of Isaac's and Sam's house and took a seat on the comfortable chaise.

Trying to push the dream from his mind, Matt focused his attention on his schedule for the coming day. Kyle was making great progress in his therapy, pushing himself harder in each session.

Who could blame the guy? Kyle's desire was to walk down the aisle with his husband-to-be on his wedding day.

A sound from the open window above him drew Matt's attention. There, silhouetted in the moonlight, stood Isaac. Damn. He'd been busted. It wasn't the first time Isaac had caught him up and about in the middle of the night. At least this time he was wearing clothes.

A week after he'd started working for the Doctors Browning and Singer, he'd awakened after yet another nightmare. Seeking refuge in the garden, he hadn't bothered putting on anything but a robe.

It had been a Saturday night, and his bosses had gone to Sheridan earlier in the evening to some kind of dinner party. They'd asked him to go, but he felt uncomfortable spending too much time with the couple. It wasn't that he didn't like them, it was just the opposite. His daydreams were filled with visions of the two of them in various states of undress.

Stretched out on the chaise, Matt tried to think of something, anything, to get his mind off the dream. That night, like now, he'd heard a noise coming from the perpetually open window above him.

What started as voices, talking too softly to be understood, quickly turned into moans of pleasure.

Closing his eyes, Matt had pretended he was in the room with them. His hand reaching down to untie his robe, he fisted his erection as the noises grew louder.

"Fuck me, goddammit!" He heard Sam yell.

Matt's available hand went automatically to his long neglected hole. He rimmed the tightly puckered skin with the pads of his fingers as the sounds of flesh meeting flesh echoed in the cool night.

Bringing his hands to his mouth, he spat on both of them. One returned to its place wrapped around his cock, the other smoothed the moisture onto his ass.

As he worked in two fingers, Matt jerked his cock faster, trying to keep up with the sounds coming from above. He was on the edge of bliss when he heard two voices cry out in ecstasy.

The howls of pleasure from the men upstairs, had his hands working at lightning speed. His fingers seeking out the void in himself that so desperately needed to be filled. His mind drifted and he could see himself sandwiched between the two doctors. His climax roared through him, painted his chest with his own seed. He hadn't realised he'd cried out,

but when his breathing returned to normal, he saw something that put a hitch in his breathing. Isaac stood above him at the window completely nude. Their eyes locked for what seemed like hours but was actually only a matter of seconds.

Suddenly embarrassed, Matt quickly closed the robe over his sticky chest and retreated back to his apartment above the garage. They'd never spoken of that night and Matt was eternally grateful. It was one thing to have fantasies about ones bosses, but it was completely different to beat off while listening to them fuck.

Shaking off the memory, Matt looked back up at the window. He heard Isaac say something over his shoulder before disappearing back into the darkness.

Turning his attention to the spring flowers visible in the moonlight, Matt tried to figure out what to do. He'd already put out feelers for another place to live. Kyle said he could rent the apartment above the bakery since he'd moved in with Gill, but Matt was holding out for a house. Of course, if things got much worse between himself and his present landlords, he might have to make the sacrifice.

Leaning his head back on the chaise, he couldn't keep his eyes from glancing up once more. To his surprise, it was Sam who now stood looking down on him.

A noise from directly behind him had Matt out of the chair and dropping to the ground. He closed his eyes as he fought the images trying to swallow him whole. Visions of sniper fire and Danny's death. Danny.

A cry rent the air around him. It wasn't until comforting hands began rubbing his back, that Matt realised the cry had come from him. He looked up into Isaac's concerned face.

"You okay?" Isaac asked, as Sam burst through the open French doors.

Matt closed his eyes and nodded. "I'm fine. You startled me."

Isaac helped him sit back up on the chaise and took a seat beside him. "Need to talk about it?" Isaac asked.

"No," Matt answered. "Just one of the many presents I brought home from the war."

God help him, but it took every ounce of self preservation not to lean into Isaac and accept the comfort the man was obviously willing to provide.

He couldn't help but notice the look the two doctors exchanged. Matt hadn't officially been diagnosed with PTSD (Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder), but that was only because he'd refused to see a doctor. Funny, he was now faced with two. Two doctors who were both looking at him with pity in their eyes.

He'd had enough of that to last a lifetime from his family. Standing, Matt tried to act as though he was fine, knowing in reality he was anything but. "I'm gonna try to get in a couple more hours of sleep. Sorry if I startled you," he said as he walked towards the stairs that would lead him to the safety of his apartment.

"Matt," Sam called.

He stopped walking but didn't turn around. He couldn't. The last thing he needed was to see their faces.

"We're here for you when you're ready to talk. If you need anything, anything at all, let us know," Sam said.

Matt nodded and continued to the stairs. *Yeah, he definitely needed his own place.*

* * * *

As Isaac watched Matt's back as it ascended the stairs, his chest tightened further. He felt Sam's arms wrap around him from behind and turned to embrace his lover of over twenty years. "You ready to go back up?" he asked Sam.

Nodding, Sam gave him a quick kiss. They turned and walked hand in hand back into the house. After locking the door, they made their way to the bedroom.

Sliding into bed, Isaac spooned his body against Sam's back in their customary sleeping position. As the minutes ticked by, he could tell Sam was as awake as he was, but neither of them felt like talking.

Never, in all the years they'd been together had he been tempted to cheat. Isaac pulled Sam closer, needing to feel a sense of normalcy. Matt had him so stirred up and confused, they hadn't been getting along very well lately.

Breathing in the lingering citrus smell of Sam's shampoo, Isaac wondered what the future held for them. He loved Sam to the depths of his soul. So why suddenly had he begun having dreams about Matt? Hell, Matt was young enough to be his son. He should've known better than to let Sam hire Matt.

Isaac had felt that special spark the first time they'd shook hands on Matt's first day on the job. He'd only felt that spark once before, and that was with the gorgeous, loving man in his arms.

"You worried about Matt?" Sam's voice startled him.

He couldn't tell his lover he was thinking about Matt, but not in the way Sam thought. "Yeah," he finally said.

"We should get him to go see Ben Zook."

Isaac's hand moved down from Sam's stomach to brush across the soft hair that surrounded his cock. "Maybe, but I don't think he's ready to admit to having a problem."

He ran his fingertips over Sam's half-hard erection. It had been over two weeks since the two of them had made love. Lately, they were doing good if they shared the same bed. They didn't have yelling-name-calling fights, but for them, to not be in each others pocket was the same as fighting.

Sam scooted over enough to roll half-way onto his back. The new position still gave Isaac's hands plenty of room to play, while allowing them the ability to reach each other's lips.

"I love you," Isaac said, looking into Sam's light blue eyes.

"You're my world," Sam replied, taking Isaac's length into his hand.

The kisses were natural, comfortable, as they slowly brought each other to completion, pumping their seed onto each other's hands and stomachs.

Afterward, they kissed some more, neither of them in a hurry to clean up. Isaac glanced at the clock. It was two hours before they needed to be up to start their day. Two hours that he knew he'd probably dream about Matt. Two hours of being ashamed of himself.

Chapter Two

Parking in his designated spot, Matt sat in his six-year old Toyota Camry and stared at the employee entrance. It was his first day in his new digs at the clinic. He'd been working out of a room at The Gym while the Doctors had a local contractor, Hal Kuckleman, add a therapy space and small office for him.

He was torn. Part of him had dreaded seeing Isaac and Sam on a daily basis, while the other half was jumping up and down like a kid on the last day of school.

You can do this. Just keep it professional. With new resolve, Matt got out of the car and headed for the door. He removed the security card from his shirt pocket and inserted it into the slot. With the green light flashing, Matt stepped inside.

He'd been to the clinic several times, but usually it was to drop off and pick up patient files. Matt hoped he could get down the hall and to his office before running into Isaac or Sam.

It had been almost three weeks since his meltdown in front of both men. Since then, Isaac had tried on several occasions to schedule an appointment with Ben Zook, the town shrink.

Matt chuckled to himself. What would a guy in Wyoming know about PTSD? He shook his head as he inserted the key into the lock of his new office. Opening the door, he was met by the fresh smell of paint and two gorgeous doctors leaning against his desk.

"Ta-da," Sam said, arms spreading wide.

The light blue walls set off Sam's eyes to perfection. He knew he could easily get lost in them. Matt took an involuntary step towards Sam.

"What do you think?" Isaac asked.

The question stopped Matt in his tracks. *Shit. So much for his resolve to act professionally.* He turned to face Isaac. "It looks great," he said, noticing the way the light blue paint set off Isaac's black hair and tanned complexion. *Oh, hell, he was in trouble.*

The Doctors parted like the Red Sea and gestured to the large wooden desk. "It's beautiful," he said in awe. The desk looked to be antique mahogany with carved legs. Matt thought it was the most gorgeous desk he'd ever seen.

"It's our office-warming, slash welcome-to-the-practice gift," Sam said.

Matt shook his head. "I don't know what to say."

"A thanks is good enough for us," Isaac chimed in.

"Thanks. Uh. Wow." He walked around Sam and sat down in the high-backed leather office chair. He couldn't help comparing this office to the tiny broom closet he'd used in Denver.

Running his hands across the shiny surface, Matt looked at Isaac. "Where did you find it?"

"We didn't," Isaac said. "Ryan Bronwyn from the antique store found it for us. We just told him we wanted something special."

"Well, he certainly delivered," Matt said with a grin. He still couldn't get over the fact these two men had given him such a generous and expensive gift.

Sam put a hand on Matt's shoulder and squeezed just the slightest bit. "Ryan said to tell you that he can get the matching credenza if you're interested."

Matt was so shocked by the intimate touch he heard nothing that came out of Sam's mouth. He saw his lips moving, but all he could think about was having that skilled hand travel its way down his chest to cover his cock. Fuck, the thought had his cock hardening.

He tried to casually cover his growing erection. "Um, I'm sorry, what did you say?" he asked Sam.

"Ryan has the matching credenza if you're interested," Sam repeated.

"Okay," Matt said with a nod. "I'll have to drop in and check it out."

He swung his gaze to Isaac and was surprised to find Isaac's eyes on the hard ridge of his cock trapped behind his khaki slacks. Suddenly worried that Sam would spot the indiscretion, Matt stood.

"I think I'd like to check out the therapy facilities next."

Isaac blinked and turned a beautiful shade of red. He seemed to know that Matt caught him looking. If only Isaac knew that Matt wanted him to do more than look.

* * * *

As Matt checked out each piece of equipment, Isaac secretly checked out Matt. He was a little ashamed at himself, but he didn't have an appointment for another half-hour and Sam wasn't around to catch him ogling.

Examining the back corner of the room, Matt turned and looked at him. "Free weights?"

Isaac grinned and walked towards the gorgeous younger man. "I hope you don't mind, but Sam and I thought it would be nice to have an occasional workout of our own."

Matt shook his head. "I don't mind at all. I spent two years lifting with nothing but free weights."

"Looks like you did a lot of it," Isaac commented. As soon as it was out of his mouth he wished he could pull it back inside.

"Thanks." Matt took a couple of steps until he stood toe to toe with Isaac.

The two men looked into each other's eyes. Isaac could feel the sexual current spark between them. As he started to lean in, zeroing in on those perfect lips, Maggie's voice came over the loud speaker.

"Dr. Singer, you're needed in the emergency room."

Isaac wasn't sure if he was thankful for the interruption or not. He stared into Matt's green eyes for another moment. "I'd better get going."

"Yeah, probably so," Matt replied, licking his lips.

It was all Isaac could do to stifle his groan as the point of that pretty pink tongue was exposed.

"Dr. Singer, you're needed in the emergency room."

Isaac took a step back. "Sam and I are grilling later if you're interested."

Matt blinked at the mention of Sam's name. "Uh, no, sorry. I've already got plans."

"Oh, well okay." Isaac pointed towards the door. "I'd better get going before Maggie comes in here and drags me out by my hair."

Matt nodded and finally broke eye contact. "I've got to get changed for my first appointment anyway."

Without another word, Isaac turned on his heels and practically ran from the room. What the hell was wrong with him? He rounded the corner, and knocked right into Sam.

"Hey, where's the fire?" Sam chuckled.

"Emergency room," Isaac said and gave his lover a quick peck on the lips. "Later," he called as he took off again.

Dammit he loved Sam. So what the hell was going on with him and Matt?

* * * *

After work, Matt went by The Gym to work out. He knew it was stupid now that he had his own place to do it, but he had to think of something to keep him from going home.

The last thing he thought he could handle was sitting across a table from Sam and Isaac. The moment earlier in the day with Isaac still had him on edge. It was evident that they both wanted the same thing, and had it not been for the interruption...hell, who knew what might have happened.

Walking into the familiar building, Matt spotted Nate and Rio at the juice bar. "Hey," he greeted as he took a seat beside Nate.

"Uhh, sorry, Matt, but are you lost?" Nate chuckled.

"Naw, I just missed your ugly face," Matt fired back.

"Oh, well that I can understand," Nate said, flashing his perfect movie star smile.

Matt looked at Rio who snorted. "Get over yourself already," Rio said, restocking the glasses.

He couldn't keep from laughing. Rio was like a horn dog panting after Nate night and day. It was one of the reasons he enjoyed hanging out with the two of them. No matter what they argued about, their love for each other was so transparent, no-one could help but to sit back and enjoy the show.

Kind of like Isaac and Sam. Man, he was so screwed.

"Hey, where'd you go?" Nate asked, snapping his fingers in Matt's face.

"Sorry, got a lot on my mind."

"Hmmm." Nate rubbed his chin. "Wouldn't have anything to do with Doctors Browning and Singer, would it?"

Matt's jaw dropped before snapping back shut.

"Yeah, that's what I figured," Nate said.

"Am I that obvious?"

"Only when you're in the same room with them." Nate put his arm around Matt's shoulders. "If it makes you feel any better, I've seen them look at you a time or two as well."

Matt folded his arms on the bar and put his head down. "What am I supposed to do?"

"Well, if I were you..." Nate began.

"Nate! Keep your nose out of Matt's business," Ryan said from behind them.

Turning his head to the side, Matt watched Nate spin around and greet his other lover. After an x-rated kiss, Nate stuck out his bottom lip. "But, Sheriff, he asked for my advice."

Ryan looked at Rio and shook his head. "What are we gonna do with him? He's worse than all the women in this town put together."

Nate reached down and covered Ryan's cock with his hand. "You mean I'm better than all the women in town put together."

Ryan smacked Nate's hand and blushed. "That goes without saying, but watch it, will ya. There are still a few guys working out in here."

Nate spun back around to Matt and rolled his eyes. "So, as I was saying before I was so rudely *interrupted*. I think you should go for it. Lay it all out on the line, and let the cards fall where they may."

Ryan made a sound in his throat and moved around Nate to greet Rio. As the two of them involved themselves with hellos, Matt thought about what Nate had said.

"Just like that? I just walk up to them and tell them I can't stop thinking about them?"

Nate shrugged. "It's what I'd do."

"Liar," Ryan said from behind the bar. "When you were interested in me and Rio, you did nothing of the kind. You sulked around, and then went out and almost got yourself raped being a damn fool."

Nate waved a hand in the air. "Haven't you ever heard of learning from your past mistakes? Damn, Ryan, lighten up."

Nate winked at Matt. "Seriously, I think that's what you should do."

"But how can I? Isaac and Sam have been together forever."

Rio's bulging biceps appeared next to his head, as the big man leaned on the bar. "Okay, now this, I know a little something about. Ryan and I had been together for years before Nate came sashaying into our lives..."

"I do not sashay," Nate interrupted.

"Yeah, baby, you do. Anyway, I was driving myself crazy because as much as I loved Ryan, I started developing feelings for Nate."

"So what did you do?" Matt asked, sitting up.

"I did nothing. I was afraid of losing what I had with Ryan, so I almost let Nate get away. It was one of the dumbest mistakes I almost ever made. I can't imagine my life without Mr. Nosy Pants." Rio looked over at Ryan. "Can you?"

"Nope. I don't even want to think about it," Ryan said, shaking his head. Matt could see that Nate was hanging on Ryan's every word. Damn they were cute together.

Maybe they were right. After all, who would know more about the topic than these three? "Thanks, guys. I think I'll head on home. Isaac and Sam invited me to grill out with them. Perhaps I should drop in."

"That's the spirit," Nate said. He gave Matt's back a few good slaps and jumped off the stool. "Okay, men, my work here is done. Take me home and ravish me."

Matt was still laughing when he got into his car. He drove back to the house and parked to the side of the garage.

Getting out of the car, he headed to the backyard. When he rounded the corner of the house, Matt stopped short. The two men were sitting at the table just staring at each other, and it didn't appear to be out of lust. Nope, it looked like they were fighting again.

The last thing Matt wanted was to come between them. He quickly turned and started up the stairs.

"Matt? Is that you?" Sam called out.

Shit. Busted. "Yeah."

"Why don't you come on down and have some dinner?"

"Um, I'm not feeling well. I think I'm gonna go lie down, maybe just turn in early."

Within seconds, both Isaac and Sam appeared at the foot of the steps. "What's wrong?" Isaac asked.

"I've got a headache. I think I'm just tired." This was true, so he wasn't technically lying to them.

Sam took the few steps up to stand on the riser beside him. He put his hands on either side of Matt's head and tilted it down to look into his eyes, assessing his condition, Matt supposed.

"You're not sleeping," Sam said.

Being this close to the good doctor, Matt's breathing began to pick up. He tried to tamp down his arousal, but it was just too much, Sam was too close.

