

A romantic scene of a man and a woman embracing in a tropical setting. The man is leaning over the woman, who is lying down. They are both looking at each other with affection. The background is a warm, golden light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is intimate and sensual.

Loose Id

KORI ROBERTS

MISSING LINC



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Kori Roberts

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Published by
Loose Id LLC
870 Market St, Suite 1201
San Francisco CA 94102-2907
www.loose-id.com

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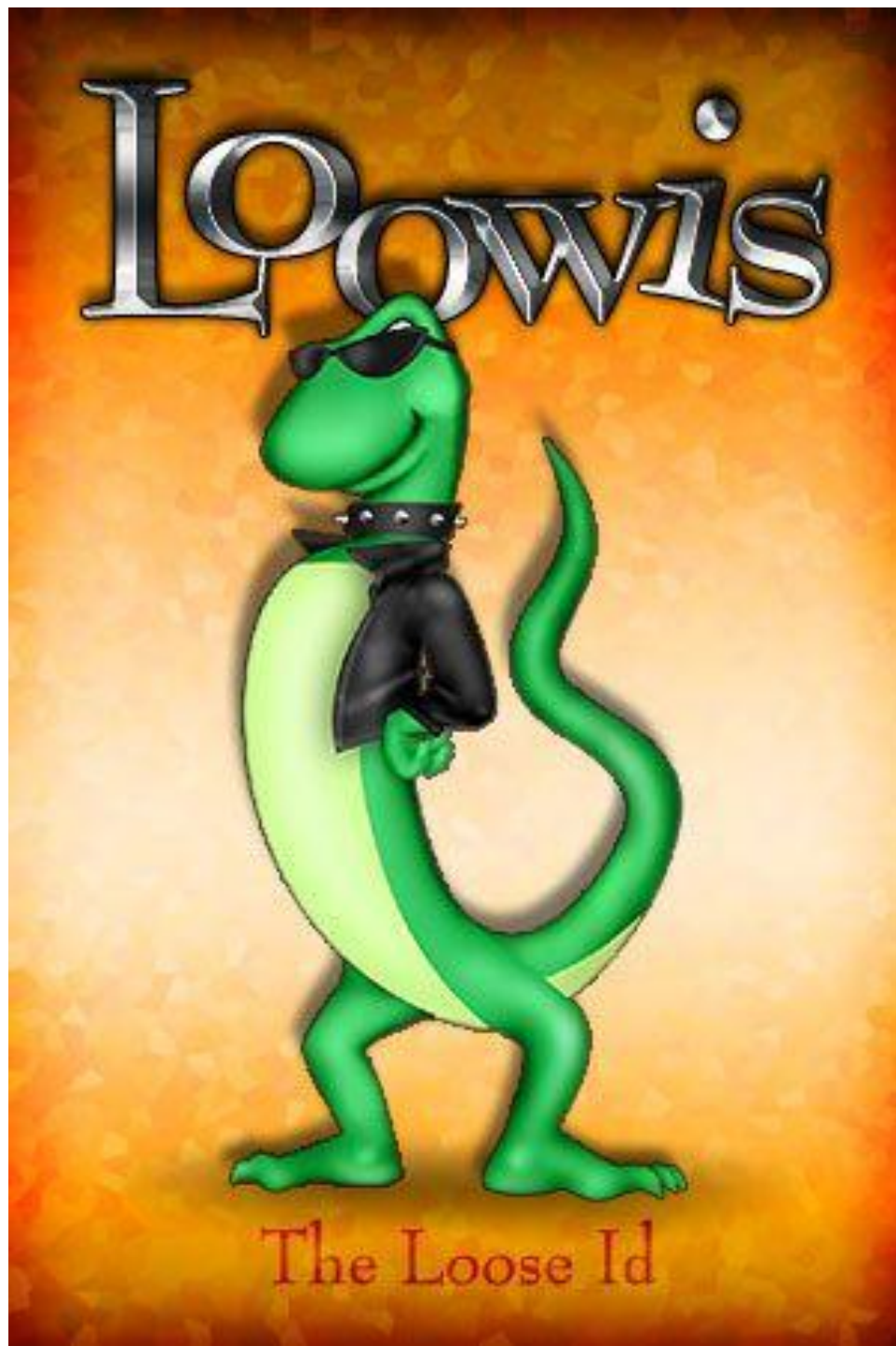
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ISBN 978-1-59632-296-7

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

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Ann M. Curtis
Cover Artist: Anne Cain



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Chapter One

Some days, Lincoln Castillo wondered why he even bothered to get out of bed. As he slammed on his brakes, he knew without a doubt that this was one of them. The sea of traffic on the expressway engulfed his limousine and made movement of any kind virtually impossible.

As the traffic came to a halt, Linc felt his irritation escalate. He cursed the name of his employee and cousin Miguel, who called off from work at the last minute for the third time in as many weeks. His other drivers were all booked solid, which forced him to scramble and rearrange his schedule once again in order to fill in as chauffeur for the day.

“Fuck!” Linc slammed his hand against the steering wheel in frustration. He didn’t have time for this shit right now. When he’d moved to Puerto Rico from New York several years ago, Linc figured he’d left this kind of headache behind as well.

He snorted in disgust. Apparently not. Rush-hour traffic in Puerto Rico -- particularly on a Friday evening -- was a real bitch. It didn’t help matters that it was the height of tourist season, and there were even more vehicles on the road than normal. Linc was certain that the traffic jams here rivaled any he’d experienced during his entire thirty-two years growing

up in New York City, and they made traveling around the island a complete fucking nightmare at times.

A glance at the clock on the dashboard made him swear again. His passengers' flight had arrived from New York more than thirty minutes ago. At the rate he was going, it would still be at least another twenty minutes before he reached the airport.

Linc hated being late, and everybody who worked for him knew it. Since he'd started his limousine company seven years ago, his drivers had always arrived on time for a scheduled pickup. And that was exactly how he liked it. Thanks to that little *pendejo* Miguel, his perfect track record was over.

Linc shook his head in disgust. Who needed enemies when you had family to make your life miserable?

His cell phone rang, and Linc glanced in the direction where he'd mounted it to the dashboard. He groaned when he saw the familiar number on the display. He reached out and pressed the Speaker button.

"*Hola*, baby. You miss me?" His secretary, Lorna, practically purred over the phone.

"What is it, Lorna?" Linc tried not to sound annoyed. He'd known Lorna for years. Extremely bold and outrageously flirtatious, she'd been trying to get him to fuck her since her first day on the job. That she was married and had three kids never deterred her from offering herself to him on a regular basis. Luckily for her, Lorna also happened to be the best assistant he'd ever had; otherwise, he would have let her ass go a long time ago.

"Your passengers called. Where are you?"

In hell. "I'm almost there," Linc lied. He stared out the window at the parking lot of vehicles around him. "I got caught in traffic. Call them back and tell them not to leave. I'll be there in a few minutes, okay?"

"*Sí*, baby, *anything* for you. I'll call them now."

Linc disconnected the call and fought the urge to yell. This was the last thing he needed. Not only was it bad for business, it had a tendency to really piss people off, especially when they were trying to enjoy their vacation.

With his luck, his passengers were some rich, old couple who would give him hell all the way to the hotel and demand a full refund once they got there. Shit.

Linc didn't give a damn if Miguel was family or not. Whenever he caught up with him, he was so fucking fired.

Convinced that he would have an episode of road rage if he sat in the same spot for another second, Linc released a small sigh of relief when traffic finally started to move, inching forward slowly for several minutes before progressing more rapidly. After a few miles, vehicles began to flow at a normal pace, and Linc allowed himself to feel a small glimmer of hope that he would get to the airport sometime before nightfall.

Fifteen minutes later, Linc arrived at his destination. He quickly navigated his limo into an available parking space alongside the curb, ignoring the honking of several angry motorists he cut off in the process.

Picking up the sign off the seat next to him, Linc read the names of his passengers. MR. AND MRS. MITCHELL ELLIOTT.

That's just great. Even their names sounded uptight. With a sigh, he opened the driver's door and climbed out of the limo. Linc paused long enough to straighten his hat and adjust his uniform before he joined the throng of people standing outside the terminal.

Holding up the sign in front of him, Linc searched through the crowd for his passengers, hoping they hadn't gotten too tired of waiting for him and taken a cab instead.

"Are you here for Elliott?"

Linc turned at the sound of the voice behind him. "Yes, ma'am, I..." His voice died in his throat at the sight in front of him.

Whoa. This definitely was *not* what he'd anticipated. Calling her beautiful seemed so inadequate. She was much more than that. Nevertheless, Linc couldn't think of a single word that was powerful enough, perfect enough, to describe her.

She wasn't tall; even with wedge-heeled sandals on, she only reached his shoulder. A strapless, baby-doll sundress with a colorful tie-dyed print covered her petite frame and provided the perfect contrast to her smooth brown skin.

Large, dark sunglasses held ink black hair away from a face that was an exotic blend of African and Asian ancestry. The long tresses hung in thick waves well past her shoulders. Almond-shaped eyes the color of cognac stared back at him from underneath the longest lashes Linc had ever seen. Her only makeup was a thin coating of gloss on full, sensuous lips that many women paid a fortune to emulate.

Linc stood there, frozen in place, staring at her with his mouth open, incapable of speaking a coherent word or having a logical thought. He watched in silence as the look of confusion on her face turned into one of understanding, and her mouth curved into a sexy smile.

It took a moment for Linc to realize that she'd spoken again. He'd been captivated by the sight of her; he hadn't heard a single word she said.

"Sorry, I didn't...what..." Linc paused and closed his eyes. Jesus, he sounded like a fucking idiot.

His eyes flew open at the sound of her soft chuckle. Linc didn't know if he felt relieved or horrified when he saw the amused look on her face.

"Elliott." She pointed to the sign that he still held in front of him. "That's us." She motioned between herself and the man next to her.

How in the hell did I overlook him? Linc found men to be just as attractive as women. He always enjoyed the unique types of pleasure he found in both sexes. And if someone

asked him to describe the ideal man, Linc was certain that his description would match the one standing in front of him.

Only slightly shorter than Linc's own height of six feet, he had the physique of a man well acquainted with the inside of a gym. Strong and hard, he made a simple gray T-shirt and tan shorts look spectacular on his ripped and well-defined frame.

Sunglasses prevented Linc from seeing his eyes, but he felt certain that they were as amazing as the rest of him. His short, sandy brown hair and lightly tanned skin were the perfect complement to her darker coloring.

Physically, he was as handsome as she was beautiful, as masculine as she was feminine. Together, they made a stunning and gorgeous pair. He'd never met a woman or man who attracted him as much -- or as quickly -- as them.

With effort, Linc forced himself to focus on his job. "Hi, I'm Lincoln." He reached out to shake the woman's hand. "I'm very sorry for the delay." Her small hand was soft inside of his larger one. Linc felt his groin tighten as a sudden image of it wrapped around his hard dick came to mind.

"Hi, Lincoln. I'm Tomi." The smile she gave him was warm and genuine. "Don't worry about it. The secretary at your company called and explained that you would pick us up because the original driver had a death in his family."

Linc wanted to tell her that nobody was dead, but that would all change as soon as he got his hands on Miguel. In the meantime, he'd have to thank Lorna for her ability to think fast and lie well.

"Besides," she continued, "we've been enjoying the warm air and beautiful view." Their gazes locked for a long heartbeat before her hand eased from his.

Linc cleared his throat. "Well, thanks again for being so understanding and patient." He smiled. "I wish I had more customers like you."

He turned his attention to the man. His sunglasses no longer covered his eyes and now hung casually from the neckline of his T-shirt. As Linc predicted, his eyes were as impressive as the rest of the man.

Eyes the color of the clearest blue sky stared back at him as Linc reached for the man's outstretched hand. His strong, firm grip was in complete contrast to Tomi's gentler touch, but it was no less appealing.

"I'm Mitch." Damn, even his voice was sexy.

"It's nice to meet you both." Linc returned his smile. "And please, call me Linc." Reluctantly, he released Mitch's hand. "Is this your first time in Puerto Rico?" At their nods, his smile broadened. "Well, welcome to San Juan, the most beautiful city on the island."

He opened the door and helped Tomi into the limo. Linc tried not to stare at her toned legs and the sexy silhouette of her shapely ass when she climbed inside, but he failed miserably.

Linc glanced in Mitch's direction. He frowned when he saw the other man loading the luggage into the trunk.

"You don't need to do that. I'll take care of it." He reached for the bag in Mitch's hand. "Why don't you relax with Tomi in the limo? There's some cold champagne on ice waiting for you."

"It's cool, man. I don't mind." Mitch smiled and winked. "Besides, I've always liked two sets of hands better than one anyway."

Linc paused. He'd made -- and received -- far too many suggestive comments and sexual innuendos over the years for him not to be able to recognize a flirtatious remark when it came his way. And, that was *definitely* flirting.

Not that Linc was complaining. Mitch was a fine-ass man, and Tomi was the sexiest woman he'd ever met. So many responses came to mind, and normally, Linc would share each and every one of them in vivid detail. Instead, he kept them to himself. As tempting

and alluring as he found Tomi and Mitch, they were still his customers, and the thoughts he had for them were slipping further and further away from being anywhere near appropriate. Slowly, he removed the hand covering Mitch's on the suitcase handle.

"Thanks. I appreciate it." He reached for one of the two remaining bags sitting by the curb. "Looks like you two are going to be here for a while."

"Yep, we'll be here through the Fourth of July holiday."

Linc calculated the time. This was early June. The Fourth of July was still a month away.

He whistled. "That's a nice, long vacation."

Mitch's expression sobered. "It's long overdue." Something flashed in his eyes, but he looked away before Linc could decipher it.

Once the last piece of luggage was loaded into the trunk, Linc waited for Mitch to climb inside the limo before he closed the door and walked around to the driver's side. He got in and started the limo.

"You're staying at the El San Juan Resort, right?" Linc turned around in time to see them locked in a kiss; their bodies practically entwined together, their mouths moving hungrily, as if they couldn't get enough of each other.

Seeing that simple act of intimacy between them made his cock throb. They were creating so much heat that Linc felt it from where he sat.

Slowly, they pulled apart, and Mitch met his gaze. "Sorry about that." He smiled. "And yeah, that's where we're staying."

Linc chuckled. The only thing Mitch looked sorry about was stopping. Linc couldn't blame him. He could imagine how incredible it felt to kiss a woman like Tomi.

Linc glanced at the sign he'd placed back onto the seat next to him. "You two must be on your honeymoon." He saw them share a look, a silent communication that he wasn't privy to.

“I guess we jumped the gun with that sign.” Tomi’s eyes met his. “We aren’t married yet.” Her gaze found Mitch’s again. “But we will be soon.” Her voice was soft and tender, the love she felt for Mitch evident in her tone.

“Well, sit back and relax. We’ll be at the hotel soon.” Linc raised the privacy glass and pulled away from the curb. He drove for a few minutes before he pressed the intercom to check on them.

“How’s everything? Is it cool enough for you, or do you need more air?” When they didn’t respond, he tried again. After several long seconds passed without a response, he lowered the privacy glass. What he saw almost caused him to have an accident.

Mitch sat with his head against the back of the seat, his eyes closed, and his shorts around his ankles. Tomi’s head was in his lap; Mitch had his hands wrapped in her long hair, holding the thick strands away from her face. Linc saw Mitch’s cock sliding in and out of her mouth.

In an instant, Linc was as hard as a brick. His mind practically screamed at him to look away, close the privacy glass right now, and pretend as if he’d never seen anything. He needed to haul ass to their hotel, drop them off, and forget he’d ever met them.

Yep, that’s what his mind said. But his rock-hard cock thought that idea completely sucked -- and not in a pleasurable sort of way, either. Instead, Linc sat mesmerized as he watched Tomi’s full lips work the mushroom head of Mitch’s cock, her pink tongue teasing at the opening before she swallowed Mitch’s thick length inside her mouth.

Linc alternated his attention between the road in front of him and the view behind him. His mouth watered as he stared at Mitch’s swollen cock, wet and glistening from Tomi’s saliva, and he imagined that they were his own lips wrapped around Mitch’s dick, giving him the pleasure that Linc saw written all over his face.

“Oh, baby. Yeah...just like that.” Mitch’s moan rang out, filled with equal parts need and desire. The sound was so desperate and raw that Linc couldn’t help the groan that fell from his lips in response.

Mitch’s eyes blinked open, and he looked at Linc in the mirror. Linc expected to see anger in his eyes at the invasion of their privacy; he waited to hear the irritation in Mitch’s voice at the disruption of their personal moment together.

But it never happened.

Instead, those blue eyes held an unmistakable request to watch, an undeniable invitation to participate -- even if only from a distance. He held Linc’s gaze as he thrust into Tomi’s mouth, his expression hot and feverish.

With one hand still on the steering wheel, Linc slid his other hand between his legs, massaging his aching erection through his pants as he drove aimlessly. He’d lost track of where he was a long time ago, knowing without a doubt that he was nowhere near his intended destination. He tried to focus on his surroundings, but the sights and sounds coming from the backseat affected his ability to think about anything other than what would happen next.

For some unknown reason, limos brought out the freak in people. This wasn’t the first time Linc witnessed a couple getting busy in the backseat, and he’d received and turned down more than his fair share of offers to join in on the fun. But this time -- with this couple -- he was certain that, if asked, he wouldn’t have the strength to say no.

Movement in his rearview mirror drew his attention to the backseat once again.

“*Jesús.*” Linc didn’t think he’d ever seen anything sexier than what he saw now. They’d switched places, and Tomi now leaned against the back of the seat with her dress bunched around her waist. Mitch pushed her legs back, holding them open with his large hands. He kneeled on the floor of the limo in front of her with his face buried in her pussy. Tomi’s

fingers gripped the back of the seat behind her head, and her face contorted in pleasure as her cries of ecstasy echoed in the air.

“Oh, yes.” Her hips gyrated, as if she were trying to force more of herself into his mouth. Mitch groaned in response, and his efforts increased.

“God, baby...gonna make me come.”

“Uh-huh.” Mitch’s voice sounded husky, his words slightly muffled. “Wanna taste you.”

Tomi’s sudden cries filled the limo, and her body bucked wildly against the seat.

As he watched, Linc had a death grip on his cock, knowing that if he let go, he’d come in his pants.

Mitch raised his upper body off the seat until he was eye level with Tomi. Leaning forward, he kissed her, whispering words against her lips that he spoke too quietly for Linc to understand.

In one easy movement, Mitch lifted Tomi off the seat and onto his lap. With his hands wrapped around her waist, Mitch positioned her so that she straddled his legs with her back against his chest. When their eyes met in the rearview mirror, Tomi looked at Linc with the same hunger he’d seen in Mitch’s expression. And Linc was certain that it matched the one burning in his own gaze.

Linc didn’t give himself time to think about the consequences as he unzipped his pants, reached inside, and pulled his cock free. As he stroked up and down his shaft, he stared at Tomi’s pussy. Smooth and hairless, it was wet with her arousal; the cream that coated the lips was visible, even in the darkened interior of the limo.

Mitch lowered Tomi onto his waiting dick, and the sound of three distinct moans rang out as he pushed inside her. Once he was fully seated, Mitch began fucking Tomi hard and deep, his big dick stretching her wide. Each time he thrust, Linc reciprocated the move, his

cock, hot and leaking, fucking into his hand as he imagined it was Tomi's warm, wet heat instead.

"Oh...fuck me, baby." Tomi's eyes closed, and her head fell back against Mitch's shoulder as she rode him.

Mitch kept one hand wrapped around her waist and used the other hand to pull the top of her dress down, exposing her perfect breasts for Linc to view. Mitch massaged each breast, pausing to play with her nipples, rubbing and rolling the darkened berries between his thumb and forefinger.

Their voices became a constant chorus of moans and groans, begging and pleading, their bodies came together frantically, the movements filled with urgency and desperation.

"*Goddamn...*you feel good." Mitch pounded into Tomi; her body vibrated from the force of his thrusts.

"Yes." Linc saw Tomi's body begin to shake. "Gonna come again."

"Ride me, baby." Mitch encouraged her. The hand around her waist moved between her legs and played with her clit. "Come on my cock."

Tomi began to wail even before Mitch finished speaking, her body trembling uncontrollably on top of him, fluids squirting from her as she came. Mitch was right behind her, shouting her name while slamming inside her.

The sight of Mitch's cock sliding in and out of Tomi's pussy, covered in a mixture of his cum and her cream, was more than Linc could take. He shot so hard, his ears rang and vision blurred. It was through sheer willpower that he managed to stay on the road; his hands were shaking, and he barely maintained control of the steering wheel.

The sounds of their combined breathing floated through the limo, and it took several minutes before Linc could finally think clearly. The clock on the dashboard confirmed that less than an hour had passed since he'd picked them up from the airport, but it felt like an eternity.

He looked down at his cum-covered hand and grimaced. Linc leaned over, opened the glove compartment, and removed a small box of Kleenex. He pulled several out of the box and cleaned his hand as much as possible while he continued to drive. Glancing in the back of the limo, he saw Mitch and Tomi pulling tissue from the built-in dispenser as they tried to do the same thing.

“Sorry, we made a mess back here,” Mitch called out as he helped Tomi adjust her dress.

Linc shrugged. “Don’t worry about it. Leather cleans easily.” A smile spread across his face. “Besides, the privilege of witnessing the two of you together in the back of my limo more than made up for anything you leave in it.”

Tomi met his eyes in the mirror and smiled. Running her fingers through her hair, she said, “I guess you see this kind of thing all the time, huh?”

“Occasionally,” he admitted. “But I’ve never seen anything as incredible as the two of you.” It was true. The chemistry between them was amazing.

“We haven’t done anything like this in a long time,” she confessed. “I guess the atmosphere” -- she gave him a sultry look -- “and the audience brought our wild sides to the surface.”

Afterward, they settled into a comfortable silence. Mitch and Tomi cuddled together in the backseat, sharing whispered words and gentle kisses, and Linc drove on autopilot, his thoughts still focused on the events of the past hour. What he’d done was completely out of the realm of professionalism, yet Linc didn’t feel an ounce of guilt about it. Tomi and Mitch had a certain magnetism that he found irresistible. Linc hadn’t been this attracted to one person -- let alone two people -- since...well...in a very long time.

Before he knew it, Linc was pulling into the circular drive of the hotel. He parked the limo and turned off the ignition before turning around to look at his passengers.

“Well, we made it to the hotel, and we’re all still in one piece.” Although Linc had no idea how he’d done it. With all the activity in the limo, his attention span was nonexistent. Sheer luck got them to their destination without him running over anyone in the process.

Linc got out of the limo and walked around to their door. He waited for them to climb out of the limo before he moved to the trunk and began unloading their luggage. He handed each piece to the hotel attendant, who loaded it onto a baggage cart. Once Linc removed the last piece from the trunk, he turned to Mitch and Tomi, who stood off to the side.

“It was nice to meet both of you.” Linc smiled, ignoring the inexplicable disappointment he felt knowing that he wouldn’t see these two people again. “Welcome again to San Juan. I hope you have a great wedding and an even better honeymoon.”

Smiling broadly, Mitch reached out to shake his hand. “Thanks, man. That was a hell of a ride and the best way to start a vacation.” When Linc pulled his hand away, there was a fifty-dollar bill in his palm.

“I can’t take this.” Linc held the money out to him. Mitch tried to protest, but he insisted. “Trust me.” He chuckled. “The pleasure was as much mine as it was yours.”

“Well, there has to be a way for us to thank you for making our trip enjoyable thus far,” Tomi spoke up. She glanced at Mitch, who nodded.

“Tomi’s right,” Mitch said. “Since you won’t take our money, why don’t you join us for dinner tonight? Maybe you can show us some nice places to get a good Puerto Rican meal.”

Linc thought about all the reasons why he didn’t need to mix business with pleasure any more than he already had with these two. But when he looked into their faces, it was impossible for him to say no to either of them.

“I’d love to.” The smile Tomi gave him erased any doubts he had and made his decision to say yes worth it.

He glanced at his watch. It was almost seven o'clock in the evening. "Does eight thirty work for you?" At their nods, he smiled. "Cool. I'll meet you back here at that time. I know a good place not too far from here that I think you'll like."

"That sounds good," Mitch told him. "We'll see you then." Linc watched Mitch lead Tomi into the hotel by the hand before he returned to the limo.

As he drove away, a huge grin spread across Linc's face. He made a mental note to thank Miguel for not coming in to work for the day. Hell, maybe he'd even give him a raise.

Chapter Two

“This is beautiful.” Tomi stood on the balcony of their hotel suite, watching the sun set over the ocean and enjoying the warm evening breeze.

Mitch’s strong arms slid around her waist, and he pulled her tightly against him. “It’s nowhere near as beautiful as you,” he whispered in her ear.

Her eyes fluttered closed as Mitch’s lips moved along the column of her neck. Leaning back, she offered him a kiss, moaning softly when his mouth covered hers. Immediately, her lips opened, her tongue automatically sought his, and she poured everything she felt for him into her kiss before their lips parted.

As they continued to watch the sunset in silence, Tomi’s thoughts shifted to their limo ride. She’d forgotten how much it turned her on to have sex in front of another person. In fact, she still felt turned on. Linc was an extremely handsome man, his skin a beautiful shade of butterscotch, and he had the most amazing gray eyes she’d ever seen. Even in his uniform, it was obvious he was in great shape. Tomi found herself wondering what he looked like underneath all those clothes.

The thought of Linc naked had Tomi feeling grateful that Mitch couldn't see her face. If he could, he'd see the sudden guilt -- and desire -- she was certain shone plainly in her eyes.

She was here to marry this wonderful man. They'd gone through so much -- their relationship had seen far more than its fair share of happiness and heartache during the three years they'd been together.

Through it all, they'd managed to not only survive but grow stronger, their love for each other becoming even deeper, leaving no doubt in Tomi's mind that she'd found her soul mate. With mere days to go before they were scheduled to say "I do", it seemed wrong somehow that she'd be distracted by thoughts of any man other than Mitch, let alone someone she'd only met a little more than an hour ago.

Still, she couldn't deny the way she felt. There was no way to pretend she didn't notice the way her body responded to Linc when his heated gaze moved over her in the limo. It was impossible to forget the look in his eyes, burning with need and passion, touching and caressing her as sensuously, as seductively, as if he were using his own hands while promising that the real thing would be even better than the fantasy.

Her eyes slid closed as a shiver of pleasure raced down her spine, forcing her to bite her bottom lip to stifle the moan attempting to escape.

"You're trembling." Mitch's strong arms tightened around her. "Are you cold?"

