



A full house beats a pair any day.

Three of a Kind, Book 3

It's been a long, lonely business trip for diamond dealer Max Ashberg. He's missed his lover like crazy, and he's come to the realization that he's ready to take the next step: nominate himself to be Trev's new housemate. Except when he gets to Trev's place, there's someone living in "his" room. A woman—with the face of an angel.

Six weeks shouldn't make a huge difference in a man's life, but in that time lawyer Trev Greenfield has realized two things: He wants much more than a standing Friday night "date" with Max. And he's falling heart-over-head for his new housemate, potter Grace Miles.

Grace never meant to fall for Trev, but when a power failure turns their chemistry into live electricity, there's no denying the spark. There's also no denying the shock when Grace discovers a naked man in her new home.

With Grace poised to run and Max teetering between confusion and growing lust for the delicious possibilities, Trev has his hands full trying to hold the two loves of his life together...before they slip through his fingers. Leaving them all with shattered hearts.

Warning: There's a lot of sex in this book. I mean *a lot!* Hot sex. Sweaty sex. Gay sex. Straight sex. Ménage sex (M/M/F and M/F/M). Oh, and romantic sex. Lots of romantic sex. Hot romantic sex. Sweaty romantic sex. Gay romantic sex... You getting the picture?

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Full House
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Full House

Jess Dee

Dedication

This book is dedicated to all the members of my husband's poker club.
May they never discover they were the inspiration for this series.

Jess

With Special Thanks To:

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Chapter One

Trev Greenfield pocketed his mobile phone and swallowed back his agitation. Still no message. Shit. Tonight, more than ever before, he wanted his phone to beep.

He set the box of poker chips and cards on the table and turned to put out glasses and drinks.

Beer? Check.

Wine? Check.

Vodka coolers—

The lights above him flickered and died, cloaking him in darkness.

Well, just freaking perfect. Poker in less than an hour, and no lights. No text message, either, but hey, who's keeping track?

"Trev?" a feminine voice called from the other side of the house. "The power's gone again."

He laughed softly. As if he needed the heads-up. Still, he couldn't get annoyed. Not when it was Grace Miles stating the obvious. It seemed anything that came out of his new housemate's mouth was welcome. So long as he could hear her voice, he was happy.

"How often does this happen in Sydney?" Grace yelled. "It's the third time in as many weeks."

"Not often at all," Trev called back and inched his way to the lounge room. "Almost never, in fact. Something must be wonky with the power supply to the neighborhood."

"Yeah? Well, I wish they'd fix it. I'm running late."

"You going out now?"

"Uh-huh. Got a date."

Lucky man. Trev wouldn't mind dating his gorgeous housemate. With her long blonde hair, unbelievable curves and breasts that begged to be touched, Grace was easy on the eyes. Very easy on the eyes indeed. Which surprised Trev, seeing as he usually didn't give women much of a second glance. Not that he had anything against them. No, not that at all. He'd had his fair share of women in the past, and he'd enjoyed them all heartily. Lately, however, his taste favored men.

Tall, ripped men with hard asses and jet black hair. Men with eyes so blue they shocked him every time he looked into them. Men who knew just how to kiss him to fire up his senses and just where to touch him to keep his body burning. Men who he spent the night with maybe once every week or two. Men who should be texting him right about now to see if they'd be spending tonight together.

Fuck, who was he kidding? Trev wasn't interested in men. There was only one man who had his attention. One very hot, very sexy diamond dealer he hadn't seen in six weeks, thanks to his diamond dealings around the world.

Just thinking about Max Ashberg made his cock ache, and he rubbed it, trying to ward off the frustration and pain. If the man would just text him, he could answer yes and spend the rest of the evening secure in the knowledge that relief was but a few hours away. Relief, pleasure and a night of blistering passion.

Or maybe it wasn't Max he ached for. Maybe it was Grace.