The man's eyes broke contact, and began to wander down Matt's body.

Matt gulped as he felt the heat of Sam's gaze on his erection. Looking back up at Matt before turning to look down the stairs at Isaac, Sam nodded. "I think you were right."

Chapter Three

Oh shit. “Wh...what is Isaac right about?” Matt asked. Had they figured out he was attracted to them? Would they fire him?

Sam took his hand. “Can you come down and talk? I’ll get you a couple of Tylenols?”

Matt looked down the stairs at Isaac. Had he told Sam what had happened earlier? He closed his eyes. He needed to think. A tug to his hand had him opening them again.

“Come on,” Sam coaxed, and led Matt down the stairs.

He watched as Isaac turned and walked to the patio. As Sam led him around the corner, Matt saw the French doors standing wide open. *Inside?* They were doing this in the house, away from witnesses?

Matt started to drag his feet. “Look, Sam, I’m sorry. I couldn’t help it,” he started.

Sam stopped in front of him and turned around. He placed a gentle kiss on Matt’s chin. “Relax.”

A kiss. Okay, he got a kiss. That probably meant they weren’t going to kick his ass or fire him. As a matter of fact, maybe this talk was a good thing. He gave a slight grin and followed Sam into the house.

Sam led him into the informal den and gestured to the couch. “I’ll get you those pills,” he said as he turned to walk out of the room.

Isaac must have passed him in the hall, because seconds later he came into the den carrying a bottle of red wine and three glasses. “I thought we might need a drink,” he said.

Matt nodded. He knew he could use something a little stronger, but he also knew the Doctors didn’t drink much. He seriously doubted if they had any Jack Daniels in the house.

He watched as Isaac poured the wine. He had to know what he was up against before Sam came back into the room. “Did you tell Sam what happened earlier, in the therapy room?”

Sitting beside him on the L-shaped leather sofa, Isaac handed him a glass. “Yes.” Isaac looked into his eyes as he took a sip of his wine. “I couldn’t lie to him anymore. I hope you’ll understand.”

Matt didn't get a chance to reply before Sam came back into the room carrying a bottle of water and a bottle of Tylenol. "Thanks," Matt said.

As he opened the bottle and shook out three pills, Sam sat on the other side of him, and picked his wine glass up from the table. Surrounded by heat, Matt felt sweat pop out on his forehead.

He barely managed to get the pills down around the newly formed lump in his throat, but he finally managed it and set the water and pill bottle on the table.

Sam picked up Matt's wine glass and handed it to him. "We seem to have a problem," Sam began.

Matt's eyes flicked to Isaac. "I'm sorry," Matt said automatically.

"Don't be. I'm not," Sam continued. "Since the first day we met you, it seems we've both been attracted to you," Sam said, gesturing between himself and Isaac. "We've held it in because of our love for each other, but it was always there. I'm sorry to say it started to drive a wedge between us. We're not used to keeping secrets from each other. We've been together a very long time."

Isaac took over. Matt's head swung towards the black-haired man. "After what I saw out the bedroom window shortly after you moved in, I thought maybe you were attracted to me, or us, but I wasn't positive. However, my suspicions were confirmed earlier in the therapy room."

Matt quickly gulped his wine, holding the glass out to Isaac. "Can I have some more?" This was too much. It was one thing to lust after one's bosses, but quite another to find out they felt the same.

Isaac refilled Matt's glass. "I came clean with Sam over dinner. I told him I was ashamed of myself, but that I couldn't stop thinking about you, dreaming about you." Isaac reached across Matt and took Sam's hand. "He admitted to having similar thoughts and feelings."

"So why were the two of you obviously fighting when I got home?" Matt asked.

"Because I wanted to talk to you," Isaac answered.

"And I didn't," Sam interrupted. "Even though I've seen you watch me a time or two, I was never given a clear sign of your desire. I was afraid of losing Isaac to you and being left out."

Matt shook his head and set his wine glass on the table. Turning towards Sam, he shook his head and cupped the older man's cheek. "I've been fantasising about both of you, not one over the other, both at the same time. I was ashamed of myself because I know the two of you have been together a long time. I just couldn't stop..."

That was as far as he got before Sam's lips descended on his. At first the kiss was soft, almost shy. When Matt felt Sam's tongue on his lips, he opened immediately. At the first taste of Sam, Matt groaned, and took the kiss even deeper, tongue fucking the older man's mouth.

A groan from beside him had Matt pulling back. Isaac placed his fingers under Matt's chin and turned his head. Now it was Isaac's turn. The two of them didn't start slowly as it didn't seem to be Isaac's way. The kiss was carnal and mind-blowing.

Isaac leaned back on the sofa and pulled Matt down with him. "I want you," Isaac whispered.

Shit. Isaac got straight to the heart of the matter. Matt looked over his shoulder at the other man sitting beside him. He wasn't sure if he wanted to ask Sam's permission or just to join in. Sam must've picked up on his thoughts, because he reached out and started rubbing his hand up and down Matt's spine.

"Are you interested in making a go of this thing between the three of us?" Sam asked, his hand landing on Matt's ass.

"What if it doesn't work?" Matt spoke his fear. "What if one of you gets jealous that the other is spending too much time with me? I don't think I could live with myself knowing I broke up one of the most loving couples I've ever known."

In answer, Sam stood and held out his hand. "Let's go upstairs. We can work things out in a more comfortable environment."

Matt let Sam pull him to his feet. Hell, he knew he'd let these two men do damn near anything they wanted to him.

"Shall I bring the wine?" Isaac asked, getting to his feet.

"No," Sam said. "I think we need to have all our faculties intact for this."

Isaac nodded and wrapped his arm around Matt. The three of them walked up the wide staircase to the over-sized Master bedroom.

Once in their inner sanctum, Matt watched as the two men started to undress. Damn, for being twice his age, both men evidently took very good care of their bodies. He almost

drooled when Isaac removed his shirt, revealing a cut six-pack and large, dark brown nipples.

"Are you going to join us?" Sam asked, stepping out of his pants.

"Uh, wow. I'm so busy looking, I don't think I want to take my eyes off the pair off you," Matt said, his voice going deeper.

"No problem," Sam said. He walked over to Matt, fully naked, and began to unfasten his khakis.

Matt felt Isaac's body press against him from the back. Matt automatically leaned back against the wall of Isaac's chest. Warm hands worked their way down Matt's chest to slip under his sports shirt.

The feel of Isaac's fingers tracing his belly button had his cock jerking. Matt looked down as his pants and his underwear were lowered to the floor, his cock springing free to slap against his abdomen. He stepped out of the clothes as Isaac pulled his shirt up and off, flinging it to the chair in the corner.

It was like a dual assault, one he didn't know if he'd survive. Sam began licking Matt's balls before moving up the length of the throbbing erection. "Yeah," Matt groaned as Sam swallowed his cock.

Isaac's fingers continued to map Matt's torso. When those capable hands landed on his chest, Isaac groaned. "Damn, baby, you've got the biggest pecs I've ever felt."

Matt grinned. He'd worked hard developing them. He was glad they were finally being appreciated.

With Sam devouring his cock, and Isaac pinching and rubbing his nipples, Matt knew he wouldn't last. "You guys keep it up and I'm gonna blow."

One of Isaac's hands moved up from Matt's chest to his mouth. "Get me wet," Isaac whispered in his ear.

Matt greedily laved Isaac's fingers, knowing exactly what his new lover was going to do with them. Isaac used his fingers to pull Matt's head to the side. Removing the wet digits, Isaac replaced them with his tongue.

Matt groaned as Isaac spread his ass and tapped against his hole several times before pushing inside. Matt thought he'd died and gone to heaven. He began moving back and forth between Sam's mouth and Isaac's hand.

All too soon, he felt his cum working its way up from his balls. He tried to warn Sam, but Isaac's tongue was still assaulting his mouth. With a warning grunt, Matt's seed exploded from the head of his cock down Sam's throat. At the same time, Isaac went from one finger directly to three.

The bite of pain seemed to enhance Matt's orgasm even more, as he continued to pump streams of cum into Sam's mouth.

After thoroughly cleaning Matt's cock, Sam pulled off and stood. He pressed his chest against Matt's. Reaching down, Matt took Sam's average-sized cock in his hand.

"Yessss," Sam hissed. Matt tore his mouth away from Isaac's to kiss his other lover.

Meanwhile, three fingers deep inside Matt's ass, Isaac started to growl. "Want in." Isaac's fingers disappeared first and then the warmth of his body.

Mourning the loss, Matt turned to look at Isaac. He was standing in the centre of the room with his head down and his hands on his hips. "What?" Matt asked Isaac.

"Condom. We don't have any fucking condoms," Isaac said.

"My wallet," Matt said, turning back to nip at Sam's lips. Manoeuvring Sam over to the bed, Matt had him sit down, his lover's back against the headboard. He heard Isaac toss the khaki pants back onto the floor, and seconds later, he heard the top of the lube bottle pop open.

Crawling between Sam's spread thighs, Matt ran his tongue up the length of his lover's cock. "Don't tease me," Sam moaned.

He felt Isaac's lubed fingers invade his hole once more, and Matt slipped his lips over the mushroom-shaped head in front of him. He swirled his tongue around the prominent ridge, wondering if he'd ever tasted anything so good. Sam's pre-cum was sweeter than any he'd ever had.

Matt thrust his ass back against Isaac's hand, letting him know he was ready. He smiled around Sam's cock as the fingers disappeared to be replaced by the head of Isaac's erection.

Expecting a slow invasion, Matt was surprised when Isaac pushed deep with one agonising thrust. "Fuck," Matt said around Sam's cock.

Sam started chuckling. "Oh, did I forget to mention that Isaac likes his sex rough?"

Rough was fine with Matt, especially after his body became accustomed to the oversized cock, but it would've been nice to have gotten a little warning.

Sam started fucking Matt's mouth to the pace Isaac had set in and out of his ass. Matt stopped trying to keep up with the horny pair and just enjoyed the ride. He still couldn't believe what had taken place in the span of sixty minutes. Surely he was dreaming.

Isaac's fat cock pegged his prostate and Matt knew he couldn't be dreaming as his cock hardened once more.

"Damn, I love this ass," Isaac panted as he changed angles.

"Gonna," shouted Sam.

"Wait for me," Isaac grunted.

Within the span of seconds, Matt's mouth and throat were being blasted with cum, as Isaac buried himself as deep as possible and came. The dual sensation, combined with his hand that had somehow worked its way to his cock, had Matt joining in as all three slipped over the edge into bliss.

Collapsing in a pile, Isaac quickly tied off the condom and tossed it into the trash can beside the bed. The three of them moved like they'd been doing it for years, Sam in the centre with Matt and Isaac on either side.

They shared kisses, and words of praise. Matt didn't know if he'd ever been so happy. He was still worried about coming between his two lovers, but Sam's next words helped put him at ease.

"I probably should've also mentioned that Isaac's a fuck machine. I've often worried that I wasn't enough for him."

"Shhh," Isaac said, giving Sam a kiss. "You've always been a fantastic lover."

"Yeah, things have been good, but I know you want it a lot more than I do." Sam turned to look at Matt. "Do you think you can help me keep this man satisfied?"

"I'll sure do my best," Matt said with a grin.

Chapter Four

As soon as the alarm went off, Matt screamed, "Danny!"

Sam's head popped up, and his arms immediately surrounded Matt's nude torso. "Shhh, its okay, Matt. You're okay. Wake up."

He heard Isaac shut off the annoying noise before turning on the small bedside lamp. Sam could see the sheen of tears on Matt's face. He could tell Matt was awake, but he still had yet to open his eyes.

As he watched, the movement behind Matt's lids showed a great deal of eye activity. "Do you know where you are?" Sam asked.

He felt Isaac get out of bed. Seconds later his lover reappeared carrying a wet washcloth. Isaac crawled into bed on the other side of Matt and began to clean his face.

"Matt?" Isaac looked from Matt to Sam.

Sam continued to rub soothing circles into Matt's stomach as they tried to bring their young lover around. He wished to hell Matt would get the help he obviously needed. It was hard enough watching Matt go through it before they became lovers, but now it was heart wrenching.

He decided to call Ben after he got to the office and ask if there was something he and Isaac could do to help Matt. Leaning in, Sam began to kiss his lover's neck. "Come on. Let me see those pretty green eyes of yours."

Matt turned to the side and buried his face in Sam's neck. "God, I'm so embarrassed," Matt said. "My first morning with the two of you and I pull this shit."

"Hey," Isaac said, spooning himself against Matt's back. "No need for embarrassment around us. We're doctors don't forget."

"You guys must think I'm really screwed up."

Sam pulled back enough to tilt Matt's chin up. With Matt finally looking him in the eyes, Sam leaned in and kissed him. He wasn't sure if he was trying to comfort Matt or just take his mind off the nightmare, but the kiss grew in intensity. Before long, Matt's tongue was tickling Sam's tonsils as he started to rub his morning wood along side of Sam's.

Not wanting Isaac to feel left out, Sam reached around Matt to run his hand over his lover's hip. He could feel the muscles of Isaac's ass contract as he began to thrust himself against Matt's ass.

They broke their kiss for some much needed oxygen and Matt pulled Sam even closer, rubbing harder. This time, Sam was the first to cum, his cock exploding in a mind-blowing orgasm.

He heard Isaac's familiar grunt and knew his long-time lover was coming against Matt's ass. Sam looked into Matt's eyes, wondering why he hadn't come and saw the tears again.

He ran his tongue over Matt's lips and gave him a sweet kiss. "Come for me, lover. Forget everything else, and let yourself go."

Two more thrusts and Sam felt Matt's warmth blossom between them as his lover dug his short nails into Sam's back. "Everything's going to be okay," Sam soothed as Matt's breathing returned to normal.

* * * *

"So, this was the last session before the big day on Saturday, you nervous?" Matt asked Kyle.

Kyle grinned. "About the wedding? Hell no. About walking down the aisle? Hell yes."

Matt put a hand on Kyle's shoulder. "You'll do fine. You've worked damn hard to get this far this fast. But, and I stress that word. But, if you start to feel shaky just signal for the chair. No one's going to think any less of you if you can't make it through the whole ceremony."

Kyle pulled Matt into a hug. "Thanks. I couldn't have done this without you."

"Sure you could've. It was just a matter of asking for help."

"Speaking of," Sam's voice came from the doorway.

Matt released Kyle and turned around. "Yes?" he asked.

"Can I talk to you in my office when you're finished?" Sam asked.

"Sure, we're wrapping up here. Give me a few and I'll be in," Matt winked.

Sam smiled and left. Kyle punched Matt in the arm. "You've been holding out on me."

"Ow," Matt laughed and rubbed his arm. "I'm not holding out, okay. Shit, did you have to raise a bruise?"

Kyle laughed and rolled his eyes. "You've got something going with Dr. Browning? What about Doc Singer?"

Matt winced. He didn't want to lie to his new friend, but he didn't think the Doctors wanted the news spread all over town either. "We're trying it, the three of us, but you have to swear to not let that get around."

Kyle's eyebrows rose. "Both? Damn." Kyle whistled.

"Yeah, well, it's brand new, so I don't want to jinx it by saying too much."

"I get ya," Kyle said with a nod. He pointed towards his wheelchair. "Bring me that monster, and I'll get out of your hair so you can go play kissy-face with Dr. Browning."

Matt blushed, but quickly retrieved Kyle's chair. Could that really be what Sam wanted him for? The prospect put a smile on his face.

He got Kyle settled and followed him out the door. "I'll see you on Saturday," he said, waving goodbye to Kyle.

"I'll be the white guy in the tux," Kyle said.

Chuckling, Matt knocked on Sam's door. "Come in."

Matt stepped in. "Shut the door and come here," Sam said.

After doing what he'd been told, Matt walked towards Sam's desk. "You wanted to see me?" he asked.

Sam stood and pulled Matt into his arms, giving him a kiss to remember. When they eventually broke apart, Sam held him a little tighter. "I wanted to talk to you again about going to see Ben Zook."

Matt blinked. *What?* He pushed against Sam's chest as he took a step back. "That's what you called me in here for? So you could use kisses to get me to go see a shrink? A guy I've never even met?" He shook his head. "That's low, man."

He started to walk back towards the door. "Wait," Sam called. "I heard you talking to Kyle. If I remember right, it was something about him getting better once he'd asked for help. Well, take your own advice."

Matt suddenly felt betrayed. He'd listened to this shit from his folks until they'd driven him away. The last thing he needed was for his lover to start in on him. Maybe he needed to rethink the whole situation.

He looked over his shoulder. "What the hell would you know about it? Maybe I deserve the nightmares. Just stay the fuck out of my head."

Matt was so pissed he was shaking. He stopped by the receptionist desk and told her to reschedule his appointments for the rest of the day. With that taken care of, he gathered his briefcase and left the building.

He didn't give it a second thought as he pulled up in front of Brewster's Bar. It may have only been eleven but he was thirsty.

* * * *

"Hey, Holly," Isaac said, walking into the small lab. "Have you got those reports I asked for?"

"Um, just finishing the last one," she said with a grin.

Isaac decided to head off any undue gossip. "We need them for some additional life insurance we're looking in to."

"Uh huh," Holly replied, not looking up from the computer screen. The printer started spitting out several sheets of paper which she neatly put into file folders.

Shit, maybe she isn't buying it. Well, he was the boss, dammit. He shouldn't have to explain himself. He took the folders Holly handed him and thanked her for processing them in a rush.