"No." She turned in his arms. "I'm fine." Tomi was far from cold. And that was the problem. "So...that was some limo ride, huh?" Her words were spoken quietly, almost hesitantly, as she stared into his handsome face. Tomi needed to see whether their earlier activities had affected her fiancé as much as they did her. She wanted to make sure that he had no regrets about what they'd done, knowing that she'd rather die before she did anything that would cause him any more pain than he'd already endured.

“Oh, yeah, that was one ride I won’t forget anytime in the near future.” Mitch chuckled before he paused, and his expression suddenly turned serious as his blue-eyed gaze searched hers. “Are you okay with what happened?”

“Yes.” Tomi nodded. “I am.” She was more than okay with it, but she had to know that he felt the same way. “Lincoln seems nice.”

Mitch continued to study her; the look on his face told her that he shared her concerns. Tomi smiled at him, wanting to ease his worries -- and her own. As long as he was okay, she was fine.

Several long moments passed before Mitch’s face relaxed, and Tomi felt her fears begin to evaporate. “So, you think he’s nice?” His voice sounded playful once again, and the smile returned to his eyes when he looked down at her.

“Yes, I do.” She continued, “He’s really gorgeous too.”

“He’s okay.” His words were nonchalant, but the smile tugging at the corners of his mouth gave him away.

Tomi leaned her head against his chest to hide her own smile. “Just okay, huh?”

“Yeah, he’s not bad, if you like the strong, sexy, Latino-stud type.”

Tomi leaned back and looked up at him again. “Oh, and you don’t?” His dismissive tone didn’t fool her at all. She knew him as well as she knew herself. They had so many things in common; their wants, needs, and desires were so similar, they often mirrored each other. Whenever she saw him, it felt as if she were looking at a male version of herself.

Like her, Mitch didn’t discriminate between genders. He loved both women and men, and so did she. Their tastes in members of the male sex were the same as well.

“Don’t get me wrong, he’s definitely my type.” Mitch laughed. “I was simply making an observation.”

“Uh-huh, that’s what I thought.” Tomi’s laughter joined his. From his words, it was apparent that Mitch liked Linc as much as she did.

It would bother many people to hear their future spouse admit to an attraction to another person. Fortunately, Tomi wasn't one of those people. Mitch's comments didn't bother her at all. Instead, they thrilled her and reminded her once again why he was the perfect match for her.

They had a relationship that was far from orthodox. It was uninhibited and filled with adventure. Those things that most people frowned upon -- even condemned -- when it came to sex were the same things they found exciting and arousing. Having multiple partners was something that many would view as an exception in a relationship, but for them, it had been the norm during the years they'd been together.

Until recently.

Tomi's joy left her in a sudden rush as thoughts of the last time Mitch and she shared pleasure with another person raced through her mind and left her ready to scream and sob at the same time.

The bitter betrayal of that experience had changed them. The months they'd spent recovering left them hardened, feeling wary and unwilling to risk ruining their relationship after spending so much time repairing it.

Since then, their sex life consisted of just the two of them. Tomi never imagined they'd even consider including another person in their relationship again.

Until Linc.

With effort, Tomi pushed her negative thoughts to the side, refusing to allow them to disrupt her happiness.

"I'm glad you invited Linc to dinner," she said to Mitch. "I know we just met him, but I like him. There's something about him that feels right..." She paused and looked away, unable to find the right words to describe the immediate attraction she'd felt, the instantaneous connection she made whenever she met someone special. It was the kind of

reaction that was hard for her to explain -- and even harder for others to understand, unless they'd experienced it before.

Mitch's hand caressed her cheek, and Tomi met his eyes again, taking comfort in the look on his face that told her an explanation wasn't necessary. He understood what she meant; he'd experienced what she felt. It'd been that way between them when they first met.

"I know." Those two words confirmed her thoughts. Mitch leaned down and kissed her on the lips. "I think it'll be nice getting to know someone new, like we used to."

"I think so too." She smiled up at him. "We haven't let another person into our life since..." Her voice trailed off as the memories of an unhappy time, the images of an unwelcome face, intruded into her thoughts once again.

"Hey." Mitch cupped her face. "Don't do that to yourself. We're over that part of our life. We're over *him*. We've wasted enough of our time, enough of our lives, wanting and wishing for someone who neither of us even needed." The kiss he gave her was gentle and filled with so much love. Leaning forward, he rested his head against hers.

"This is about *us*, Tomi. It's been too long since we enjoyed ourselves, too long since we enjoyed being around another person like that." His lips met hers again. "If this thing with Linc turns into something more, that's great. We'll have a lot of fun while we're here, and great memories to take with us when we leave. But if nothing happens and we never see him again after tonight, that's fine too. We'll still have each other, and that will never change."

"You're right." Tomi practically melted into Mitch's tight embrace. She loved the feel of his strong body pressed against hers.

"I'm so happy." Tomi put a voice to her feelings. "I'm so glad we're finally doing this."

"Good." She felt Mitch's lips against her hair. "You deserve to be happy, and I'll do whatever it takes to make sure that you are."

"As long as I have you, I'll always be happy." Tomi held his gaze, wanting him to know without question that she meant every word.

“Prepare yourself to be happy for a very long time then.” His mouth covered hers again, the kiss equal parts love and lust. His hands touched her body, moving downward until he reached her ass. With their lips still connected, Mitch lifted her and carried her back into their suite. Gently, he laid her on the bed, his hard body coming down on top of her. With his weight resting on one elbow, Mitch stared down at her.

“I should have married you a long time ago. I can’t wait until you’re truly and officially mine in every way.”

“Me too.” She reached up and stroked his face. “I love you so much, Mitch.”

“Love you more.” Mitch grabbed her hand and placed a kiss against her palm.

Tomi leaned up and kissed him. “Prove it,” she whispered against his lips as she pulled him even tighter against her.

Chapter Three

Linc hadn't felt this good in a long time. He couldn't remember the last time he'd looked forward to a night out as much as he did this one. Not even Miguel's ridiculously pathetic excuses for missing work or Lorna's incessant and irritating flirting were enough to dampen his mood.

After he dropped off Tomi and Mitch, Linc returned his limo to his company's garage and hurried home to take a shower and change clothes before he went to pick them up.

While he drove to their hotel, Linc kept reminding himself that this wasn't a date; it wasn't the start of some new and lasting relationship between the three of them. Despite what happened in the limo, Linc had no idea whether Mitch and Tomi were even into the whole threesome thing. Although it seemed as if they were genuinely attracted to him, maybe it was wishful thinking on his part. For all he knew, they were just a friendly heterosexual couple who got off on other people watching them while they fucked.

Not that it mattered anyway. Linc had gotten over the need for full-time commitments a long time ago. When it came to relationships, he was all about instant gratification, immediate satisfaction. And he'd made it a point to have plenty of it over the years. He'd

learned the hard and painful way that it wasn't worth the risk of losing his head -- or his heart -- over anything more substantial than that.

Even if he did want more -- which he adamantly told himself he didn't -- it couldn't be with Mitch and Tomi. Hell, the only reason they were even in Puerto Rico at all was so they could get married. They wanted to enjoy themselves and each other before they headed back home to New York. As appealing as the thought was, Linc suspected that having a fling with a stranger wasn't on their list of things to do during their honeymoon.

Nope, Tomi and Mitch definitely weren't the couple for him. They were just some nice customers he was joining for dinner and would probably never see again after tonight.

Yeah, right. Linc snorted. Tell that to his racing heart and throbbing dick. The thought of seeing them again made him more excited than he had any right to be.

They were already waiting for him in the hotel lobby when he arrived. Linc watched as they walked in his direction, his arousal increasing with every step they made toward his car. He got out and met them at the curb. Reaching out, he tried to shake Tomi's hand, but she ignored his outstretched hand and pulled him into a brief embrace instead.

Linc wanted to groan. God, she felt so damn good in his arms. Her body was soft and warm, and the sweet, seductive scent of her perfume teased his nose and made him ache. With effort, Linc released her and reached out to shake Mitch's hand.

"I hope we're dressed okay," Tomi said, glancing at Mitch and back to him. "We weren't sure what kind of restaurant we were going to."

From where Linc stood, they looked a hell of a lot better than okay. Tomi wore a short-sleeved dress with a colorful paisley print. It was short enough to show off her beautiful legs, and the neckline plunged deep enough to display her incredible cleavage. Mitch looked equally as good in a pair of loose-fitting, cream-colored linen cargo pants and a white linen shirt.

“Trust me, you’re fine.” Linc held the car door open for her while Mitch opened the rear door and had a seat in the back. “You both look great.”

“Thanks.” She smiled up at him as she got into the car. “You do too. The color of that shirt looks good against your skin. It reminds me of Mitch’s eyes.”

Linc glanced down at his shirt. Tomi was right. The different shades of blue were similar to Mitch’s eyes. And he’d admit -- if only to himself -- that it was the reason he’d chosen to wear this particular shirt tonight.

“Nice car,” Mitch commented from the backseat once Linc climbed into the car.

“Thanks.” He smiled at Mitch through the rearview mirror as he started the engine. “It was one of the few luxuries that I brought with me when I moved here.” Linc lovingly caressed the steering wheel of his Mercedes-Benz. It cost him a fortune when he’d purchased it eight years ago, and it was ridiculously expensive to maintain, but it was worth every penny. Although he’d bought other cars over the years, this one still ranked as his favorite, and it was one of the few possessions he’d kept from his previous life.

“So, you’re not originally from Puerto Rico?” Mitch asked.

“No,” Linc said as he pulled away from the hotel. “I was born and raised in Brooklyn. But my parents are from here, and I have a lot of family here as well.”

“Well, that explains it.” Tomi laughed. “I thought I detected an East Coast accent in your voice.”

Shaking his head, Linc smiled. “No matter how hard I try, I can’t seem to get rid of it.”

“Don’t bother. I like it. It sounds sexy.”

Linc laughed hard. “I think that’s the first time anyone has ever told me that.” Inside, he hoped that his voice wasn’t the only thing about him that Tomi found sexy. “What about you two? Are you both originally from New York as well?”

“I grew up in Greenwich, Connecticut.” Linc glanced up at the sound of Mitch’s voice. From his tone, it was clear that he was less than impressed with his birthplace.

“Good area,” Linc said carefully. “You must have had a nice upper-class upbringing.”

“I guess that’s one way to describe it.” A ghost of a smile passed across Mitch’s face. “Although I’m sure my life is nowhere near what my parents planned for me growing up.” Linc saw Mitch’s gaze lock on the back of Tomi’s head. “But I wouldn’t change it for anything in the world.”

When Mitch didn’t offer any more information, Linc took the hint and left the subject alone. It didn’t take a genius to understand that was a sensitive topic for Mitch, and the last thing Linc wanted was to remind him of unpleasant memories that he clearly didn’t want to discuss.

“What about you?” He shifted his attention to Tomi.

“Oh, I’m an army brat. I was born in Hawaii, but I grew up wherever my father was stationed.”

“So, I have to ask how a beautiful, feminine woman ended up with such a masculine name.”

Tomi’s soft laughter filled the car. “My actual name is Tomiko,” she explained. “In Japanese, it means ‘child of Tommy,’ which is my father’s name. Growing up, everyone called me Tomi, and it just stuck with me.”

Linc looked into her exotic face. “I take it you’re part Japanese.”

Tomi nodded. “My mother is Japanese.” She didn’t specify her father’s nationality, but it wasn’t necessary. Everything from her face to her hair to her skin made it apparent that her father was black.

Linc’s conversation had him so distracted that he almost passed the red, glowing sign of the Ajili Mojili restaurant. He slowed in time to grab one of the few parking spaces out front.

“Oohhh, I read about this place!” Tomi stared out the window. “I hear their food is delicious.”

“It is.” Linc smiled at the excitement in her voice. “My cousin is the chef tonight. They have some of the best Puerto Rican food in the area.” They got out of the car and headed toward the restaurant. Linc reached the door first and held it open for them.

“*Buenas noches.*” The smiling hostess greeted them at the door.

“Hola, Selena.” Linc returned her smile. “We have an eight forty-five dinner reservation.”

“Sí.” She grabbed three menus. “Right this way.” She led them to a quiet table in the corner of the restaurant. Linc waited until Tomi and Mitch sat down before he took a seat.

“Would you please let Alejandro know that we’re here?”

“*Sí, Señor* Castillo. I’ll tell him.” Once she walked away, he turned to Mitch and Tomi. They sat studying the menu.

“I have no idea what to order.” Mitch stared blankly at his menu.

“You should try the *mofongo relleno de camarones o langosta*,” Linc recommended.

Mitch glanced up at him. “What’s that?”

“It’s stuffed plantain. You can get it with shrimp or lobster inside. Mofongo is common in Puerto Rican cuisine, and it’s one of the specialties here. The *arroz con pollo* is chicken with rice. It’s excellent as well.”

“Why don’t I get that, and you get the mofongo.” Tomi looked at Mitch. “We’ll share.”

Mitch closed his menu and placed it on the table. “Sounds good to me.”

Once the waiter arrived and took their orders, they settled into an easy conversation.

“Thanks again for inviting me to dinner,” Linc told them. “I don’t think I’ve ever had customers extend an invitation like this before.” He’d had plenty of customers offer to let him eat something, but none of it ever involved food.

"It was the least we could do after subjecting you to our impromptu show earlier." Mitch's words brought back images of him and Tomi fucking in the backseat of the limo. The memory made Linc's groin tighten.

"Like I said, it was definitely no hardship on my part. The two of you are incredible together."

Tomi smiled. "Well, I'm just glad that you were able to join us on such short notice." Her expression suddenly became concerned. "I hope you didn't cancel any plans you already had in order to be here with us."

"Not at all." Linc shook his head dismissively. "I didn't have any particular plans for tonight. Before your invitation, I was going to have an unexciting evening at home alone."

"I guess it was our lucky night," Tomi said softly, a suggestive smile on her lips. "I suspect it's very rare that you're alone, especially on a Friday evening."

"You give me too much credit." Linc laughed. In truth, she was correct. Linc typically had something -- and someone -- to do most weekends. Tonight was no different. When the day began, he'd promised to attend a hotel party with a hot young thing that he'd met at another hotel party a couple of weeks before.

Somewhere between breakfast and lunch, he'd lost all interest in going, willing to risk missing out on a guaranteed piece of ass if it meant not having to suffer through another party filled with pretentious people walking around trying to be seen, when they weren't in the restroom getting high. As far as Linc was concerned, he couldn't have picked a better night to cancel his plans.

"So, do you live here in San Juan or one of the surrounding cities?" Mitch asked him.

"San Juan," he confirmed. "I stay in Punta Las Marias. It's about twenty minutes from the hotel where you're staying."

The waiter arrived with their food, and their conversation slowed some as they focused on their meals.

A full dinner plus dessert, a pitcher of sangria, and several beers later, they sat back laughing and talking. Linc noticed how comfortable, how good it felt to be in their company. Their conversation flowed easily and naturally, as if they'd known each other for years instead of hours.

Tomi sighed. "That was one of the best meals I've had in a long time."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." Linc looked up as his cousin Alejandro approached their table. "Here comes the person responsible for it now." He stood and embraced Alejandro before he introduced him to Tomi and Mitch.

"*Gracias por una cena maravillosa, Alejandro.*" Linc looked at Tomi in surprise. He had no idea she spoke Spanish.

Alejandro brought Tomi's hand to his lips. "*Es un honor a cocinar para una señora tan hermosa.*" Alejandro released her hand and shook Mitch's. "I trust your dinner was enjoyable as well?"

"Oh, yeah." Mitch smiled. "This place is great. It more than lived up to its reputation."

"I'm happy to hear that. Any friend of my cousin is always welcome here. Enjoy the rest of your evening."

Once Alejandro left, Linc looked at Tomi. "Your Spanish is perfect."

"It should be." Mitch chuckled and rested his arm around the back of Tomi's chair. "She makes a living teaching it to others."

"Oh, you're a teacher?"

Tomi nodded. "A professor. I teach foreign languages at New York University."

"NYU is my alma mater." Linc smiled. "I completed undergrad and grad school there." He paused. "Although I'm certain that none of my finance and economics professors ever looked anything like you."

“That’s what I told her.” Mitch looked down at Tomi. “But she doesn’t believe me. You should see all those young kids in her classes, watching her with hopeful eyes, hanging on to her every word.”

The picture Mitch painted made Linc laugh. Looking at Tomi, he understood their reaction.

“I can’t blame them. You look young enough to still be in college yourself.” He looked at Mitch. “You both do.”

“Not so young.” Tomi smiled, glancing at Mitch. “We’re both thirty.”

Linc laughed. “Compared to me, that’s young.”

“Like you’re so old.” It was Mitch’s turn to chuckle. “What are you, thirty-two, thirty-three?”

“Try thirty-nine.” Linc tried to pretend that Mitch’s words didn’t flatter him, but he couldn’t hold back the grin that spread across his face.

“Damn.” Mitch looked at him appraisingly. “I would never have guessed that. I just hope I look as good as you when I get that age.”

“Something tells me that you won’t have anything to worry about,” Linc murmured. He looked at Tomi. “Neither of you.” He decided to change the subject and stick to safer, less suggestive topics. “So, do you only teach Spanish?”

She shook her head. “I alternate between Spanish, French, Japanese, and Russian.”

“So you speak five languages, including English?” At her nod, he said, “Damn, that’s impressive.”

“Thanks.” Her smile was tinged with the embarrassment of a person who knew she was incredible, but wasn’t all that comfortable with the knowledge. Mitch, on the other hand, had a look of absolute pride on his face -- and all of it was directed at Tomi.

“Do you teach as well?” Linc asked him.

“Only if it involves sweating and grunting.” Linc’s confusion must have shown on his face, because Mitch began to laugh. “I’m a personal trainer,” he explained. “I have about twenty regular clients who I work with, and I teach classes for Equinox gyms.”

Linc was familiar with the upscale chain of gyms dedicated to the buff and the beautiful. It also explained Mitch’s amazing physique. And from the look of her, it was obvious that Tomi was one of his clients.

“What about you?” Tomi asked. “Were you always in the limousine business?”

Linc paused. Tomi’s question caught him off guard and triggered so many memories; memories he’d spent years trying to forget. He didn’t respond immediately, still trying to figure out what to say, how much to share. He rarely discussed his past life with anyone, even his family. Yet as he looked at the couple sitting across from him, Linc suddenly felt the need to share it with them.

“I used to own a brokerage firm when I lived in New York City. It wasn’t huge -- I had close to a dozen employees -- but we did well. We had a solid client base, and we made good money for them and ourselves.” Linc glanced at Mitch and Tomi to find them watching him intently. Their focus seemed centered on every word he spoke.

“I lived with my two lovers, Ava and Paul. Ava was the office manager for my firm, and Paul was a firefighter.” Linc met their eyes again, unsure of how they’d react once they knew about his lifestyle, but unwilling to hide who he was.

“We’d been together for a couple of years, and everything was great. But after a while, things just...changed. It was gradual at first, and one day we looked up and realized that two years had gone by, and we still didn’t seem to know each other. We all wanted different things, each of us was moving in different directions. Deep down, I think we all knew that it was over between us, but none of us had the guts to say it. One night, we had this big argument, and we said a lot of fucked-up things to each other. It was clear that our relationship couldn’t be anything but over, and I remember wishing that they would just

disappear, go away and leave me alone.” He shook his head at the memory, still as fresh as if it’d just happened.

“Anyway, Paul spent the night at his firehouse, and Ava slept in the guest bedroom. The next day, I slept late. I *never* did that. I was always the first one in the office at seven o’clock in the morning, and Ava usually rode to work with me. But I was still feeling pissy about our fight from the previous night, and I didn’t want to be bothered with her. She must have felt the same way, because she went to work without saying a word to me.” He met their gaze. “That day was September eleventh. My brokerage firm was on the twenty-seventh floor of Tower Two.”

Linc heard Tomi’s soft gasp. “My God...”

“Well...you know how that story ended.” Linc cleared his throat and continued. “Ava and two other employees got trapped inside the building and never made it out. Later, I learned that Paul and members of his fire engine company were in Tower Two as well when it collapsed.”

“Damn, man. That’s...” Mitch shook his head, his expression sympathetic. “I’m so sorry.”

“That’s why you moved here, isn’t it?” Tomi’s softly spoken words pulled Linc from the past, and he looked down to see her smaller, darker hand covering his. His fingers automatically entwined with hers, and he held on for several long moments.

Finally, he nodded. “I sorta fell apart for a while after that. Guilt ate me alive. I locked myself in my condo for weeks, wouldn’t talk to anybody and wouldn’t see anybody. I’d convinced myself that if I’d given Paul and Ava the kind of love and commitment that they wanted and deserved, they’d still be alive. My family was terrified that I was going to do something crazy. Finally, my cousin Pedro came to see me. He practically kicked my door in and dragged my ass here to Puerto Rico for some R and R.”

Linc sighed. Time was a funny thing. Some days, it seemed as if a million years had passed since his life had taken such a sudden, dramatic change. Other days, it felt like it happened yesterday.

“I never went back to New York City, never tried to reopen the firm. I’d made good investments over the years, so money wasn’t an issue for me. I already owned a house here, so I spent a few months trying to regroup and get my shit together. Once I felt sane again, I worked through my attorney to provide settlements to all my employees, including those who died. I was the beneficiary on Paul and Ava’s life insurance policies, and when I received the money, I gave it to their families, along with whatever personal items they wanted. Everything else I either sold or gave away. After that, I started the limousine company.”

Linc gave them a small smile. “That was seven years ago. Now things are great. I’ve got a good, solid business going, I live on this beautiful island, and I’m having dinner with two amazing people.” They both smiled in return, but it never reached their eyes.

Oh, hell. He just had to screw up the mood by telling them his depressing life story. Because of him, the relaxed, laid-back couple of a few minutes ago was gone, and in their place sat two people whose expressions held a mixture of emotions -- none of them happy.

“Listen,” Linc began, hating the sudden change in direction the evening was taking, “it’s obvious that my story bothered you. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset either of you.”

“No,” Tomi spoke quickly, trying to reassure him. “You didn’t do anything wrong. I think we just realized that we have more in common with each other than any of us knew.”

Linc frowned as he looked back and forth between the two of them. “What do you mean?”

They both seemed to hesitate before Mitch said, “Tomi and I used to be part of a triad relationship too.” Linc stared at him in shock. He didn’t know what he’d expected the other man to say, but that wasn’t it.

“His name was Alec,” Mitch continued. “He was my lover as well as my business partner when I first started my personal training business several years ago. Alec handled the sales and marketing part of the business, while I focused on the daily operations. We’d been together for three years when he started hinting that he thought it would be fun to add a third person to our relationship. At first, I was hesitant. I was worried that the wrong person would disrupt our life together.”

Mitch’s gaze shifted from him to Tomi. Linc watched him stare into her eyes, his expression filled with worship.

“Then, Alec met Tomi. She was looking for a personal trainer and came by for a consultation. When Alec told me about her, I was still skeptical. But when I met her, I knew right away that she was the one.”

Tomi nodded. “It was mutual. The connection between us was so immediate, so...right. I’d never felt anything like it before.” She paused for a moment before shaking her head and chuckling. “I wish I knew the right words to describe the feeling to you.”

Her words weren’t necessary. Linc already knew the feeling. He suspected that it was similar to what he’d felt when he first met them.

“You don’t have to,” Linc murmured. “I think I know exactly what you mean.” Their eyes locked, and from the look on her face, it was obvious that Linc’s eyes reflected what he felt for her.

“Yes.” Her voice was soft. “I think you do.”

Linc slowly dragged his eyes away from Tomi and glanced at Mitch, who sat watching their exchange with a knowing look on his face.

“Anyway,” Mitch continued, “it didn’t take long before our threesome became a lot more than physical -- at least for Tomi and me. I think the novelty of it wore off for Alec after the first few months we were together. I don’t think any of us could have guessed that Tomi and I would bond the way we did. Within weeks, we had feelings for each other that

would have taken most people years to develop. The love that I felt for her was deeper and stronger than I'd experienced with anyone else before -- including Alec, even though I'd known him longer."

"I think Alec knew that, and he felt threatened," Tomi spoke up. "He was used to being the center of attention, and for a while, he was the center of our relationship. When we realized that we shared a special connection that didn't exist between Alec and us, we felt guilty. We never meant for it to happen, but we couldn't deny that it existed. That didn't mean we loved Alec any less, because we didn't. We loved him differently. We went out of our way to make sure that Alec knew how much we loved him, and how important he was to us, but it seemed that the harder we tried, the more he resented us. He went out of his way to let us know as often -- and as cruelly as possible -- that his biggest mistake was bringing the three of us together."

The sadness on Tomi's beautiful face, the pain in her words, was almost too much for Linc to bear.

The conversation stopped for a moment when the waiter came by and refilled their water glasses. When he walked away, Mitch spoke again.

"Finally, we decided to do something symbolic to show our love for Alec -- and each other. We approached him about having a commitment ceremony. Frankly, I was surprised when he said yes, considering how distant and combative he'd become lately. But he really seemed excited about it, even made most of the arrangements, and I remember thinking that we were finally on the right path to getting our relationship back on track."

Mitch grew quiet for a moment, as if lost in a distant memory. Based on what he'd heard so far, Linc suspected that the worst of the story was to come. He waited patiently for Mitch to continue.

"On the day of the ceremony, we were all set to leave when Alec said that he'd left something back at the apartment, and he'd meet us there. When he was a few minutes late,

we weren't worried. After a half hour, we were calling his cell phone. Once nearly two hours passed and he still hadn't shown up or called, we knew he wasn't coming. By the time we got back home, all his things -- and quite a lot of ours -- were gone. He'd even emptied out the accounts that we had together." Mitch paused, his jaw muscles clenched tightly, and his face showed the disgust he felt.

"Five years together, and he wasn't man enough to say good-bye. He didn't even have the courage or the decency to leave a note or anything. He just disappeared like a fucking coward, and we never saw him, never heard from him again."

The lingering anger and resentment in Mitch's voice was evident. Reaching out, Tomi grasped Mitch's hand; her impressive diamond solitaire engagement ring sparkled brightly in the dimly lit room as she brought his hand to her lips for a kiss. He placed a kiss against her temple, and Tomi rested her head against his shoulder as she looked at Linc.

"That happened over a year ago, and for a while, things were difficult for us. We were both so bitter; we felt so betrayed by Alec. He started as the anchor in our relationship, the one who brought us together. Then he became our adversary, the one determined to tear us apart. And he almost succeeded. When Alec left, it was as if he took a part of us with him. We felt like we had a void in our relationship, and we couldn't figure out how to fill it. One day, we realized that we didn't need to fill it. We had more than enough love between us to make up for the loss of Alec in our lives."

Linc remained quiet as he struggled to gain control of the inexplicable anger that boiled inside him. He'd only known Mitch and Tomi for a few hours, but that was more than enough time for him to see their true character, to know that they were good, beautiful people -- inside and out.