Since she'd moved in with him, her sweet, feminine aroma had been doing crazy things to his libido. Wild, unexpected things. Never mind her scent, just looking at her had him twitchy and aroused. It was those damn pajamas of hers. The flimsy silk that didn't cover nearly enough flesh.

Watching her breasts swaying gently beneath her top? It blew his mind. Fuck knew, he shouldn't be looking at his roomie's braless breasts, but when she walked into the kitchen in the mornings he simply couldn't help himself. No man could.

Fuck with a capital F.

Trev squeezed the base of his dick through his jeans. Fantasies about his gorgeous housemate in a dark house were not a good thing. Not when those fantasies were all twisted up with dark hair, blue eyes and a cock so perfect Trev's mouth watered just thinking about it.

"Trev?" Grace called again. Only this time her voice was much closer. She'd walked into the lounge room, and he hadn't noticed.

He yanked his arm to his side, thankful it was dark enough she wouldn't have seen him cradling his cock. "I'm right here."

He should have noticed her presence. Hints of vanilla wafted in the air around him, the unmistakable aroma of Grace. The scent made him want to fall to his knees and bury his face between her legs.

How long had it been since he'd tasted a woman's pussy? Since he'd burrowed his tongue between her legs and licked her creamy folds?

Two years. He'd lost the yearning to make love to anyone else after his first taste of Max.

Headlights from a passing car lit the lounge room momentarily, and there she was. Meters away from him. Then it was dark again.

"Take my hand," he told her and reached out blindly in her direction. "For your own safety. With my luck I'll trip right over you and knock us both unconscious." Clumsy was Trev's middle name. If there was a plate to be dropped, he dropped it. A glass to be knocked over, he knocked it. Grace had learned quickly to put all her pottery gear away lest Trev trip over it and break it.

"Good idea," she answered, and he could hear the smile in her voice. There was one lady not willing to take any chances in the dark with him.

She must have taken advantage of the temporary illumination and stepped forward, because he found her sooner than expected. Only in typical Trev style, it wasn't her hand he found.

Her sharp intake of breath was his first indication he'd reached a part of her body he hadn't intended to. The tingles racing across his palm and shooting up his arm were the second sign, and the tightening of his already hard penis the final confirmation that he'd cupped his hand neatly around her breast—her plump, luscious and, *oh, fuck*, bra-free breast—and squeezed ever so softly.

No, the squeezing had not been intentional. It had been instinctive. If he didn't move his hand the hell away, he'd squeeze again, and then again, and then he'd use both hands and probably his mouth as well.

"Hell." He dropped his arm like he'd burnt his fingers. "Sorry, 'bout that, Gracie."

It took her a few seconds to answer. "It's okay." Her voice, usually a low sensual hum, was slightly higher than he'd heard it before. "It's dark in here. If anyone was gonna make that kind of mistake, you're it." She chuckled.

Trev laughed with her, feeling anything but humorous. "Yeah, or maybe I'm just being a typical guy and taking advantage of the dark to cop a feel." Because that's what he was. A typical guy. Craving a man's cock and a woman's pussy, just like any other guy out there.

Grace snorted. "You grabbed my breast on purpose?"

"Hell, yeah. Lights are off, no one will ever know better, and you have a fine pair."

"You're incorrigible." Grace laughed. "And clumsy as hell. Now, about the lights, how long do you think it'll take for them to come back on?"

Trev breathed a sigh of relief and frustration. Crisis averted. Hard-on still there. "No idea. And this time the electricity's out too. Looks like we have to phone the Council and find out what's up."

"Damn it. I have to dry my hair. I'm going out in less than thirty minutes."

Her date. "Do I know the guy?"

"Not sure. Hunter set it up. Told me it was someone from his work."

Probably no one he knew, then.