Walking down the hall, he opened the first folder and took a peek. A wide smile spread across his face and he felt like pumping his arms in the air. Isaac immediately headed towards Matt's office.

When he found the door locked, he asked their receptionist, Jill, about Matt. He was a little surprised when he was informed that he'd left for the day.

Next, he stopped by Sam's office, hoping he wasn't already with a patient. After a brief knock, he stuck his head inside the incredibly tidy office. Sam was sitting at his desk with his head in his hands.

He walked in and shut the door. "Hey, what's up?" he asked, going to sit on the corner of Sam's desk.

"I fucked up," Sam mumbled.

"Huh? You never fuck up. What's going on?" He laid the folders in front of Sam.

Sam's worried eyes scanned them. It was obvious what they were. They'd all taken blood tests that morning.

"Let's just say, I'm not sure we'll need those results for anything," Sam said, rubbing his eyes.

Isaac felt his chest tighten. "You've changed your mind?"

"Not me, but I think maybe Matt has. I brought up Ben Zook again." Sam looked up at Isaac. "He said something that I can't stop thinking about."

"What?" Isaac couldn't take the pained expression on Sam's face and pulled him out of the chair and into his arms.

"He said maybe he deserved the nightmares." Sam sighed and buried his face just under Isaac's chin.

Isaac ran his hands over Sam's back. He needed to think. No, what he needed to do was call Ben. He placed a kiss to Sam's forehead. "Will you trust me enough to let me handle this one?"

Sam looked up at him, his light blue eyes filled with sorrow. "I'm sorry if I screwed things up."

Isaac shook his head. "Don't apologise for trying to help someone who means a lot to us. I think Matt's temper might be a symptom of the problem. Don't take it personally, honey."

He covered Sam's lips with a kiss, heavy on the love, light on the passion. He doubted either of them felt 'in the mood' for anything deeper.

"I'm gonna try and find Matt. Will you be okay?"

Sam nodded. "Call me if you find him."

"I will," he said, giving Sam another kiss.

* * * *

"Tequilla," the man two stools down ordered.

Matt glanced over. Evidently he wasn't the only one who needed the hard stuff this early in the day.

"Thanks," the guy said when the bartender handed him the shot. He downed it in one swallow, and slammed the glass on the bar. "Another with a beer chaser."

The older man caught Matt looking. "What? A guy can't have a drink when he needs one?"

Matt held up his glass of Jack. "Didn't say that at all."

The man chuckled and shook his head as his drinks were placed on the bar. "We're a pair, huh? Barely noon and we're both trying to forget."

"Something like that," Matt said as he tipped his glass back.

"Ahh, you're so young. What could you possibly have to forget?"

Matt bristled at the question. "Age has nothing to do with the amount of bad memories stored up here," he said, tapping his temple.

The guy seemed to think it over. "I suppose you're right." He picked his shot up and held it out to Matt. "Cheers to us."

Matt tapped the man's glass with his own. "Cheers."

The guy downed his shot, and nothing else was said. Matt thought of all the things he wished he could forget. He pulled out the dog tags he still wore around his neck and rubbed his fingers over the thin metal.

"You a service boy?"

Matt said nothing, but gave the man a nod.

"Me, too. Two tours in Vietnam."

That got Matt's attention. His eyes narrowed as he studied the older man. "You don't look old enough."

The guy laughed. "Well, you know what they say about black skin. I'm damn near sixty."

Matt nodded and took another drink.

"You just get back?"

"Yep, going on six months ago."

The guy slid over a stool and held out his hand. "Name's BJ."

Matt shook BJ's hand. "Good to meet you."

"How're you handling things now that you're back in the States?"

Matt just shrugged. The last thing he wanted to do was admit to a stranger in a bar that he felt like he was falling apart most days. That every loud noise made him jump, and every night he saw his best friend killed over and over. Naw, this guy didn't need to hear all that. "As good as can be expected, I guess."

"Well you're lucky then. Hell, they put me in the loony bin for almost a year after I got back."

Matt eyed BJ a little closer. "Is that why you drink?"

BJ looked back. "Maybe. I've had thirty-six years to get over the dreams, but every once in a while, they catch up with me."

Matt's throat seemed to constrict. "So...they don't go away?"

"Never. Not entirely anyway. I've just learned to deal with them. Time helps, don't get me wrong. They happen a lot less frequently nowadays, but I don't let them rule my life anymore. I've also learned it's easier to share them with the person who loves me rather than to go it alone."

BJ picked up his beer and drank it in three swallows. "Went through quite a few lovers before I figured that out. Got me a good one now though. We've been together going on twenty years."

Matt finished his drink and slapped some money on the bar. "It was nice to meet you, BJ."

"You ever feel like talking, just ask the bartender. He knows where to find me."

"Thanks." Matt walked out of the bar and stood on the sidewalk. He was surprised to see Isaac sitting on the hood of his car.

"Need a ride?" Isaac asked, not moving from his spot.

Matt wasn't sure what the hell he needed. He knew he couldn't go back to work, not in the condition he was in. He knew he wasn't drunk, but he was well on the way. "Yeah, if you don't mind."

Isaac pushed himself to his feet. "Don't mind at all. We'll have to take your car though. I rode into work with Sam."

Matt nodded and tossed Isaac the keys. His mind kept going back to BJ. The man was almost sixty and still had nightmares occasionally. He also thought about what else BJ had said. Matt wondered if he'd ever be able to open up about memories. Would it make the guilt any less his? He knew it would require a great deal of thinking.

Chapter Five

Sitting straight up in bed, Matt wiped the sweat from his forehead and tried to get his breathing under control. The dreams were coming even more frequently as the days went by.

He looked at the clock. Shit, it was only two. What time had he gone to bed, seven-thirty, eight? He remembered Isaac driving him home, and he remembered telling him he needed to be alone for a while.

Matt threw back the covers and went to take his customary tepid shower to wash off the 'night sweats' as he referred to them. Standing under the cool spray, his dream tried to encroach upon his waking hours. "No!" he yelled.

Drying off, he tried to figure out why the dreams were getting worse. So far he'd relived almost every moment he'd spent with Danny before...

After slipping on his robe, Matt walked out to the tiny living room and sprawled on the second-hand couch. His gaze went to the cheap red photo album. He couldn't figure out why he still had the damn thing. It brought him nothing but grief and guilt.

Matt pushed himself to his feet and walked towards the fridge. Maybe if he ate something he'd be able to go back to sleep.

As he stood at the kitchen window eating a cold slice of pizza, he noticed the lights in the main house were off, but the one at the back door had been left on. He wondered if it was their way of inviting him inside.

He should probably apologise to Sam. Isaac had read Matt the riot act on the way home from Brewster's. He'd done it in a civilised way, but Isaac had definitely made it known that Sam was only concerned because he was becoming emotionally involved.

The worst part about it was Matt knew Isaac had been right. He'd seen the worry in Sam's eyes earlier in Sam's office.

Before he knew it, Matt was on his way down the garage stairs. He tried the back door and smiled when he found it unlocked. Making sure to throw the deadbolt, he walked quietly upstairs.

He leaned against the threshold of the Master bedroom and watched Sam and Isaac. They were spooned together with Isaac nestled against Sam's back. *God they're gorgeous together.*

Letting the robe fall from his shoulders, Matt carefully lifted the covers and slid in. He turned to his side to face Sam and reached across him to hold Isaac's hip.

Matt didn't know how long he watched Sam sleep, the moonlight coming in the window setting Sam's handsome features off to perfection. The longer he studied, the heavier his eyes became, until sleep finally overtook him.

* * * *

In the early morning hours, Sam woke to find Matt curled up against his chest. The tight feeling in his chest loosened a little. He'd been so worried he'd screwed everything up. Isaac had tried to reassure him that he'd done nothing wrong, but he'd pushed and he knew it.

He wasn't intentionally trying to wake Matt, but he needed to make sure he was really there, beside him. When had Matt come to them? Did he have another bad dream?

Sam shifted his head on the pillow until his lips were a hairs breadth from Matt's. "I'm so glad you're here," he whispered, lips brushing over Matt's.

Those green eyes opened, taking the kiss deeper. He felt Matt's tongue press against his lips and eagerly opened for it. His lover swept the interior of Sam's mouth, moaning.

He pulled back just enough to break the kiss and looked into Matt's eyes. "I'm sorry."

Matt shook his head. "No. I'm the one who should apologise. I know you were trying to help. I'm just not very good at accepting it."

He pushed harder against Matt, needing to feel him. He grinned when Isaac's warm body followed, that hard cock sliding across the crack of his ass. "I think we woke Isaac," he whispered.

Matt rose up on his elbow to look over Sam. "Morning," Matt said to Isaac. "I hope you don't mind. The door was unlocked."

"For you," Isaac answered. "Only for you."

Sam ducked his head so Matt could lean over him and share a kiss with Isaac. "You okay?" Isaac asked Matt.

Matt's body tensed under Sam's hands. "No, not really, but I think I need the two of you."

"And we need you," Sam said, rubbing Matt's muscled back. He gave a light smack to Matt's hard ass. "Come on, scoot in here between me and Isaac. Let us both love you."

Sam felt Isaac move back to make room for Matt, who proceeded to crawl over the top of him. Sam groaned as Matt lingered, rubbing against him just a little.

He turned over to face Isaac with Matt safely tucked between them. Sam wasn't about to let the opportunity pass him by as he began to explore each ridge and dip of Matt's well developed torso.

"Feels good," Matt said.

"Let us make you feel better," Isaac said as he started rubbing against Matt's body.

Sam and Isaac both leaned forward and shared a three-way kiss with Matt, all of them moving against each other. He felt his cock glide across Matt's smooth hip as he reached for that sweet long dick. He chuckled to find Isaac's hand already there. Sam decided to move down to Matt's balls as he let Isaac jack Matt off.

Sam licked his way from Matt's lips to his gorgeous pecs. He laved and nipped at the heavily muscled chest as he started grinding his cock against Matt's hip. "Gonna," he moaned without releasing the nipple between his teeth.

"Yeah, together," Isaac panted aloud, doing his own share of grinding.

Within seconds they were all covered in sticky white cum one right after the other. He released Matt's nipple afraid he'd bite the damn thing off as his cock gave its final spurt.

Sam nuzzled against Matt's neck as the three of them began finger painting Matt's chest and stomach. "Nice," Isaac said.

"Mmm hmm," Sam agreed.

Matt rose up on his elbows to look over Sam. "You got a new clock?" Matt asked.

Sam nodded. "This one plays nature sounds to wake you up in the morning." He never again wanted Matt to wake like he'd done the previous day. Never.

Matt didn't say anything, but Sam could tell by the look in Matt's eyes he knew why Sam had done it. Sam pulled his lover's head down for a kiss, threading his fingers through Matt's thick hair.

Isaac started snickering and they broke the kiss to look at him. "What?" Sam asked.

Isaac shook his head. "We definitely need to get into the shower. You've just smeared his head with cum."

Sam withdrew his hand and smiled at Matt. "Sorry."

Matt chuckled. "Don't be. I hear protein's good for the hair."

That got all of them chuckling. "I'd better get up. I need to run by the clinic for a bit before the wedding and check on a few people."

"It's only six," Isaac said. "Stay and take a nap with us."

Sam gave Isaac a deep kiss, tongue sliding in so naturally. "We'll have plenty of time for napping later. If I get my stuff done then I can be lazy with the two of you the rest of the weekend."

Isaac groaned and sat up. "Well, I guess the least we can do is shower and fix you breakfast before you leave." Isaac leaned over and kissed Sam and Matt. "We've never had three in the shower, might be fun." He waggled his brows.

* * * *

Pulling up to the house, Sam grinned. If he knew Isaac, he'd bet his lover still had Matt in bed. He could tell by the way Isaac touched Matt over breakfast that he was hungry for something other than food.

He looked at his watch as he walked towards the house. Gill and Kyle's wedding was in an hour and they needed to get ready and head to the park.

Sam knew it was a big day, not only for the happy couple but for Matt as well. Matt had worked damn hard to get Kyle back on his feet and walking before the ceremony. It was a testament to Matt's skills as a therapist and as a friend. Sam knew all too well that caring about your patients helped tremendously in the healing process.

He let himself inside and looked around at the breakfast dishes still sitting on the table. Yep, things must've happened pretty quickly after he'd left.

Sam stopped to gather clothes as he made his way upstairs. As he walked into the Master bedroom he heard noises and running water coming from the en suite. Dropping the clothes into the dirty clothes hamper, he went in to investigate.

"Fuck this ass feels good," Isaac said.

Without a word, he leaned against the sink and watched his two lovers play. He never thought he'd enjoy seeing Isaac make love to another man. As a matter of fact, he'd often threatened bodily harm if Isaac ever strayed, but this was different. This was Matt, and the two of them together were breathtakingly beautiful.

"Gonna cum so hard you'll taste it, baby," Isaac ground out, voice going deep and scratchy.

He found himself unzipping his pants and reaching inside as he watched. Isaac's long thick cock pounded in and out of Matt's ass, the sound of slapping skin heard over the running water. *God, they're sexy.*

Sam used his own pre-cum to lube his cock as he stroked himself to Isaac's rhythm. He loved listening to Isaac talk dirty. It appeared Matt liked it too. Matt's hand was working his own cock for all it was worth, with his head down. Sam knew what Isaac's cock felt like when he got into such a frenzied pace. He knew Matt was probably having a hard time catching his breath as Isaac continued to assault that sweet spot inside.

"Take it, take my cock."

He assumed by the grunts coming from Matt and the howl Isaac let loose, they'd climaxed. It was their post-coital kiss that pushed Sam over the edge, cum shooting, landing on his favourite shirt. He hadn't realised he'd shouted until the shower door opened and Matt and Isaac were smiling.

"Hey, you, just get home?" Isaac asked.

Matt looked embarrassed as hell to be caught fucking. They'd have to get that straightened out quick. Matt needed to know Sam wasn't jealous of him. Especially with the way Isaac was looking at Sam's cock. Yep, his man still wanted him. After all these years Matt would only enhance their love life, not destroy it.

Without turning off the shower, Isaac held out a wet cloth for Sam. "You might want to clean that off before it stains."

Sam looked down at his cum-soaked shirt and grinned. "Hell it was worth having to buy a new one. That was the hottest thing I've ever witnessed." He looked into Matt's eyes. "I want to watch again sometime."

Matt's eyes told him the message had been received. He quickly dabbed at the white seed on his shirt. "So, did the two of you manage to do anything besides fuck all morning?"

Isaac looked at Matt for a second and shook his head. "No. That's pretty much it. We did snooze for a few, but fuckin' and playing was our main activity."

Although he was sorry he missed it, Sam thought it was probably good that Isaac and Matt had the time alone. He looked at his watch. "You'd better get moving or we'll be late for Kyle's momentous walk down the aisle."

The shower was shut off and Sam pulled a couple of towels off the shelf, handing them over. Isaac threw the towel to the floor and walked right up to Sam, kissing him immediately. "I'd rather dry off on you," he practically growled, sticking his hand down the front of Sam's open pants.

Oh, he loved it when Isaac got like this. He wasn't always able to keep up with his lover, but it felt good to be wanted, and wanted often. He thrust against Isaac's hand. "I'd love nothing more than to crawl back into bed with you, lover, but people are counting on us."

Isaac kissed him. "Later, you're mine."

"I've always been yours," he said, kissing his man.

Chapter Six

Matt got out of the car and looked at the gazebo. It was decorated in flowers and ribbons. People were milling around greeting each other, all in all, a typical wedding. He felt himself start to drift.

"You coming?" Sam yelled as he and Isaac made their way up a slight slope.

Matt nodded and followed in their shadow. It felt like his feet were mired in sand as he slowly trudged up the hill. Sam stopped once more and turned around. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah, I just need a second," Matt answered.

Sam gave him a rather short nod and turned to look up at Isaac. Matt knew what Sam was probably thinking. It wasn't that he didn't want to be seen with the doctors as a couple, he just didn't want to wig out, not here, not now, but he felt it coming. Danny was coming and there would be no stopping him.

At the top of the rise, Sam and Isaac were already shaking hands with a giant of a man he didn't know. He'd met Wyn briefly and assumed the big guy was his partner Ezra. Nate and his men were there, so at least he knew someone.

Wyn turned to Matt with his arm around his partner. "Matt, this is my better and bigger half, Ezra James. Ezra, this is Matt Jefferies."

"Nice to meet you, Matt," Ezra said. Matt's hand was swallowed in Ezra's. *Damn.*

"And you as well," Matt replied.

"I heard you've been thinking of renting Kyle's apartment? Well, have I got a deal for you. I'm looking to sell my house, but the buyer won't be able to make the sale until the end of summer. I thought maybe you'd be interested in it for a couple of months until you find something more permanent," Wyn said to Matt.

Matt saw Isaac and Sam both stop their discussions and turn towards him. Hell, he didn't know if this thing with Isaac and Sam was going to last a day, a week, or a year.

"Yeah, uh, can I get back to you on that?" he asked.

"Sure, just let me know and I can meet you at the house sometime to show you around."

"You won't find a better offer. Wyn's house is gorgeous," Nate said. Matt was trying to figure out if Nate was playing devil's advocate. Was this his way of pushing them into talking about the future?

Matt nodded. "I've been by it, you're right, Nate, it's a beautiful place."

The music started up in the background, signalling people to take their seats. "Shall we?" Ezra asked Wyn and gestured to the gazebo.

"Talk to you guys at the reception," Wyn said as Ezra led him away.