"Pathetic bastard." Linc looked up to find both Mitch and Tomi staring at him. He hadn't meant to speak out loud, but now that he'd said it, he refused to take it back. He'd love the chance to be a part of their lives, to be included in the love they had for each other -- even if it was only for a little while. It was unfathomable to him how a person could

deliberately try to destroy them, would voluntarily walk away from them. He didn't know who the fuck this Alec asshole was, but it was obvious that he was a sorry piece of shit.

"I know it's not my place to say this, but I can't imagine how anyone could give up the chance to be with the two of you. He didn't deserve you."

Tomi laughed. "I couldn't agree more." She sobered some. "Despite everything that happened, despite everything he did to us, I still can't bring myself to hate Alec. If it weren't for him, I would never have met Mitch."

"And now you're finally getting married, like you've always wanted." Linc changed the subject and tried to lighten the mood. "When's the big day?"

"Two weeks from tomorrow," Mitch told him. "It can't happen soon enough for me."

"Well, I think that deserves a toast." Linc lifted his glass. "To new beginnings."

"To new friendships." Mitch touched his glass against Linc's. Tomi raised hers as well.

"And to new possibilities," she added.

Linc took a sip from his glass before placing it on the table again. Glancing at his watch, he was surprised to see that it was after midnight. They'd been at the restaurant for hours. As he looked around the room, he saw that most of the other patrons were already gone.

"Wow, it's later than I realized. We probably should get ready to go before they kick us out." He meant for his words to be a joke, but inside, he hated the thought of leaving them.

"You're right." Tomi stood. "I'm going to use the ladies' room before we leave."

Both Linc and Mitch watched as she walked away from the table. Linc glanced at the remaining men in the room, and he noticed that their gazes followed her as well.

Turning to Mitch, he said, "You're a lucky man."

"Don't I know it," Mitch murmured. His gaze remained locked on Tomi's departing form.

Linc paused for a moment before he said, "I'm sure Tomi knows how lucky she is as well." Linc waited for him to meet his gaze, made sure Mitch saw the interest in his eyes, understood the meaning of his words.

Mitch gave him a slow, sexy smile and a slight nod. Understanding shone in his expression.

They both looked up as Tomi returned to the table. "Ready to go?" She smiled down at them, and Linc felt his heart skip a beat. He was blown away by how unbelievably stunning she was.

Damn, he wanted this woman. His gaze switched to Mitch, and he felt the same attraction, the same desire for him as well. God knew he had no right to feel the way he did about them, knew he was only making things worse for himself when the night was over and they walked out of his life for good. Nevertheless, he couldn't seem to help it.

"Yeah," Linc said. He and Mitch stood as the waiter arrived with their bill. Linc reached into his pocket for his wallet and pulled out his credit card.

"Uh-uh." Mitch stopped him. "We invited you, remember? This is on us." Before Linc could say anything else, Mitch handed the waiter his credit card along with the bill.

Smiling, he said, "You know, I really don't mind paying. I'm honored that you'd want to spend part of your evening with me."

Tomi laughed. "In that case, you can pick up the bill next time. How does that sound?"

Linc searched her face, trying to make certain he wasn't reading between the lines, wasn't jumping to conclusions. But Tomi's expression confirmed her words. She wanted to see him again. One look at Mitch and it was obvious that he felt the same way.

"That sounds good." Linc spoke casually, trying not to sound too excited or appear too anxious. It was hard to do when that's exactly how he felt.

After the waiter returned with Mitch's credit card and receipt, they left the restaurant and got into the car. The ride back to their hotel seemed much shorter than the ride to the

restaurant, and Linc was tempted to take a scenic route in order to stretch out their time together.

All too soon, he pulled up in front of the hotel. Linc got out of the car and met them around on the sidewalk. He forced a smile and prepared to thank them for dinner, say good night, and get the hell out of Dodge before either of them had a chance to see how deeply they'd affected him in such a short period of time. However, when he opened his mouth, what came out was nothing like he'd intended.

"I have to be honest with both of you. I'm not ready for this night to end. I don't want to say good-bye."

There. He'd said it. The looks on their faces left no doubt that they'd gotten his message loud and clear. It was too late to pretend that he hadn't said it, to act as if he didn't mean it. Besides, he wouldn't take it back even if he could. All he could do was hold his breath and hope that he hadn't gone too far, crossed too many boundaries.

He watched them share a brief look before they turned to him. Tomi held out her hand to him as she spoke two of the sweetest-sounding words he'd ever heard in his life.

"Then don't."

Reaching for Tomi's outstretched hand, Linc felt his heart begin to beat again. He handed the valet his car keys and then he followed her and Mitch inside the hotel.

Chapter Four

The elevator ride to Mitch and Tomi's room passed in silence. However, words really weren't necessary at that point. They all wanted the same thing; they knew what would happen once they reached the room. As far as Linc was concerned, they couldn't get there fast enough.

The elevator bell chimed softly as the doors slid open on their floor. Linc followed behind Tomi and Mitch, his cock growing harder and harder with every step he took. Mitch unlocked the door to their suite and held it open for Tomi and Linc to enter.

Linc barely managed to take in his surroundings; his thoughts focused solely on what would happen next. He watched as Tomi laid her purse on the table before she walked to the balcony and opened the doors, allowing the warm evening breeze to filter into the room.

"Make yourself comfortable." Mitch's hand landed on Linc's shoulder. "I'll grab us a drink." Mitch looked at Tomi. "Would you like something, babe?"

Tomi turned in their direction from where she stood on the balcony. "No." Her gaze moved slowly over each of them. "I'm not thirsty." The expression on her face said it all. Tomi wanted many things, but a drink wasn't one of them.

Mitch chuckled. "Be right back."

Mitch's hand disappeared from his shoulder as he walked away. Linc's gaze remained on Tomi, admiring the way the wind gently moved through her hair, allowing the heavy locks to cover her face like a veil.

God, she's beautiful. Before he knew it, Linc was moving in her direction, not stopping until he was standing on the patio directly in front of her. Unable to resist, Linc reached out and brushed Tomi's hair away from her face. His fingers toyed with the soft strands.

"You're gorgeous." He put a voice to his thoughts. Tomi smiled back at him, the gesture a simple acknowledgment of the obvious.

Linc ached to kiss her, craved the feel of those full lips against his, desperate for a taste of her honeyed sweetness, but he didn't want to move too fast, go too far. Tomi belonged to Mitch, and he didn't have the right to touch her without Mitch's permission first. Tomi wasn't making it easy, though. Her passion-filled eyes were talking to him, silently telling him that she wanted him as much as he wanted her.

As if she'd read his thoughts, Tomi leaned in his direction. Her lips slowly moved toward his, and she made him an offer he didn't have the strength to refuse. Linc's fingers slid through her hair until they rested at the base of her neck, and his palms cupped her jaw. Tilting her head, he bent slightly. His lips met hers halfway, and he moaned as their lips made contact. The connection shot sparks of pleasure through him.

Tomi's lips parted, and Linc's tongue slipped inside, hungrily tasting her, savoring her as he deepened the kiss. One hand traveled eagerly over her body, feeling every supple curve, every sensuous contour, slowing only to knead her breasts before reaching the bottom of her dress. Easing the silken material upward, Linc caressed her soft skin until he reached her bare ass. He palmed the round globes in one large hand, lifting her off the floor and grinding his erection against her core.

He felt Tomi's arms wrap around his neck. The sounds of her whimpers raced through him and made his body shudder, his knees weak. The hand at her neck joined the one on her

ass. Tomi's legs wrapped around his waist, and Linc gripped her tightly as he blindly stumbled backward until his legs bumped against the patio chair.

With their lips still connected, Linc sank down onto the seat, thrusting against her gyrating body, his dick throbbing and aching for release. When Tomi pulled away, he wanted to protest, but any words he was prepared to say instantly died on his lips when she slid off his lap to the floor and buried her face between his legs.

Tomi looked up at him again as she began to unzip his pants, and her hand disappeared inside. Linc watched as she pulled his dick free and pumped up and down the length of his shaft, her soft fingers making his already-hard cock even harder, pushing him closer to the point of no return.

Her eyes remained locked with his as she lowered her head, and her lips covered him, slowly taking him into the warm heat of her mouth, not stopping until the crown of his cock brushed against the back of her throat.

"Dios...siente tan bueno." Linc's whispered words filled the night air. "You feel so good."

Tomi moaned in response as she increased her pace and sucked him even deeper into her mouth.

With his head back and eyes tightly shut, Linc gripped the chair for dear life, afraid that if he let go he'd lose the already-tenuous control he had on his emotions, throw her to the floor, and fuck her until neither of them could move.

He needed to tell her to stop. They needed to wait for Mitch to return. But *fuck*, she was making him feel good. Her teeth, lips, and tongue were driving him out of his mind, and he couldn't bring himself to say the words that would end the bliss she gave him.

A sound from the doorway made Linc look up, and he found Mitch standing there, watching them intently. As if she sensed his presence as well, Tomi stopped and glanced over her shoulder in Mitch's direction.

“Oh, don’t stop on my account.” Heat filled Mitch’s words and made his voice deeper, raspier. “You two look amazing. In fact” -- he set the two glasses he held in his hand on the patio table -- “I think I’ll join you.”

He moved toward them until he stood next to Tomi’s kneeling form. Bending, Mitch kissed her softly, languorously, on the lips before he slowly pulled away. His attention shifted to Linc, his intent obvious in his eyes as he leaned forward until their lips met.

His firm lips were a contrast to Tomi’s softer ones, but just as pleasurable. His tongue, confident and sure, searched for Linc’s, finding and mating with his, tasting and teasing him. Linc was helpless to stop the groan that poured from his lips when Tomi’s mouth began to move on his cock again, and Mitch continued to kiss him so deeply and completely, it left them both breathless.

When their mouths parted, Linc leaned back and looked at Mitch, who stared back at him with eyes that were smoldering and filled with desperate need. Without a word, Mitch dropped to his knees next to Tomi, and his mouth joined hers on Linc’s cock.

Reaching out with both hands, Linc cupped the backs of their heads, silently encouraging them, begging them for more.

“Jesús...siente así que bueno... Don’t stop.”

They didn’t stop, didn’t disappoint him one bit. Linc watched as their lips moved on his dick in perfect sync, licking, sucking, and tangling together, giving him pleasure that was so intense, so extreme, it made his toes curl, his hips rise out of the seat. The feeling was so incredible, it was almost too much to handle.

The sounds of cheers and whistles from below were the only thing that pulled them back to reality and reminded them that they were outside on the balcony. Even at night, it was still possible for anyone to see them.

Mitch leaned forward and gave him a lingering kiss on the lips. "I think it's time to move this party inside." He eased himself off the floor. Once he was standing, Mitch reached out and helped Tomi to her feet.

Linc stood on shaky legs. His cock jutted out from the opening of his pants, stiff as a metal pole, the tip wet and leaking as he followed them inside the room.

Linc closed the doors behind him and turned around to find Tomi standing by the bed wearing nothing more than a thin triangular piece of material over her pussy.

She was a picture of perfection. Linc stood transfixed as he committed every shape, every line, and every detail of her amazing body to memory. From her small, firm breasts, down to her narrow waist and flat stomach, all the way to her curvy hips, toned legs, and ample ass.

Linc smiled to himself at the thought of the latter. He'd take a woman with something to hold on to any day over those fake, anorexic-looking Barbie types who flooded televisions and magazine pages these days. As far as Linc was concerned, the only things they had to offer were pretty faces and smiles.

Tomi had all that and then some. Brains, beauty, body, she was his definition of a complete package, a petite powerhouse with the face of an angel and the body of an athlete. Just the thought of all the things he wanted to do to her made his dick swell even more.

When she smiled and reached out for him, Linc didn't hesitate. He immediately went to her and pulled her into his arms, his lips automatically seeking hers. As he kissed her, Linc was vaguely aware of the rustling of clothing behind him moments before Mitch's nude body pressed against his back.

Mitch's lips caressed the nape of Linc's neck. The warmth of his breath against Linc's skin made him shiver, and when Mitch slid one strong, callused hand between him and Tomi and wrapped it around his cock, it made him ache and tested the limits of his control.

Linc released a moan and thrust his hips forward as Mitch stroked his cock. With one hand still wrapped around Tomi, Linc reached behind him to grip Mitch's hip and pull him closer. He shuddered, and his cock throbbed when Mitch pressed his solid erection against his ass.

His lips separated from Tomi, and Linc leaned his head back until his lips pressed against Mitch's. Their kiss was eager and greedy, filled with the frantic need of two men who couldn't wait to fuck each other.

Linc felt Tomi's hands on him as she began to unbutton his shirt. Her lips trailed a path of heat down his chest and abdomen with each button she released. Mitch's hands joined hers, and their fingers moved quickly as they unbuttoned, unbuckled, and unzipped his clothes.

Within seconds, Linc was completely undressed, his clothes lying in a pile on the floor by his feet. He looked down at Tomi, who was kneeling in front of him again, her lips slightly parted, her attention focused entirely on his cock. Mitch positioned the head of Linc's stiff shaft directly in front of Tomi's waiting mouth, and Linc watched in amazement as she covered his length all the way to the root.

As Tomi sucked him, Mitch's hard dick slowly rubbed up and down the crease of his ass, a silent request that Linc heard loud and clear. He hadn't allowed another man to fuck him since he'd been in a steady relationship so many years ago. Even then, it rarely happened. It was as if there was an unwritten rule that said when it came to fucking, Linc was the designated man on top. Yet in this moment, with this man, he was suddenly willing to make an exception.

Linc pushed back against Mitch's probing cock, the gesture an unspoken message that communicated his permission to Mitch's request.

Mitch groaned and whispered, "Wanna fuck you so bad." His heated words excited and worried Linc at the same time.

“Uh-huh.” He panted. “It’s been a while.” Linc tried to say more; he wanted to be sure that Mitch knew it’d been a long time since he’d been on the receiving end. However, Tomi made further speech next to impossible. Her amazing mouth worked him over so well that she had him ready to dissolve into a puddle on the floor.

Despite Linc’s sudden inability to express himself, Mitch still seemed to understand the meaning of his words. “Don’t worry.” He placed kisses along Linc’s neck. “I’m gonna make you feel real good.”

Linc felt air against his back as Mitch stepped away. When he heard the rattling of paper behind him, Linc said a silent prayer of thanks for the twenty-four-hour gift shop inside the hotel that had an entire section dedicated to lubricants and condoms of every imaginable variety.

Reaching down, Linc eased Tomi off his dick and onto her feet. He laid her on the bed and followed her down. His mouth covered hers, and he kissed her slowly, deeply, before moving his lips down her body, kissing and caressing every inch along the way until he settled between her spread thighs.

His fingers worked her thong over her hips and down her legs, impatiently pulling at the thin straps, so tempted to rip the fragile scrap of material from her body instead. Once they were off, Linc threw them across the room before he buried his face in her pussy, tasting, teasing her, growing more and more excited with every cry, every moan he pulled from her.

With his mouth busy between her legs, Linc’s hands made their way back up her body until they reached her breasts. He massaged one small globe in each hand, while his lips and tongue continued to lick and suck on her clit.

When Mitch’s tongue pierced his hole, Linc released a groan of his own as pleasure rippled through him.

“Ahh, man. Feels good.”

Mitch's hands palmed his ass and spread him wider as his tongue pushed even deeper inside. Mitch's tongue continued its sweet, torturous assault on his ass until Linc was convinced he'd shoot his load before he ever got the chance to get inside of Tomi.

As if he sensed Linc's need, Mitch's tongue disappeared, and seconds later, his cool, slippery fingers replaced it. The sensation was both foreign and familiar all at once, and Linc instinctively tensed when one thick finger eased inside, followed by another.

Mitch's lips against his spine were all Linc needed to relax and give in to the pleasure as Mitch's fingers slowly moved in and out of him. All too soon, he withdrew his fingers, and Linc felt Mitch's lips against his ear.

"You ready for me?" he whispered.

"Oh, hell yeah." Turning to the side, Linc's lips connected with Mitch's, and he pushed his tongue deep inside the other man's mouth as he shared Tomi's flavors with him.

Mitch was the first to pull away, and a few seconds later, a condom packet appeared in front of Linc's face. He sat back just long enough to rip the packet open and slide the condom over his erection. From the sounds coming from behind him, it was obvious that Mitch was doing the same thing.

He looked down into Tomi's face, and she stared back at him, her heavy-lidded eyes glazed with desire.

He leaned over her until their mouths almost touched. "*Dios, eres tan hermosa.*"

"You're beautiful too," Tomi whispered.

Linc smiled at that. He never imagined he'd like someone calling him beautiful, but coming from Tomi, it was the best compliment he'd ever heard.

"Can't wait any longer." He brushed his lips against hers. "Need to be inside you."

She nodded frantically, her eyes wide and pleading, her hands moving over his face, through his hair, and down his body. Her legs wrapped around Linc's waist as her hips gyrated against him, and her pussy rubbed along his hard shaft.

“Yes.” That one word was all Linc needed to hear, and he didn’t wait another second before he buried himself inside her wet heat.

“Ahh! Linc,” Tomi cried out, her body trembled, and her back arched off the bed. Her snug pussy surrounded Linc like a cocoon and made his entire body shudder each time he thrust in and out of her.

He felt Mitch’s hands on his ass, and he forced himself to hold still, knowing what would happen next and barely able to contain his excitement. Linc’s teeth clenched tightly when Mitch’s cock pushed inside, slow and sure, the pressure constant and showing no signs of letting up anytime soon. The lubricant and condom helped to ease the way, but that didn’t stop the burning sensation that flared through him as his rarely used hole stretched to accommodate Mitch’s thick width.

As Mitch worked his length into Linc, Tomi provided the perfect diversion as her lips moved along his neck and chest, her vaginal muscles clenching tightly on his cock, giving him more than enough pleasure to distract him from the pain.

The more Linc’s arousal increased, the more relaxed his body became, until it suddenly opened up, and Mitch’s dick slid all the way in. Mitch released a shuddering groan, and his body covered Linc’s back, forcing him to balance on his forearms to support Mitch’s weight and to keep from leaning too heavily on Tomi.

“*God damn.*” Mitch’s warm breath feathered across his cheek and against his neck. “So fucking tight...feels so good.”

Mitch gripped Linc’s hips tightly and began to thrust inside him. Linc joined in, and they quickly settled into an easy rhythm together, as if they had been fucking each other forever. Their bodies gave and received pleasure in equal measures as their words of passion and desire poured from their lips.

Linc submerged himself in the sounds and sensations around him. Everything from Tomi’s soft pussy and throaty sighs to Mitch’s hard cock and heavy breathing had him in

sensory overload. Somehow Linc had forgotten just how fucking fabulous it felt to be the man in the middle, and it left him wondering how he'd managed to live without it for so long.

He was clinging to his self-control and slipping fast when Tomi's body tensed, and she cried out.

"God, Linc! *Yes.*" Linc looked down at Tomi and saw all the emotions play over her face as she came. He covered her mouth with his and swallowed her screams and cries as her pussy pulsed around his cock.

He continued to stroke Tomi's sweet pussy as Mitch pounded his ass. Every thrust of Mitch's big dick made the heat build inside him, causing his belly to tighten, his balls to ache. One particularly powerful stroke across his prostate was all it took to shatter what little willpower he still had.

"Oh, *fuck.*" Linc groaned hoarsely, his voice barely recognizable. "I'm coming." His orgasm raced down his spine, setting off explosions throughout his body as his cock erupted.

"Uh-huh, that's it. Fuck, yeah." Mitch's fingers dug into Linc's hips, and his cock seemed to swell impossibly larger inside Linc's ass before his shout echoed in the room. Linc felt the pulses of Mitch's cock inside him as it filled the condom, his body shaking almost uncontrollably before he collapsed on top of Linc.

They lay there breathing heavily for several seconds, as if they all wanted to enjoy the feeling of their bodies connected together for just a little while longer.

Finally, Mitch sighed, the sound reluctant and tinged with regret, before kissing Linc on the shoulder and carefully easing out of him. As he rolled to the side, Mitch quickly removed his condom and tossed it into the nearby trash can. Linc groaned as he slid his still-semi-hard cock from Tomi's body and, following suit, threw his used condom into the garbage.

With a little maneuvering, they adjusted themselves on the bed so that Tomi lay between them. They wrapped around each other like puppies, their limbs entwined together, until it was difficult to tell where one person began and the other ended. Their lips met somewhere in the middle, and for several long and blissfully satisfying minutes, they fucked each other's mouths with the same passion, the same heat that they'd fucked each other's bodies. Their teeth nibbled, tongues tangled, mouths devoured each other in the most incredible three-way kiss that Linc had ever experienced.

Once the kiss ended, they continued to cuddle together in a comfortable silence, holding on to each other as if it were the most natural thing in the world. No one showed an interest in letting go anytime in the near future.

Linc's heavy eyelids warned him that he was only minutes from falling asleep. Tomi's deep, steady breathing and Mitch's light snoring signaled they were already gone. He contemplated the easiest way to slip out of the bed without disturbing them. Linc was in no hurry to leave, but he didn't want to wear out his welcome, either. Yet no matter how hard he tried, Linc couldn't bring his body to move, couldn't convince his feet to carry him out of the room and away from them. There was something special about this moment that Linc couldn't deny, a certain rightness that told him this was exactly where he was supposed to be.

"Do you have to go?"

Linc looked up at the sound of Mitch's voice and found the other man staring at him, those blue eyes watching him closely. From his words, it seemed as if Mitch read his mind and knew his plans.

Linc held his gaze for several long heartbeats before he slowly shook his head. "No," he whispered, reaching for the cover at the end of the bed and pulling it over them. "I don't."

“Good,” Tomi mumbled sleepily before curling into Linc’s side and burying her face against his shoulder. Mitch looked satisfied with Linc’s answer, and he settled in on the other side of Tomi.

Long after Tomi and Mitch drifted off to sleep again, Linc still lay there, his thoughts focused on the events of the night, on the two people next to him, and the unshakable feeling that his life as he knew it had changed forever the moment they walked into his world.

Chapter Five

Linc woke the next morning to the sound of running water and the feel of a soft, warm body pressed against his. He opened his eyes and found Tomi fast asleep next to him. *Damn.* Even in slumber with her hair wild and spread across the pillow, her compact body curled around him, she was still completely breathtaking.

As he watched her, thoughts from the previous night came rushing back to him, and his cock was immediately as hard as stone again.

He dragged his eyes away from Tomi and glanced toward the bathroom. Linc imagined Mitch in there, his hard body wet and glistening from the spray of the water, and Linc almost came on the spot.

With another long look at Tomi's sleeping form and a quick kiss on those incredible lips, Linc carefully extracted his body from her embrace, eased from the bed, and made his way to the bathroom, his entire body still tingling from the previous night.

When he reached the bathroom, however, the sight in front of Linc brought him to an abrupt halt in the doorway. A square, stand-alone shower sat in the middle of the room, enclosed by glass on three of the four sides. Mitch stood directly in the center, his back to the door as water rained down on him.

The actual sight was far better than anything Linc could have imagined. He licked his lips as he pictured sinking his cock into that perfectly round and muscular ass. Linc didn't wait another moment before he walked over to the shower and opened the door.

Without a word, Linc stepped inside the shower. His arms encircled Mitch's waist, and his dick pressed against his ass.

Mitch tensed for a brief second before his body relaxed and he groaned. Turning his head, he met Linc's lips; his mint-flavored tongue swept inside Linc's mouth, kissing him deeply.

"Good morning," Linc whispered, leaning in and kissing Mitch's soft, warm lips again. "Want some company?"

"Mmm," Mitch moaned low. "It is now." He stole another kiss, catching Linc's bottom lip between his teeth and sucking on it. "And I want a lot more than just company." To emphasize his point, Mitch pushed his ass against Linc's hard cock, and it was Linc's turn to groan.

That was all the incentive Linc needed. He ripped open the condom packet he'd grabbed off the dresser as he came into the bathroom and slid the latex down his stiff shaft. Then he pressed his body against Mitch's back, his hands covering Mitch's on the cool tiles. He thrust his cock along the crease of Mitch's ass as he trailed kisses down his neck, over his sculpted shoulders.

"Sexy motherfucker," Linc growled in his ear. He nipped at Mitch's lobe and made him jerk.

"Fuck." Mitch's voice shook, his hard body flushed with arousal. "Want some of that." He pushed his ass against Linc's thrusting cock.

"Just some?" Linc teased, ignoring the slight tremor in his own words. One hand traveled down Mitch's body and wrapped around his cock, slowly pumping up and down the thick shaft.

Mitch shuddered, groaned. His hips pressed forward as he fucked into Linc's hand. "All of it." He panted, his words laced with desperation. "I want all of it."

Linc couldn't wait any longer. He released Mitch's cock and grabbed his own, lined it up, and slowly sank it inside Mitch, using the soapy water rolling down Mitch's body to ease his way.

"Oh, shit!" Linc's head dropped back, a rough groan torn from his throat. That tight channel held Linc in a death grip, the muscles pulsating around his cock.

Linc's hand found Mitch's hard cock again and wrapped around it, his stroke firm and steady as he shoved his dick up Mitch's ass, driving hard and deep, in and out, their moans sounding loud in Linc's ears, even under the spray of the shower.

"Christ! So good." Mitch began to shake, his corded muscles straining beneath his skin. "Gonna come soon." One hand reached down and covered Linc's on his cock, and they moved in unison, their hands sliding together up and down Mitch's shaft.

The tip of Linc's cock brushed his prostate, and Mitch cried out. "Fuck! Again." He pushed back against Linc, fucking himself on Linc's dick. "Do it again."

Linc was more than happy to oblige him, nailing his prostate with every thrust until Mitch's entire body tensed, his back arched, and the muscles around Linc's cock rippled as liquid heat covered his hand. Linc was right behind him, roaring as his cock blew, and he pumped hard into Mitch.

He leaned against Mitch, his breathing labored as he struggled to right his world. Once the room stopped spinning and he was able to think clearly, Linc finally noticed Tomi in the room, sitting on the counter by the sink with her gaze locked on them, her fingers in her pussy and need burning in her eyes.

* * * * *

If someone had asked Tomi yesterday if she missed having sex with other people, if she missed having two sets of hands, two sets of mouths pleasuring her, if she missed sharing Mitch and being shared by him and another person, her response would have been a resounding, unequivocal, *hell, no*.

That was before they arrived in Puerto Rico, before they met Linc, and everything changed. Now, less than twenty-four hours later, here she sat, watching another man fuck her fiancé in the shower, hearing his grunts and groans of pleasure, and loving every single second of it, knowing firsthand just how amazing it felt to have her body filled with Linc's dick.