Seemed like Grace's cousin, Hunter Miles, was good at setting her up. He was the one who'd suggested she move in with Trev. The timing was perfect. Trev had mentioned at their weekly poker game he was looking for a housemate, and a week or so later Hunter phoned to say his cousin was moving to Sydney from Adelaide and needed a place to stay. Within ten days Grace was settled in Trev's spare room.

Not for the first time, he wondered how Max would respond to the news. They'd never had another person in the house with them before. Would tonight be the first time?

Fuck. Why hadn't his phone beeped yet? Max never waited this late to text.

"Where are you going?" Trev asked out of politeness. He wasn't sure he liked the idea of Grace dating. Yeah, selfish of him when his thoughts were all wrapped up in Max, but the thought of her with another man didn't sit well.

“Drinks, and if that works out, dinner.” She laughed. “If I’m not home by eleven, don’t wait up.”

Trev stumbled on his answer. If she wasn’t home by eleven, she was probably spending the night with her date. The thought made him want to hit something.

But if she wasn’t home by eleven, then he and Max would have the gift of solitude. His dick twitched. There was nothing like spending quality private time with Max. Nothing like it at all. If Trev could make it *permanent* quality private time, he’d do so in a heartbeat.

He patted his phone, waiting for it to vibrate.

“I’ll leave a light on in case,” he teased.

“Nice gesture, Trev.” Grace snorted delicately. “Which light would that be exactly? The outside light that’s not working, or one of the fifty inside lights that aren’t working?”

“Fine, so I’ll leave a candle burning instead,” he offered gallantly.

“You have candles?” Grace’s voice was hopeful.

“Yep. I bought them after the last power failure.”

“Brilliant. I can use them to find some clothes and finally get dressed.”

“You’re not dressed?” Okay, so he’d grasped the unimportant part of her sentence, but damn, Grace without clothes? Standing next to him in the dark? The things he could do with her naked...

Hang on, she was dressed. He’d seen her in the car’s headlights and grabbed her breast, and she was definitely wearing something.

Grace muttered under her breath, then said, “Not only am I not dressed, but my hair’s wet and I haven’t got any make-up on. I’m still wearing my pjs, so I’m never gonna make it on time. Unless...we get those candles you mentioned.”

Trev’s eyes shut of their own accord. Christ, pajamas and no underwear. None at all. Never mind braless, the woman was pantiless too.

Which meant nothing covered her bottom save for that flimsy pair of pajama pants.

In that minute, the thought of burying his cock in a warm, wet pussy appealed as it hadn’t in two long years.

Add that to the endless wait for Max’s text message *and* the desperation to feel Max’s cock in his ass, and Trev was fucked. Well, proverbially speaking, anyway.

He shook his head. He needed to get laid. Bad. He’d thought of nothing else for days. Weeks. With Max’s absence and Grace’s appearance, he was hanging on by a fine thread. That wasn’t all. As if the physical desire to sleep with someone wasn’t bubbling through his veins like unleashed testosterone, the emotional need to settle down was messing with his head.

For the longest time he’d enjoyed no-strings-attached sex. Men, women, he’d fucked them both, with incredibly pleasing results. Most pleasing with Max. But now his needs were changing. His wants were

different. Hell yeah, he still wanted sex—plenty of it—but he wanted so much more on top of that. He had since his last time with Max.

Now Grace stood before him—with no fucking underwear—and he had to act normal.

Fuck with a capital F!

He could do this. No prob. “I’m running out of time too. About ten minutes after you leave, seven peeps are going to knock on that front door, expecting drinks, snacks and a game of poker.” One of those seven people would be Max. “Oh, yeah, and light. Because playing poker without light isn’t so easy. ‘Specially the black cards. Tricky little buggers in the dark, those ones are. The eights and nines? Impossible to see, which—”

Grace’s laughter shut him up. “How about we go find those candles so neither of us is late?”

“Ah. The voice of reason. They’re in the kitchen. I have a torch there too.”