The vibes coming off Isaac and Sam were apparent. He knew they weren't happy with him. He didn't quite understand why though. They hadn't talked about the future. Maybe he was just a passing phase in their long relationship.

Matt pointed to the car pulling up. "That'll be Kyle," he said to Isaac. "I'm going to make sure he's really up for this. If the two of you want to find a seat, I'll join you when I can."

Isaac reached out and brushed his fingers over Matt's hand. He turned his palm up and captured his lover's hand, trying without words to reassure him. Isaac looked at him for several moments before giving him a slight nod. "We'll be off to one of the sides so you can slip in."

"Thank you," he said. He hoped Isaac understood the sentiment was for more than the seat.

He watched as Isaac put his hand to Sam's lower back and led him to the rows of pretty white chairs...pretty white chairs...white chairs. Matt blinked several times and shook his head, trying to get the image from sticking.

Taking a deep calming breath, he headed towards Kyle. "You ready for this?" he asked, bending to whisper in Kyle's ear.

"Hell yeah," Kyle said with a smile.

"I'll make sure you get your footing before I take the chair away," Matt told him.

Kyle reached out and shook his hand. "I'll never be able to thank you enough."

"Just seeing you walk down that aisle will be all the thanks I'll ever need," he said. He didn't know if he'd ever seen anyone so nervous and happy at the same time.

When Gill approached, Matt pushed Kyle's wheelchair into position and waited. As soon as Kyle stood, Matt heard the soft gasps from the guests. Once Gill had a hold on the shaky man, Matt stepped back, taking the chair with him.

As they slowly made their way down the aisle, Matt began to worry that Kyle wouldn't make it standing for the entire ceremony. He wheeled the chair around the outside of the chairs towards the gazebo.

Spotting his lovers, he stopped and whispered in Isaac's ear. "I think I'd better be ready with the chair in case Kyle needs it."

Isaac turned his head to momentarily brush his cheek against Matt's. "Okay, I'll tell Sam," Isaac whispered back.

He positioned the chair off to the side of the proceedings, as the happy couple stood arm in arm. Within moments, their faces changed from Kyle and Gill to him and Danny. Sweat began running down his face as the memories began pouring back.

"You up for a movie?" Matt asked.

Danny looked up at him from his bunk. "I thought maybe you'd want to stay in and work on the album?"

"Again?" he asked, plopping down on the mattress beside Danny. "We just worked on it."

"Yeah, but mom sent a couple of new magazines." Danny held up the thick bridal magazines.

Rolling his eyes, Matt took one and started flipping through it. He'd never met a man so excited by the prospect of a wedding. Danny wanted to plan every second, every flower, and every table arrangement of the ceremony.

"You know, people are gonna start to talk," he teased.

Danny shrugged his shoulders, intent on a picture of a flower arrangement. "Let them." Danny held the picture in front of Matt's face. "What do you think of this flower right here," Danny said, pointing to the page. "It's called Stephanotis. It's supposed to smell really good."

"It's pretty," Matt said, looking at the star-shaped flower. "Kinda small though."

"I know, but it's used as more of an accent flower." Danny studied the picture for a few more seconds and got out his scissors. "I think it'll be nice in the table arrangements. That way our guests can have something pretty to smell as they sit there."

Danny got out his bottle of glue and attached the small picture to the page with the other flowers. Matt's stomach made a horrible churning noise. "You okay?" Danny asked.

Rubbing his torso, Matt laid back on the narrow bunk. "I think I'm coming down with something. No big deal."

Matt blinked when he heard someone in his ear. "Let's get you home."

He was barely aware of being led down the hill, warmth on each side of him. Before he knew what was happening, he was being put in the back of a car. He looked over at Isaac's concerned face. "What happened?" *Shit, please tell me I didn't freak out in front of everyone.*

Isaac pulled Matt into his arms. "It's okay. You just seemed a little lost, so we thought it would be best to get you out of there."

"Did anyone see?" Matt asked, embarrassment turning his face red.

"I don't think so," Sam answered from the front seat.

They rode back to the house in silence, Isaac rubbing Matt's arm. When they pulled up, Isaac didn't immediately open the door. "Can you talk about it?"

Matt looked at Isaac's concerned face. He remembered what BJ had told him in the bar. "Maybe." He pointed up to his small apartment and handed Isaac his keys. "Can you go up there and get something for me?"

"Sure, baby, anything you want."

"On the bookshelf, or maybe the coffee table, there's a red photo album. Can you bring it to me?" Matt asked as Isaac helped him out of the car.

"I'll get it. Why don't you let Sam take you inside, where you can lie down."

Matt nodded and was passed to Sam's strong embrace. "I've never talked about any of this stuff, so you'll have to be patient."

* * * *

Isaac waited until Sam got Matt inside before going up to his apartment. He stepped inside and looked around the room, finally spotting the album on the couch. Curious, he sat on the sofa and held it for several moments before opening it. He hoped he wasn't breaking Matt's trust, but it was a mystery he was dying to take a peek at.

Flipping through the book, Isaac felt his chest tighten. Every page was filled with collages of wedding pictures, everything from tuxes to mock menus. Was Matt planning a wedding?

He could tell by the dirt and grime on the red cover that the book was old, or maybe it had just been in the desert for too long. He suddenly felt uneasy and closed the album. It was now obvious why Matt had wiggled out a little at the wedding.

Isaac tucked the book under his arm and went to deliver it to its rightful owner. Sam must've heard the door close because he called out before Isaac had a chance to head up to the bedroom.

"We're in the media room."

He changed directions and went to the northeast corner of the house. Instead of the reclining media chairs he and Sam usually sat in to watch movies, his lovers were entwined on the big fluffy sectional sofa.

"We thought we'd take a break from life and have ourselves an Indiana Jones marathon."

Sam gave him a look that said Matt wasn't yet ready to talk. "Okay," Isaac placed the book on the bar. "Do you want me to make some popcorn?" he gestured towards their very own popcorn machine.

"Yep, that's why we haven't started the movie yet," Sam chuckled. "You know you're the best at it."

Isaac rolled his eyes and grinned at Matt. "Don't listen to him, baby. He's just too lazy."

While the corn was popping, Isaac opened the small fridge and handed out cans of soda. "I don't suppose you've put the movie in either?"

"I didn't, did you?" Sam asked Matt.

"No, I don't know where you keep them," Matt answered. Isaac knew Sam was right. Matt still seemed a little out of it.

Pulling open the large cabinet, Isaac got out the first couple of Indy movies. By the time he got them in, put the popcorn into bowls and sat down, the previews were over and the movie was starting.

Sam had pulled the big rectangular footstool up to the sofa so it was more like a bed with piles of pillows. He lifted one of the bowls over Matt to Sam. Isaac couldn't help glancing at Matt, who'd barely said a word.

"Want some?" Isaac asked.

Matt took a handful of popcorn and ate it piece by piece. Isaac loved to watch the way different people ate their corn. He grinned at Matt and took a handful of the buttery goodness and stuffed the whole thing into his mouth. Of course a few pieces fell to the couch which had Sam bitching.

"See, Matt, that's what not to do when you're a forty-seven year old man."

Leaning over, Isaac held his buttery hand to Sam's lips. His lover rolled his eyes and made a disgusted sound in his throat, but managed to lick each and every digit. By the time Sam was finished, Isaac's cock was definitely perking up. One look at Matt, however, and Isaac decided to settle in with his men and have some quiet time.

Poor Matt looked like he carried the weight of the world on his shoulders. Isaac set his bowl aside and wrapped his body around the hurting man. "This okay?" he asked.

Matt nodded and rested his head on Isaac's chest. Sam reached over to the basket at the side of the couch and came back with a blanket which he proceeded to spread over the three of them.

Isaac felt Matt's body begin to relax in his arms. If this is what Matt needed him for, he was more than willing to hold the man the rest of his life. The thought surprised him, but he realised he meant it.

They'd have to work on the rest step by step, until Matt trusted them enough to fully open up. Isaac's gaze went to the red album on the bar. It appeared they had a lot to learn about their new lover.

Chapter Seven

Matt opened his eyes. The DVD menu was on the screen attesting to the fact they'd all fallen asleep before the end of the second movie. His eyes travelled the room, coming to rest on the red album, the cause of many of his nightmares.

He managed to wriggle out of the sandwich Isaac and Sam had put him in the middle of, and went to the bar. He picked up the book and ran his hand over the dusty cover. It didn't seem to matter how many times he'd tried to clean the red material, the dust was always there, haunting him.

Leaving the room, Matt took the album to the patio where it was too dark for him to be tempted to look at the pages. He sat in his favourite lounge and clutched the book to his chest. He'd rather have Danny here to hold and tease, but this was the next best thing. Danny had put his heart and soul into every page Matt now held.

He wondered for the millionth time whether it was right that he still had it. Right or not, he decided he wasn't ready to give it up.

"Matt?" Sam's voice sounded from behind him.

"Yeah," he answered.

Sam walked around the chair and looked down at him. "Mind if I join you?"

Matt shook his head and moved his feet, clearing a spot for Sam. "What're you doing out here in the dark?"

"Hiding," Matt said. He wished he could hide from himself at times, but the dark was the next best thing.

Sam crawled further between Matt's legs, his hip resting at Matt's crotch. "Are you ready to go up to bed with us?"

"Us?" Matt asked.

"Yeah, us," Isaac said.

Matt looked behind him and saw the shadow of Isaac leaning against the doorway. God, even in the dark Isaac was sexy as hell. He wanted to forget about the damn album and take the two men upstairs, but he knew it was time he told them something. They'd been patient enough with him, they deserved something in return.

"Can you come over? I need to talk to you both."

"Only if we can do some readjusting. I'm not about to sit on the other side of the patio and the way the two of you are sitting, there's barely a corner left for me," Isaac said, pulling Sam and Matt to their feet.

Being the biggest, Isaac sat in the lounge chair and gestured for Matt to sit between his spread thighs. Matt did the same thing for Sam. Matt found he liked this position much better. He could feel close to his lovers but not have to look them in the eye.

Leaning back against Isaac's chest, he passed the album to Sam. "I stole this."

"Huh?" Sam asked, taking the book. He waited for Sam to open it. No-one could see much in the moonlight, but enough to know what it was.

"It's not yours?" Isaac asked. "I'll admit to taking a peek at it earlier. It had me a little worried."

Matt wasn't angry with Isaac. He had a feeling when he sent Isaac after it that he'd look. A part of him wanted to know if Isaac would come back with disgust on his face, but then again, they didn't know the story.

"It belonged to my best friend, Danny."

"So, you weren't planning a wedding? Or...were you planning one with him?" Isaac asked.

"Oh, hell no. Danny was straight as an arrow. I was planning it with him though. It's something he did to keep the memories at bay, I think. We served on a medivac unit together. When you see death on a daily basis you need something to remind you of life."

Matt pointed towards the book. "That was Danny's way."

"So Danny was the one getting married," Sam said.

"He hoped. He hadn't proposed to his girl yet. He wanted to wait until he knew for sure he was going home. Danny and Julie had been high school sweethearts. They wrote each other daily, emailed as often as they could."

Matt shook his head. "I've never seen someone so in love. Hell, after two years serving side by side, I learned to love her, and I've always been gay," he chuckled, trying to lighten the mood.

Matt sobered. "Anyway, when Danny was killed, I stole the album. In the beginning I told myself it was so Julie didn't ever have to know, you know, so she could move on.

Recently, I've decided I wasn't being gallant at all. I stole that book for myself. I'm a selfish sonofabitch, plain and simple."

He felt Isaac's arms tighten around him. "It's the only thing I have to keep Danny's memories alive. The only thing not tainted by blood and death."

"And you don't think Danny would've wanted you to have it?" Sam asked.

"No. He would've wanted it to go to Julie. I'd like to think he'd want me to keep it since the two of us worked on it together, but no." Matt kissed the top of Sam's head. "But he's dead, and I'm not. Guess he doesn't have much say anymore."

Isaac's arms tightened. "How did he die?"

Matt's mind saw the charred remains of his best friend. He shook his head, swallowing the sob that threatened to erupt. "I don't want to talk about that now."

"Okay, baby." Isaac ran his hands over Matt's chest.

"Can we eat now?" he asked. He just wanted to forget, to eat a quick dinner and fall asleep in the arms of his lovers. He'd deal with the past and the album later, but for now, he wanted to live and feel.

* * * *

Isaac watched Sam putter around the kitchen. They'd told him sandwiches were fine, but Sam wouldn't hear of it. He said they all needed comfort food, even if it was almost ten o'clock at night.

It was fine by him, he loved fried chicken. Still, the feel of Matt's thigh under the table was starting to give him very wicked thoughts. He determined one thing. First and foremost, Matt had on way too many clothes.

Isaac stood and started unbuttoning his shirt. "I say we eat naked." He watched as Matt's jaw dropped and Sam almost lost hold of the chicken he was turning. Good, he had their attention.

He quickly slid his shirt off his shoulders and went to work on his slacks. When he was totally nude, he spread his arms and looked from Matt to Sam. "Well, am I the only one who plans on enjoying his dinner?"

Matt started laughing. It was the first real smile Isaac had seen from him in days. Sam shook his head and chuckled. "You two go ahead, but I don't plan on burning my bits just to give you perverts a thrill."

"Guess it's just the two of us," Isaac said and tried to pull Matt into his lap.

Matt braced his hands on Isaac's shoulders. "I am not sitting on your lap. Number one, I'm too damn big, and number two, I'm a man, dammit."

Isaac narrowed his eyes and pushed Matt to the table. "Fine, sit up there, but I'm planning a little pre-dinner appetizer and you're definitely on the menu."

As Matt got himself comfortable, Isaac looked over at Sam, who was staring with his hands on his hips. "What?" Isaac asked.

Sam pointed his meat fork at Isaac. "You told me there wasn't anything emasculating about sitting on your lap."

Isaac couldn't help but laugh. "Seriously?" He looked at Matt and narrowed his eyes. "You'd better tell Sam that you were kidding." He subtly pinched Matt's thigh. "You haven't lived until Sam's squirmed naked in your lap. Trust me," he said with a slight nod.

Matt looked at Sam. "Isaac's right. I really was teasing."

Sam's eyes narrowed as he studied the two of them. Isaac had no doubt that it wouldn't matter if Matt had called Sam a sissy. Sam would still enjoy his rides on Isaac's lap, which was fine by him.

Sam made a mock disgusted sound in his throat and turned back to the stove. Isaac mouthed the words "Thank you" to Matt and received a wink in return.

Isaac stood and pulled Matt to the edge of the table. He wrapped his lover's legs around his waist and started grinding. "Nice," he said, rubbing his erection against Matt's.

"Mmm," Matt answered.

Isaac held Matt by the back of the head and kissed him, pushing his tongue deep. He wanted this man to know how much he needed him. He swept the interior of Matt's mouth as his free hand pinched and rubbed one of the prominent nipples on that well-developed chest he loved so much. "God you're sexy," he panted as he broke the kiss.

"Need you," Matt whispered, his green eyes attesting to his desires.

Isaac looked over at Sam. He was still cooking dinner like nothing carnal was happening on the kitchen table. "How long before dinner?"

Sam chuckled and shook his head. "When has dinner ever stopped you?" Sam turned around and grinned at Isaac. "Ten minutes until you need to set the table. Uh...leave time to thoroughly scrub it."

Isaac turned back to Matt. "Hear that? We've got nine minutes."

He laid Matt back on the table, and ran his hands over his torso. "So sexy," he said, bending to lick Matt's nipples. He worked his way down Matt's hard body, bypassing the bobbing cock to lave the heavy set of balls.

Matt bent his legs to rest his heels on the edge of the table giving Isaac a view of that pretty pucker. "Mmmm," he said, and ran his tongue over the ridged skin.

The ringing phone made them all jump. He looked over at Sam. It was never good news when a call came in so late at night.

"Dr. Browning," Sam said, answering the phone.

Isaac remained frozen, mouth an inch away from Matt's hole, waiting. "We'll be there, George." Sam hung up and turned off the stove. "Bad accident just outside of town on Gilmore Road," Sam said, quickly putting the chicken on a stack of paper towels. "George wants us at the accident scene until help arrives from Sheridan."

The three of them put their clothes on in minutes. Isaac turned to Matt. "You don't need to do this." No way would he put Matt's mental health in jeopardy.

"You're not leaving me behind," Matt replied, jaws tense.

There was something about the way it was said. Isaac knew this was not the time to argue with his lover. "Okay. I think we should drive two cars."

"Good idea," Sam said picking up two sets of keys from the counter. "Is your trunk still fully stocked?"

"Yeah. Did George say how many vehicles were involved?" Isaac asked, unlocking his car.

"Just two cars. George wasn't on the scene yet so he couldn't tell me how many people or the extent of the injuries."

Isaac nodded as Matt got in the front seat with him. Sam pulled out of the driveway first. Isaac backed out of the drive and headed towards the accident scene.

"You sure you're okay with this?" Isaac asked, placing a hand on Matt's thigh.

"I've had plenty of experience in triage. I won't let you down."

"I know you won't. I'm just worried about you," Isaac confessed.

Matt placed his hand on top of Isaac's. "I know, me too. But I can do this. I'll deal with the fall-out later."

By the time they arrived on the scene, Zac and Collin had already arrived to help George. Isaac popped the trunk and quickly got out of the car. He dug a big box of medical supplies out of the back of the car and handed it to Matt. "I'm sure Zac has a lot of this, but just in case."

"Which one is Zac?" Matt asked.