Tomi had no idea how long she watched them, first awakened by their absence in the bed, and then drawn by the sounds coming from the bathroom. It had been over a year since she'd seen Mitch with another man, but she couldn't recall ever witnessing a scene quite like this. The way their bodies moved together, so powerfully, so passionately, as if they were made to fuck each other. It was so erotic, so arousing, that Tomi was tempted to join in. But too mesmerized to move, she'd opted instead to pleasure herself to relieve her ache while she watched them.

When their bodies shuddered for the last time and they collapsed against each other, Tomi was ready to explode herself.

Linc was the first to notice her, his gray-eyed gaze so hot and stormy it made her shiver. Tomi watched as he slowly withdrew from Mitch's body and removed the used condom from his semierect cock.

Mitch finally lifted his head from the shower wall, and his gaze found hers. God, there was so much love in his eyes, Tomi felt it all the way across the room, touching her like the sweetest kiss, the softest caress. A moan burst unexpectedly from her lips as her orgasm rolled through her, catching her by surprise, stealing her breath, and leaving her gasping for air.

So distracted by her pleasure, Tomi never heard the shower stop or the door open. She didn't notice Mitch and Linc moving toward her until she felt their lips and hands moving on her skin, kissing, touching, teasing her, moving down her body until they settled on their knees between her spread legs, licking, sucking, and tonguing her pussy, setting her on fire once again, before she ever had a chance to completely cool down.

She was so close to coming, just a few more licks of those two incredible tongues was all she needed to push her over the edge. Suddenly, the only thing she felt between her legs was cool air. Tomi's eyes snapped open in time to see Mitch and Linc standing.

"Wait." Her voice bordered on panic, but she didn't care. Hell, she'd beg if she had to, as long as she got the release her body desperately needed. "Please don't --"

Mitch's lips interrupted her pleas. "Don't worry, baby, we're gonna take good care of you. By the time we're finished, you'll be begging us to stop." His lips covered hers again, and Tomi dissolved against him. As they kissed, she felt Mitch lift her from the counter, and she automatically wrapped her arms and legs around him as he carried her from the room.

When Mitch finally stopped and lowered Tomi down, she opened her eyes and found herself straddling Linc's lap on the chaise in the bedroom with her back pressed against his chest. His arms encircled her waist, and he held her tight. His dick pressed against her ass as his lips moved across her shoulder, up the column of her neck, and along her jaw, while his hands traveled over her breasts, down her stomach, and between her legs, where he slipped two fingers inside her pussy.

"Mmm, so wet," Linc groaned near her ear. His big fingers began to fuck in and out of her. She whimpered and thrust her hips forward.

Mitch leaned over, bracing his hands on the back of the chaise behind Linc's head, his face only inches from Tomi's. His lips hovered over hers, his blue eyes so dark they looked black.

"I love you," he whispered against her lips; then he kissed her until she felt like she was melting from the inside out. He finally dragged his lips away from hers, and his gaze shifted. Mitch leaned past Tomi until his mouth reached Linc's. They kissed each other for several long seconds, their tongues stroking deep inside each other's mouths before finally parting.

Mitch stood, and Tomi watched as he picked up the condom packet from the seat next to Linc, making quick work of opening it and sliding it down Linc's shaft. He grabbed the lubricant and coated Linc's latex-covered cock before tossing the tube to the side.

Once Mitch finished preparing him, Linc lifted Tomi, positioning her so that his dick pushed against the entrance of her anus. His hands gripped her ass, spreading the cheeks apart as he thrust upward, pushing his cock inside her.

Tomi's eyes rolled back, and her body relaxed as Linc entered her, inch by delicious inch, sending familiar heat racing up her spine. The sensation found its release in the form of a long, shuddering moan that emanated from her mouth.

Finally, she felt Linc's pelvis pressed snugly against her ass, his breath hot and labored at her throat. Linc held her steady as Mitch moved between their spread legs, using one hand to maintain his balance on the chaise and the other to guide his dick into Tomi's pussy.

A chorus of gasps and groans filled the room. Tomi could barely catch her breath as her body struggled to adjust to the sensations. She was no stranger to double penetration -- she'd had sex with two men many times before -- but she'd never felt so full, her body never stretched so wide, as it was right now.

They started to move, alternating their strokes inside her, and Tomi just held on, taking every ounce of pleasure they gave her. All too soon, she felt the pressure building, growing stronger with every thrust, zipping through her body, setting her nerve endings on fire, before settling in the pit of her stomach, where it exploded with enough force to dim her vision and make her ears ring.

“Oh, God... I’m coming again.” She barely recognized the high-pitched wail that fell from her lips. As she rode out the waves of her orgasm, Tomi was distinctly aware of Linc’s and Mitch’s grunts of pleasure, felt the pressure of their cocks swell and erupt inside her as they came, one after the other, before they collapsed against each other on the chaise.

As she listened to their ragged breathing, felt the weight of their hard bodies pressed against hers, Tomi couldn’t think of another place in the world that she’d rather be than sandwiched between these two amazing men.

Chapter Six

As Mitch buttoned his shirt, he studied his fiancée. From the look on her face, it was apparent that he'd more than lived up to his promise to Tomi. After another full round of sex, she threw in the towel, called it quits, and begged for a time-out.

Male pride and guilt warred within Mitch as he watched Tomi gingerly move around the room as she dressed. It was obvious she was sore. It'd been a while since she'd fucked two men at once. As much as he loved the idea of throwing her on the bed and burying himself balls-deep inside her once again, Mitch realized that she probably needed some time to recover from the workout they'd given her.

Tomi met his eyes, and Mitch instantly dismissed any thoughts he'd had of a reprieve as he watched her sensuous lips slowly curve into a smoldering smile, her gaze hungrily traveling over him. Her body might be sore, but it didn't appear to stop her from wanting him as much as he wanted her. Mitch stood there, grinning like a fool, feeling absurdly proud, knowing he was partially responsible for putting that well-satisfied look into those cognac eyes.

Without a word, she carefully walked up to him and rose to her tiptoes, planting a slow, hot kiss on his lips filled with promises of unimaginable pleasure before she pulled

away and continued to put on her clothes. God, he loved her. If Mitch never had anything in his life but this woman, he would consider himself the luckiest fucking man in the world.

Movement drew his attention toward the bathroom, and Mitch looked at the other half of the reason why Tomi was so well satisfied. Linc stood in the doorway, fully dressed and completely mouthwatering. His short hair was still wet from the shower, and the inky curls appeared glossy under the lights in the room.

Memories of their time together in the shower made Mitch's groin tighten. Damn, it'd been too long since he'd fucked -- or been fucked by -- another man. After Alec, he figured his days of being with men were over -- and that was fine by him. Mitch had had no idea how much he missed wrapping himself around a strong, masculine frame and sinking his dick deep inside a tight, muscular ass. He'd forgotten how much he loved having a solid body pressing against his and feeling a thick cock stretching him wide.

No man had ever done it for him -- or to him -- better than Linc. Mitch had the best sex during the last twelve hours than at any other time in his entire life with someone other than Tomi. Linc was definitely all man, giving twice as good as he got, making certain that the party didn't end until everyone was completely satisfied. Being with Linc and Tomi at the same time was Mitch's definition of having the best of both worlds.

He didn't even realize he was staring at Linc until Mitch saw the knowing smile on the other man's face; those smoky eyes stared back at him, holding his gaze like a laser, telling him without words that he was thinking the exact same things that were running through Mitch's mind.

"You know." Tomi's throaty laughter interrupted the moment. "If you two keep looking at each other like that, we're all going to end up horizontal again, and as much as the idea of being fucked by the two hottest men I've ever met turns me on, I don't think I'm quite ready for another round just yet."

There was no heat in Tomi's voice, no hint of jealousy in her tone. Her words were those of a woman who knew what -- and who -- she wanted. Mitch smiled to himself. The feeling was mutual.

Linc turned his sexy gaze toward Tomi. "Yeah, I can see your point." His voice rumbled, and it made Mitch's cock jump.

"So," Linc continued, "what are your plans for your first full day on the island?"

"I'm dying to see the El Yunque rain forest, but I don't think that's going to happen today." Tomi glanced at the clock on the dresser. "The last tour bus left nearly an hour ago."

"Oh, man, I haven't been to the rain forest since I was a kid. My cousins and I practically lived there when I visited during the summers. It became our personal kingdom. We'd get there first thing in the morning and spend our whole day running around, terrorizing the animals, each other, and any person unfortunate enough to encounter us on the trails." Linc chuckled, shaking his head, his voice slightly wistful. "We were such a bunch of badass kids, causing havoc all over the place, but we had a good time."

"It sounds like it," Mitch commented, a smile spreading across his face at the image Linc painted and the way his eyes shined at the memory, despite his slightly embarrassed tone. "Too bad we missed the last bus for the day."

"You don't need to ride the tour bus in order to go." Linc looked in Tomi's direction, and Mitch watched him admire her bare legs as she sat on the edge of the bed and tied the laces of her Nikes. Mitch couldn't blame him. Tomi had amazing legs. Smooth and toned, they had just enough muscle definition without appearing too bulky. The tiny pair of shorts and tank top she wore emphasized the rest of her incredible body.

"The tour through the rain forest is self-directed," Linc continued. "It's quicker -- and a lot more fun -- if you drive on your own. You can stay as long as you want and leave when you're ready, not when someone tells you it's time to go."

“Cool!” Tomi’s entire face lit up, and she bounced a little on the bed. “Let’s do it.” She paused, her face suddenly crestfallen. “Damn, we didn’t rent a car, and I doubt there are any still available on a Saturday.”

Linc laughed and sat down on the bed next to Tomi; his hand immediately reached out and touched her leg, as if he couldn’t resist any longer.

“I just happen to know a limousine service, and I think I can convince them to provide you with a car for the day.”

“Are you sure?” Mitch knew Tomi well enough to see that she was trying to hide her excitement, but the hopeful note in her tone was very evident. Her gaze shifted to Mitch and then back to Linc. “We really want to go, Linc, but we don’t want to disrupt your business.”

“For you, I’m sure I can work something out.”

Tomi threw her arms around Linc and hugged him tightly before giving him a kiss on the lips. “Thank you,” she whispered. “Although you won’t admit it, I know that it’s a big deal to change plans at the last minute when you already have schedules set for the day. I want you to know we really appreciate it.”

Linc’s eyes remained fastened on her lips. “It’s more than worth it if it means getting a reaction like that.” He dipped his head and kissed her again.

As Mitch watched, he felt his entire body tighten, his dick lengthen in his shorts. Jesus, they were so fucking hot together.

“I wish you could come with us,” Tomi said when they finally came up for air. “I’d love to see the rain forest from your perspective.”

“I don’t think that’s going to be a problem,” Linc murmured against her lips. “Although I can provide a car, I don’t have any drivers available today,” he admitted. “So that means you’re stuck with me again as your driver.”

When their lips met again, Mitch found himself moving, no longer able to stand and watch from the sidelines any longer, needing to be part of the heat they generated.

He reached the bed and bent to kiss them both, and the kiss went from hot to fiery in an instant. Three sets of tongues played together, three sets of lips slipped, slid, and pressed against each other.

Linc was the first to pull away, his eyes filled with regret. "If we're going to make it to El Yunque anytime today, I think we need to stop now or we'll never leave this room. And we still need to stop by my house so I can change clothes, and then by the garage so I can pick up a car."

Linc was right. However, as much as Mitch wanted to see the rain forest, the urge to climb between the sheets with Linc and Tomi again was almost too strong to ignore.

With a sigh, Mitch reluctantly stood. "Linc's right." He reached for Tomi's hand and pulled her to her feet. "We need to go now." He was talking to himself as much as he was to them. They needed to put as much space between them and this bed as possible. Otherwise, he was going to start taking off clothes.

"You're both right," Tomi agreed. "But first, I need nourishment." As if on cue, her stomach rumbled loudly. "After the workout you two gave me, I could eat a small animal." She picked up her wallet and camera off the dresser and headed toward the door. Laughing, they followed her out the room.

* * * * *

"Oh, look at that!" Linc chuckled, following behind Tomi's rapidly moving form as she jogged down a trail. They'd started their tour of the rain forest nearly two hours ago with Tomi leading the way most of the time, her excitement infectious, increasing with every unique plant she discovered, every new animal she encountered. For the moment, her focus was on a tree with several small, colorful birds clustered together on a branch.

"That's a San Pedrito," Linc told her when Mitch and he finally caught up to her.

"Little Saint Peter."

Linc nodded at Tomi's translation as he stared at the tiny parrots in the tree. "They're very common in El Yunque."

"They're beautiful." She pulled out her camera and added another picture to the dozens she'd already taken for the afternoon. Something new caught her attention, and just that quickly, her interest shifted from the birds, and she was moving down the trail again toward a new target, her long, thick hair bouncing as she went.

Linc glanced at Mitch. "I take it she's having a good time," he told the other man as they followed behind Tomi at a slower pace.

Mitch snorted with laughter. "What gave it away: the constant shrieks of excitement, the mad dashes through the forest, or the nonstop picture taking?"

"I'd say it's a combination of all three," Linc said, laughing along with Mitch.

"In her defense, this place is pretty spectacular," Mitch admitted. "It's kinda hard to be surrounded by all this natural beauty and not have the same sort of reactions." He looked at Linc. "You truly live in paradise, man."

Linc slowed down and took a moment to look at his surroundings. He'd been to this place more times than he could remember, and after a while, it became easy to take it for granted. Sometimes it took a fresh pair of eyes or a new perspective to help him appreciate how fortunate he was.

"Yeah," he said to Mitch. "I think you're right about that." They continued down the path in search of Tomi, finding her just as she reached out toward a bush filled with bright, waxy-looking flowers in various shades of pink and rose.

"Wait!" Linc called out before her hand touched the plant. "Trust me; you don't want to touch that."

Tomi's hand paused in midair. "Why?" She looked over her shoulder at him with a confused expression on her face.

“That’s an *alelí alhelí* plant. It’s beautiful to look at, but don’t let the pretty flowers fool you,” he warned. “They’re poisonous.”

Tomi recoiled as if something had bit her, her eyes going wide with fear.

“Don’t worry.” Linc put a steadying hand on Tomi’s shoulder when he reached her, and Mitch wrapped his arms around her midsection, pulling her against him. “They won’t kill you if you touch them, but they’re very toxic. They can cause some pretty nasty stomach viruses.”

“It’s a good thing you were here with us.” Tomi smiled up at him. “Otherwise, I probably would have spent the rest of my vacation on my knees, praying to the porcelain god.”

Before Linc had a chance to respond, the sudden sound of thunder filled the air. It was the only warning they got before the skies opened up, and rain poured down on them.

“Come on!” Linc yelled to them over the rain. “I know a place where we can stay until the rain stops.” Linc veered off the trail, jogging through the forest with Tomi and Mitch behind him, trying to recall from memory where a small cave was that his cousins and he used to play in as kids, hoping that it was in the same spot as he remembered.

When the small entrance came into view a few minutes later, Linc released a sigh of relief, hoping that their luck would continue and they wouldn’t find any other two- or four-legged occupants already residing inside the cave.

The interior of the cave seemed a lot smaller than Linc remembered. It was more of a small space really, with just enough room for them to walk around a few feet in any one direction. However, it would do for now.

“The rain should be over soon,” Linc assured them, watching as Tomi squeezed water from her dripping hair. “Summer storms never last too long.”

The light filtering in brightened the space just enough for Linc to make out Tomi's drenched form and the way her tank top clung to her body and emphasized the outline of her breasts.

Mitch pulled his T-shirt over his head and wiped his face before wringing the excess water from the material and laying it over a nearby rock.

Linc's mouth went dry, and his eyes alternated between the sight of Tomi's hardened nipples and Mitch's bare skin. God, there was just something about them that kept him as hot and horny as a fifteen-year-old virgin trying to get his first piece of ass. It didn't matter that they'd just finished a fucking frenzy only a few hours ago. The weight of Linc's cock, hard and heavy against his leg, told him that he was ready for them once again.

"So," Mitch said, his voice suddenly husky, his eyes trained on Tomi, his thoughts obviously headed in the same direction as Linc's. "Whatever shall we do while we wait for the storm to pass?" Pressing his chest against her back, Mitch slid his hands down to her hips and held her there as he gently thrust against her ass.

"Mmm," Tomi moaned softly, and her head fell against his chest. "I'm certain we'll come up with a thing" -- her gaze shifted to Linc -- "or two to keep us occupied while we wait."

As Mitch nuzzled along her neck from behind, Linc moved in front of her and kissed her lips. The temperature in the cave rose quickly, their mouths generating more heat than the weather outside.

Within minutes their damp clothes seemed to dissolve from their bodies, and Linc's attention immediately focused on Tomi's breasts. Unable to resist, he cupped the soft flesh. His thumb brushed over a nipple, and it went hard, growing so dark, so lovely. Leaning down, he sucked the tip into his mouth.

His cock was so hard, and he wanted to be inside Tomi so badly. Linc slipped one hand down her body, stroking her stomach and then her mound. Tomi spread her legs, and she

wrapped one leg around his hip. Her pussy was wet and slick against his fingers, and his mouth covered hers again as he slipped two fingers inside, her body seeming to suck them right in. She cried out against his lips as one of Mitch's fingers slipped in with his. Together, they brought more cries from her until her body trembled and pleas fell from her lips.

"Please. I can't wait." Tomi panted, her voice shaking. "I need..."

"I didn't bring anything with me." Even as Linc said the words and heard the apology in his voice, he knew he was being ridiculous. Hell, how were they supposed to know that they would end up housed inside this cave instead of outside enjoying the rain forest as they had planned? Who could have guessed that the attraction between them would prove so strong, it would prevent them from keeping their hands off each other for longer than a couple of hours at a time?

Still, it didn't stop him from feeling guilty, especially at this moment, when he felt as if he'd spontaneously combust if he couldn't have them right now.

"Don't sweat it; none of us did." Mitch seemed to read his mind. He leaned over Tomi's head and kissed Linc. "We'll just have to improvise."

One moment they were standing, and the next Linc found himself lying on his back, his clothes a cushion between him and the hard ground. Tomi straddled him, her knees positioned on either side of his head, and her pussy poised over his face. Mitch stood above them with his dick in Tomi's mouth.

Linc didn't wait for an invitation. Instead, he jumped right in, his tongue flicking back and forth over Tomi's clit before delving inside and tasting her juices. Tomi began to moan, her gyrating body moving over him. Linc used one hand to hold her steady and the other wrapped around his cock, stroking up and down the shaft, using the fluid leaking from the tip to ease the friction.

Looking up, Linc watched Tomi suck Mitch's cock, watched the way those lips repeatedly slid over Mitch's thick length, leaving a glistening trail of her saliva.

“Damn, baby. Feels good.” Mitch buried his fingers in Tomi’s thick hair, holding her head as he slowly thrust in her mouth.

Tomi moaned in response. Her lips moved faster on Mitch’s dick, drawing a hissing sound from him as his cock pumped faster between her lips.

She was close. Linc felt it in the way her body shook, the way her thighs trembled next to his head. He’d barely finished his thought when Tomi cried out around Mitch’s cock, and her liquid heat flowed into Linc’s mouth.

Mitch was right behind her, his bellow of pleasure echoing loudly off the cavern walls, his body jerking convulsively as he exploded, filling her mouth with his seed until it overflowed and dripped out, landing on Linc’s cheek.

Mitch eased his dick from Tomi’s mouth, and he leaned against a nearby rock, panting heavily. Linc continued to work his cock frantically, his own satisfaction only a few strokes away, when Tomi bent and licked the side of his face before she covered his lips with her own, the taste of Mitch still evident in her mouth. That was all it took to make Linc go off like a rocket, shooting jets of cum to splatter on his stomach and against Tomi’s ass.

“Damn,” Tomi spoke against his lips. “That was a hell of an improvisation.”

Smiling, Linc said, “Yeah, it was.” He took another long kiss, savoring the combined flavors of Tomi and Mitch on his tongue.

“It looks like we finished right on time.” Mitch helped Tomi to her feet. “It stopped raining.” He held out a hand to Linc, pulling him into his arms for a kiss as soon as Linc was standing.

Linc felt the spark of lust trying to reignite in his groin, felt his cock trying to lift its head again, and he reluctantly pulled away from Mitch before his body betrayed him.

Linc picked up his damp clothes off the ground. He searched through his pockets until he found a slightly wet handkerchief in the back pocket of his pants. It wasn’t the ideal thing to use, but it was the best he could find under the circumstances. After quickly wiping

himself off, he passed the handkerchief to Tomi and Mitch, who did the same thing before they began to put on their own clothes.

Linc busied himself with the simple task of getting dressed while desperately trying to ignore the sight of Tomi's soft curves and silky brown skin, frantically trying to concentrate on something other than Mitch's hard, chiseled body and big dick.

"Ready?" he asked once they were fully dressed.

"Yep." The darkened interior of the space did nothing to hide Tomi's bright smile.

Linc couldn't help but smile in return at the happiness in her tone. "Well, let's hit the trail, so you can get some more pictures." Linc paused, and his voice became teasing. "That is, if your camera can hold any more pictures."

"Trust me." Mitch laughed. "I don't think that's going to be a problem. She brought plenty of memory cards with her."

Linc's laughter joined theirs as he followed them outside. Inside, he tried to figure out how he would finish showing them the rain forest when all he really wanted to do was turn around and spend the rest of the day hidden inside this little cave with them, fucking until they all passed out from exhaustion.

God, it was going to be a long day.

Chapter Seven

Linc woke abruptly, swearing to himself as he shielded his eyes against the morning sunlight shining brightly through the open windows in his bedroom.

Movement drew his attention to the sleeping form next to him, and Linc smiled, suddenly remembering the reason why he'd been too preoccupied to remember to close the windows and lower the blinds the previous night.

Mitch lay next to him, his nude body spread out on display, his sun-kissed skin smooth and inviting, tempting Linc to explore every inch with his tongue. He quickly decided that a little irritating sunlight was a small price to pay in exchange for the immeasurable amounts of pleasure he'd indulged in the previous night.

After they'd left the rain forest the previous evening, Linc dropped Mitch and Tomi off at their hotel before going home, changing clothes, and returning to take them to a late dinner at Strip House, another of his favorite restaurants. Afterward, he surprised himself by asking them to spend the night with him at his home.

Linc couldn't remember the last time he'd invited someone to his home or awakened to find someone in his bed. Since moving back to Puerto Rico, he'd enjoyed plenty of sex with countless numbers of people, but never here.

This was more than just a house to Linc; this was his sanctuary, his private space, the place where he rediscovered his sanity at a time when he was convinced he'd lost his mind. Linc always found solitude and peace within these walls, no matter how crazy his life became, and he'd been unwilling to share it with strangers. In fact, he couldn't think of a single person other than relatives who even knew where he lived.

Yet he'd only known Mitch and Tomi for a couple of days, and he'd already let them into his personal world, welcoming them into his home and his bed, sharing the intimate details of his life with them about things he couldn't bring himself to discuss with his cousin and closest friend.

As he looked down at Mitch, Linc couldn't help but notice how right it felt to find the other man next to him first thing in the morning, how normal it seemed to be, lying here with him right now. In fact, the only thing better than waking up next to the sexiest man he'd ever met would be having the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen beside him as well.

He barely finished that thought when a familiar and distinctive splash outside his window caught his attention. Linc smiled. Tomi had obviously found the pool. Carefully, he eased from the bed, torn between staying with Mitch and joining Tomi by the pool. As he headed to the bathroom, Linc passed the window and caught a glimpse of Tomi, the sun beaming on her naked body as she slowly did the backstroke through the water.

Suddenly, Linc's decision became very simple. Ten minutes later, he was on his way to the pool.

* * * * *

Linc stood near the edge of the pool and watched Tomi. She was the picture of relaxation with her eyes closed, her arms slicing unhurriedly through the water, her legs pumping slowly and easily as she leisurely swam the length of the pool.

He walked to the end of the pool, quietly went down the stairs, and eased into the water. As Tomi approached him, he reached for her, provoking a startled screech from her.

“Sorry.” Linc chuckled, pulling her into his arms. “I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“It’s okay.” She pushed her wet locks away from her face. “I hope you don’t mind me using the pool.” Tomi smiled up at him. “It’s already so warm outside, and the water looked so cool and inviting that I couldn’t resist getting in and going for a swim.”

His hands moved along her back, over her ass, holding her a little tighter, making certain she felt his erection and understood how much he wanted her. “Don’t worry about it.” Linc stole a quick kiss. “My pool looks better with you in it.” His head dipped lower, and he sucked one of her nipples between his lips, tasting the chlorine mixed with the natural flavor of her skin.

“You think so?” He loved the way she moaned. So soft and sexy. The sound always shot through him like a bolt of lightning, striking him right in the balls, making him want to come on the spot every time he heard it.

Reaching between her thighs, Linc lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist. When his cock settled against her pussy, thoughts of coming almost became a reality, forcing Linc to close his eyes and take a deep breath in order to regain his composure before he embarrassed himself.

Fuck, he’d give his left arm for a condom right now. When he’d seen Tomi from the window earlier, he’d been in such a hurry to get to her that he’d forgotten to grab one on the way out the door. Now, here he stood with his hard dick pressed against Tomi’s soft folds, and all he could think about was burying himself inside her as deeply as possible.

“It’s okay,” Tomi whispered, seeming to read his mind. “Mitch and I had to get blood tests in order to be married in Puerto Rico. We’re good.”

He cupped her face, his thumb gently stroking her cheek. “It’s not Mitch and you I’m worried about. It’s me.”

She studied him for several moments before she smiled softly and reached out to stroke his face, her hand mirroring his caress against her cheek.

“You don’t seem like the careless type, Linc, especially not about something as important as this.”

“I’m not,” Linc conceded. “I had a test less than a year ago, and I was clean. I try to be careful. I always use condoms, and I don’t take any unnecessary risks when it comes to sex. But...what if I’m wrong? What if I slipped up somewhere along the way, and I don’t even realize it yet? Are you sure you’re willing to take that chance?”

“With you...yes, I am.” Before he could utter a response, Tomi’s hand wrapped around his shaft, and she guided him inside her.

“*Oh, mierda!*” Linc groaned, his entire body shuddering. “*Dios, Tomi, we shouldn’t...cogida.*” His eyes rolled back as her vaginal muscles clenched tightly around him. “*Que no debemos hacer esto.*” Even as he muttered the words, even as he tried to convince himself that it was the right thing to do because he wasn’t wearing a condom, Linc knew he couldn’t have stopped to save his life. He’d hit the point of no return as soon as his unsheathed dick slipped inside her warm, wet heat.

“*No preocuparte,*” Tomi whispered, meeting his eyes, thrusting against him. “I trust you. I know you wouldn’t do anything to intentionally hurt me or Mitch.”

He groaned, moved by her words in ways he’d never thought possible. Linc buried his face against her neck, moving through the water until Tomi’s back met the side of the pool. Gripping the globes of her ass, Linc began stroking hard and deep, the force of his thrusts making their bodies slap together, causing waves of water to splash against them. Linc ignored it all, his focus solely on Tomi and the pleasure he found within her arms, inside her body.

A second pair of hands touched him just before he heard Mitch’s husky voice in his ear. “Is this a private party, or can I join in too?”

All he could do was nod, too lost in the moment to form words. He moved backward, giving Mitch enough space to slide in between Tomi and the pool wall. Gritting his teeth, Linc forced himself to stand still just long enough for Mitch to work himself inside Tomi.

They both held Tomi, alternating their strokes as they pumped inside her. He felt Mitch's cock rubbing against his through the thin membrane of skin separating them, causing so much friction that Linc felt overloaded by the sensation.

His body began to shake uncontrollably as his orgasm built inside him. If he was lucky, he had about a minute left before he imploded. Linc gripped Tomi even tighter, fucking her with everything he had. He met Mitch's gaze over her head, and those blue eyes held the same desperate need that drove Linc.

"Come on, baby." Mitch's words were tense, his voice strained. "Let us feel you come."

It was like a chain reaction. Tomi released a strangled scream, her teeth sinking into the place where his neck and shoulder met, her short nails digging into his back, her pussy pulsating around his cock as she came.

She was still screaming when Linc erupted, his back arching, his cum flowing from him as he shot hard and deep. He felt Mitch's cock jerking inside her, heard the other man bellowing Tomi's name as he filled her.

They leaned against each other, breathing heavily. "I swear," Linc said. "You two are trying to kill me. I'm not as young as I used to be."

"Yeah, right." Mitch chuckled breathlessly. "Most of the guys I train are at least fifteen years younger than you, and none of them are in nearly as good of shape as you are."

"I'll take your word for it." Linc tried to downplay Mitch's comment. Inside, he was smiling his ass off. To receive a compliment from someone who looked as hot as Mitch was a hell of an ego boost.

Changing the subject, he said, "We probably should get out of the pool and put some clothes on before the cleaning crew arrives."

Mitch smiled, his guilt evident on his face. “Actually, I think we’re already too late. I sorta ran -- literally -- into a woman on the stairs when I was on my way out here to meet the two of you. From the look on her face, I obviously scared the shit out of her.”

“That was Rosa,” Linc finally managed to say. The scenario Mitch described made him laugh so hard, he could barely speak. He didn’t doubt for a minute that Mitch’s description of his longtime housekeeper’s reaction was completely accurate. Rosa had taken care of his home since he’d purchased it over a decade ago. Aside from the other people responsible for the upkeep of his property, Linc was certain that she’d never encountered anyone else here besides him and his family.

“Well, I probably scarred the poor woman for life.” Mitch laughed, shaking his head. “I’m sure the last thing she expected when she got to work today was to be nearly run down by some strange, butt-naked man.”

They were still laughing when the sound of a throat clearing drew their attention toward the house.

“*Lo siento interrumpirte, Señor Castillo.*” Rosa seemed to look everywhere but at the pool, as if she knew exactly what they’d been doing and couldn’t bring herself to look in that direction. “*Hice el desayuno para ti y tus huéspedes. Está en el comedor.*”

She’d made breakfast. Linc’s mouth began to water. Rosa was an excellent cook. “*Gracias, Rosa,*” he called out. “*Estaremos adentro pronto.*”

When Rosa walked back inside the house, Tomi asked, “Did I hear something about breakfast?”

Linc nodded. “Although calling it breakfast is probably an understatement. Knowing Rosa, it’s more like a feast. She’s a damn good cook. Come on.” He kissed Tomi, then Mitch. “Let’s get some clothes on, so we can eat before the food gets cold.”

* * * * *

Linc stared at the spread of food waiting for them when they walked into the dining room. This was way over the top, even by Rosa's standards. Three plates overflowed with fried *amarillos*, scrambled eggs, *tortilla de guineitos*, and thickly sliced bacon. A platter of freshly cut papaya, mango, and passion fruit sat in the center of the table alongside a basket filled with guava and cheese muffins. Steaming hot mugs of *café con leche* sat next to each of their plates.

"Wow, you weren't kidding when you said Rosa would make a feast," Tomi commented as she walked by Linc and had a seat. She'd already started eating and was moaning in approval with every bite of food she took in the short time it took for Mitch and him to find a chair and join her at the table.

As he ate, Linc watched in amusement as Tomi steadily worked through the heaping pile of food on her plate, amazed that someone so small could put away so much food and not be twice her size.

Mitch and he were still eating when Tomi sat back with a sigh, the majority of the food gone from her plate.

"That was an amazing meal." She smiled at Linc. "I hope I get a chance to see Rosa before I leave, so I can tell her how much I enjoyed my breakfast."

"I told you Rosa's a great cook," Linc said, staring at Tomi's lips as she slid a piece of mango into her mouth. As he watched her suck the sweet, sticky juice from her fingers, Linc's groin tightened, and he wondered if she had any idea just how sexy she looked at that moment. He glanced in Mitch's direction and saw that he'd stopped eating, and his focus was on Tomi as well.

Looking at Mitch as she reached for another piece of fruit, Tomi said, "If I keep eating like this, we're going to have to do extra exercises just so I don't get as big as a house before we go home."

“You go ahead and enjoy your food, baby.” Mitch’s voice dropped a few octaves. “I got a special workout in mind just for you that’s guaranteed to burn up all those extra calories.”

“Don’t think I won’t hold you to it.” Tomi chuckled softly. “That’s one workout I’m definitely looking forward to.”

Linc smiled, ignoring the twinge of envy he felt as he watched their easy flirting and gentle, back-and-forth bantering. It was obvious they were best friends. Their love for each other was so apparent. Despite living with two people for several years, he’d never experienced the kind of closeness in a relationship that he saw between Tomi and Mitch. He never imagined that he’d want the sort of connection they obviously shared. Yet as he watched them, Linc couldn’t deny the yearning he felt to be a part of the link that bonded them together.

Tomi turned her attention to him. “You’re lucky to have someone like Rosa around,” she told him as she snatched another piece of fruit.

“I know,” Linc murmured, picking up his coffee and taking a sip of the sweet, hot liquid. “Rosa has taken good care of me and my home for years. Occasionally, she even takes pity on me and cooks enough meals to last me all week, just so I don’t starve to death.”

“How long has she worked for you?” Mitch asked.

“Rosa’s been with me since I bought this house. She’s like family now, and the only person I trust to take care of things around here. Even when I lived in New York, I never worried, because I knew that Rosa would look after my home like it was her own.”

“Well,” Tomi spoke up, “I’ve only seen a few rooms, but it’s obvious that you have a very beautiful home.”

“That’s right.” Linc smiled apologetically. “You never got the full tour.” When he’d brought them to his home the night before, he’d left his manners outside in the car. The only thing he wanted them to see was his California king-size bed. “Come on.” He picked up his cup. “Let me show you around the place.”

He waited for Tomi and Mitch to grab their coffee and stand up from the table before he led them through the house.

Twenty minutes later, they entered his office, the last room left to see. Linc sat in the overstuffed chair behind his desk, placing his feet on top of the walnut surface as he drank the remainder of his coffee.

“Man,” Mitch began, as he had a seat on the leather couch, “you could fit at least five of our condo back in New York City inside this place.”

“I remember that.” Linc smiled sympathetically, thinking about the place he used to own when he’d lived there. The only thing big about it was the price tag. He suspected that Mitch and Tomi’s condo probably cost nearly as much as he’d paid for this place when he first bought it. It was just one more thing that he didn’t miss about the Big Apple.

He took a final drink from his coffee cup before setting it on the desk, his gaze on Tomi, who slowly walked around the room.

“I can tell you spend a lot of time in here.” She glanced over her shoulder at him as she looked at various family pictures throughout the room. “Aside from your bedroom, you seem more comfortable here than in any other room in the house.”

Linc couldn’t argue that. He did spend quite a bit of time in this room, and not just working. His office was one of his favorite places to kick back and put his feet up, just as he was now. All the pictures in the room helped as well. Each one represented a special memory for Linc, a way for him to feel connected to his family, even when they weren’t around.

“Is this Paul and Ava?”

Linc focused on the picture frame that Tomi held in her hand, immediately recognizing the couple in the photo.

“Yes,” he confirmed, ignoring the sadness he always felt whenever he thought about his deceased lovers.

Mitch stood and walked over to Tomi, looking over her shoulder at the picture. "They're gorgeous," he murmured, looking back at Linc. "Where was this taken?"

"Rio de Janeiro," he said automatically, the memory still vivid in his mind, the picture capturing a moment of happier times between the three of them before everything went so terribly wrong.

Linc lifted his feet off the desk and dropped them to the floor, before standing and moving across the room to join Mitch and Tomi. Looking down, he stared into the faces that he knew so well. Paul was the serious one, a tough, strong firefighter with cinnamon skin and warm, chocolate eyes, and Ava with her blonde hair and smiling green eyes, always the peacemaker, always wanting everyone to be as happy as she always seemed to be.

"I bet the three of you had a lot of good times here," Mitch commented.

"Actually, we didn't," Linc admitted. "I originally bought this house as a place for us to get away, but Paul and Ava never saw it." When Mitch and Tomi looked at him in surprise, he shrugged. "We never could get our schedules to coincide long enough for all of us to be off at the same time."

"Do you miss them?" Tomi asked, her voice soft and gentle.

Linc thought about her question for a moment before he responded. "Yes," he finally said. "But not in the way you might think." He paused again before continuing. "I miss knowing that they're alive and well and living their lives with someone who loved them the way they deserved to be loved. I miss not having had the chance to say good-bye, and I'm sorry; I wish things could have been different between us."

He felt Mitch's eyes on him. "So...do you think you'd ever want to be a part of a relationship like that again?"

He met Mitch's gaze. "You know, if you'd asked me that a few days ago, my answer would definitely have been no. Now" -- he looked meaningfully between Mitch and Tomi -- "I think I've had a change of heart on the subject."

Chapter Eight

Mitch lay in bed, leaning on his elbow with his head resting in his hand, quietly watching Tomi's sleeping form next to him.

He absently stroked her hair, his mind a million miles away as thoughts of their weekend with Linc raced through his mind.

Despite his intense attraction to Linc, the most that Mitch had allowed himself to hope for was a nice evening out with a man who, if they were lucky, Tomi and he would consider a friend once they returned home.

Somehow, their simple dinner had evolved somewhere along the way and turned into so much more. He'd never formed a connection so quickly, so deeply, with someone other than Tomi. Mitch felt drawn to Linc by an attraction that surpassed the mere physical.

The fact of the matter was that he liked Linc a hell of a lot more than he probably should, considering he'd only known the man for three days. Tomi's reaction to Linc, particularly the way she trusted him enough to share herself uninhibitedly with him, seemed to speak volumes about her feelings toward Linc as well.

“If you keep thinking so hard, you’ll give yourself a headache.” Tomi’s sleepy voice brought him back to the present. Mitch smiled and leaned down, kissing her slowly, enjoying the feel of her soft, full lips against his.

“Good morning, sleepyhead,” Mitch teased, kissing along her jawline and nuzzling her neck until she giggled.

“Well, I *am* on vacation.” Tomi squirmed, trying to move away from his tickling caress. “Aren’t vacations supposed to be about catching up on all the sleep and fun you missed during the rest of the year?”

“Speaking of fun.” He raised his head to look into her face. “I enjoyed our weekend with Linc. I’m glad we met him. He’s a good man.”

Tomi seemed to sober. “Me too,” she said quietly. She opened her mouth as if she was going to say more, but she remained silent, averting her eyes away from him instead.

“Hey.” Mitch cupped her face, refusing to let her look away. “What is it?” He searched her face, his concern increasing by the second. “Do you regret what happened?” He suddenly worried that he’d somehow misread her attraction to Linc, misinterpreted her interest in being with him again. “If you do, it’s okay. We don’t have to see Linc again if it makes you uncomfortable.”

Please say no. God, he felt like such a selfish asshole, but he couldn’t help it. In a short period of time, he’d begun to have very strong, very real feelings for Linc. Mitch was willing to admit that the more time he spent with the other man, the more he wanted him.

Hell, Linc had just dropped them off at their hotel six hours ago, and Mitch could hardly wait to see him again, could barely contain thoughts of the three of them together as they’d been all weekend.

However, this wasn’t just about him. Tomi was the most important person in his life, and he’d never do anything that made her unhappy. If she told him that she didn’t want to see Linc again, he wouldn’t try to change her mind.

“No,” she finally said. Her cognac eyes stared back at him, her voice sure. “I do want to see him again...very much.”

“Then what’s wrong? Talk to me, baby,” Mitch urged. “You know you can tell me anything, right?”

Tomi nodded. “I know.” She paused again as a myriad of emotions flashed in her eyes. Her face filled with familiar expressions that said she was trying to gather her thoughts. Mitch remained silent, patiently waiting for her to continue.

Finally, Tomi sighed. “I had a really good time with Linc as well. In fact, it was almost...too good.” She smiled slightly. “After this weekend, I realized just how special Linc is, and I...I think I could fall for him just as easily as I fell for you when we first met.” Tomi looked at him guiltily. “The thought of that happening, the thought of doing anything that would hurt you or our relationship, scares the shit out of me.” Her last words were barely above a whisper.

“Listen to me.” Mitch cupped her face with both hands, his gaze locked with hers unwaveringly. “That will *never* happen. I trust you with my life. I know that you would never intentionally do anything to harm me, and I hope you know the same thing about me.” When she nodded, he continued. “There is nothing and no one in this world or the next that could ever come between us, Tomi, or diminish the amount of love we have for each other. Okay?”

Tomi smiled. Her eyes were slightly watery. “Okay.”

Mitch kissed her then, needing to reinforce his words, wanting to reassure her that things would never change between them.

He ended the kiss and looked into her beautiful face, his chest swelling with his love for her. “I won’t lie to you. I don’t know where this thing with Linc is headed, but regardless of what does or doesn’t happen between him and us, the bottom line is, we came here to Puerto Rico together, and that’s exactly how we’ll leave...together.”

* * * * *

“It looks like somebody had a good weekend.” Linc looked up at the sound of his cousin and best friend’s voice. Pedro stood in the doorway of his office, arms folded across his broad chest, watching Linc with a smirk on his face.

Linc had no idea how long the other man had been standing there. His mind had been solidly on a certain couple who’d occupied his every waking thought since he met them just a few days ago.

Pedro walked farther into the room and took a seat on the edge of Linc’s desk. “It wouldn’t have anything to do with your dinner guests that my brother saw you with on Friday, would it?”

Linc shrugged. “I had a great dinner.” He didn’t bother trying to deny it, knowing that Alejandro would tell his brother that he’d seen Linc with Tomi and Mitch at the restaurant.

“So I see.” Pedro reached out and pushed the collar of Linc’s shirt aside, exposing the bruise on his neck that was still visible from where Tomi had bitten him. “From the looks of things, dinner wasn’t the only thing you had. So, which one was it, the woman or the man?” he asked, well aware of Linc’s sexual orientation.

Linc sat back in his chair, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. Several seconds of silence passed before Pedro’s eyes suddenly widened as if he finally realized the answer to his question. His head fell back, and he roared with laughter.

“*Tú híbrido!* You did both of them, didn’t you? Oh, man, you are such a fucking dog!” There was no heat in Pedro’s tone despite his words. He was still grinning when he said, “No wonder you looked so damn happy when I walked in here. I guess Miguel’s no-show on Friday worked out all right after all. Otherwise, you might have missed out on your weekend entertainment.”

Pedro shook his head, a look of mock disappointment on his face. “Shit, I’m in the wrong line of work. I should have gone into business with you when I had the chance, then

I'd have access to all the hot customers too. Men aren't my thing, so I'd leave them to you, but if I met women even half as beautiful as the one Alejandro described with you on Friday, it'd be worth it." A smile suddenly spread across his face. "I don't suppose you need another driver, do you? I'm sure I can fit a few runs into my schedule."

"It's not like that," Linc objected. "Tomi and Mitch aren't like some of the customers that I've told you about." The need to defend them, to differentiate them from all the other easy fucks he'd met over the years, was great. "They're not here trying to get laid; they're here to get married."

Pedro's brow arched. "If they're here to get married, what are they doing fucking you?"

Before Linc could find a way to explain the seemingly unexplainable, to put into words the undeniable connection that existed between the three of them, Lorna walked into his office unannounced and interrupted their conversation.

"What is it, Lorna?"

"You forgot your messages, baby." She reached past Pedro to hand Linc several pink slips of paper. "Don't forget, you got a meeting across town this afternoon."

"Thanks." Linc scanned the messages. Lorna knew him well. He'd completely forgotten about the meeting. She could be a complete pain in the ass at times, but she kept him organized.

Lorna turned to leave, making certain to brush against Pedro in the process.

"Hola, Pedro." Her voice dropped seductively. "*Estás pareciendo bueno, como de costumbre.*"

Linc sighed, knowing what would come next. He should have known Lorna couldn't make it back to her desk without hitting on one of them.

In true Lorna fashion, she spent the next several minutes all but falling to the floor, spreading her legs, and offering herself to Pedro. His cousin didn't help the situation as he

laughed at her provocative comments, seeming to enjoy, even encourage, her flirtatious behavior.

Finally, Linc couldn't take anymore. "I pay you to work, Lorna, not stand around trying to fuck my relatives," he snapped, a little more harshly than he'd intended.

She looked at him in surprise before turning on her heel and all but stomping from the room, muttering something in Spanish that sounded suspiciously like the word bastard.

"Relax, cousin." Pedro sounded amused. "Lorna's harmless."

"Then you hire her to work for you." Linc glared back at him. "You can have the pleasure of listening to her bullshit all day."

"I don't need the extra help." Pedro laughed, appearing completely unfazed by Linc's irritation. "Besides, I already told you, I'm still trying to get a job here."

"Yeah, right." Linc snorted. "You know damn well that Tracee would kick your ass -- and mine -- if you came to work here," Linc told him, referring to Pedro's longtime girlfriend.

The smile fell from Pedro's face. "You're probably right about that."

"Speaking of work," Linc began, "how's your work schedule this week?"

Pedro shrugged. "The usual. I'm booked solid with tours Friday through Sunday, but the rest of the week doesn't look too bad. Why?"

"I was thinking of taking Mitch and Tomi on a private boat tour around the island one day this week, and I wanted to know if you had any time available."

Pedro looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. "So I take it this thing between you and them isn't just a weekend fling, huh?" Linc didn't bother to respond. It was a rhetorical question, and they both knew it. "Actually," Pedro finally said, "I was planning to block off Thursday evening so that I could spend some time with Tracee on the boat. I'll check with her, but I'm sure she won't mind if you and your friends join us." He smiled again. "You know Tracee adores you. She'll do anything you ask."

“She should.” Linc laughed. “If it weren’t for me, she’d never have met you.” He’d dated Tracee a few times before he introduced her to Pedro. That was two years ago, and they were still together.

Pedro’s voice suddenly sobered. “This couple must be really special if you’re calling in favors just to spend more time with them.”

Linc held his gaze. “They are,” he said simply.

Pedro nodded. “In that case, I can’t wait to meet them.”

Chapter Nine

The sounds of salsa music filled the air as Pedro's boat floated in the calm waters of the San Juan Bay. They were anchored a couple of miles away from the mainland, giving them an incredible view of the brightly lit San Juan shoreline.

Linc looked up as Tomi walked onto the deck wearing a bikini top and low-slung cutoff shorts, a smile curving her lips and her unruly curls gently blowing in the light wind. She had a seat next to him, and Mitch flanked his other side on the U-shaped, bench-style seat.

"You know," she began, "when you said you were going to take us on a boat ride, I had no idea you meant something like this." Her arm gestured around the boat.

"I can see your point." Linc looked around as well. Referring to it as a boat did seem like a bit of an understatement. The forty-foot catamaran easily held fifty people and included all the comforts of home.

It was more than just a boat for Pedro as well. It was how he earned a living. He'd invested all of his money -- and some of Linc's as well -- into purchasing this boat to start a chartered tours business. It turned out to be the best investment Pedro could have made. The boat had more than paid for itself within a few years.

"This is a great boat, man," Mitch said to Pedro, who walked onto the deck carrying a bottle of wine and several glasses.

"Thanks." Pedro set the glasses down on the built-in table. "It's my baby. My pride and joy." The look on his face confirmed his words.

"Hey, I thought that was me," Tracee joked as she joined them on deck carrying a tray of food in her hands.

Pedro took the tray from her and set it on the table. "Of course you are." His voice was soothing as he pulled her into his arms, whispering, "*Sabes te amo*," before giving her a kiss.

"That's more like it." A smile spread across her pretty face when Pedro finally let her up for air. Tracee pushed a colorful pillow to the side and had a seat on the bench across from them as Pedro poured the wine.

"You make a very nice couple," Tomi commented, accepting the glass Pedro held out to her. "How did you meet?"

"I stole her from Linc." Pedro winked at her.

Linc laughed hard. "I think that's stretching it a bit, but hey, whatever helps you sleep at night." He looked at Tomi. "Tracee and I dated for a while before she met Pedro," he explained.

"Speaking of couples," Tracee spoke up, "Pedro told me that the two of you were gorgeous, but I didn't expect for you both to be so perfect. I can see why Linc likes you so much. He has a weakness for beautiful women" -- her gaze shifted to Mitch -- "and men." To Linc, she said, "I definitely approve."

Linc groaned and shook his head. He could always count on Tracee to say exactly what was on her mind. Thankfully, Tomi and Mitch didn't seem to mind, judging from their soft laughter.

“That would explain why he dated you,” Tomi told her. “You remind me of my last girlfriend. She was so full of energy and had a great personality.” Tomi looked at her appreciatively. “Physically, she was nowhere near as beautiful as you.”

“Thanks.” Tracee smiled. “That’s a huge compliment coming from someone who looks like you.”

“No problem.” Tomi shrugged. “Although, I’m only stating what’s obvious.”

“I agree,” Mitch added. “When it comes to looks, Tracee, you have absolutely no reason to worry.” Mitch looked at Pedro, who sat next to Tracee. “And you should consider yourself very lucky to have her.”

Pedro put his arm around Tracee and placed a kiss to her temple. “Trust me, *mi amigo*. I do.”

“So I hear that you’re a professor,” Tracee said to Tomi, who nodded.

“That’s really cool. I did a couple of years at the University of Miami before I came back home. I thought about finishing up my degree here at the University of Puerto Rico, but I can’t seem to find the time.” She looked slightly sheepish. “Besides, I love what I do for a living.”

Tomi smiled understandingly. “A college degree is great, but it can’t replace doing something that you’re passionate about. It sounds to me like you’ve already found your passion.”

“What kind of work do you do?” Mitch asked.

Tracee practically beamed. “I’m a massage therapist. I work in a couple of spas at some of the larger hotels in San Juan.”

“I love massages,” Tomi said. “It’s been way too long since I had one.”

“Oh, I highly recommend them -- and not just because I do them,” Tracee added. “As far as I’m concerned, massages are one of the best forms of therapy in the world.”

"I think you're right about that," Mitch told her. "I encourage all the people who I train to get regular massages. It's great for loosening sore muscles, especially after a hard workout."

"What kind do you specialize in?" Tomi asked.

"I do just about all of them, but my favorites are the Deep Tissue and the Trigger Point massages."

"If you ask me," Pedro chimed in, looking at Tracee, "nothing compares to your Tantric massages."

Linc had to agree with that. He was well familiar with Tracee's Tantric massages. He'd experienced them on several occasions -- before and after she'd started dating Pedro -- and he could attest to just how incredible they were. He felt his cock start to swell at the mere thought of one of those sessions with Tracee.

"Isn't that the sensual massage?" Tomi asked.

"Yes, but it's a lot more than that," Tracee told her. "If it's done right, a Tantric massage can be the most pleasurable nonsexual experience of your life."

"Wow." Tomi laughed. "When you put it that way, I'll definitely have to make sure to have one."

"If you'd like, I'll give you one before you leave," Tracee offered. "Trust me; it's like nothing you've ever felt before."

"What about right now?" Tomi asked and then hesitated. "That is, if you wouldn't mind."

"Would I mind the chance to touch you for the next thirty minutes? Are you kidding me?" Tracee's sultry laughter rang out. "I'd love to." She stood up and looked at Tomi. "We both have to be completely undressed. Are you okay with that?"

"I don't think that will be a problem." Tomi smiled, her voice sounding soft, sexy.

Tracee returned her smile. "Good. Let me grab some towels and oil, and I'll be right back."

As Tracee disappeared inside the boat, Linc took a moment to survey the surrounding waters, feeling satisfied that they were far enough away from other boats to have privacy. The lights of the nearest boat appeared to be several hundred yards away, making it next to impossible for the occupants to see the activities that were about to happen on their boat.

Tracee returned several minutes later, carrying a stack of towels and a bottle filled with liquid. Linc sat transfixed, outwardly trying to hide his arousal and excitement as Tomi and Tracee made quick work of stripping off their clothes. He looked at Pedro, then Mitch. From the looks on their faces, it was obvious that Linc wasn't the only one affected by the sight in front of them.

Physically, Tracee and Tomi were as different as they were beautiful. Tracee, the taller of the two, had full, naturally large breasts and pleasing curves with long black hair that hung to the middle of her back. Tomi stood a few inches shorter with her perfectly proportioned hourglass frame.

He'd been with both of them sexually, knew the pleasure they were capable of giving. As enjoyable as sex had been with Tracee, Linc would be the first to admit that no woman had ever made him feel like Tomi.

Tracee arranged a towel and pillows on the deck and positioned Tomi so that she lay on her back with a pillow under her hips, her legs spread apart, and her knees slightly bent. The built-in lights overhead provided Linc with a clear view of her exposed pussy, the folds already wet as she waited for the massage.

"Just relax," she encouraged Tomi. "Take slow, deep breaths." Tomi closed her eyes, and her chest began to rise and fall steadily as she did what Tracee instructed. "That's good," Tracee said softly as she began. "This particular massage is called the *Yoni* massage." Her hands moved slowly over Tomi's body as she spoke. "The word yoni means sacred space. It's a term used to describe the vagina." She opened the bottle of oil and poured some into the palm of her hand. The scent of lavender and vanilla filled the air. "The purpose of the Yoni

massage is as much about loving and respecting the body as it is about pleasuring the body.” She rubbed her hands together and began to massage the oil into Tomi’s skin.

At some point, the music changed, becoming slower, softer, the volume too low for Linc to distinguish. It didn’t matter, really. The only thing he could focus on was the way Tracee’s hands moved over Tomi’s body, starting at her calves and thighs, working her way over her hips and up her abdomen until she reached her breasts.