Isaac pointed to a man standing beside one of the wrecked vehicles. "That's him. The good-looking guy with dark hair. He's the town's paramedic."

Matt nodded. "I'll see what he wants me to do."

Isaac pulled out his big black leather bag as George came running up to him. "What've we got?" Isaac asked.

"One dead, two seriously injured, one with minor and one without a scratch." George started walking to the car with the most damage. "Zac is taking care of the other car. I see Sam and your physical therapist are helping him out."

"Alcohol?" Isaac asked.

George shook his head. "Hard to say." George stopped Isaac before they got to the car. "Um, Mitch Lanham was the driver, it looks like he was killed on impact. Hearn and my cousin, Tyler were both in the car. Hearn appears to have a broken leg and multiple cuts on his face and arms from the windshield. Tyler looks unharmed."

Damn. Mitch was never one of his favourite people, but he still new the guy. It was the hardest part about living in a small town. "How's Hearn taking it?" Mitch and Hearn had been partners for several years, although Isaac could never understand the dynamic of that particular relationship. Hearn was one of the nicest guys he knew, absolutely nothing like Mitch.

George grabbed a disposable blanket out of the fire truck as they made their way to the car. "You'll see. He's the one I'm really concerned with." He motioned Isaac to the passenger side. "Distract him while I cover Mitch."

Isaac squatted down in the open doorway. "Hi, Hearn."

Hearn didn't even look at him. "Hearn? It's Dr. Singer. I'm going to look at these cuts, see if I can get some of the bleeding stopped." He quickly dug in his bag and pulled out some

sterile gauze. Ripping open the packages, he glanced into the back seat. Tyler sat with his head down. "You okay?" Isaac asked Tyler.

"Yeah," Tyler mumbled.

Turning his attention back to Hearn, Isaac began blotting blood, trying to assess the extent of the facial lacerations. He heard a helicopter overhead. "Hearn? The guys are here to take you into Sheridan. They'll get your leg fixed up."

Hearn still refused to acknowledge Isaac's presence. Yeah, the guy was definitely in shock. When the rescue squad reached Hearn, Isaac stepped back and opened the back door of the sedan. "Tyler?"

Tyler looked up, eyes wet. Isaac held out his hand. "Why don't you come with me? We'll let these guys work."

Tyler nodded and got out of the car. "How are the people in the other car?" Tyler asked.

"I'm not sure, but there are plenty of people working on them." He ushered Tyler to his car. "Why don't you have a seat?"

Isaac got Tyler settled on the soft leather, crouching down to talk to him. "I'm sorry, but I think the Sheriff's deputy needs to ask you a few questions. You seem to be the only one capable of answering at the moment."

"It was Mitch's fault," Tyler blurted out. He covered his mouth with his hand.

Isaac put a hand to the small man's shoulder. "I'll go get Deputy Roy and you can talk to him. If you'd like, I can drive you to the hospital in Sheridan once we get the scene taken care of."

Tyler nodded.

After telling Roy that Tyler was ready to talk, Isaac started making his way over to Matt and Sam who were now off to the side of the road. The closer he got the more he began to worry.

Matt's eyes seemed glazed and Sam was holding him, talking softly into Matt's ear. He suddenly wondered if they'd need to drive him to the hospital as well.

Chapter Eight

Isaac found Matt in his office with the door open. He leaned against the threshold, watching his lover for a few moments. Wearing his workout clothes with his tiny white tank top on, Matt was the epitome of male perfection. Isaac could tell by the pumped look of his biceps, he'd worked out only a few moments prior. His cock took notice of the prominent nipples, begging for his touch.

He shouldn't feel this horny. He and Sam had made it a habit to love Matt morning and night since the accident. It seemed to be the only time his lover was able to forget the blood and death he'd once been surrounded by. Because of that, he and Sam thought it best that Matt didn't attend Mitch's funeral services. Matt seemed to agree because he didn't oppose the suggestion. They had both cancelled their appointments for the day knowing Matt would probably need their presence.

"Hey," he finally said and stepped into the room.

Matt looked up, doing his best to smile. There had been so much sadness in his lover's eyes lately.

"How was it?" Matt asked. He got out of his chair and walked into Isaac's embrace.

Isaac closed his eyes, thankful once again that he had the chance to love this incredible man. "Hard." He kissed Matt's nose.

"How's Hearn dealing with it?" Matt asked.

Running his hands down Matt's back, he sighed. "He's decided to go and see his family back east for a while. I think Tyler's taking it harder than anyone."

He shook his head. "I'm not sure if it's Mitch's death or Hearn's leaving, but he's definitely not the friendly man we're all used to seeing around town."

"Where's Sam?" Matt asked.

Isaac smiled. "He's at the store getting picnic supplies."

"Picnic supplies?"

"Yeah, we thought we'd get out of town for the afternoon and take you to one of our favourite spots." He moved his hands to Matt's ass and squeezed. "It's very secluded. How do you feel about making love in a field of wildflowers?"

Matt licked Isaac's jaw, grinding his cock against him. "I've never done it, but it's something I'd definitely like to try."

The feel of Matt's erection rubbing against his own was too much temptation. Isaac slipped his hands under the elastic waistband of the workout pants. He was happy to feel sweet skin. Damn, he did love it when Matt wore a jock strap.

"Mmmm, I might need a little pre-picnic appetizer," Isaac said, running his fingers between the cleft of Matt's ass.

"Hmmm," Matt responded. "Your appetizers usually turn into full blown meals."

"Yeah, but I never seem to get full," Isaac returned. "You got stuff in here?"

"Drawer, top right."

Isaac walked him over to the desk, pushing Matt's sweats down as they went. The firm toned ass in his hands drove him wild. He quickly turned Matt around and pushed his torso down on the antique wood. "Need you bad," he said, opening the drawer.

Setting the lube on the corner of the desk, he unbuttoned his shirt and let it fall to the floor. His pants were next, which slid to his feet. Squatting behind Matt, he hooked a finger through the elastic strap of the jock and moved it to the side, making room for his questing tongue.

The musky flavour of his lover had his cock throbbing. He realised as much as he wanted to thoroughly devour Matt, his cock had other ideas. It wanted in now. Isaac ran his tongue over the loosening hole once more and reached for the lube. "Sorry, baby, I can't wait."

"Just fuck me," Matt answered.

Isaac slicked up his fingers and began stretching and probing Matt's hole. He found that all important walnut sized gland and ran his finger over it. While Matt was moaning, he quickly slipped two more in, knowing the bite of pain that would accompany such a quick invasion.

The pain only seemed to fuel Matt's desires. "Now...just...goddamn...do it now," Matt panted, rubbing his jock covered cock against the desk.

Isaac stood and positioned the head of his cock at Matt's hole. He gently pushed the crown past the first ring of muscles before plunging in fully as Matt cried out. It was a damn good thing the clinic was empty or they would have had nurses running.

He leaned over Matt's strong back and kissed him. Matt's head turned at an awkward angle, taking the kiss deeper. "I love you," Isaac whispered.

Matt closed his eyes. "I love you, too." He gave Isaac another soft kiss. "Now, move," Matt begged with a grin firmly planted on his face.

Chuckling, Isaac stood and put one hand to Matt's lower back as he gripped a smooth hip with the other. He pulled out several inches before pounding back in.

"Yes!" Matt shouted. "Harder."

Isaac gave his lover exactly what he'd asked for, powering in and out as hard as he could. He watched the muscles in Matt's back ripple and twitch, a sure sign he was close.

It felt good, knowing he could make a man so much younger feel good. Hell, it made him feel half his age. "Gonna," Matt grunted a moment before the muscles surrounding Isaac's cock squeezed.

The grip was so tight he had to wait for Matt's body to relax before he could continue. He knew he was close, but he also knew he had a few more thrusts in him. "So good," he said.

"Watching my cock pound this pretty ass," he panted, getting off on his own words. With one more plunge, Isaac buried his cock to the root and shot his lover full of his seed.

He felt the orgasm in every muscle and nerve as he continued to empty his balls. By the time Matt's body had milked him dry, Isaac was exhausted. What was he just thinking about feeling younger? He collapsed on Matt's back, completely sated but tired as hell.

It was then that it hit him. There was a huge age difference between him and Sam and Matt. Would he always have the stamina to satisfy such a young virile man? What if either him or Sam got sick? Would Matt love them enough to care for two old men?

He slid off Matt's back to the floor, still trying to regain his forty-seven year old breath.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Matt asked, sitting on the floor beside him.

"Nothing," Isaac answered and gave Matt a kiss. "We'd better get cleaned up. I'm sure Sam's probably waiting for us."

He started to get up, but Matt stopped him. "Is it Sam? Is that what you're worried about? Will he be mad that we've been doing this?"

Isaac felt his chest tighten. He pulled Matt into his arms. "No, baby. Sam loves you as much as I do. If this relationship between the three of us is going to work, we have to be

confident in our love for one another. Sam knows how much I love him. Of course, I'm sure he'll give me hell. He already thinks I'm an old horn dog, this will be further proof."

Old, being the operative word. Damn, he needed to get himself out of this sudden funk. This picnic was about sharing something he and Sam loved with Matt, not about his sudden self doubts.

"I don't want to cause problems between the two of you. It's what scares me the most," Matt said, kissing Isaac's jaw.

With his hand to the back of Matt's head, Isaac captured his lips in an all consuming kiss. The kiss grew in intensity until Matt started rubbing against Isaac. Breaking their lip lock, Isaac looked into those pretty green eyes. "Let's clean up."

Matt nodded. He stood and held his hand out for Isaac. "Come on old man," Matt joked.

His lover didn't know how close he was to the truth.

* * * *

Sam watched as Isaac's car pulled down the dirt path that doubled as a road. He'd almost given up on them, but figured Isaac had Matt well in hand. His lover was insatiable lately. Sam wasn't about to complain a bit.

Bringing Matt into the fold of their love seemed to refuel fires between him and Isaac. It wasn't that they'd lost desire for each other over the years. They'd just seemed to work themselves into a bit of a rut. That was now a thing of the past as he and Isaac explored each other's bodies as if for the first time.

"Hey," Matt called out as he and Isaac walked hand in hand towards the blanket. "What an incredibly beautiful spot. Who owns it?"

"The town trust actually owns the land, but its part of the acreage Shep leases." Sam looked out over the picturesque stream running through the field of wildflowers. He knew for a fact that it was also a favourite location for some of the cowboys on The Back Breaker, including Shep.

Matt took his shirt off in the warm early summer sunshine and plopped down beside Sam. "How are you?" Sam asked, pulling Matt into his arms.

"Okay. I've done a lot of thinking and I'd like to try talking to Dr. Zook," Matt said, unbuttoning Sam's shirt.

"Really? That's fantastic," he said. He sat up enough to shrug out of the white dress shirt. He should've gone home after the funeral to change, but figured they wouldn't be in clothes long anyway. Seemed he'd been right as Isaac immediately started to undress.

He looked up at his long-time lover. Isaac was still gorgeous. His eyes zeroed in on the flaccid cock which hung between Isaac's legs and grinned. "I guess you two have already taken care of round one. That puts you one ahead of me."

Matt stiffened in his arms. "How did you know?"

Sam rubbed Matt's chest, paying particular attention to those sensitive nipples. "You're laying here without a shirt and Isaac's not hard yet. An easy deduction on my part," he answered.

"Are you mad?" Matt asked.

"Not at all. Although it means you both owe me one." The words barely made it out of his mouth when Isaac dropped down to his knees and buried his face in Sam's cloth covered crotch.

"I can take care of that," Isaac mumbled.

"Be my guest," he said, lifting his hips so his lover could remove his slacks. He moaned as Isaac swallowed his cock. "Ahhh, this is the life," Sam said, spreading his arms out on the blanket.

Matt soon joined Isaac, and Sam's cock was deliciously laved by two tongues. He didn't know if he'd ever felt anything so wicked as Matt's tongue running over his anus as Isaac continued to minister to his cock.

When he felt Matt's tongue stab into him like a tiny cock, he almost lost it. "Close," he warned.

Isaac grunted and picked up the pace, bobbing his head up and down Sam's length like he couldn't get enough. Two fingers thrust in his ass alongside the tongue and Sam lost it, shooting his seed down Isaac's throat.

Once he'd emptied his balls, Isaac crawled up Sam's body and kissed him, sharing the flavour of his own cum. Sam tapped Matt on the head and gestured for him to join them. The resulting kiss had his head spinning.

When they finally broke for air, Sam looked from Matt to Isaac. "If that's the treatment I can expect to receive, the two of you should fuck in private more often."

* * * *

It had been a perfect day as far as Matt was concerned. They'd napped, eaten and loved until the sun slipped over the ridge. The cooler air of evening had them slipping back into their clothes.

"Thanks for sharing this place with me," Matt said.

"There are so many things we want to share with you." Isaac looked at Sam and then back to Matt. "We want you to move in with us, permanently."

Matt was a little surprised to say the least. He knew feelings were developing between them at lightning speed, but moving in seemed like a big step. What if his doctors got tired of dealing with his issues?

"I think I need to work some stuff out first," he said. "It's not fair to the two of you."

Sam dropped the blanket he was folding and pulled Matt into his arms. "Fair has nothing to do with it. We love you. Besides, I think we have our own issues to deal with. We'll get through them together."

Matt looked deep into Sam's light blue eyes. "What issues? The two of you've been together forever. If there are issues, they must be because of me." *Shit, had his worries come to fruition? Was he screwing up Sam and Isaac's relationship?*

"I can't speak for Isaac, but I'm concerned about the age difference," Sam said.

"Me, too," Isaac chimed in. "Never more so than earlier when we were in your office." Isaac walked over and joined them in a three-way embrace. "Twenty and twenty-five years is a big age gap. Sam and I will grow into old men while you're still virile. Have you thought of that?"

"Have I thought about one or both of you dying? Hell yes, almost every day, but I've also thought a lot about my own mortality. I could get called back to Iraq any day."

Matt pulled away from his lovers and paced around the field, stepping on flowers as he went. "I've seen enough of it to know death doesn't discriminate. It doesn't matter if you're young or old, when it's your time, it's your time. All I know is that I love you both and I want to spend as much time...as many years with you as God allows."

He'd cheated death once, and he knew how lucky he was to be standing in front of these two men. It dawned on him how much the two of them deserved to have a whole man as their third, not the shell that he'd allowed himself to become.

His resolve firmly in place, he walked back and gave first Isaac and then Sam a kiss. "I'm calling Dr. Zook as soon as we get back to the house."

Isaac pulled out his cell phone. "Why wait until then?"

Chapter Nine

"Are you sure you gave me the right directions?" Matt asked Isaac. He switched the cell phone to his other ear and grabbed the map Isaac had drawn for him.

"Where are you at?" Isaac asked.

"I'm on Silver Canyon road. I just passed A22."

"You've gone too far. The map said to turn in the drive before A20."

Matt rolled his eyes. "There wasn't a driveway before A20."

"Sorry, baby, but there was. Turn around and go back. There will be a dirt track on the west side of the road."

Matt slowed and looked into his rear view mirror before making a U turn. Going back he cradled the phone between his ear and shoulder. "You secretly hate me, don't you?" he joked. "You know, you could've come with me."

"Yeah, I coulda, and I wanted to, but Sam said it was something you needed to do on your own."

Matt stopped the car. "Okay, I see what looks like a cow path."

"That would be it," Isaac chuckled.

"I take it he doesn't get out much," Matt said turning into the overgrown driveway.

"They," Isaac corrected.

Matt took the pitted road as slow as possible, his old car protesting with every pothole. "Ben's partner's in a wheelchair, had a stroke going on eight years ago. Since then, Ben has pretty much retired."

"So why did he agree to see me?" Matt asked. He wanted to know what he was getting himself into before reaching his destination.

"You'll see," Isaac said.

"I don't understand," Matt said as he pulled up to a rambling ranch house, complete with blood hound on the front porch.

"You will. Remember that Sam and I love you, and we'll be here when you need us."

Matt felt himself blush at the vow of love. "Love you both. Thanks for working through this with me."

"It's all part of loving someone. You enjoy the good and work through the bad."

Matt watched as the front door opened and the old dog rose to his feet. He looked into the eyes of BJ, the guy he'd been talking to at the bar. "Sonofabitch," he calmly said. "Did you set me up that day?"

Isaac chuckled. "Nope. When I walked into the bar and saw the two of you sitting together, I backed away. That's all I'll take responsibility for."

He suddenly felt more nervous than he had before. "I'll call you when I'm done."

"Relax. I doubt there's anything you can say to Ben that would surprise him."

"Bye."

"Bye, baby," Isaac said before hanging up.

He tossed the phone in the seat and took a deep breath. BJ stood on the porch scratching the dog's head like he had all the time in the world. *Okay, let's do this thing.*

* * * *

By the time they heard Matt's car pull into the drive, he and Isaac had almost driven each other crazy. Matt had been gone for hours.

Isaac started to get up, but Sam pulled him back down in his chair. "Give him a minute."

"A minute? He called over three hours ago to say he was leaving Ben's," Isaac growled.

Matt appeared around the corner of the house, his hands stuffed in his pockets. "Sorry," he said.

Sam stood and opened his arms. Matt walked straight to him and laid his head on Sam's shoulder. "I guess I should've called."

He looked at Isaac and gestured for his lover to join them. Soon, Matt was sandwiched between the two of them. Sam noticed Matt's hands were still in his pockets. Although he seemed to welcome the embrace, Matt was still partially closed down.