“Mmm, so pretty,” Tracee murmured as she cupped Tomi’s breasts in each hand. She bent and sucked one, then the other nipple into her mouth before gently kneading them, taking time to roll the wet berries between her thumb and forefinger.

Tomi moans grew louder, her excitement evident as her fingers clenched into fists each time Tracee stroked her nipples.

“*Jesús que coge a Cristo.*” Linc looked up at the sound of Pedro’s whispered oath. His cousin made no effort to hide his arousal as he stared unblinkingly at Tomi and Tracee while rubbing his dick through his shorts.

Without even realizing it, Linc moved his hand between Mitch’s thighs, feeling the heat of his erection through his jeans. Mitch groaned and reciprocated the move, covering Linc’s hard cock and squeezing it gently.

The sounds of moans drew Linc’s attention back to Tomi and Tracee. Tomi’s eyes were open and locked on Tracee. They held each other’s gazes as Tracee slowly poured oil on Tomi’s pussy and set the bottle to the side before slowly massaging the oil into the lips. Tracee stroked Tomi’s clit, rubbing the knob between her thumb and index finger for a few moments before she slid her middle finger inside. Tomi cried out, and her hips rose off the deck as her thighs began to shake.

Another finger soon joined the first one inside her pussy, even as a third eased into her anus. Tracee used her other hand to continue Tomi’s massage, gently rubbing, kneading, and caressing over her stomach, her breasts, and her face.

Without breaking eye contact, Tracee leaned down and covered Tomi's lips with her own. They kissed until Tomi cried out, her body jerking as she came. They were both breathing heavily as Tracee lay next to Tomi and continued to stroke her body.

"So, was that normally how you do this massage, or did I just luck out?" Tomi asked.

Tracee chuckled breathlessly. "I think it's safe to say you got the special treatment."

"I was hoping you'd say that." Tomi's hand slid into Tracee's hair. "Now it's time for me to return the favor." She pulled Tracee's head down, kissing her hungrily. Her hands moved eagerly over Tracee's body, exploring her back, her ass, and her breasts. It was Tracee's turn to moan as Tomi pulled away from the kiss and dipped her head, taking one of Tracee's nipples into her mouth and swirling her tongue around the hardened tip.

"Sí, Tomi," she whispered. "*Que te sientes bien.*"

They became a tangled mass of arms, legs, and hands moving greedily over each other, their oily bodies sliding together, the light and dark hues of their contrasting skin tones glistening under the soft lights on the boat. They shifted positions, adjusting their bodies until Tomi lay on top of Tracee, their heads facing in opposite directions, their faces buried between each other's legs.

Linc watched them, feeling the pressure of Mitch's hand on his cock increase. The heat of Mitch's breath feathered across Linc's skin as his lips trailed up the column of his neck. Linc turned his head, meeting Mitch halfway, pushing his tongue inside Mitch's mouth, feeling desperate for a taste of him.

Suddenly, the act of touching Mitch through his jeans seemed far from adequate. Mitch seemed to share his sentiment, and they moved simultaneously, wasting no time unzipping and removing each other's clothes. He glanced briefly at his cousin and saw that Pedro had already shed his clothes. He sat on the bench with his dick sliding rapidly between his fingers, watching Tomi and Tracee as he pleased himself.

Linc reached out and wrapped one hand around Mitch's cock and the other around his own, stroking them both, feeling the heavy weight of Mitch's dick in his hands, the heat of it intense. Their juices dripped down their shafts, adding to the unbelievable friction. He quickened his strokes, pumping hard until he felt Mitch tighten against him, and then liquid fire ran between his fingers.

"Fuck," Mitch whispered. It was just one word, but it was all he needed. As a chorus of women's voices rang out with cries and moans of pleasure, Linc felt the shudder start in the pit of his stomach and work its way out to his extremities until he finally trembled, jerking hard against his hand, calling Mitch's name as he came with a gasp.

Mitch's lips found his, his tongue darting out to map the crease of Linc's mouth, his teeth making tiny nips at Linc's upper lip. As they kissed, Linc's heart raced. His cock was still hard as stone and aching between his fingers, demanding more. In that moment, he looked up and saw Tomi crawling toward him. The look on her face told him she knew exactly what he needed.

* * * * *

Tomi's body still vibrated from the aftereffects of the two orgasms she'd already had. Yet as much as she enjoyed her experience with Tracee, it wasn't enough. She needed more, she needed...them. Her body craved her fiancé, who loved her more deeply than she ever imagined being loved, and their new lover, who pleased her more completely than she'd ever experienced. During the last few days, the two of them had given her more joy, more happiness, than she thought possible.

She reached Linc first. Her mouth traveled up the calves of his legs and over his inner thighs, her tongue licked a line to his balls and up his shaft. Her lips closed over the crown and moved downward, taking him all the way to the back of her throat, holding him there, swallowing several times around his thickness before releasing him and repeating the entire movement over again.

“Oh, Dios, sí. Se siente bien.” Linc’s head fell back, his throat worked as he whispered words of praise.

As she sucked Linc, Tomi wrapped a hand around Mitch’s dick, working his shaft just how he liked it, taking him from half-erect to fully hard in seconds. She switched then, giving Mitch the same treatment that she’d given Linc, moaning at the familiar and welcome taste of him that mixed with the new but equally pleasing flavor of Linc.

Her body began to tremble; the need to have them fill more than just her mouth was great. Mitch seemed to sense her urgency, always so attuned to what she needed, when she needed it. He eased from between her lips and positioned himself behind her, pushing in deep as Tomi’s mouth closed over Linc’s cock again. The sounds of Tracee and Pedro’s lovemaking provided the background music as they fucked her deep, turning the blaze inside her to an all-out inferno that raced through her, setting her body, her soul on fire.

As her latest orgasm flowed through her, she felt Mitch behind her, pumping hard, his fingers clenching convulsively on her hips. “Tomi...love you.” His voice shook, his body shuddered, and he exploded, filling her with his heat.

Linc’s fingers wrapped in her hair, holding her head steady, pumping in and out of her mouth, his frantic movements signaling how close he was to release.

“Dios, Tomi, gonna come.” He tried to warn her, tried to pull her head away, but she wouldn’t let him, quickening her pace instead, her mouth demanding he give her everything he had.

Linc didn’t disappoint as a yell burst from his lips, and he filled her mouth with his cum. The taste of it was just like him, strong and spicy with sweet undertones. He leaned against the seat, panting. His dick slid from her mouth, and Tomi sat back on her legs. Mitch wrapped his arms around her. He lifted her face toward his, covered her lips with his, and kissed her hard, as if he were searching out Linc’s flavor.

Their lips slowly parted, and Tomi felt herself rising as Linc lifted her from the deck and onto the bench next to him. Mitch sat on her other side, allowing her to snuggle between the two of them. She looked across the boat at Pedro and Tracee, who sat in a similar fashion, watching them with smiles on their faces.

“Watching the three of you together is the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen in my life,” Tracee said.

“Thank you.” Tomi’s gaze settled on Tracee. “By the way, if you ask me, I’d say forget about going back to college.” She smiled at the other woman. “Massage therapy is definitely your calling.”

Chapter Ten

Linc pulled open the tinted glass doors and entered the lobby of his limousine company. Pedro stood at the reception desk talking with Lorna. They were speaking too softly for him to make out their words, but from the looks on their faces, it wasn't their usual, sexually charged exchange.

Their conversation abruptly stopped when they saw him, the expression on Lorna's face becoming guilty as she mumbled a greeting and quickly went in the direction of the restroom.

He looked at Pedro. "What's up?"

"You tell me." Pedro's brow arched, his gaze scrutinizing. "You're the one who's been MIA for the past week. I haven't seen or heard from you since we were out on my boat last Thursday. And Lorna tells me that you've been virtually nonexistent around here as well."

Goddammit. He should have known Lorna wouldn't be able to keep her big-ass mouth shut. No wonder she'd hightailed it out of here like her panties were on fire. If he didn't need her so badly, he'd pack up her desk and have her box waiting for her when she came out of her hiding place in the restroom.

To Pedro, he said, “Lorna needs to mind her own fucking business and focus on her job.”

“It would seem she’s been focusing on her job and yours as well lately.”

“Tell me, *primo*.” Linc stared at his cousin, feeling uncharacteristically irritated with him. “Did you come here for a reason, or are you conspiring with Lorna to fuck up my morning?”

That drew laughter from Pedro. “Come on, cousin, you know me better than that. Besides” -- he smiled broadly -- “if I wanted to ruin your day, I could think of a lot more creative ways to do it.” He sobered some. “Seriously, we were just worried about you.”

“Well, don’t be,” Linc snapped. Fuck. He’d been in such a good mood when he came to work this morning, still riding a high from the last several days he’d spent with Tomi and Mitch.

Linc glared at Pedro. “I’m fine. I’ve just been busy lately.” He snatched his messages off Lorna’s desk and headed for his private office with Pedro on his heels. He reached his office and had a seat behind his desk, completely ignoring Pedro’s presence in the doorway.

“Would those things have anything to do with your two new friends?”

Linc sat back in his chair and stared at Pedro. “What’s your point?” He ignored Pedro’s question. Why bother responding to something they both knew the answer to?

“Listen, Linc.” Pedro walked farther into his office and closed the door behind him before taking a seat in one of the chairs. “I like Tomi and Mitch a lot. They’re both good people, and I can see why you’re so attracted to them. But it doesn’t change the fact that in just a little over a week, they’re getting married, and they’ll be gone shortly after that.” A pained look flashed in his eyes. “Don’t forget that I’m the one who found you after everything happened in New York. I don’t ever want to see you hurt like that again.”

Linc remembered those days in New York City more clearly than he’d like. He didn’t admit it often, but he truly believed that Pedro had saved his sanity -- if not his life -- all

those years ago when he'd rescued him from his own private hell. He looked at his cousin; the sincerity and concern were palpable on Pedro's face and in his voice. In an instant, Linc's irritation faded away.

"Look, it's nice to know you care, but you don't need to be worried." Linc tried to keep his voice light, his expression neutral, so that Pedro wouldn't see the truth he wasn't willing to admit to anyone behind his words. "It's like you said, Mitch and Tomi are good people, and I enjoy being with them, but I know this isn't going to last forever. And when they're gone, I'll move on to someone else like I always do. Really," he insisted, when Pedro still didn't look convinced. "It's no big deal, okay?"

Pedro studied him for another moment before he sighed and nodded. "Okay."

Linc smiled, trying to change the subject. "Now, are you ready to tell me the real reason why you're here in my office bothering me so early?"

"That's right." Pedro's mood lightened. "I wanted to make sure you were coming next Tuesday."

When Linc looked at him blankly, he said, "Don't tell me you forgot." Linc still didn't respond, and Pedro's expression turned incredulous. "You know, *La Noche de San Juan*, one of our family's favorite holidays that we celebrate *every year* with a big party and lots of food down at the beach."

"Of course I remembered." It was a blatant lie, and they both knew it, but Pedro seemed willing to overlook it.

"Good," Pedro said. "You can even bring Tomi and Mitch if you'd like."

"Thanks, man. I will."

Pedro stood, stretched. "Well, I gotta run. I'll see you next week." He walked toward the door. "Hey." He looked back at Linc. "Do me a favor and go easy on Lorna. I know she's a pain in the ass and she talks a lot of shit, but she really cares about you -- and not just

because she wants to fuck you, either.” Pedro chuckled and walked out the door without waiting for Linc’s response.

* * * * *

Linc stared at his computer, seeing nothing, his brain refusing to focus on anything other than the two people who had occupied his every waking thought since he met them nearly two weeks ago.

Pedro’s observation about him was right. In the privacy of his office, Linc would admit that he had it bad for them. He felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into Mitch and Tomi, and he made no effort to do anything about it. Since he’d met them, Linc had spent nearly every day with them, every night wrapped in their arms. It had gotten to the point where he could barely sleep without them next to him.

The sound of female voices suddenly caught his attention. One he easily recognized as Lorna. It was the other voice, however, that made him nearly leap out of his seat and all but sprint down the hallway toward the lobby.

As he got closer, Linc could hear Lorna in full guard-dog mode, ready to attack anyone who tried to gain access to him without her consent. Typically, that included every woman who ever asked for him, unless she was seeking the company’s services.

“*Tomi*?” She practically spat out the word. “What kind of name is Tomi for a woman?”

“Well, I --” He heard Tomi try to speak, but Lorna cut her off midsentence.

“There’s no *Tomi* on Mr. Castillo’s calendar.” Linc reached the lobby in time to see Lorna standing less than a foot away from Tomi, her arms crossed in front of her body, her tone confrontational, the look on her face filled with disdain. “You know, Mr. Castillo is a very important man. He’s too busy to waste his time talking to just anybody.”

“Relax, Lorna.” Linc felt a smile tugging at his lips in spite of Lorna’s less-than-polite behavior. “She comes in peace.”

Tomi turned at the sound of his voice, smiling brightly at him, relief evident on her face. “Hi.” She spoke softly.

“Hi, yourself.” He was grinning like an idiot, but Linc didn’t care. Tomi had that effect on him. The mere act of being in her presence was more arousing than it had any right to be. It amazed him the way his body responded to her, as if he hadn’t seen her in days instead of hours. At that very moment, he felt himself hardening at the memory of waking up this morning with those lips wrapped around his cock.

Out of the corner of his eye, Linc saw Lorna looking back and forth between them, her expression far from pleased. Linc ignored her.

“Come on.” He grasped Tomi’s arm and led her back down the hall toward his office. “We can talk in my office.”

Linc barely closed his office door before he pulled Tomi into his arms. “Now I can greet you properly.” He kissed her the way he’d been dying to since he saw her standing in the lobby. She moaned and molded herself to him, her body fitting perfectly against his. He backed up until he was resting on the edge of his desk with Tomi standing between his legs, her forehead resting against his.

“So, that was Lorna?” At Linc’s nod, she said, “Wow, she’s a lot nicer -- and a hell of a lot less scary -- over the phone.”

Linc laughed and kissed the tip of her nose. “Don’t worry about Lorna. She’s a little protective of me, like a mama bear, but otherwise, she’s harmless.”

Tomi snorted, and her tone remained doubtful. “Be careful; some mama bears are known to eat their young.”

Linc erupted in laughter. “So,” he finally managed to say, “where’s Mitch?”

“He went on one of those all-day tours.”

“You didn’t want to go with him?”

Tomi looked guilty. “I told him I wasn’t feeling well.”

Linc frowned; his hand immediately went to her face, brushing her hair away, and cupped her cheek. "Are you okay?"

"Oh, yeah." She smiled. "I'm fine." At Linc's confused look, she said, "I just told him that so I could have some time alone to look for a wedding gift for him. That's why I'm here." She looked slightly desperate. "I don't know where to go, and I don't have a lot of time left before the wedding to get a gift. I was hoping that you could tell me some nice places around here to find one."

"I can do better than that." He stood and picked up his keys off his desk. "I can show you myself." She tried to object, but he cut her off with a kiss. "I want to. Okay?" When she nodded, he smiled, grabbed her hand, and led her out the door. "Let's go before all the good stuff is gone."

* * * * *

Three hours and five stores later, they returned to Tomi's hotel. After rejecting every type of gift imaginable, they finally came across a local artist who drew an incredible picture of Tomi and Mitch based on a photo she carried around in her wallet. They had the picture mounted and framed before they left.

Linc was the first to admit that he was hot, hungry, and -- most of all -- horny. In the short time he'd known Mitch and Tomi, he'd grown accustomed to touching, kissing, and fucking them as he pleased -- and it pleased him often. The last few hours had been complete torture, as he hadn't been able to do any of those things. Now his body screamed for release.

Tomi turned around slowly in the middle of the room, her expression thoughtful.

"What's wrong?" Linc gave in to the urge to touch her as his hands slid around her waist. He loved the way she automatically relaxed against him, as if her body knew it belonged next to his.

"I'm trying to figure out where to hide this until next week."

He looked around as well. His gaze landed on a floor safe that was the size of a small fridge. “What about that safe there?”

She shook her head. “No, that’s where we put all our important things now. Mitch goes into it all the time.”

Linc thought for a moment before an idea suddenly occurred to him. He released Tomi and moved over to the bed. Getting down on his knees, Linc lifted the spread.

“What are you doing?” Tomi asked.

“I’m looking for a safe. Many of the beds in the hotels here have built-in safes at the bottom that most people don’t even know about.” He moved his hand across the wood paneling until he felt a cool metal surface. “Found it.”

“No, we --” Linc opened the safe before Tomi had a chance to finish speaking and stopped short.

Well...damn. Obviously, they knew all about this safe as well. Linc could only stare at the collection of toys inside the safe. One piece in particular held his attention.

“I was trying to tell you that we were using that safe too.” He glanced at Tomi, who now crouched next to him.

“So...uh, you and Mitch...you use all of these, right?” His gaze remained fixated on the strap-on penis.

“Yep, and some” -- her fingers brushed over the strap-on -- “we use more than others.” Obviously, she knew which toy fascinated him the most. “We don’t have a third partner in our relationship anymore, but Mitch still enjoys being fucked. And I enjoy fucking him.” She chuckled softly. “Now that we met you, I haven’t had to use this once since we got here.” She spoke right next to his ear. “Have you ever been fucked like this before?” Linc shook his head mutely. Her words went straight to his groin, turning his cock to stone. “Would you let me fuck you?”

Linc considered himself as adventurous as the next man -- even more so when it came to sex. For some reason, this seemed wholly different.

"I know it doesn't compare to the real thing, but I promise, you'll like it." Apparently, Tomi sensed his hesitation. "Please," she whispered, "I just want to make you feel good, the same way you make me feel."

Who in the fuck was he kidding? Just the mere thought of Tomi strapping on that cock and fucking him with it had his dick trying to claw its way out of his pants

Linc didn't bother with a verbal response, allowing his actions to speak for him instead. He pulled Tomi close, moaning when she melted against him. He grabbed the strap-on out of the safe before he stood, bringing her with him as they collapsed onto the bed. Their clothes came off easily, and Linc sat back, watching as Tomi quickly fastened the strap-on to her body.

She sat back on her knees between his legs, the rubber phallus a slightly darker shade of brown than her skin. Tomi bent forward and kissed him before leaning over the edge of the bed and coming back with a small tube of lubricant in her hand. After squeezing some into her hand, Tomi inserted two lube-coated fingers inside him while her other hand wrapped around his cock, stroking him inside and out. Her fingers finally slid out, and she carefully pushed the dick inside him.

"*Fuck.*" Linc groaned as the cock slid all the way in and brushed against his prostate.

Tomi paused. "Is it okay?"

"Oh, yeah." He smiled. "It's definitely okay."

Tomi kissed the side of one bent knee, gripping him around his thighs, and pulled out halfway before pushing back in again. Her pace was slow and easy, her strokes steady and deep. She'd obviously had sex this way many times before, her experience with using a strap-on evident by the way she fucked Linc with it like a pro, angling her thrusts so that she nailed his prostate every time.

“Cogida, bebé... Sí.”

Linc reached behind him, gripped the headboard, and used it as leverage to meet her thrusts as his body spiraled toward release. “Oh, I’m ready, baby...gonna come.”

One of Tomi’s hands wrapped around his dick, working the shaft as she fucked him, increasing the pressure of her thrusts until he exploded and semen sprayed across his abdomen.

“Jesus...fuck!” he yelled out, his body shaking with spasms. He reached for Tomi as soon as she eased out of him, pulling her on top of him, kissing her hard, and grinding his body against hers. His dick was still as stiff as a board; his orgasm did nothing to decrease his erection.

Linc released Tomi just long enough to wrestle the strap-on from her body before he rolled over, placing her beneath him and pushing inside her wet heat, fucking her hard and deep.

“Linc...oh, baby, make me come.”

“Uh-huh. Let it go...let me feel it.” His pace increased, his strokes became frenzied. Adrenaline raced through him as he pumped furiously inside her. Tomi’s pussy rippled around him, her screams rang in his ear as she came. He was right behind her, shooting hard enough to make his back arch as he came inside her.

Linc rested his head against her shoulder as they both struggled to catch their breath. Finally, he found enough strength to lift his head.

“That was...damn.” He panted.

“I know.” Satisfied cognac eyes stared back at him. “I told you that you’d like it.”

“I think *like* might be a bit of an understatement.” Linc chuckled. “What I felt was a hell of a lot better than that.”

“Good.” Her hands moved down his back and rested on his ass, where she gripped his cheeks and thrust herself against him, while clenching her vaginal walls around his softening erection. “Now you have an idea of how I feel when I’m with you.”

Linc moaned as pleasure rippled through his cock. God, he couldn’t seem to get enough of this woman. She and Mitch had become an addiction he couldn’t resist.

His lips teased the line of her jaw, working his way toward her ear. “I think,” he admitted, “I might be in trouble where you and Mitch are concerned.” For the first time, Linc verbalized the feelings he’d developed for them.

Tomi remained silent for so long that he began to doubt the wisdom of his impromptu confession. Finally, she turned her head and looked into his eyes. “I think,” she whispered soft and low against his lips, “that goes for us as well.”

Neither of them spoke again, choosing silence over words, holding each other until Tomi’s deep breathing signaled she’d fallen asleep. Sighing, he kissed her on the temple, carefully extracted himself from her embrace, and eased from the bed.

Linc took a quick shower, wanting to be clean before getting dressed again. When he came out of the bathroom, he found Tomi awake and watching him.

“I have to go.” Regret laced his words. “I have to meet with some clients soon.”

Tomi stretched out in the bed, watching him as he redressed. “I understand.” Her beautiful brown face held a look of contentment. “We’re still going to see you tonight, right?”

Linc leaned down, kissing her. “You couldn’t keep me away.” He straightened and finished dressing. As he prepared to leave, his eyes landed on the painting, still leaning against the dresser where they’d left it.

“We never found a place to hide your gift.” Tomi looked in the direction of the painting. From the expression on her face, it was apparent that she’d forgotten all about it. Linc could relate. For the past hour, it hadn’t been high on his priority list, either.

“If you’d like, I can take it home with me.” Linc offered. “I’m sure I can find someplace to hide it there.”

“Would you mind?” Relief filled Tomi’s face. “I don’t want to inconvenience you, but it would work out perfectly if you did that.”

“You could never be an inconvenience to me.” Linc grabbed one more kiss before walking over to the painting, picking it up, and heading to the door. He paused in the doorway and turned around.

“Damn, it’s going to be a long afternoon waiting to see you and Mitch again.” He closed the door without waiting for her response, afraid she’d say something that would make him turn back, strip off his clothes, and fuck her until Mitch returned from his tour. He’d never been in so deep so fast. Hell, if he were truthful with himself, he’d admit that he’d never been in so deep, period. And that’s what scared him the most.

Chapter Eleven

The beach resembled one gigantic block party, with people covering nearly every visible part of the sand, most of them arriving early that morning to secure their spots for the all-day celebration. To an outside observer, it probably seemed like complete chaos, but for Linc, it represented home and heritage.

He looked around at the groups of families celebrating together, loving every minute of it, from the loud and sometimes raucous crowds to the overlapping sounds of ear-splitting music blaring from every direction and the intermingling smells of food filling the night air.

Their group was huge, at least sixty people, spread out on blankets and in chairs on the sand. It was like this every year. His family loved this holiday, loved that it gave them a reason to get together and catch up with family members they hadn't seen in a while.

Everyone he knew was there, including Pedro and Tracee, and Alejandro and his wife, Marissa. Even his wayward cousin and less than model employee, Miguel, was there, still acting skittish around him, as if he expected Linc to fire him at any moment. Linc took pity on him, stopping to speak to him and introduce him to Tomi and Mitch.

“This is my cousin Miguel,” he told them. “He was your original driver when you arrived in Puerto Rico.” They talked for a moment before Miguel moved on to join his friends.

“Truthfully,” Tomi whispered to him as Miguel walked away, “I’m glad Miguel never showed up that day.”

Linc smiled, fighting the urge to kiss her as he continued to take them around, introducing them to the rest of his family, wanting to make sure Mitch and Tomi knew they were welcomed there. They blended in as easily and comfortably as if they were born there instead of just visiting. In a matter of hours, they’d become a huge hit. His entire family took an immediate liking to them and included them as official members of the family.

“So, *mi muchacha hermosa*, what have you and your *hombre hermoso* seen on our island so far?” Linc’s aunt, the family matriarch, asked Tomi.

She was the oldest living member of his family, but it was hard to tell by simply looking at her. Still healthy and active, her tanned skin minimally marred by wrinkles, her silver hair more of an asset than a hindrance, his aunt’s physical appearance easily belied her eighty-seven years.

“I think a better question to ask them, *Tía*, is what they *haven’t* seen yet,” Linc joked to his aunt. “I’m sure it’s a much shorter list.”

Mitch laughed. “Linc is probably right about that.”

“Well, let’s see.” Tomi paused. “So far, we’ve seen the *Jardin Botánico* at the University of Puerto Rico, the *Catedral de San Juan Bautista*, *El Morro*, the *Coamo* thermal springs, and the Bacardi rum tour” -- she chuckled, holding up two fingers -- “twice.”

“Don’t forget about *El Yunque* rain forest.” Mitch’s hands rested on Tomi’s shoulders, his eyes meeting Linc’s over her head. The heat in those blue eyes was evident even in the dark.

“And soon you get married.” Linc’s aunt smiled happily.

“Yes, in four days, on Saturday.” Tomi’s hands covered Linc’s on her shoulders. Mitch leaned down and kissed her cheek. “And all of you are invited,” Mitch added, his invitation drawing cheers and whistles from the group.

“Has the rest of your family arrived yet?” Marissa asked. Linc saw Tomi and Mitch exchange a look, their expressions a conflicting and uncomfortable mixture of emotions. He opened his mouth to intervene when Mitch spoke.

“No, it’s just us,” Mitch spoke quietly. “Our families won’t be joining us.”

There was a moment of surprised silence, and Linc watched the disapproving looks flicker across the faces of his family members, especially his aunt.

Finally, she reached out and grasped their hands, her smile bright. “In that case, we’ll be your family,” she declared, as others in their group nodded their heads in agreement. “And after your wedding, we’ll have a big reception to celebrate. Come” -- she stood, taking Tomi with her -- “we should move to the water, so we can be ready at midnight.”

“What happens at midnight?” Tomi asked.

“We get in the water,” Marissa explained, standing as well. “It’s an old tradition to walk into the water exactly at midnight on La Noche de San Juan. It’s supposed to bring good luck.”

Tomi and Marissa stripped down to their swimsuits along with several others in the group before they all headed toward the water. He and Mitch opted to stay behind and keep an eye on everyone’s belongings.

“You have a great family,” Mitch told him.