Sam decided the best thing was to give Matt the time he seemed to desperately need. He ran his hands in circles over Matt's back, feeling the beat of Isaac's pounding heart as he did so.

"I drove to that spot. You know, the one by the pond?"

"Yeah," Sam said, kissing Matt's soft lips.

"I just needed to work some stuff out, I guess."

"Nothing wrong with that," Isaac added, kissing Matt's neck.

Their kisses and touches weren't meant to arouse, but rather to comfort. Matt seemed so lost. Sam tried to take his queue from Matt. Whatever his lover needed, Sam had no doubt he and Isaac could provide.

After several minutes, Matt's hands slipped from their clenched position in his pockets, to wrap around Sam. "I need to go to Kansas," Matt whispered.

Sam felt his chest clench. Was his lover leaving them? "What's in Kansas?" he asked, afraid of the answer.

"Danny's home town," he answered.

"You want us to go with you?" Isaac asked.

"Yes." Matt sighed. "But it's something I need to do on my own. I thought I'd fly out Friday night and be back by Sunday evening."

"Will that give you enough time? Because you can take off as many days as you need," Sam said. He hated the thought of Matt going through it on his own, but admired his lover for knowing it was best.

"No. Two days should be plenty. I need to give Julie the album and explain my actions. I want to stop by and speak to Danny's folks, and I want to see his grave."

Sam pulled Matt even closer. That was a long list of emotional tasks to complete in one day. He didn't know many men that could go through that kind of day without a shoulder to lean on. He decided on the spot, that he wanted to be that shoulder.

"Let's go inside. I imagine you're starved," he said, taking a step back.

"Yeah, haven't eaten since breakfast," Matt said. He let Sam and Isaac lead him to the kitchen.

"Sandwich? Isaac and I didn't cook anything for dinner, so I don't have any leftovers to offer you."

Matt stopped and looked at him. "The two of you didn't eat? Because of me?"

Sam shrugged. "We grabbed what we could find. We just didn't feel like sitting down to a table of two." He leaned in and gave Matt a tender kiss. "We've kinda gotten used to a table of three."

As Matt stepped further into his arms, Sam heard Isaac open the fridge. "Do you think when I get back I could move my stuff in?" Matt asked.

Some of his tension drifted away. Part of him had been worried that Matt's visit with Ben would result in a different conclusion. He knew Ben enough to know the old doc wouldn't advise against a relationship, but he was sure he'd probably told Matt to really think about life altering decisions when he was under this amount of stress.

The request to move, informed him Matt had given their relationship a lot of thought while out by the pond. "On one condition," Sam said. "We move your stuff over after you eat your sandwich. That way, you'll wake up in your own home in the morning."

Isaac was suddenly beside them, plate in hand. He leaned down and kissed Matt. "Eat up."

* * * *

"One more set," Matt said.

"Geeze, are you trying to kill me?" Kyle asked, a wide grin on his face.

"Nope. I'm trying to strengthen your muscles. Tangling with a man Gill's size on a daily basis, you're gonna need them," he chuckled.

Kyle got that faraway dreamy look. "Yeah," he admitted with a smile and started another set of sit-ups.

They hadn't talked about why he'd left the wedding before it was over. Kyle seemed to sense that something had happened, but obviously wasn't one to pry. Still, outside of his lovers and Nate, Kyle was the best friend he had in Cattle Valley.

"I'm leaving for Kansas City in a couple of hours," he finally admitted.

Kyle paused only briefly. "What's in Kansas City?"

"My best friend's grave. Danny served with me and I thought it was time I paid my last respects. He grew up in a small town south of the city." Matt realised at that moment that was his main objective for the trip. He had a lot of explaining to do, but most of it was to Danny.

Kyle surprised him by placing a hand on his shoulder. "Tough. I'm sorry."

Matt nodded, acknowledging the sentiment. He felt tears begin to burn at the back of his eyes and quickly blinked them away. "I should've done it when I first returned from overseas."

"No," Kyle said and pulled himself up using his wheelchair. "You needed to do it when you were ready. If the guy was indeed your best friend, he'd understand."

Matt thought about that for a few moments. Would he? Did he? Sadly, he'd never know. Danny was easy going, but loyalty meant everything to him. Had he been loyal to his best friend's memory by stealing the album? No, he didn't think so, which is why he so desperately needed to set things right.

"Let's get you on the treadmill," he said, helping Kyle stand.

Once he had Kyle on the machine, Matt fiddled with the keypad. "Five minutes. I'm setting the speed higher, so I'll let you get by with a shorter duration."

Kyle rolled his eyes. "You're a real prince."

"I try," Matt chuckled.

After a few minutes, Kyle looked up at him. "So, how're things going with the Doctors?" Kyle panted.

"Good," he said. "I moved in a couple of days ago."

"No shit? That's great." Kyle walked for a few more moments. Matt could see the vein in Kyle's neck standing out in stark relief. No matter what he put this man through, Kyle never complained. Much.

He thought about the days and nights since he'd officially moved in. Evenings were his favourite. He loved cooking dinner with whoever made it home first. He grinned. As much as he enjoyed the three of them making love, he also appreciated the moments of one on one time.

After finishing up with Kyle, Matt went in search of one of his men. He'd need to leave for the airport in an hour and wanted to give Isaac and Sam proper goodbyes.

He knocked softly on Sam's door. "You busy?" He asked.

Sam shook his head and took off the tiny reading glasses he wore when working on charts. In two seconds, Matt was kneeling between Sam's spread thighs kissing him. "I wanted to say goodbye," Matt said, running his tongue across Sam's lower lip.

"I can't believe how much I'm going to miss you," Sam said, running his fingers through Matt's hair.

He could see the truth in Sam's eyes. That one look did more for cementing his relationship with Sam than any words could. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, too."

Matt slowly started unbuttoning Sam's shirt. "What time is your next appointment?"

Sam scooted a little lower in his chair. "Not for awhile. What did you have in mind?"

He kissed his way down Sam's chest, stopping to bite and lick those sweet protruding nipples. He released Sam's semi-hard cock and swiped his tongue across the crown. "I want to leave Cattle Valley with the taste of your cum in my mouth," Matt said with a grin.

The thought of being able to taste his lover while riding on a plane, fuelled his desires even more. Without waiting for an answer, Matt slid his lips over the fat cock in his hand. Sam made that soft moaning sound Matt loved and insinuated his leg between Matt's, pressing against his swollen cock, still trapped in his pants.

He swirled his tongue around the ridged crown before dipping into the wide slit at the top. Matt was rewarded with a large dollop of sweet tasting pre-cum. His hands pushed Sam's slacks to his ankles as he sank further down the shaft.

With his lover further exposed, Matt's hands began to knead Sam's heavy sack. "Matty," Sam called out when Matt pressed a finger to the sensitive spot behind Sam's balls.

Matt grinned around the cock in his mouth. Sam only called him by that particular nickname when he was about to cum. He picked up his pace, swallowing as much of Sam's length as he could before quickly withdrawing and going down again. His middle finger rubbed against Sam's puckered hole.

"Shit," Sam grunted.

He loved the way his lover's thighs quivered under his forearms. He opened his throat further, knowing Sam would shoot at any second, and thrust a finger inside, going straight for the smooth pleasure gland.

The first jet of seed filled his mouth. Matt backed off enough to swallow the creamy essence as he continued to move his finger in and out of Sam's hole. Sam pressed his leg harder against Matt's cock. Matt barely managed to fumble his own pants open before he shot his own load.

When he'd milked Sam's cock dry, Matt let it slip from his mouth. He licked the few tendrils of cum that had escaped his mouth earlier. "I can't believe I went over two years without sex. Now the prospect of going two days without it is almost enough to change my mind about leaving."

"We could still come with you," Sam said, pulling Matt up into his arms to share a kiss.

Matt shook his head. "You'd never forgive yourselves if something happened in town and they were left without a doctor on hand. I'll call you before I get to sleep each night and you can talk dirty to me. Better yet, put the phone on speaker and make love to Isaac. There's nothing that turns me on more than the sound of him slamming into you."

Sam smiled. "He does tend to get a little loud." His lover's face suddenly fell. "Our bed will feel empty without you."

Matt wrapped the words around him. He knew he'd need every ounce of strength in the coming days, and Sam's and Isaac's love did a lot to fuel his heart. His eyes caught the time on Sam's watch. He hated to leave his lover, but... "I need to go say goodbye to Isaac."

Sam kissed him again, their mouths fused, their tongues thrusting and tasting. When they pulled back for a much needed breath, Sam chuckled. "You know Isaac isn't going to be satisfied with a blow job."

"Yeah," Matt grinned. Isaac loved bending him over his big desk. It was something he'd learned to count on in the afternoons.

Chapter Ten

"Hey, dude, how're you feeling?" Danny asked.

"Sick as a dog," Matt answered from his bunk. He couldn't remember ever feeling as bad in his life. Three days in this stupid tent in this stupid bunk and he was about to go crazy.

His unit had been kept so busy with the increased bombings on the outskirts of the city, Matt hadn't even had anyone to talk to. He saw the effects of the previous several days on his buddy's face. Death took a heavy toll and it looked like Danny was at the end of his rope.

He suddenly felt guilty. There were men out there dying and here he was, lying safe in his bed because of a stupid virus. He tried to sit up. "I need to start pulling my weight again."

Danny pushed him back down. "You're sick and weak as a kitten. How long do you think you could administer CPR? I know you mean well, Matt, but let Jones continue to cover for you until you get your strength back."

His friend held up a finger and walked off. He was back in seconds holding several magazines. "Got these in the mail. Your mission for the day is to find a honeymoon spot perfect for me and my girl."

Matt rolled his eyes, scanning the travel magazines in his hands. "Tropical and secluded?"

Danny shook his head. "Not unless it's on US soil. Once I get back to the States, I don't plan on ever leaving."

They heard Danny's name being called and the whirl of the Blackhawk coming to life. "Gotta go," Danny said. "I expect a full itinerary when I return."

"Sure thing," Matt reached out and grabbed his best friend's hand. "Watch your back."

"That's your job," Danny joked. "That's why you'd better hurry and get better." Danny turned and jogged out of his tent.

Matt didn't know how long he searched through the magazines before a Colonel stepped into his tent. Matt looked up from an article on Philadelphia. The look on his commanding officers face said it all. "What happened?"

Matt awoke to the captain coming over the loud speaker. He wiped the sweat from his face and looked around. No one seemed to be paying him attention so he must not have called out in his sleep at least.

He looked out the plane's small window at the patchwork landscape below. So this was the land Danny had loved. Matt felt a lump form in his throat. He wondered if he could see his friend's hometown from here.

"Are you from here?" the elderly lady beside him asked.

"No, ma'am." Matt shook his head. "I'm visiting a friend."

* * * *

The small town of Gardner, Kansas was easy to find, straight off I35. Matt pulled into the only hotel in town and turned off the ignition to the small rental car. He looked around at the full parking lot and shook his head. Why a place this size would have so many out of town visitors was beyond him. He was glad Isaac had taken the time to make him a reservation though.

Unfolding his legs from the cramped quarters of the car, Matt stretched. An hour drive didn't sound like much, but between the small space and the uneasy feelings, he felt wiped out.

He made his way inside, stepping up to the front desk. "Yes, I have a reservation under the name Matthew Jeffries."

He expected the clerk to search his computer, but was surprised when the guy smiled. "It's so nice to meet you, Mr. Jeffries. We've been expecting you."

Matt was stunned. "Huh?"

"Julie told us to take good care of you while you're in town."

Damn, this was a small town. He'd called Danny's parents after making his plane reservations. It had been an awkward conversation to say the least. He'd had to refuse Connie's and George's offer of a ride from the airport explaining he had several places he wanted to see and a rental car would be his best option. They seemed to take it in stride, but Matt couldn't help but to feel he'd hurt them in some way. Evidently, the McDougal's must still keep in contact with Julie. That was good. It would make Danny happy knowing his family still cared about his girl.

"Mr. Jeffries?"

Matt shook his head. "Sorry. Just a little surprised that Julie told you I was coming and that you gave a shit."

The clerk, Matt looked at the guys name tag, Steve it said his name was, looked confused. "Danny was very well liked. The entire town mourned his death. Of course we'd care that his best friend was coming to pay his respects."

He felt like a complete ass. "I apologise, Steve. This is all a little hard for me. I didn't mean to be rude."

Steve looked at him for several moments before waving a hand in the air. "Don't worry about it. I'll just get your key and the paperwork for you to sign."

Steve turned around and went to the desk off to the side. Several moments later he was back, key and paperwork in hand. "If you'll just sign here you'll be all set." Steve also laid an envelope on the counter in front of Matt. "Julie asked me to give this to you when you got in."

After signing, Matt picked up the envelope. His name was written in a fancy script on the front in purple marker. There was that lump in his throat again. He stuffed the envelope into his carryon bag. Matt picked the key card up from the counter and nodded his head. "Thanks for everything."

"No problem. Welcome to Gardner."

Matt slung his carryon over his shoulder and headed down the hall to the elevator. The hotel only had three floors. He pushed the button knowing he should just walk up to the second floor, but what the hell.

Before setting his bag down, Matt pulled the envelope out. Walking over to sit on the king-sized bed, he fingered the flap. Was he ready for this? The answer eluded him for several long moments.

With a sigh, he finally ripped it open and took out a single piece of lavender stationary.

Hi Matt, I'm hoping you aren't too tired after your flight. I'd love for you to meet me at The Oasis. Ask Steve for directions. I'll be there around eight.

Julie.

He tossed the note to the nightstand and lay back on the bed. He knew he wasn't ready to talk to her yet. His eyes sought out his bag, the red album tucked safely inside. No, no way was he ready to part with that yet.

He pulled out his cell phone and called home.

"Hello?" Isaac answered.

"Hey, it's me."

"Hey, baby. How was the flight?"

Matt felt like crying. He didn't know if it was hearing his lover's voice or being overly tired to deal with the residents of Gardner. "Flight was okay."

"What's wrong?" Isaac asked.

"People act like they know me here. Julie's already sent me an invitation to meet her some place in town for a drink."

"That's good."

Matt's jaw dropped. "What? How can you say that? I don't know these people."

"Calm down. It's good because it means that Danny talked about you to them. It's good because even though you don't see it, you're surrounded by people who care. Even if they only care because Danny did, it's something."

"I'm not ready to give Julie the album," he confessed.

"So don't," Isaac said matter-of-factly. "Take the chance of getting to know her before you decide what to do with the book."

"You think I should meet her?"

"I do. Does that make me a traitor?" Isaac asked.

Did it? "No, I guess not."

"So you'll go?"

Matt looked at the small digital clock beside the bed. "Probably. I need to take a shower and change out of these wrinkled clothes."

"Call when you get home, no matter what time it is."

Matt smiled. "I doubt I'll be staying out late. Besides, you're two hours behind me."

Isaac groaned. "And you know how much I love being behind you."

Matt chuckled for the first time since he'd arrived in Kansas. "I miss you," he said.

"Miss you, too. Go out and show Julie and the rest of the town what Danny saw in you."

"Thanks, Isaac."

"We'll be waiting for your call," Isaac said and hung up.

Matt shut his phone and tossed it on the bed. "The Oasis," he whispered. He wondered what kind of place it would be. He assumed jeans would be dressy enough. The town didn't strike him as being overly formal.

Getting off the bed, Matt opened his bag and removed the album, setting it aside. He pulled out a clean pair of jeans and underwear and a black sports shirt. He hoped he wasn't making a mistake. What would the friendly people of the town think if they knew he'd not been there to watch their favourite son's back?

* * * *

He pulled the rental car in front of the small downtown bar and wiped the ever-present sweat from his forehead. It wasn't hot, Matt knew it was his nerves playing havoc with him, but even after a cold shower he continued to perspire.

After locking the car, he gripped the handle and swung the door open. He almost ran back out when a group of people cheered his name. His heart started beating a mile-a-minute as he looked at the friendly faces gathered at the long table along the east wall of the bar.

A pretty brunette he recognised from countless pictures moved towards him. "I'm so glad you came," Julie said, giving him a big hug.

Matt knew if he thought too much about the friendly gesture he'd break down in tears. Instead he gave Julie a quick hug and stepped back. "You look just like your pictures," he said, trying to cover his awkward feelings.

Julie ran a hand over her shoulder length hair, smoothing it back into place. "I wish I could say the same to you, but the only picture I have is one from Danny's personal effects."

Matt knew immediately what picture she was referring to. He and Danny had just come from a long night of transporting soldiers to the hospital. One of the guys in their unit was snapping pictures to send home to his family and captured Matt and Danny's fatigue as they walked through the door. The guy had later given them both a copy of the picture. It was the only one he had of his best friend.

"I have the same picture," he told Julie.

"Well, I'm happy to say that you look much better in person," she grinned and kissed his cheek.

She turned back towards the table of people. "These are some of Danny's closest friends. They wanted to meet you, too. I hope you don't mind?"

Hell yeah he minded, but what could he say. He nodded and let Julie walk him to the table. "Everyone, this is Matthew Jeffries." Julie then proceeded to go around the table and introduce the individuals.

Matt knew he'd never remember their names even though a few of them were very familiar. Yeah, these had been the buddies Danny had so often spoken of. Matt wondered if his own homecoming would've been different if he'd had a close network of friends like this. Would they have been able to help rid him of the constant guilt?

A tall beer was placed in front of him, and Matt eagerly started drinking it. Julie sat on the chair beside him. His unease must have been apparent because she reached over and threaded her fingers through his.

He was thankful the group didn't ask him about his time in Iraq. Evidently they knew not to ask questions unless information was freely given. Instead, the friends told stories about Danny. It was apparent they'd all known him all their lives. Matt listened and even managed to share a few of his own.

Julie, the rock, held his hand the entire evening. Several times he'd felt her squeeze his hand and when he'd looked at her tears were evident, but never did they fall. By closing time, Matt felt even closer to his old friend by listening to the way his life impacted others. No wonder the entire town mourned his death.

Everyone insisted on giving him a hug before he took off. Julie was the last to step into his arms. "Thank you. You'll never know what this meant to me," she whispered in his ear.

By the time he arrived back at his hotel, Matt had shed more than one tear. He undressed quickly and got in bed, reaching for his phone.

Damn he wished he hadn't been so strong headed. He really needed to be in the arms of the men he loved. He dialled home, knowing it was the closest thing possible.

Chapter Eleven

Matt had never been so happy to see the sun come up. He'd been sitting in front of the window since around three, unable to get back to sleep after yet another nightmare. He'd hoped coming to Kansas would ease them, but it didn't seem that way.

Glancing at the clock, he saw it was almost six-thirty. God he wanted to call Sam and Isaac, but he'd kept them up late the previous night and knew it wouldn't be fair. They'd done their best to soothe his sorrowful ass, but as soon as he'd hung up, he knew it hadn't been enough.

He got to his feet and headed towards the shower. He was supposed to have a late breakfast with Connie and George, but decided he'd drive around town for a while first. Hell, it wasn't like he would be sleeping in. He wondered if Danny's parents had purposely made the meeting late in the morning because they knew of Julie's plans the previous night.

Even taking his time in the bathroom, it was only seven when he picked his keys up from the dresser and hung the 'Do not disturb' sign on the door. He used the back flight of stairs to get down to the parking lot. He didn't know if Steve was working, but he wasn't in the mood to be civil.

In less than an hour, he'd driven down every street in town at least once. He even went as far as to drive by the new high school outside of town that Danny had mentioned. He still had an hour and a half to kill before meeting the McDougal's.

His eyes flicked towards the direction of the town cemetery. Maybe he should get it over with? Even as he thought it, he shook his head. No, he definitely wasn't ready to say goodbye, not yet at least.

It was still a little early to call his men, but decided they might forgive him this once. It was only forty-five minutes early. He hit speed dial and waited, his eyes continually looking in the direction of the cemetery.

"Hello?" a sleepy Sam answered.

"I'm sorry I woke you," he said.

He heard sheets rustling in the background. "Don't be ridiculous. We told you to call day or night if you needed to talk."

"I know, but I didn't really think you'd appreciate a call at one in the morning."

"Bad dream?" Sam asked.

"Several." Matt rubbed his eyes. God he was tired. "I've been up since three."

"Why didn't you go back to sleep?"

Matt yawned. "I didn't have the two of you to keep the demons away." He chuckled when he said it, but he knew it was closer to the truth than he cared to admit out loud.

"We miss you," Sam said.

"I shouldn't have told you that you couldn't come. I guess I thought I was stronger than I really am."

"Bullshit," Sam said. "You're facing your demons head on. It takes a lot of guts to do that, with or without support from people who love you."

"Tell me?" It was a very high school thing to ask, but he desperately needed to hear the words.

"I love you," Sam whispered, his voice dropping.

Matt could tell his man was getting emotional. He suddenly felt bad. The last thing he wanted was to bring Sam's mood down. "Thank you. You have no idea what that means to me."

"I think I do," Sam answered.

The two of them continued to talk for the next thirty minutes. "I'd better let you go so you can get your run in before you leave for the clinic."

"You're more important than any run, besides, it's an easy day. I'm only working until noon."

"Well, I need to start making my way to The Downtowner to meet the McDougal's."

"I'll have my cell on me all day. Call if you need to talk."

"I will. I love you." There was that damn lump in his throat again. He swore he was going to have to get that checked out when he got home.

"Love you," Sam said and hung up.

Looking at the clock, he determined he still had twenty minutes to get his act together before meeting Danny's parents. His mind went to the album. He was supposed to have dinner with Julie, but first he wanted to talk to Danny.

Sam snuggled back against Isaac. He knew his lover wasn't asleep even though he'd said nothing during his entire phone conversation with Matt. "I think you need to go to him."

Isaac kissed Sam's neck. "Is he having a hard time?"

"Yes. I think he needs one of us and you know we can't both go without making preparations to get a substitute doctor in." He felt Isaac's morning erection press against his ass. His Isaac always woke horny. He was ashamed to say it, but before Matt came into their lives, he used to make sure he was up and running before Isaac woke.

It wasn't that he hadn't enjoyed sex, but Isaac would've happily had it two times a day if he could. He always felt he wasn't enough in that department for his lover, but Isaac had never strayed.

Since Matt came into the fold, their love making had improved dramatically. He thought it was partially due to the fact he loved to watch Isaac fuck their young lover. Maybe he was more of a voyeur than he'd ever realised.

He felt Isaac turn away for a moment before cool lubed fingers delved into the crease of his ass. They'd made love the previous night over the speaker phone, so he knew it wouldn't take much stretching to ready him.

"Why do you want me to go instead of you?" Isaac asked, sliding the head of his cock through the first ring of muscles.

"I think Matt needs you," he answered as Isaac slowly pushed in to the root. His lover started a gentle rhythm in and out of his body as they talked. This was the kind of sex he preferred and Isaac knew it, otherwise he'd be pounding in and out at lightning speed.

"You're the one he always seems to talk to when he's down," Isaac said. Sam could hear a trace of resentment in Isaac's voice.

"You're the one he goes to when he wants to forget about everything," Sam acknowledged. "You have the ability to consume a person's thoughts. I think that's what he needs."

Isaac's pace picked up, still not fast, but fast enough for his lover to get off. Sam reached down and wrapped his fingers around his shaft, riding the waves of pleasure Isaac was providing.

As always, Isaac started to let his passion get the better of him and hooked his arm under Sam's knee, opening him even further. "Come for me," Isaac moaned.

As if on command, Sam's cock shot silky strands of cum onto his fist and white sheets. Isaac hiked Sam's leg higher and thrust hard and deep until his body stiffened and he cried out Sam's name.

His leg was released and Isaac wrapped himself around him. "Love you," Isaac panted. They lay in comfortable silence for several moments before Isaac spoke. "Do you ever regret it?"

Regret it? Sam turned in Isaac's arms to face him. "What, me and you, or Matt and us?"

"Both, either."

Sam shook his head and kissed his lover of over twenty years. "Not even for a day."

"Not even a day? In all these years?" Isaac asked, his black brows shooting up.

Sam really thought about it. "I can't lie and say there weren't periods when I didn't feel as close to you. But you know, love is a cycle. You're my best friend in the world and have been for as long as I care to remember."

"But?"

"I've been worried for a couple of years that you'd find someone else," Sam admitted.

"What? Have I ever given you the impression that I'd cheat?" Isaac's voice was starting to get loud, not a good sign.

"No. I knew you'd never cheat. It's just that, well, I'm fifty-two. I don't want sex every day. Hell, I don't know if I ever did, even in my twenties."

Isaac's roaming hand stilled. "Is that why you agreed to invite Matt into our relationship?"

Was it? He'd done a lot of soul searching lately about that very question. "Yes and no, I think. It doesn't mean I don't love him, because I do, with all my heart. The two of us just need to express our love differently. Doesn't mean either of us are right or wrong. But for you, the act of making love is a necessity, an internal drive."

Isaac pulled away. "You make me sound like a goddamn sex addict." There was disgust in his voice.

"No," Sam said reaching out to his lover. *Fuck, he was really screwing this up.* The more he talked, the deeper in the hole he dug himself. "You're too much man, physically, for me."

But I can't let you go, and I need you to be happy and satisfied. I show my love more through stupid stuff like cooking dinner, or doing your laundry."

"And Matt?"

"Matt's easy to love. He's gentle and kind." He glanced up at Isaac. "And I'll admit, sexy as hell. I may be old, but I'm not dead."

Isaac started to say something, but Sam stopped him. "I love making love with the two of you, never doubt that for a second. My love for him is completely genuine and given freely."

He could tell Isaac was still upset, but he figured he'd better stop while he was ahead. Trying to explain twenty years worth of worries and hidden feelings was never easy, and he was doing a horrible job of it. Maybe later, when things had calmed down he could try again.

He watched as Isaac pulled away and swung his legs over the side of the bed. "If I'm going to hop on a plane to Kansas, I'd better get my shit together," Isaac said without turning around.

Sam looked at Isaac's muscled back. He hoped to hell he hadn't just screwed up the best thing that had ever happened to him.

* * * *

Sitting in his car, across the street from the diner, Matt watched the townspeople go in and out the front door. He was already five minutes late for his meeting with Connie and George.

What would he say to them? "I'm sorry I was too sick to watch your son's back?" He wondered if they even knew he hadn't been with Danny when he was shot by a sniper's bullet.

He opened the car door. Whether they knew or not, he owed them his condolences. He knew that had the shoe been on the other foot, Danny would've gone straight to his parents' house upon his return to the States. Not waited almost six months.

He stepped into the diner and looked around as everyone seemed to turn to check out the newcomer. The waitress smiled and waved for him to follow her. Of course she'd known he was the outsider who was having breakfast with the McDougal's.

When he reached the table, both Connie and George stood. He was immediately embraced by two thin arms.

"It's so nice to finally meet you. Danny talked about you in every letter home." Connie pulled back and looked up into Matt's face. "It almost feels like I already know you."

Matt saw the tears shimmer in her brown eyes as she stepped back enough for George to approach. George's hand stretched out towards him. "Good to have you here," he said.

Matt shook the older man's hand. "Nice to meet you both."

George gestured to the table. "Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, please," he said, and turned the cup on the table upright.

Connie started to say something but stopped and covered her mouth. She picked up her over-sized purse and dug out a tissue as she started to cry.

Matt's gut twisted. He prayed he'd make it through their meal without falling to his knees and begging the McDougal's for their forgiveness.

Chapter Twelve

Matt refused George's offer to accompany him to the cemetery. Even though he'd no doubt have to scour the area for Danny's grave, it was something he needed to do alone. Connie had shared with him several of Danny's letters home and they still weighed heavily on his mind.

No wonder these people treated him like a hero. Danny had made him sound so much better than he really was. His friend even went as far as to tell his parents Matt was like a brother to him.

Matt got out of the car and tucked the well-travelled album under his arm. Did brothers have dreams of kissing each other? Of holding each other when the night skies were lit up with fire?

He started slowly down the first row of the northeast section. George had told him that's where he'd find Danny's final resting place. He didn't have to walk far before spotting it. Up ahead was a headstone surrounded with flowers and other trinkets he couldn't distinguish from his location. It had to be Danny's though. The numerous American flags planted on the newly grown grass.

Stepping up, Matt looked down "Daniel Eugene McDougal" *Eugene*? He couldn't help but to smile. Had he known that was Danny's middle name he would've done a whole lot more teasing.

Knowing he'd be there a while, Matt sat cross legged on the ground. He chuckled at the Miller Lite beer bottles, no doubt left by his numerous friends. He remembered Danny being shocked that Matt had never heard of the tradition. Now, as he looked at the surrounding headstones, he could see for himself what Danny had talked about. There were trinkets left on several graves, everything from beer to little statues. He even spotted a box of donuts on one. Danny's had more than any of them. "You're a very popular guy, Daniel Eugene McDougal," he said.

He picked up a snapshot pressed between two pieces of plastic laminate. He recognised the location. It was a picture of Danny in The Oasis surrounded by his friends. They were all

holding up beers in an apparent toast. The sign in the background signifying Danny's going away party.

Matt wiped the moisture from his eyes. "I met most of your buddies at the bar. Nice people." His nose started to drip and he wiped it with the bottom of his shirt. "It takes a hell of a guy to have friends like that."

I bet they wouldn't have let you down the way I did. He cleared his throat and leaned the picture against the black granite base.

He glanced at the book in his lap and knew he'd put it off as long as he could. "I guess you can see that I brought your book back. Is that why you've been haunting my dreams? Because I stole it."

He opened the album to the last section. "I finished that honeymoon itinerary you wanted. I got to thinking about it, and decided you and Julie should see all the things we were over there fighting for."

Matt held the pages up to the gravestone. "I thought maybe you should start out in Philadelphia and work your way to Washington DC. I tried to fit a side trip to Mount Rushmore in there, but well, South Dakota isn't a side trip to anywhere."

He closed the book and laid it in the grass. "I thought I'd give it to Julie when I have dinner with her later. I know it would've gone to her anyway. I...I just needed a piece of you for a while."

Matt shook his head, the tears flowing freely down his cheeks. "Who am I kidding? I wanted a piece of you forever. I loved you, Danny. I'm ashamed of myself for it. You were one of the few guys who knew about me. But you never treated me differently, not once, and I took advantage of that friendship and fell in love."

He put his hands on top of the headstone and placed a kiss to the cold granite. There was so much more he wanted to say, but he knew he couldn't go on without completely breaking down. He still had the dinner to get through. Maybe he'd have time in the morning to stop by before he left for the airport.

"Julie will be expecting me before long. I spent too much time with your folks. Kinda got me off schedule. She's looking good, by the way. I can tell she misses you and I reckon you talk to her a hell of a lot more than you do me, but well, I thought I'd tell you that."

Matt picked up the red album. "I'll get this to its rightful owner. I love you, and I'll talk to you later," he said.

He stood and took one more look at his friend's name and smiled. "Eugene," he chuckled and shook his head.

* * * *

By the time he got back to the car and pulled himself together, it was almost four. He knew if he was going to get back to the hotel and get cleaned up he needed to leave, but he just couldn't seem to start the car.

A knock on his window made him jump. He looked over and came face to face with one of the guys he'd met at the bar. Roger? Rod? Rodney! That was the guy's name. Matt rolled down his window. He hoped he looked better than he felt. "Hey," he said.

Rodney held up a package of beef jerky. "I just came from the lake. There's a little convenience store down there that sells this." Rodney shrugged. "It was Danny's favourite, so I thought I'd sit with him a spell and share it."

Matt felt that thick lump form in his throat once more. "I'm sure he'll appreciate that," he said.

Rodney looked at Matt for several long minutes. "You feeling guilty?"

The air whooshed out of his lungs like he'd been sucker punched. "Does it show?"

Rodney nodded. "Mostly in the eyes. The way you can't seem to look at any of us when you talk."

Matt couldn't help it. He buried his face in his hands. "We always watched each other's backs and we always came back safe. I wasn't there the day he was killed. I was in bed sick."

He expected to hear disgust in Rodney's voice. He knew he deserved it so he braced himself. When Rodney didn't say a word, Matt looked up, expecting Rodney to have walked off.

Instead, Danny's friend opened the package of jerky and handed him a piece. "Sounds like he was damn lucky to have you on all those other missions." Rodney shrugged and bit into the dried beef. "The only one who blames you for Danny's death is you. Danny wouldn't have. We both know that."

"He was a much better person than I am," Matt said, trying to chew the peppered beef.

"Yep," Rodney said. "But then again...Danny was a better person than anyone I've yet to meet."

Lord wasn't that the truth. Setting the rest of his jerky on the seat beside him, Matt opened the car door and pulled Rodney into a hug. It seemed at that moment Rodney needed the contact as much as he did.

After several moments they broke apart. No more words were spoken between them. Matt got back into his car and started the engine. He gave Rodney a wave as he pulled out of the cemetery.

* * * *

Sitting in front of the small Mexican restaurant, Matt felt the emotion of the day weigh on his shoulders. He didn't know if he'd ever cried so much in his life.

He picked up the paper sack beside him. He'd decided it would be better not to just plop a book of memories on the table in front of Julie upon arrival. Instead, he'd asked the desk clerk for a bag to put the album in.

He was immediately shown to his table, where Julie sat smiling. He noticed her eyes looked puffy, a sure sign she'd been crying. *Join the club.* He bent and gave her a kiss on the cheek before taking his seat.

"How are you?" She asked. There was nothing but pure concern in her hazel eyes.

"Tired," he said honestly. He set the paper sack on the floor beside his chair. "Been a long couple of days."

Julie nodded. They placed their drink orders and Matt picked up his menu. "What's good?"

"The shredded beef burritos. That's what I always get," she answered. She picked up the salt shaker and looked at the big bowl of chips. "Do you mind?"

Matt smiled and shook his head. "Not at all." He set his menu aside as his jumbo-sized margarita was set in front of him.

Julie moaned as she swallowed a drink of her strawberry daiquiri. "Man I needed that," she said with a grin.

"It looks like it's been a rough day for you as well," he commented.

"Yeah, well, it's certainly been a cathartic couple of days." Julie reached across the table and squeezed Matt's hand. "I have something for you, but I'm not sure when to give it to you."

Matt thought of the package beside his feet. "I have something for you as well."

Julie looked into her glass. "I've got an idea. Let's drink up and get out of here."

He wasn't sure what she had in mind, but he agreed this wasn't the place for the things he needed to discuss with her. He nodded and they both drank their drinks. Julie put her fingers to her temples. "Ooh, brain freeze," she chuckled.

When they were both finished, he put enough money on the table to pay for their drinks and tip before picking up his package. He led Julie out of the restaurant. "Would you like for me to drive?" he asked.

"Will you think I'm crazy if I ask you to meet me at the cemetery?"

He didn't want to tell her that he wasn't ready to go back yet. It was obvious this was important to Julie, and he decided the night would be for her. Danny would've wanted it that way. "Sure."