“Yes, I do.” Linc watched Tomi and Marissa splashing around in the water with other members of his family. “I’m very lucky.” He paused for a moment before glancing at Mitch. “Can I ask you something?”

Mitch looked at him. “Anything.”

“What’s the deal with your family? I mean, I’ve never been married before, but if I did, I know they would be there.” Linc chuckled. “You saw how excited they were about your wedding.” He sobered. “I just can’t understand why your parents wouldn’t want to share this special moment with you.”

“My parents don’t agree with my lifestyle.” Bitterness tinged Mitch’s voice.

Linc nodded. “I take it they have a problem with you being bisexual.”

“Actually, they don’t.” Mitch released a humorless laugh. “They couldn’t care less how many men and women I fuck, as long as Tomi isn’t one of them.” Mitch grew quiet, his gaze focused on the water. Linc remained silent, waiting for him to continue.

“Did you know that Tomi has two doctorate degrees?” Mitch suddenly asked. When Linc shook his head, he continued. “She doesn’t like to talk about it, but the truth of the matter is that she’s an extremely intelligent woman, smarter than my parents and I combined. She’s more generous and loving than any person I’ve ever known, including my parents, but as far as they’re concerned, she’ll never be good enough for me because of the color of her skin.”

Linc thought about the myriad of people he’d dated over the years of all races, colors, and genders. Considering the varied hues of the people in his own family, he knew that something as trivial and unimportant as skin color would never be an issue for any of his relatives.

To Mitch, he said, “Do Tomi’s parents have the same issue?”

“No, their issue is strictly Tomi’s lifestyle,” Mitch told him. “Tomi comes from a deeply religious family. On top of that, her father is a career military man. For him, ‘don’t ask, don’t tell’ isn’t just a military rule; it’s a way of life. Tomi has openly dated men and women since she was a teenager, but her parents chose to pretend it wasn’t happening. Their moral and military values just won’t let them accept the idea that their baby isn’t in the traditional

heterosexual relationship with a man who only fucks her in the missionary position once a month.”

Mitch shook his head. “I remember the one and only time they came to visit us in New York, when Alec still lived with us. It was easy to act as if they didn’t know what type of relationship the three of us had together, but once they saw the bedroom with the one bed that we all slept in, they couldn’t pretend that they didn’t know anymore. They gave Tomi an ultimatum. They told her that she could either leave with them at that moment or stay with us and continue to” -- Mitch made quotation marks with his hands -- “live in sin.” His eyes drifted back to the beachfront. “Luckily for me, she chose to stay.”

Their conversation halted as Pedro approached. “Your lady is asking for you.” He spoke to Mitch. “I think some of my male cousins may be taking more of a liking to her than she can handle.”

“That’s not surprising.” Mitch laughed as he stood. “Tomi has that effect on people.” Mitch made his way through the crowds of people toward Tomi. Linc’s eyes remained glued to him every step of the way.

“Oh, *mi Dios*,” Pedro murmured. “You got it bad, don’t you?”

“Look,” Linc began, knowing exactly what his cousin meant, “I already told you --”

“Yeah, I know.” Pedro cut him off. “You just enjoy being with them.” He sighed. “Take some advice from your primo and try not to get in too deep, okay?” He patted Linc on the shoulder and headed back toward the water.

Linc watched Pedro go, thinking his cousin’s words of advice had come much too late.

Chapter Twelve

Linc smiled when Mitch answered the phone. His morning voice was deep and rough, the sound so sexy, it made Linc's dick hard.

"My clients had to reschedule their appointment, so I'm free for the morning," Linc told him, trying to focus on driving and not the image of Mitch spread out in his bed, which was where he'd left him and Tomi earlier that morning. "I thought I'd take you and Tomi out to celebrate your big day tomorrow."

"That sounds good, but you already missed Tomi. Tracee picked her up, and they went back to the hotel for an appointment at the Spa. Tracee hooked her up with a bunch of complimentary services, so she'll be there most of the day. I'm still available, if you're interested."

"Trust me, when it comes to you and Tomi, I'm always interested." Linc swore he heard Mitch groan.

"Let me get in a quick workout and after that, I'm all yours." His voice was more a growl than actual speech; the sound vibrated through Linc and made his cock throb.

His mouth went dry. "Uh, yeah..." He pictured Mitch, his body sweaty, his muscles straining as he worked out in Linc's exercise room, and suddenly any thought he had of

leaving the house again to celebrate went right out the window. "That's fine. I think I could use a good workout myself."

"In that case, I'll wait for you." Mitch's voice dropped to a whisper. "I'll work you out as well as myself."

Jesus. Linc disconnected the call without responding. His foot slammed on the accelerator as he raced toward home.

* * * * *

Linc got home in record time, ran up the stairs three at a time, and removed his clothes as he went. He changed into a pair of shorts and a T-shirt before he grabbed the lube from the dresser and shoved it into the pocket of his shorts as he left the room. He went in search of Mitch.

He finally found Mitch in the exercise room, running on the treadmill. Actually, that wasn't quite accurate. Mitch's pace more resembled a sprint than a run. His flushed skin glistened with sweat, his hair looked plastered to his head, and his wet clothes clung to his body.

Mitch turned down the power when he saw Linc, slowing down until the treadmill finally stopped before grabbing a towel and wiping his face.

"Hey." He barely sounded winded, despite the evidence of his strenuous workout. "You made it."

"Uh-huh." There was no way in hell that he would miss the chance to be with this man.

"Good." Mitch moved toward him. "I was waiting for you." Obviously, he wasn't waiting for Linc in order to exercise -- at least, not in the traditional sense.

He stopped directly in front of Linc, their bodies nearly touching, their lips barely an inch apart. "You ready for me to work you out?"

“Oh, yeah.” Linc leaned forward, closing the slight gap between them. He covered Mitch’s mouth with his, pouring as much heat and hunger as he could into the kiss.

Mitch pulled back first, slowly sinking to his knees, taking Linc’s shorts and underwear with him. His mouth wrapped around Linc’s cock, sucking hard, those lips an intoxicating mixture of soft and firm. Linc rocked into his mouth, feeling Mitch swallow around him before he began to suck harder, faster, his throat closing convulsively around the head.

As Linc pulled his T-shirt up and over his head, he felt a hand on his balls, a thick finger at his perineum, circling his hole before the tip pushed slightly inside. Linc glanced down and saw Mitch’s hand pumping his own cock, his muffled groan buzzing around Linc’s dick. God, just the thought of Mitch coming from sucking him off was enough to push Linc over the edge, and it took all of his focus not to give into the urge to blow in Mitch’s mouth. No, he wanted to save that load for another part of Mitch’s anatomy.

He eased Mitch off his cock, helped him to his feet, and gripped him by the back of the head, pressing their lips together and sweeping his tongue deep inside. As they kissed, his hands slid under Mitch’s shirt, lifting it up, briefly forcing their mouths apart as he pulled it off and threw it to the side. Linc’s lips covered his again, guiding Mitch backward until his legs pressed against the weight bench. He placed a hand in the center of Mitch’s chest, encouraging him to lie down on the bench before removing his shorts.

After he finished undressing Mitch, Linc stepped away just long enough to grab his own shorts from the floor and remove the lube from the pocket before he tossed them to the side and returned to the bench where Mitch lay waiting for him. Linc straddled the bench facing him, placing Mitch’s legs over his thighs. He took a moment to admire that body, from the sculpted pecs to the rippling planes of Mitch’s tight abdomen. Damn, he was a fine specimen of a man.

Leaning down, Linc kissed a path from Mitch’s throat, across his chest, and down his stomach, enjoying the way Mitch’s skin quivered beneath his lips. When he reached Mitch’s

hard, thick cock, Linc took it into his mouth, working the shaft, refusing to stop until the tremors in Mitch's body signaled he was on the verge of losing control.

He sat back, pausing just long enough to open the lube and squeeze enough into his hand to prepare Mitch as well as himself. Linc dropped the lube to the floor before he gripped his cock and pushed in, moving closer and closer, until Mitch's ass rested against his thighs, his cock buried deep. Mitch's hands gripped the weight bar above his head, his legs wrapped around Linc, holding him tight. He started to move, slowly pulling out halfway before pushing in hard, his hips slapping against Mitch's ass. He increased his thrusts, his cock bumping against Mitch's prostate every time. Mitch's body rippled around his cock, squeezing and clenching.

When he looked down, the look in Mitch's gaze ate him alive. It said, *I belong to you, and I'm giving you everything I have and then some.*

"Come on," Linc spoke through clenched teeth, sweat pouring down his face. "Give it up for me."

Mitch nodded and shot, his body going tight around him. Linc held back long enough to watch Mitch's face, watch his features transform from need to pleasure to satisfaction, before he groaned, everything in him shaking, building in his thighs, spreading throughout his frame, overwhelming him. Then he was lost, pushing in one last time before he blew, drowning and yelling out Mitch's name like a fool.

For several seconds, neither of them moved, both caught in the moment, in each other. Slowly, he lowered himself, his gaze still holding Mitch's, unable to look away.

"Damn," Mitch whispered. "That was..." His words trailed off, his expression filled with awe.

"I know." It wasn't much of a response, but it was all Linc had. He eased out of Mitch and stood, pulling Mitch along with him.

"Man." Mitch stretched. "I'm going to feel you all day."

“Good.” Linc growled against his lips, kissing him hard. “I want you and Tomi thinking about me all day, every day.”

The look in Mitch’s eyes made him pause. “We already do.”

Linc nodded. It was the same way for him.

Christ, he was so fucking screwed.

* * * * *

Mitch closed the hotel room door, his gaze immediately searching for Tomi. He followed the sound of her voice to the patio, where she stood with her back to him, talking on the phone.

He leaned against the patio doorway, watching her for several minutes until she finally became aware of his presence. Smiling, she reached for him, pulling him against her when he grabbed her hand.

“Okay, we’ll see you tomorrow.” She disconnected the call and turned in his arms. “Hi.” She leaned forward and kissed him. “That was Linc. He said he’d see us in the morning. Rosa has a special breakfast planned for us tomorrow.”

He nodded as he placed kisses on Tomi’s forehead, her nose, and her lips. “Did I tell you I love you today?”

Her smile grew even wider. “Yes, but you can feel free to tell me again as many times as you’d like.”

“I love you more than you can ever imagine, more than I could ever express.”

She reached up, and her warm, soft hand stroked his face. “I love you too. Tomorrow can’t arrive soon enough for me.”

“I know you do.” Mitch cupped her face. “I know that your love for me is equally as strong and true as mine is for you. It’s deeper than anything I’ve ever felt before, and I know that it will never change, never fade.” He looked into her beautiful eyes and smiled. “The

love we have for each other can handle anything, Tomi” -- he took a deep breath -- “including being in love with someone else.”

Several emotions flashed across Tomi’s face all at once. She closed her eyes for a moment and when she opened them again, they reflected the resignation she felt. “I didn’t mean for it to happen.” Her voice trembled, her eyes turned watery. “I --”

“Shh.” Mitch stopped her, using a finger to wipe away a stray tear rolling down her cheek. “It’s okay. Neither of us meant to fall for him, but it doesn’t change the fact that we did.” He pulled her close, and Tomi clung to him as if she never wanted to let him go.

“What are we going to do?” she whispered.

Mitch didn’t respond immediately. Finally, he chuckled sadly. “Unfortunately, I’m fresh out of answers.” His face grew serious again. “We’ll talk to Linc, but not until after our wedding.” He brushed her hair away from her face. “Marrying you is my one and only priority right now. It’s more important to me than anything and anyone.” Mitch leaned down and kissed her. “Everything else will work itself out.” He tried to assure her, while silently praying that he was correct.

Chapter Thirteen

Linc stood at the edge of his aunt's large yard, watching the reception party in full swing. The wedding had been beautiful, but he hadn't expected anything less. It took place a couple of hours earlier in a secluded section outdoors on the grounds of Tomi and Mitch's hotel.

Tomi was stunning in a long, white, strapless dress made out of silk. The style was simple, but Tomi made it look incredible. Fresh orchids adorned her normally free-flowing tresses, which she'd pinned up for the occasion. Mitch was similarly clad in a long-sleeved shirt and loose-fitting slacks. The white silk material emphasized his newly tanned skin.

As promised, Linc's relatives showed up in full attendance, taking up every available seat. Mitch and Tomi made several last minute changes, electing Tracee as the maid of honor and Linc as the best man. Pedro had the honor of escorting Tomi down the aisle.

They looked picture perfect as they stood in the gazebo facing the setting sun and overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. The ceremony didn't last long -- maybe twenty minutes at most. By the time it ended, all of the women -- and a substantial portion of the men -- were teary-eyed, including Linc.

When they exchanged vows, Linc remembered silently saying them as well, wishing with everything in him that he could put a voice to the love that he felt for them, just as they'd done with each other. As they kissed, Linc felt it clearly, as if he were kissing them as well. He smiled and clapped with everyone else when the officiator announced that Mitch and Tomi were husband and wife. Inside, he was dying, aching to be a permanent part of the bond they shared, but knowing it wasn't possible. The handshake he'd given Mitch and the chaste kiss he placed on Tomi's cheek didn't scratch the surface of the emotions that he felt for them.

As everyone followed Tomi and Mitch back into the hotel, he caught Pedro staring at him knowingly, his cousin's expression a mixture of disappointment and sympathy. Linc ignored him and headed to the waiting vehicles parked in front of the hotel.

He'd arranged for Tomi and Mitch to have a separate limo take them to his aunt's house. They'd asked him if he wanted to ride with them, but he'd declined, hiding his true feelings by joking that they should take advantage of their private time before they reached the reception and wouldn't have a moment alone for the next several hours.

The truth of the matter was that Linc couldn't handle being alone with them, too afraid that he'd ask them for things that he had no right to request.

He felt a hand on his shoulder just moments before he heard Pedro's voice. "How are you holding up?" Linc remained silent, certain that the answer to his cousin's question was already apparent. Hell, it was obvious that Pedro was right all along about his feelings. If Linc were being truthful with himself, he'd admit that he hadn't just fallen for Tomi and Mitch, he'd jumped in headfirst and heart wide-open.

"You know you have to end it between you and them, right?" Pedro said softly. "I know it's not what you want to hear, but you know it's true. And the longer you wait to do it, the worse it'll be for everyone when it finally happens."

He continued to watch Mitch and Tomi, looking more at home with his family than he did now. As far as he was concerned, they were exactly where they belonged, and if he had his way, this is where they would always be. Christ, why couldn't life ever be simple?

"I think" -- he paused and cleared his voice -- "I'm going to head out a little early. I need..." *Mitch and Tomi, but I can't have them the way I want, and it's killing me to know that they'll never be mine.* "...to get up early tomorrow."

It was a lie, and they both knew it, but Linc didn't care. He looked longingly at Mitch and Tomi once more, before he turned away and walked toward his car.

"I'm here for you, primo, if you need me." Pedro's voice followed him. He waved over his shoulder without turning around.

On the way to his car, Linc passed his employee, Mario, who he'd assigned as Tomi and Mitch's limousine driver for the day. "Take them wherever they want to go when they leave here." Mario nodded in understanding, and Linc got in his car and drove away.

The ride home was a blur, and before Linc knew it, he was outside his house. He'd told himself that he was going straight to bed, but he couldn't seem to shut down his brain, so he wandered around his house instead, thinking about Tomi and Mitch. It wasn't until his doorbell rang that he looked at the clock and realized that more than an hour had passed since he'd gotten home.

Linc opened the door and found them standing there, looking as gorgeous as ever.

"Hi," Tomi said softly. "You disappeared on us. You tired of our company already?"

He could live two lifetimes and that still wouldn't be possible. Linc forced a smile, looking from her to Mitch. "No, I just figured that you two wanted to be alone tonight."

"We do want to be alone." Mitch held his gaze. "With you."

Linc couldn't refuse them any more than he could refuse his next breath. He waved at Mario, who still waited by the limo at the curb, before he stepped to the side and let them in.

* * * * *

They undressed Tomi together, carefully removing her wedding dress and laying it to the side. Mitch was next, and they removed his clothes with equal care before placing them with Tomi's dress. When it was his turn, Mitch and Tomi took their time, slowly stripping off his clothes one piece at a time.

Tonight was different for so many reasons. They all seemed to feel it, yet neither of them appeared willing to acknowledge it. Their kisses became more gentle, their touches held more reverence, their bodies joined together with more passion, more emotion than ever before.

Somehow, Linc found himself in the middle with Tomi beneath him, her legs wrapped around his hips, and Mitch behind him with his hands on Linc's ass. Groaning, he sank his cock deep inside Tomi, and then he pressed back, aching to feel Mitch's dick inside him. As he slid smoothly in and out of Tomi's heat, she moaned for him, the sound filled with promises of things that there weren't even words for.

His slow, easy rhythm faltered when two of Mitch's lube-coated fingers pushed inside him, and then he started up again, riding the sensations in his cock and his ass. In one easy movement, Mitch's cock replaced his fingers, and he pushed in, spreading Linc wide, the sensation aching, burning, making him gasp and push deeper into Tomi.

He bit his lip, forcing back the words that threatened to overwhelm him, knowing that if he let it go, he'd say something he'd regret, something about how he desperately wanted and needed them, how far he'd fallen in love with them already. No, Linc couldn't do that. His body said too much already. He couldn't help it. Tomi knew just where to kiss; Mitch knew exactly where to touch him to send him flying.

Mitch's hand slid between them and found Tomi's clit, rubbing and teasing until she was screaming. Her walls tightened around Linc, causing his own muscles to clench around Mitch's cock as his bellow of pleasure filled the room.

Mitch's roar matched his, and Linc felt the heat from Mitch's pleasure shoot deep inside him. Linc jerked a few more times, rocking back and forth between them, trying to make it last as long as possible, knowing he'd probably never share this with them again. Finally, he went still, panting heavily, holding himself up so he didn't collapse on top of Tomi.

They settled in next to him, falling asleep long before he did. Linc lay there for hours with his cousin's words repeating in his head.

It killed him to admit it, but Pedro was right. However, that was little comfort when he had no idea what he was going to do without Mitch and Tomi in his life once he'd said good-bye to them forever.

Chapter Fourteen

Linc stood in his home office, staring out of his window, looking at nothing. His mind was spinning, his heart heavy with the decisions he'd made. He'd been up most of the night arguing with himself, trying to figure out the best way to end things with them. No matter how he tried to spin it, no matter how he wanted to position it, the outcome was always the same: heartache. Finally, just before dawn arrived, Linc settled on the quickest option of all; the one guaranteed to push Mitch and Tomi away without them making any effort to change his mind.

He stiffened, sensing more than hearing a presence behind him. When Mitch's strong arms wrapped around him, Linc mentally braced himself for what would come next.

"Hey." Mitch's warm breath caressed Linc's neck, his hand cupped Linc's cock. "Are you still joining Tomi and me for brunch?" His whispered words were right next to Linc's ear. "We, uh...there's something we need to tell you."

Tell him now, before he admits too much and you lose the courage to do what you know has to happen. "It's over." His voice sounded foreign to his ears.

"We still have time." Mitch massaged his balls, the sensation so intense it made Linc's eyes roll back. "Brunch doesn't --"

“Not brunch.” Linc pushed his hand away and pulled out of Mitch’s embrace, turning to face him. “Us.”

Mitch went completely still, his eyes slightly narrowed. “I don’t understand.”

“Don’t you?” Linc chuckled, his brow arched.

“No, I don’t think I do.” Mitch continued to stare at him unblinkingly, those blue eyes growing stormier with each passing second. “Why don’t you explain it to me?”

“Come on, you can’t be that naive.” Linc’s tone turned mocking. “Listen, the past few weeks have been a lot of fun, but it’s over now. It’s time to move on.”

Mitch’s throat worked. “I thought --”

“You thought what?” Linc interrupted him. “That this was a relationship?” He laughed contemptuously. “We were fucking!” Linc practically yelled. “Don’t try to romanticize it, Mitch. It was good -- hell, it was great -- but that’s all it ever was. It’s all I ever wanted from you and Tomi. And if you thought differently, you obviously don’t know me.”

There was a sound in the doorway, and they looked in that direction. Tomi stood there with tears in her eyes, the look on her face so devastated, it made him want to weep. She turned and left the room as quietly as she’d appeared.

Mitch turned back to him, his eyes practically black, the muscles working in his jaw, his hands balled into fists. Linc prepared himself to be hit, knew he deserved at least that. Shit, he even welcomed it, hoping that the physical pain would distract him from the emotional agony he suffered.

“You finally said something that I actually agree with.” Mitch’s voice was unnaturally calm. “We obviously don’t know you at all. We had no idea that the caring, decent man we thought we met three weeks ago was really a bitter, shitty bastard. Well, you don’t have to worry. We can take a hint, and we have no interest in staying where we’re not wanted.”

He walked toward the door, pausing for a moment in the doorway before turning to look at Linc. “You got what you wanted from us, and now you’re done. I get it. It’s fucked

up, it hurts, but it's okay. I'm not angry. In fact, I feel sorry for you. Eventually, Tomi and I will get over this, and in the end, we'll always have each other. You, on the other hand, will still be here, choosing to be miserable and alone for the rest of your pathetic life, just because you're too afraid of being hurt again to man up and admit your feelings."

Linc stood there long after Mitch was gone, frozen in place, unable to move, to think. Shit, he could barely draw a decent breath as he listened to his front door close as Mitch and Tomi walked out of his house and his life for good.

* * * * *

Three days. That's how long it'd been since he'd seen Tomi and Mitch. Linc spent most of that time sitting in his office, replaying that day when he'd destroyed the two most important people in his life. He stared out his window, wishing he had the power to roll back time, erase everything he'd said to Mitch and Tomi, and replace it with the truth of how much he loved them.

He couldn't even look at himself in the mirror. The way he'd treated them made him physically sick to his stomach. God, what the fuck had he been smoking that made him think it was okay to hurt them so badly? The looks on their faces would haunt him until the end of time.

Linc rubbed a hand over his face, as if doing that would somehow erase the memory. Jesus, he was even worse than their previous lover, Alec. He knew the pain they'd suffered after that breakup, yet he still deliberately went out of his way to devastate them.

He'd convinced himself that he'd caused this chaos in order to save everyone unnecessary heartache by ending the relationship before they became too attached to each other. He could admit now that was complete bullshit. Mitch's words cut him like a knife, but he was right. Linc had been too afraid to share his feelings with them, too scared to hear how they felt about him. He shook his head. What made sense at that time seemed so ridiculous now.

Well, he was officially done running from his feelings. Linc picked up his cell phone from his desk, determined to reverse some of the damage he'd done.

He dialed the number to their hotel room from memory, listening to it ring, silently praying that they would give him a chance to tell them how he truly felt.

"Hola?"

Linc paused when the accented voice answered the phone. "*Lo siento.*" He apologized, certain he'd dialed incorrectly. "*Llamé el número incorrecto.*" Linc hung up and tried again. When the same voice answered the phone, he knew something was wrong.

He hung up without responding, immediately calling the main hotel number. "I'm trying to reach the Elliotts in suite twelve twenty-three." The operator placed him on hold for several long moments before returning. "I'm sorry, sir. The Elliott party has already checked out."

Linc sat in stunned silence. He was too late. They were already gone.

Chapter Fifteen

Mitch walked into the bedroom where Tomi sat at a small desk in the corner, looking at the computer screen. He came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her.

“Hi, beautiful.” His lips grazed along her neck. She stood and stepped into his embrace, leaning up to give him a kiss.

“How was your day?” he asked her.

“Much better, now that you’re home.” Mitch smiled at that. Tomi always knew what to say to make him feel like he was the most important person in her world.

“I got an e-mail from Tracee today,” she said quietly.

Mitch paused. “Oh, yeah?” He kept his voice casual. “How is she doing?” One of the good things that they’d brought home with them from Puerto Rico was a new friendship between Tomi and Tracee. They exchanged e-mails with each other several times a week.

“She’s good. She’s trying to take a few days off to come and visit before my classes start in a few weeks.”

She smiled, but her eyes remained slightly sad. He knew that look. He’d seen it a lot lately. It had been a month since they had last seen Linc, and despite everything he’d said,

everything he'd done, she still missed him. Hell, they both did. And that really pissed Mitch off.

Every time he looked into Tomi's face, every time he saw the tears that she tried to hide from him, it made him so fucking furious that he wanted to hop on a plane to Puerto Rico, march back to Linc's house, and bust him right in the face. It wouldn't solve a damn thing. Mitch knew that, but it sure as hell would make him feel better.

It wouldn't be so bad if they both didn't still love the bastard so damn much, and time definitely had not done a thing to lessen the way they felt about him. If anything, it made it worse.

In the short time they'd known Linc, they'd developed feelings for him that were deeper than they even realized. It wasn't until they returned home and tried to get back to normal that they truly understood what an impact Linc had had on them and their life. It made their relationship with Alec seem insignificant in comparison.

Mitch held Tomi a little tighter, remembering how much she suffered when Alec left. At that time, he'd sworn to Tomi, as well as himself, that he would never allow her to go through that again, never watch sadness and sorrow eat away at her and nearly tear them both apart. And he was willing to do whatever it took to keep that promise.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" His tongue traced along her ear.

She moaned. "Nothing. Why?"

"Well, it's Friday, which means I don't have any clients scheduled, and I thought we could spend the entire day in bed, alone, with no distractions, doing horizontal workouts." He sucked on her earlobe. "How does that sound?" Mitch whispered.

"Mmm." Tomi shivered slightly. "That sounds perfect."

Mitch began to undress her, his hands moving over her familiar curves, exposing smooth brown skin for his touching, tasting, and teasing pleasure.

“Speaking of which,” Tomi began, “you might want to recharge your cell phone. I tried to reach you several times today, but your calls kept going straight to voice mail.”

Mitch chuckled. Damn, she knew him so well. “I know. My battery died early this morning.”

“Here” -- she unclipped it from his belt -- “I’ll plug it in for you so it can charge.” Mitch stopped her before she could walk away.

“Don’t worry about it.” He took the phone from her and placed it on the desk, pulling her into his arms again and unfastening the front closure of her bra to expose her breasts. “In fact, we should turn off all the phones.” He bent and sucked a nipple between his lips before he picked her up and carried her toward the bed. “The only voice I want to hear for the next twenty-four hours is yours screaming my name.”

* * * * *

“*Madre de Dios.*” Pedro’s voice barely registered with Linc. He was only distantly aware of his cousin speaking softly to someone else before he began moving around the room. Finally, the smell of coffee filled his nose.

“Here.” Linc felt the cup press against his mouth. “Drink this.” His eyes felt fused together, and he struggled to open them. Pedro’s blurry image appeared in front of him, and Linc absently took the coffee from his hand and swallowed several huge gulps, ignoring the burn of the strong, hot liquid as it flowed down his throat.