"Great," she said with a smile. "I've got a few supplies to gather, but I'll be there as soon as I can."

"I'll wait for you," he said.

* * * *

"Hello?" Sam answered.

"Hey, how's it going?" Matt asked.

"Fine. I just finished stitching Jeremy Lovell's cheek."

"Damn, what happened?" Just the sound of Sam's voice put Matt at ease. Familiar and warm, he could almost feel Sam's arms wrapped around him.

"Fight I guess. He's not talking. He'd gone to Gillette to see his old man ride. Came back early with a black eye and a nasty cut on his cheek. Shep brought him in. He figures the kid hit on the wrong cowboy and is too embarrassed to talk about it."

"That'd do it," Matt agreed.

"So, how're you feeling?" Sam asked.

He thought about it for several moments. "Matt?"

"Yeah, I'm here. I'm just not sure how I'm doing. I had a nice visit with Danny earlier, tough, but nice. I'm sitting in my car at the cemetery as we speak. Julie's meeting me here."

"You up for that?"

"Nope, but I think it's something she needs." Matt rubbed a hand over his face.

"You're a good man."

"No I'm not, but Danny was, and I owe him this."

"Stop it. What happened overseas was not your fault. The fact that you didn't die along with your friend doesn't make you any less a good man. I'm getting damn tired of hearing you talk like that."

Matt sat up. He didn't know if he'd ever heard Sam this angry. "Sorry," he said automatically. He saw Julie pull up behind his car. "Sam?"

"Don't apologise. I'm the one who should be doing that. I didn't mean to lose my temper. It's just killing me to see you continue to beat yourself up. War sucks. People die. Good people. But it's not your fault."

"Okay. Um, I need to go," Matt said. He was still feeling a little off kilter.

"Call me before you go to bed."

"I will. I love you."

"I love you, too. Hurry back to me," Sam said and hung up.

Matt took a deep cleansing breath before opening the car door. Julie was pulling sacks out of the car, a blanket tossed over her shoulder.

"Here, let me help you," Matt said, and took the bags from her arms.

"Thanks. I hope you like burgers?" she asked holding up a greasy looking sack.

"Love 'em."

Together they walked to Danny's grave. Julie spread out the blanket and sat on one corner. "Make yourself comfortable." She pulled burgers and onion rings out of the bag. "Hoch's has the best cheeseburgers."

Matt took his food and set it in front of him. He dug into one of the sacks he'd carried and got them both out a bottle of Miller Lite. Passing over the beer, he gestured to the ones beside the stone. "Did you bring all those here?"

Julie shook her head. He watched as tears pooled in her eyes and felt like a piece of shit. "I didn't mean to..."

"You didn't," she said, wiping her eyes. She pointed to the bottles. "Those actually aren't for Danny, they're for me. Danny's friends leave them here in case I need a drink when I come to sit with him."

Damn, there goes that lump. "Do you come here often?" He hated to think of Julie alone in the cemetery drinking her life away.

"Not as much as I used to, but once in a while." Julie set down her hamburger and wiped her hands. "Actually, we all have a bit of an advantage over you. We spent a year and a half getting used to Danny being gone. We got letters and phone calls occasionally, but on a day to day basis, we learned to continue with our lives."

Matt reached over and put his hand on her shoulder. "Doesn't make it any easier though, does it?"

She smiled and leaned her cheek onto his hand. "No." She ran her hand over the etched name on the headstone. "I just hope that someday I'm able to find another man as good as he was."

"He would've wanted that," Matt said.

"I know."

"Which brings me to one of the reasons I came to Kansas." He reached behind him and handed Julie the brown sack. "This belongs to you."

Julie set the book in her lap before pulling an envelope out of her purse. "This was in with Danny's personal effects."

Matt took the letter, surprised to see his name written on the outside of the sealed envelope. It was in Danny's chicken scratch. They'd all written letters home in case something happened to them while in the Middle East. Was this what that was?

His hands started to shake. He honestly didn't think he could read it, not now, not in front of Julie and Danny. "Would you mind if I took this with me?" he asked.

Julie shook her head. "It's yours. Do what you need to do with it."

Matt watched as Julie opened the sack and pulled out the album. She immediately put her hand to her mouth as she started to cry. "Danny told me about this," she whispered. She looked up at him. "But you're wrong. It doesn't belong to me, it's yours, and Danny wanted you to have it."

"What?" he asked, his jaw dropping open.

Julie smiled, flipping through the pages. "He told me about the album before he was killed. He said he knew I'd always had specific ideas of how I wanted our wedding, but that he was working on a project with his best friend. He told me it was a way for both of you to think of the future and not the present hell you were both living in."

She looked at him sheepishly. "He told me you were gay and this would probably be your only chance to plan a wedding like this."

Julie turned to the pages filled with flowers. She touched each picture. "I wish I could smell them. Danny wrote about each flower and how each one of them was supposed to smell."

Matt nodded, remembering the stephanotis that Danny was crazy about. He'd heard what Julie had said about the album, but he didn't feel right keeping it. "I'm sorry I took it. I have dreams. Dreams about Danny and flying in that damn Blackhawk and that stupid red book. And the dead. There's always the dead and dying."

Looking up from the pages, Julie seemed to study him for several seconds. "You were in love with him." It wasn't a question, and she didn't seem to be angry, but it still embarrassed him. He turned his head away and gave her a slight nod. He knew he'd never verbally be able to admit it to her.

"I'm glad," Julie said. "It comforts me to know that someone over in that hell hole loved him. He deserved that."

Julie set the book aside and crawled over to wrap her arms around Matt. "Danny hoped one day you'd find some place to settle. Have you?"

"Yeah," Matt said. "A town in Wyoming."

"Is there anyone special waiting for you back home?"

Matt's chin began to quiver. "Yes. Two brilliant doctors who for some reason love me."

"Then go home to them. Build a life for yourself and forget about the past." She reached across the blanket and picked up the album. "Take this with you. It was never meant to be mine."

Matt clutched the book to his chest. "Thank you," he said. He was overwhelmed by her strength and kindness.

Chapter Thirteen

He was so drained it was a wonder he made it back to his hotel. Matt just hoped he was too tired for dreams. The letter in his pocket was a reminder he wasn't finished yet. *Maybe I should wait until I get home to read it.*

He used his key card to get in the side door. The last thing he wanted was another conversation with one of Danny's friends. They seemed to be everywhere, and just then all he wanted was peace.

Matt made it to his room and sat on the edge of the bed. He pulled the letter out of his back pocket and looked at his name scrawled across the front. Could he do it?

The red blinking light on the phone caught his attention. He almost ignored it, he wanted to ignore it, but the thought of an emergency involving his men had him reaching for the phone.

"Front desk."

"This is Matthew Jeffries in room two-fourteen. Do you have a message for me?" he asked Steve.

"Yes. I'm holding a package for you. Would you like me to send it up?"

A package? "Who's it from, does it say?"

"Um, a Dr. Isaac Singer? Do you know this person?" Steve asked.

His heart soared. "Yes, yes, send it up."

Matt hung up the phone. He suddenly felt more awake. Isaac had thought enough to send him something. He wondered what his man had up his sleeve. Knowing Isaac, it was probably something like a plug. He smiled. *Oh that would be so perfect right about now.*

The knock at the door had him digging in his pocket for tip money. He opened the door and took a step back. *Damn, that was some package.* He pulled the six-foot-two package into his room and jumped on him.

Isaac managed to kick the door shut as Matt devoured his mouth. "I can't believe you're here," he said between kisses.

"Sam said you needed me," Isaac returned, and pulled Matt's shirt off over his head.

Matt unbuttoned Isaac's dark brown dress shirt and started on his khaki pants before the statement hit him. "Sam said that?" he asked.

Isaac pushed Matt's pants down and fell to his knees, taking Matt's softening cock into his mouth. Within seconds, Matt's erection was back in full force. He tried to let himself go and just enjoy the incredible blow job Isaac was gifting him with, but thoughts of Sam played in his mind. "Why would Sam say something like that? Isaac?"

Isaac pulled off Matt's cock and led him to the bed. His doctor finished undressing them and lifted the covers back. Matt slid in and waited for an explanation.

His lover wrapped him in a tight embrace, running his hands over Matt's hip. "We had a bit of an argument before I left."

"You and Sam?" *Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.* "Was it about me?"

"Yes and no. It had a lot to do with my over-active libido." Isaac's hand wandered to run over Matt's ass.

"Is he mad that you're having sex with me?" God, he so did not want to come between these two long-term partners.

Isaac shook his head. "Actually, I think it comes as a bit of a relief to him. It seems all these years he's been afraid if he didn't have sex with me when I wanted, that I'd stray. He's glad that we both have someone to love who can fulfil those desires for me."

"And?" he asked. He knew there had to be more.

"And? I feel like shit for it."

Matt stiffened. His brain told him Isaac had come all this way to let him down in person, but his body was telling him something else. If he were about to get booted to the curb, would Isaac be exploring the crack of his ass?

"Can I ask why you feel like shit for loving me?" he finally asked.

Isaac's brows shot up in surprise. "No. Oh, baby, no." Isaac kissed him, nipping Matt's lips. "We love you. Please don't ever doubt that for a second. I feel like shit that I let my desires cause Sam a moments question about my loyalty to him."

Matt exhaled the breath he hadn't realised he'd been holding. "And Sam?"

"I'm sure if he were here he'd be just as anxious to see you come as I am. He likes sex. He just doesn't desire it as often as the two of us." Isaac pressed his finger against Matt's hole.

"Please tell me you have some lube with you?" Matt asked.

"Are you kidding?" Isaac pulled back and jumped out of bed. He was back within seconds with a brand new bottle of lube in his hand. "They made me throw away what I had in my carry-on. Damn airport security. But I stopped on the way."

Matt grinned. "I would've paid good money to see the security guy confiscating your bottle of lube."

Isaac chuckled as he pushed the covers to the foot of the bed. "Don't think I didn't put up a fight."

He relaxed onto his back and wantonly spread his legs. "I've got a lot to tell you, but I need you to make me forget. Just for a little while." Matt ran his hands over his own nipples, sensitising them.

He watched as a look momentarily flicked over Isaac's face. "What happens when I get to old to get it up?" Isaac asked.

Matt's hand stilled. "Would you love me any less?" he asked.

"No, of course not," Isaac said with a shake of his head.

"There's your answer."

Isaac fell on top of him. "I'm sorry," he said kissing Matt.

Matt opened to Isaac's questing tongue as their cocks rubbed against each other. The longer and deeper the kiss, the tighter his balls became. Matt broke away and looked into the dark brown depths of his lover's eyes. "Make love to me."

Without moving off of him, Isaac popped the cap on the lube and warmed the slick substance between his fingers. "Wanna make you feel good," Isaac said as he introduced a finger to Matt's hole.

Matt's body welcomed the invasion eagerly. "More," he moaned. He wanted to feel it. He needed that bite of pain that only Isaac could give. "I need your cock. Now."

"You're not ready, baby," Isaac soothed pushing another finger inside of Matt.

"I'm past ready. I need it."

Isaac reluctantly removed his fingers and poured a generous amount of lube into his hand. He ran it up and down his length until that beautiful cock was red and shiny. Isaac wiped the excess on Matt's torso with a grin.

Matt felt the tip of his lover's cock at his opening and swung his legs over Isaac's shoulders. "Give it to me. I'm begging you, just do it."

"Shhh," Isaac crooned as he pushed his way inside. "You never have to beg."

Matt felt the momentary sting as his body tried to accept the invasion. "Yessss," he hissed, as Isaac slid home.

"Give me a second," Isaac panted, obviously trying to stave off his orgasm.

Matt reached up and plucked at Isaac's dark brown nipples. His mouth watered as the pebbled nubs hardened even further under his fingers. As responsive as Isaac's body was, Matt doubted there would ever be a time when he lost his lust for sex.

Isaac pulled out and slammed back in, jolting Matt from his musings. "Hell yeah. That's what I'm talking about," Matt shouted.

His lover must have known he needed to get out of his own head, even just for a little while, because after the initial thrust, Matt didn't have time to think. Isaac gripped Matt's shoulders and fucked him like he never had before.

The sounds the two of them made were more animal than human, his lover pegging his gland on every thrust. "Take it," Isaac grunted. "Love this ass," he continued his litany of obscenities as the speed increased.

"Fuck your hand," Isaac commanded.

Matt wrapped his fingers around his throbbing cock. He hadn't dared touch himself, knowing it would only be a matter of moments before he came.

"Shoot that spunk on me, baby. Give it to me," Isaac continued to command.

Matt aimed his cock at Isaac's chest and let loose, spraying his lover with his seed. Rope after rope of the pearly white fluid drenched Isaac's torso.

"Fuck yeah," Isaac grunted and buried himself deep into Matt's ass. Isaac collapsed on Matt as his body shook from the effects of his orgasm.

Matt held on tight as his lover emptied his balls. His head was pounding with the aftermath of his own climax. Damn. He momentarily wondered if he would be able to keep up with Isaac. This must be the way Sam felt. He pushed the worry aside. If he had to take a double dose of vitamins each day to keep up with his man, it would be well worth it.

He unwound his legs from Isaac's shoulders and wrapped them around his love's waist. "That was..."

"Yeah," Isaac agreed.

They lay in each other's arms kissing and exploring. Matt's thoughts drifted. "I miss Sam."

"Me, too," Isaac agreed.

"Let's call the airport and see if we can get an earlier flight home."

Isaac pulled back and looked into Matt's eyes. "Are you sure? Have you done everything here you needed to?"

Matt nodded. "I'm sure I'll still have the occasional nightmare. But with BJ's help and you and Sam in my bed every night, I think I can live with them." He gestured towards the nightstand. "Danny wrote me a letter before he died. Julie gave it to me earlier."

"Have you read it?" Isaac asked.

"No. Maybe someday soon, but I'm not quite ready yet." He realised he was okay with that. For now, it was enough that Danny had thought enough about him to write it in the first place. They'd been told by their commanding officers to write letters for the loved ones they'd be leaving behind should anything happen. The fact that Danny considered him a 'loved one' was all he needed to know for the moment.

Epilogue

One Month Later

Lying beside the pond, with the hot July sun filtering through the leaves, Matt thought about Julie. Their phone call earlier in the day was still on his mind. She sounded happier than she had the last few times they'd talked. Julie confessed that she'd been out on a couple of dates with Rodney. Matt smiled. He'd told her he thought Danny would be pleased and she'd agreed.

He looked over at the two naked men beside him. Despite the heat, they were sound asleep wrapped in each others arms. They'd become his saviours, his everything. They hadn't even taken time to eat the lunch Sam had packed in the cooler. Sometimes their love-making took on a frenzied pace and the minute they'd arrived, they'd shucked their clothes and enveloped each other in passion.

Reaching over, Matt pulled his jeans towards him. He dug in the back pocket and removed the now crumpled and wrinkled letter from his wallet. He'd read the damn thing so many times over the past few weeks, it was in danger of completely falling apart.

Unfolding the single white sheet of paper he held it up with one hand, letting the other fall on Sam's hip.

Dear Matt,

If you're reading this it means I've lost the battle. As long as my body makes it home, I'm okay with it.

If I know you at all, I'm sure you're feeling guilty. I'm right, aren't I? I know because that's the kind of friend you are. Well, if I could see you one last time I'd probably punch you in the nose for it. Stop feeling guilty. We both knew what we were getting into. We both saved a lot of lives by doing what we did. Take pride in that. I do. For every soldier we saved there was one less letter, like this one, going back to the States.

I love you, Matt. I wish I could've felt the same kind of love that you felt for me, but please know my love was no less than if we'd been lovers. Don't ever convince yourself it was wrong, because it wasn't. I'm thankful for every day I had the chance to know you. Now that you've made it home, I want you to forget about the war and focus on yourself. You deserve to find that special someone. If you open yourself enough I have no doubt you'll find it. I wish only the best for you.

Do me a favour and check in on my folks and Julie once in a while. Hopefully I'll be looking down on all of you and not looking up. Ha, Ha.

I'm sure by now you've got the album. Keep it and remember the good times we had together assembling it. It was only ever for you.

I love you, buddy,

Danny

Matt kissed Danny's signature, something he'd gotten into the habit of doing, and refolded the piece of paper.

"You okay?" Sam asked.

He set the letter on top of his jeans and turned to his lover. "Yeah. Why don't you pull yourself away from the human furnace and come over here?" He opened his arms as Sam extradited himself from Isaac's still sleeping body.

Sam snuggled against Matt's chest. "I love you," Sam whispered, licking a path up Matt's neck to his lips.

"I know, and I could never ask for anything more." Matt kissed his lover, comforted in the knowledge that Danny would be twice as happy for him.

"How about I unpack the cooler," Sam said. "Maybe I can get a big piece of Kyle's apple pie before Isaac wakes up."

"I heard that," Isaac grumbled.

In no time Isaac had worked his way between Matt and Sam. Stretched out in the dappled sunlight, Isaac was magnificent. Matt looked at Sam and winked. "How 'bout we use Isaac as a plate?"

Sam licked his lips. "That's the best idea I've heard all day."

"Eat away," Isaac said and raised his arms over his head.

About the Author

An avid reader for years, one day Carol Lynne decided to write her own brand of erotic romance. Carol juggles between being a full-time mother and a full-time writer. These days, you can usually find Carol either cleaning jelly out of the carpet or nestled in her favourite chair writing steamy love scenes.

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