Sighing, Pedro sat across from him on the leather couch in his office, silently watching him as he drank, refilling his cup once he finished. Linc had no idea how long he’d been there. The bright sun shining through his windows confirmed that it was morning, and from the look of his rumpled clothes and the empty bottle of rum on his desk, he’d obviously slept there -- again.

It’d become the norm for him lately. Drink until he couldn’t remember his former lovers, couldn’t feel his pain, and then pass out in his chair.

After he'd had his third cup of coffee, Linc felt the fog finally lift. Pedro seemed to notice it as well.

"How are you feeling?" he asked quietly.

Linc snorted, rubbing his eyes as his hangover kicked into full gear. "How do I look?" In spite of all the coffee he'd drunk, his throat was dry, his voice raw.

Pedro nodded. "I see your point." He set the nearly empty coffeepot on a nearby table before standing and walking over to Linc's desk and holding out his hand. Inside were two aspirin, which Linc gratefully accepted, washing them down with the remaining coffee in his cup.

"How did you find out?" Linc asked as Pedro had a seat in the chair in front of his desk. He didn't bother to explain what he meant. He was certain that Pedro would understand.

"Lorna called and said that she hadn't seen you in a few days. I didn't worry about it too much. I figured you probably needed some time because of...well...you know. Then, Rosa called today when she found you in here." He paused. "You ready to talk now?"

Linc didn't respond. There was nothing for him to say that wasn't already glaringly apparent. He hadn't left his house in days, he only ate when he absolutely had to, and he couldn't sleep unless he was unconscious. He didn't need a mirror to know that he looked a mess and probably smelled even worse. It was safe to say he was completely falling apart.

"Well," Pedro began after a long silence, "since you don't want to start, I will." He shook his head and stared up at the ceiling for a moment before he looked at Linc again. "I can't even believe I'm about to say this, but I was wrong about your relationship with Tomi and Mitch."

Pedro spoke the words very softly, and for a moment, Linc wasn't sure he'd heard him correctly.

"You heard what I said." Pedro smiled slightly, responding to Linc as if he'd read his mind before his expression turned serious again. "I knew you loved them, but I had no idea

just how much until now. I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, but you are in worse shape now than you were when Paul and Ava died."

Linc could not argue that. Everything Pedro said was true, and the pain of it all was killing him slowly from the inside out.

He looked into Pedro's eyes. "I fucked up," he finally said. "Paul and Ava died before I had the chance to tell them how I felt. Not that it would have changed anything between us, because I didn't love them, not like this, anyway." Linc took a deep breath; his throat was tight with emotion.

"This time, it was different. I had the chance to tell Mitch and Tomi how I felt, and I chose to push them away instead..." Linc's words trailed off, and he closed his eyes, the throbbing in his head and his heart becoming too much to bear.

"So, what's stopping you from doing it now?" Pedro asked quietly.

Linc laughed sadly. "Aside from the fact that they live thousands of miles away? Even if they lived right next door, they probably hate me so much, they'd just as easily kill me as look at me -- which I really couldn't blame them for, considering how I treated them."

"Well," Pedro began, "I can't tell you what to do, but I will tell you this. I've known you all your life, and I gotta be honest with you and say that I don't recognize the person I see in front of me. The Lincoln I know is a man that I have admired and looked up to my entire life. He isn't just my cousin; he's my best friend, and the strongest person I know. I've seen him at his best and his worst, and I know that it's not in his nature to just give up and stop trying, especially when he wants something -- or someone. The Linc that I know is better than this." His hand gestured in Linc's direction. "*You* are better than this."

He stood, pushing in his chair and picking up the empty coffee cup and the coffeepot on his way out the door.

Just before he left the room, Pedro turned and said, “More than anything, Linc, I want you to be happy. If being with Mitch and Tomi makes you that way, then you should do whatever it takes to make that happen. It’s the least you deserve.”

Linc sat in silence after Pedro left, his mind going a million miles a minute. Finally, he reached for his phone and made a call. A few minutes later, he raced upstairs to his bedroom to shower and pack an overnight bag before he headed to the airport. He had a flight to catch.

Chapter Sixteen

Linc awakened in an unfamiliar bed, and it took him a moment to remember where he was. *New York City*. It felt like forever and no time at all since he'd been in this city. He remembered rushing to the airport, trying to catch the last-minute flight he'd booked here, arriving at the airport barely thirty minutes before his flight took off. Linc had had just enough time to find his seat and make a quick phone call to Pedro to tell him where he was and to thank him for rescuing him once again.

His flight from Puerto Rico had arrived at LaGuardia at nearly eleven o'clock last night. Once he finally made it to his hotel and checked into his room, it was well after midnight -- too late to contact Mitch and Tomi. Besides, he'd been far too exhausted and nervous to do anything more than crash for the rest of the night.

Although the heavy curtains blocked the windows, Linc knew it was morning, and time for him to do what he came here for. He picked up his cell phone from the table by the bed and dialed Mitch's cell number from memory. Linc didn't know exactly where they lived, so calling them was the only option he had.

The phone rang once before Mitch's recorded voice message began. Damn, just the sound of the man's voice made Linc's heart race. At first, he wasn't sure if he felt happy or

disappointed when Mitch didn't answer, and he considered hanging up without leaving a message and waiting until later to call him again. Linc was still weighing his options when he heard a beeping sound, and before he knew it, he started talking.

"Hi, this...it's Linc. Um..." He paused, suddenly so nervous, he could barely form a complete sentence. "Listen, I, uh...I'm here...in New York. I flew in for the day, and I was hoping to see you and Tomi before I leave in the morning. I know I'm the last person you ever thought you would hear from again. I wouldn't blame you if you deleted this message as soon as you heard my voice, but I hope that you won't do that without listening to what I have to say first. I know that this won't automatically fix things between us, and I know that I could say I'm sorry a million times, and it still wouldn't be enough to reverse the damage I've caused. I just...I hope that you and Tomi can find it in your hearts to forgive me. But" -- Linc swallowed hard -- "if you both still decide that you never want to see me again, I'll understand."

He blew out a breath. "Man." He chuckled uncomfortably. "This is a lot harder than I thought it would be." Linc leaned against the headboard and closed his eyes. When he opened his mouth again, he spoke straight from the heart.

"There's not a single minute that goes by since you and Tomi left that I don't think about the two of you. I remember every moment down to the smallest detail of the time we spent together. More than anything, I remember that day when I hurt you and Tomi, when I said things to you that make me feel disgusted with myself. You have no idea how much I wish I could take back what I said that day, to take back the hurt and anger and pain that I caused you and Tomi." His throat tightened, his voice thickened with emotion as he tried to hold it together long enough to say what needed to be said.

"You were right about me, Mitch. I lied to you, to Tomi, and to myself. I was too afraid to tell you the truth, too afraid to let you know how much I loved you both -- how much I still love you -- or to allow myself to even dare to hope that you and Tomi could ever love me in return."

A computerized voice interrupted Linc, warning him that he only had thirty seconds left to finish his message.

“God, I miss you both...so much,” he whispered hoarsely. “I am not the same without you; my life is not the same without you and Tomi in it. Everything I do, everything I see, reminds me of you, and I’d give anything, do anything, to be with you both again, to be a part of your relationship again.” He sighed heavily before he continued.

“There’s one last thing I want to tell you before I hang up. You were wrong about one thing, Mitch. I didn’t just use you and Tomi and then walk away. The two of you have owned me since the moment I saw you. In those weeks we spent together, you became a part of me, and losing you feels like I’ve lost a part of myself. Regardless of whether we ever see each other again, you and Tomi deserve to know that you mean so much more to me than just a convenient piece of ass. You have a right to know that I love you and want forever with you, even if that isn’t possible.”

Linc quickly left his hotel information and his cell phone number, whispering, “I love you,” just before he heard a *beep* signaling the end of his message. He disconnected his call and laid the phone on the bed before he got up and headed for the bathroom. No use in sitting here, driving himself crazy while he waited.

As Linc stepped into the shower, the same thought repeated in his mind, like a mantra: *God, please let them call.*

* * * * *

He spent his day reacquainting himself with the city he’d called home for years, the place he’d sworn never to set foot in again. Linc’s first stop was just a few doors down from his hotel at the Roxy Deli on Broadway, his favorite breakfast spot.

He grabbed a sandwich and coffee to go before he continued his walk down memory lane. Linc passed the CitySpire building on West Fifty-sixth Street, where he once lived with Ava and Paul, the Bamboo 52 bar, on Fifty-second Street, where he used to meet his lovers

and friends for dinner and drinks, until he finally reached the place where his life changed forever.

Linc stood at the site of Ground Zero, so overwhelmed with memories that he couldn't speak. Somehow, he found the courage to go inside the memorial museum, searching through the victims until he located Paul and Ava's names.

He lost track of time, unsure of how long he stood there, reliving that day several years ago, alternating between outbursts of laughter and uncontrollable tears as he remembered both the good and bad times he had had with his lovers before they died. By the time he finally left, his heart felt a little lighter, his conscience a little clearer, now that he'd finally gotten the chance to say good-bye.

His last stop was his parents' home in Brooklyn. Linc showed up unannounced, knowing that if he'd given them advance warning, his mother would have spent the entire day cooking. As it was, her regular meal was far more than enough to feed the three of them, and Linc enjoyed his first dinner in their home in more than a decade.

As they ate, Linc updated them on the rest of the family in Puerto Rico. Although he talked to them regularly on the phone, Linc had not seen his parents in over a year. His father's health wasn't as good as it used to be, forcing them to cancel their yearly trip to Puerto Rico. Linc wanted them to move to the island permanently; he'd even told them they could live with him. He definitely had more than enough space. So far, he had not been able to convince them to do it. As he once used to, his parents loved the big city life and weren't ready to give it up just yet.

"So, how long are you in town, *hijo*?" his mother asked.

"Not long. I'm just here for the day. I flew in to see a couple of friends."

His father looked at him thoughtfully. "They must be some very special friends, if they got you to fly all the way here just to see them."

"Yes, *Papá*," he said quietly. "They are."

His father nodded, as if Linc's answer explained everything.

An hour later, Linc said good-bye to his parents and prepared to leave. At the door, his mother asked, "Are you happy, Lincoln?"

Linc paused. Her question caught him off guard. "I'm trying to be, *Mamá*," he finally said. "Hopefully, I will be by the time I leave in the morning."

"Good." She smiled, and kissed his cheek. "You deserve to be happy."

It was the second time in as many days he'd heard that. Linc desperately wanted to believe it was true.

He rode the train from Brooklyn and by the time he reached Manhattan, it was already after ten o'clock. As he walked to his hotel, Linc refused to think about Mitch and Tomi or the fact that he had not heard from them yet. When he reached his room and found no messages from them, he ignored the disappointment he felt. And when he woke up Saturday morning and realized that they still had not responded, he headed to the airport alone, finally admitting to himself just how devastated he truly was.

Chapter Seventeen

Tomi rolled over and reached for Mitch, finding only empty space next to her instead. Her eyes blinked open, and she stretched, smiling when she felt the tenderness in her body, knowing it was the result of the lovemaking marathon she'd indulged in during the previous day.

Her smile broadened. God, just thinking about the things he'd done to her yesterday made her wet all over again. No one ever loved her body, her mind, her very soul, the way this man did. Well, she could think of one man who came surprisingly close, who could make her body throb, her heart race in ways she never thought possible with anyone other than Mitch.

Tomi refused to go there. Thoughts of Linc already invaded her mind on a regular basis. Voluntarily thinking about him only made things worse.

Her thoughts turned to Mitch again, always trying to make sure she was okay, always willing to do whatever it took to make sure she stayed that way. She knew he worried about her, especially since they'd come home from Puerto Rico. The feeling was mutual for her as well. This thing with Linc had been hard -- harder than either of them would ever have

imagined. Some days, it felt as if the pain and longing would never go away. There was nothing worse than wanting, needing someone so bad, and not being able to have them.

Thankfully, they had each other, and no matter how much she would like to have Linc in their life, Tomi had no regrets that it was just Mitch and her. Even in her wildest dreams, she could not have imagined a better, stronger, more caring man to spend her life with than Mitch. He was, by far, the best thing that had ever happened to her.

She climbed out of bed and went in search of the source of her current state of wedded bliss. Finally, she found him in the living room, sitting on the couch, staring at his cell phone.

The look on his face stopped Tomi in her tracks. “What is it?” She finally convinced her feet to move and went to Mitch, sitting next to him on the couch. “What’s wrong, baby?”

He opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but no words came out. Finally, he held the phone out to her. Tomi looked at him questioningly as she took the phone from his hand.

“Press number one.” Tomi did as he instructed and put the phone to her ear, listening to the familiar voice on the other end. For the next several minutes, she sat with her mouth open, barely able to believe what she was hearing. When the message ended, she played it again, needing to make certain that she wasn’t imagining this, trying to be sure that she hadn’t misunderstood when Linc said he was there for them, dying to know that she wasn’t just dreaming that Linc said he loved Mitch. Loved her.

After replaying the message twice more, Tomi finally disconnected the call and looked at Mitch. “I...I...”

“I know.” Mitch took the phone out of her hand and set it on the table. “That was my reaction as well.”

“I just can’t believe he came all the way here to New York to see us.” This city held so many memories for Linc, and most of them were bad. Tomi knew that. She’d discussed it

several times with Linc. The fact that he would disregard the promise he made to himself about never returning here in order to see them again was more shocking, more humbling, than she could express.

Mitch's hand slid around her shoulders, and she automatically leaned her head against his shoulder. "I guess the real question is whether this changes anything between him and us."

Tomi thought about telling him that it didn't change anything between them, she had everything in her life that made her happy. She thought about saying many other things, but they all would have been lies, and they both knew it. She opted for the truth instead.

"When we first went to Puerto Rico, I thought we'd never need a third person in our lives again. Then we met Linc, and suddenly I found it hard to imagine our life without him in it. Don't get me wrong, the way he treated us in the end was incredibly shitty, and how I felt afterward was even worse, but I stopped being angry with him a long time ago. I won't pretend that I don't wish every single day that things had turned out differently with him and us."

Tomi stared into his eyes, praying that she wasn't hurting him with her admission, but refusing to be anything but honest about how she felt.

"God knows I love you, Mitch, more than I can even begin to articulate, but it doesn't change the fact that since we came home, I feel...incomplete, like something's --"

"Missing." Mitch finished her sentence for her. There was no judgment or anger in his voice. He pulled her tighter against him. "I know what you mean. I think we both know that something is Linc. Although he acted like a complete dick the last time we saw him, and despite the fact that I'm still more than a little pissed off at him, I won't deny that I love him as much today as I did last month." He cupped her face with both hands. "I suspect you do as well."

Tomi nodded. "I do."

“Then, there’s only one thing left to do.” He picked up his cell phone and replayed the message, writing down the number Linc left.

Tomi watched anxiously as he called the hotel, silently hoping that Linc was still there. From Mitch’s conversation, though, that clearly was not the case.

“He’s already gone, isn’t he?” she asked when Mitch disconnected the call. When he nodded, she said, “What about his cell phone? Maybe he hasn’t left the city yet.” She waited while he dialed that number as well.

Mitch sighed. “His voice mail is full. I can’t leave him a message.” He looked as disappointed as she felt.

“Fuck.” He shook his head. “He came all the way here to see us, and we missed him.” He looked at Tomi, his eyes filled with guilt. “I should have recharged my phone like you told me to do. Now he probably thinks that we don’t want to be with him because we didn’t respond.”

“Hey.” She touched his face. “It’s not your fault. We had no idea that we would ever hear from Linc again, much less have him travel here to talk to us.”

Tomi laid her head against Mitch’s chest. “Now what?” Mitch remained silent. Obviously, he didn’t have an answer for that one, either.

“It’s not supposed to end this way.” Tomi hadn’t meant to say that out loud, but it didn’t make it any less true.

Mitch kissed the top of her head. “I know,” he whispered.

Tomi remained quiet as one thought kept flashing through her mind, growing stronger, more persistent, until it suddenly seemed like a real possibility instead of a mere fantasy.

“I can teach anywhere,” she blurted out, putting a voice to her thoughts. “When I visited the University of Puerto Rico, they had positions available for instructors with credentials like mine.”

She looked at Mitch, watching him closely, trying to gauge his reaction to her words. After a moment, he slowly nodded.

“I can move my personal training business anywhere as well. People still need to work out no matter where they live. I’m sure I could always work at one of the health clubs or the hotels until I get some new clients lined up.”

She stared at him. “Are we seriously considering this? Are we really willing to completely change our lives around and give up everything that we have here?” Tomi could not believe they were even having this conversation. Just this morning, she’d thought she’d never see Linc again, and now they were sitting here, talking about moving to another part of the world in order to be with him. It should have seemed crazy, yet the only thing Tomi felt was the excitement and anticipation of being with Linc again.

Mitch returned her stare. The look on his face was determined, his eyes certain. “For the chance to have Linc in our life permanently, yeah, I’m positive.”

“Good.” She grinned. “So am I.” She leaned up, and Mitch met her halfway; his mouth covered hers, his kiss was hot and slow. “I love you, Mr. Elliott.”

“I love you right back, Mrs. Elliott.” He nipped her bottom lip, her chin. His tongue slid along the inside of her ear. “Come on,” he whispered before he stood up, took her hand, and pulled her up from the couch.

“Where are we going?” She followed behind him as he led her to the bedroom.

Mitch glanced back at her with a smile on his face. “We’re going to see if there are any flights leaving this morning to Puerto Rico that we can catch.”

* * * * *

Linc sat in his office chair with his eyes closed. He’d been home for several hours, and he hadn’t managed to get any further than his favorite place of solace, feeling so physically and emotionally drained that all he could do was sit there and lick his wounds.

The truth of the matter was that he'd completely blown his chance to be with Mitch and Tomi. There was no use in pretending otherwise, and it hurt like a son of a bitch to admit.

He leaned forward and rested his elbows on his desk and his head in his hands. He had no one to blame but himself. After acting like a pussy for the past month, he'd finally grown a pair of balls and decided to tell them the truth about how he really felt, and then he was hurt when they didn't feel the same way.

What did he expect them to do? He'd accused Mitch of being naive, yet he was the one being unrealistic. Did he really think they would just welcome him back into their lives after he treated them like shit and practically kicked them out of his house just a few weeks ago? Linc snorted in disgust. He shouldn't be surprised that they didn't want to have anything to do with him. If he were Mitch and Tomi, he wouldn't, either. God, he was so fucking stupid.

"Christ."

"No, it's just me." Linc glanced up at the sound of Pedro's voice. He stood just inside the doorway looking at Linc.

"How did you get in?"

"Rosa." Of course. Linc should have known she'd call Pedro to tell him that Linc was home. She worried over him as much as his family did.

"So, I take it things didn't go too well." Pedro leaned against his desk.

"What was your first clue?" Linc asked dryly.

Pedro laughed. "Well, I see you haven't lost your sense of humor. That's a good sign." He sobered. "What happened, Linc?"

Linc rubbed his hands over his face. "It's over. They don't want to be with me." He stood up from his desk and stared out the window, unable to stand seeing the pity he was certain would be on his cousin's face.

"Did you see them? Is that what they told you?"

Linc sighed. “No, I didn’t see them, and no, they didn’t tell me that. Their silence spoke loud and clear for them.”

“Well, I wouldn’t be too sure about that if I were you.”

Frowning, Linc turned around. “What the hell are you talk --” Anything he’d planned to say died in throat.

“Look who I found outside.” Mitch and Tomi stood mere feet from him.

“I’ll just leave the three of you alone.” Pedro walked toward the door. “It’s good seeing you both again.” To Tomi, he said, “I’ll let Tracee know that you’re here. I know she’ll want to stop by and see you.” He paused and smiled. “I’ll make certain that she visits later, like tomorrow, or maybe the day after that. I’m sure you all have a lot of...catching up to do.”

Pedro left without waiting for their response, not that anyone in the room seemed very interested in giving him one. Their focus remained on each other instead. One moment, they were standing still and the next, they were moving toward each other as though they were thinking the exact same thing. They reached out for him, pulled him into an embrace, and Linc held on tight, refusing to let go.

He leaned down, kissing Tomi with all the love he had inside him, before doing the same thing to Mitch, pouring his apology, his regret into the kiss, before their lips separated.

“Please tell me I’m not dreaming. Tell me my jet lag hasn’t made me so exhausted that I’m starting to hallucinate.”

“It’s no hallucination.” Mitch’s lips found his again. “We’re real, we’re here, and we love you.” Those blue eyes held his with such intensity, it made his heart ache.

Linc’s eyes closed, and he groaned as he pulled them close. “You don’t know how badly I’ve wanted to hear you say that.” He swallowed past the lump in his throat as he blinked back tears. “God, I love you too, both of you...so much.”

He held Tomi around the waist, lifting her just enough so that she could join in their kiss. Their tongues stroked inside each other's mouths, their moans rang out as they whispered words of love and forgiveness to each other.

They made their way to the couch and sat down, with Tomi between them on their laps, kissing and touching each other as eagerly and urgently as if they were doing it for the first time.

"There's so much I want to say to you."

"Shh." Mitch silenced him with another hungry kiss. "Later...need you."

"Yeah." Mitch was right. Whatever he had to say could wait. Right now, he needed both of them in the worst way. Impatient hands pulled, snatched, and even tore clothes off, throwing them in various places throughout the room. Desire made everyone far too anxious to go slow and be careful.

Once their clothes disappeared, Linc shifted on the couch, pulling Tomi on top of him, spreading her legs as wide as possible and pushing his hard dick inside her. Linc moaned when their bare skin touched, their bodies connected together. He lost count of how many times he'd dreamed of having this with them again, so afraid that it would never become a reality.

He felt Mitch's weight, solid and welcome, when he covered Tomi's back, as he carefully entered her from behind. Linc felt Mitch's cock slowly sliding into her anus, rubbing against his shaft as he went deeper. He watched Tomi's face the entire time as it changed from a slight discomfort to a look of pure bliss in a matter of seconds.

There was nothing slow or gentle about their lovemaking. This was about urgency and possession, the need to lay claim and take ownership. When Linc finished with them, there would be no doubt in either of their minds that they belonged to him, just as much as he belonged to them.

He fucked Tomi hard, thrusting deep until she was screaming his name, telling him that she loved him as she came, her wet pussy clenching around his cock.

Linc pulled his still-hard dick out of her, desperate to be inside Mitch as badly as he'd needed Tomi. Mitch seemed to understand as well, and he followed Linc's lead, easing out of Tomi and lying back on the couch, offering himself to Linc.

Linc didn't waste time, pressing into Mitch's hole, fucking him wildly, angling his thrusts so that he hit Mitch's prostate every time. It didn't take long before they were both yelling, and Linc's seed spilled deep inside as Mitch's cum sprayed over his stomach.

They collapsed together in a wet, sticky heap. Linc felt Tomi behind him, moving up his body, placing warm, soft kisses along his spine until her warm body rested on his back. Linc lost track of how long they lay that way, seeming perfectly content to let the sound of their breathing be the only noise in the room. It didn't bother Linc one bit. As far as he was concerned, they could stay that way forever, and he'd never complain.

"We didn't know that you came to see us." Tomi's soft voice broke the silence. "We didn't get your message until after you were gone."

"It's okay." Linc reached behind him and caressed one rounded globe of her ass. "You're here now, and that's all that matters."

Mitch looked up at him and smiled. "I can't believe you came all the way to New York for us."

"It's no big deal." He shrugged and looked away, attempting to downplay Mitch's words. "Besides, you did the same thing for me."

"No." Mitch shook his head. "It's not the same thing." He disagreed. Mitch's hand cupped his face, practically forcing Linc to meet his eyes. "We don't feel the same way about Puerto Rico that you do about New York. Yet in spite of how you felt, you came anyway, and that makes it a very big deal to us."

Linc nodded, unwilling to trust his voice to speak without breaking. He traced Mitch's lips with his finger. "I'd do anything for the two of you," he managed to whisper before kissing Mitch softly. He felt Tomi move and then her lips joined theirs. Jesus, this felt so perfect, so right. He couldn't lose this, lose them, not now, not ever again.

"I don't want you to go."

"Don't worry." Mitch kissed him hard, his tongue pushing deep into his mouth, his hand reaching between them to stroke Linc's semierrection. "We're not going anywhere."

Linc paused. "No, I mean, I don't want you to go back...to New York. I want you to stay here in Puerto Rico with me." He shifted until he sat on the couch between them.

He looked from Tomi to Mitch. "I know it's a lot to expect, and I probably have no right to ask it of you, but I...I just love you both. I need you so fucking much, and I don't think I could stand living without you."

"Well, that's good to know." Tomi had tears in her eyes. "We're not willing to live without you, either."

Linc pulled her close, so overwhelmed by her words that he couldn't speak. "Thank you." He kissed her. "Love you."

"Like I said, we're not going anywhere." Mitch gripped him by the neck, pulling Linc's face toward his for a kiss, his hand stroking Linc's now fully erect shaft. "Although" -- he smiled suddenly -- "you might get tired of having two unemployed lovers living off of you, at least until we can find jobs."

"Take your time." Linc moaned. "You can live off me as long as you need to. Everything that I have is yours."

Tomi kissed up the column of his neck. "Everything?" she whispered in his ear. "What about this?" Her hand joined Mitch's on his cock.

"Oh, yeah." Linc's eyes rolled back.

One of Mitch's thick fingers traced the crease of his ass. "This too?"

He started to pant. “Uh-huh.”

“And this?” Tomi’s hand covered his heart. “Is this all ours too?”

Linc opened his eyes and looked into their faces. He picked up Mitch’s hand and placed it on top of Tomi’s. “Especially that.” He looked from one to the other. “Every beat, every breath, will always belong to you for as long as you’ll have me.”

“How does forever sound?” Mitch asked. “Because that’s how long we need you in our lives.” Their mouths met in the middle for a slow, breathtaking kiss.

Tomi pulled back first. “Want you.” Her voice was soft, needy.

“You still hungry?” Linc’s teeth pulled at her bottom lip.

“For the two of you?” Tomi looked from him to Mitch, those warm brown eyes smoldering. “Always.” She stood and grabbed their hands, leading them from the room.

Always with Tomi, forever with Mitch. Linc smiled. That worked just fine for him.

 THE END 

Kori Roberts

Kori Roberts writes erotic tales of love, lust and passion -- stories filled with strong, adventurous, and exciting characters who love hot, kinky, no-holds-barred sex.

Kori's novels reflect her belief that beauty comes in all forms, shapes, and sizes; love crosses all colors, races, and genders, and happiness can be found in the most obvious and the least expected places.

Whether you're seeking contemporary, fantasy, paranormal or suspense novels with single partners, multiple partners, same-sex partners, or all of the above, you'll find what pleasures you within the pages of Kori's books.

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