“Well then, Mr. Greenfield, why not lead the way?” She touched his arm, wrapping her fingers around his biceps, and just like that, for the nine hundred and seventh time since Grace had moved in—hell, since she’d walked into the room tonight—his mind fixated on making love to her. “You get the candles, I’ll find the torch, and we can shed some light on this...shady situation.”

“You’re just full of good ideas, aren’t you?” Trev’s face split into a grin. Damn, her hand felt fine there. Hot and right.

Okay! Best head for the kitchen before he did something they’d both regret—like kiss the woman and divest her of her pajamas.

“I’m always full of good ideas,” Grace told him without a shred of modesty.

Trev’s grin widened as they made their way across the minefields of the lounge and dining rooms. Grace was cool. One of the coolest women he’d ever—

“*Shit!*” He tripped. Over what he had no clue, but he went down fast, landing like a fool on one knee.

Grace was gracious enough not to laugh *too* loudly. Even so, her muted chuckles echoed in the dark, reverberating through his stomach.

Since she hadn’t released his arm when he fell, he gave serious thought to pulling her down with him. Hah, then they could debate which was funnier, her tumble or his. But if she landed on top of him now, there’d be no promises he wouldn’t take it a step further and accidentally touch her breast again. With his tongue.

“Nice,” he said instead, picking himself up and dusting himself off. “Laugh at the idiot who tripped in the dark. Very nice.”

Grace chuckled even louder. “How lucky did you get when you landed me as your housemate? Not only am I nice, I’m full of good ideas, plus I can see humor in the gloomiest of situations.”

Her peals of laughter sounded like sunshine and daylight and made Trev chuckle too. Oh, yeah. He got lucky all right, landing her as a housemate. Question was, how lucky would he get in the future?

It bothered Trev no end he could even consider getting lucky with Grace knowing how he felt about Max...but man, was he ever considering it.

He gave a little snort as he began to pick his way more cautiously to the kitchen. "Oh, yeah. I lucked out when I found you, all right. Although, a housemate with a bit of sensitivity and caring might have been good too. You know, someone who'd ask if I was okay after sustaining life-threatening injuries. But someone full of good ideas, who's nice and funny is just as lucky." For good measure, he reluctantly added, "I suppose."

"Aw, shame." Grace rubbed her hand sympathetically over Trev's arm. "Did the little boy get a booboo? Need me to kiss it better?"

Trev came to a dead stop. He turned to face her before he thought better of it. "You offering to kiss it better?"

Well, damn. He'd meant that to come out as a joke. Instead his voice sounded raw and...excited.

Her laughter stilled.

The air between them was heavy all of a sudden, thick with the tension Trev had felt ever since Grace moved in. The teasing and the humor were gone.

Her face was close. Near enough he could smell her minty breath. Near enough that if he dipped his head a couple of inches he'd find her lips with his mouth—even in the dark.

"Trev..."

"You offering, Gracie?" he asked again. This time he didn't bother to hide his intent with humor.

He'd wanted her for three weeks, and now that she'd brought up the whole kissing idea, he thought he might go mad if he didn't get to taste those cherry-red lips.

She didn't answer, just exhaled real slowly, her breath tickling his nose and mouth.

"Because I'm accepting if you are," he said softly.

She loosened her grip around his arm and gradually ran her hand over his shoulder and up his neck, her palm on his bare flesh heating him from the outside in. Then she took the tiniest step closer, so her braless breasts pressed against his chest, two round pillows of splendid female flesh.

With his eyes useless in the dark, the rest of his senses worked overtime. The whisper of her soft breath and his harsher exhalations echoed in his ears. Her fresh vanilla perfume tickled his nose, while the heat of her hand continued to sear his skin. Her chest moved against his, up and down, as she inhaled deeply then let the minty air out.

Her softness took his breath away. He'd gotten so used to Max's muscular physique, to the hard sinew of man, he'd forgotten how a woman felt.

Grace's abundant curves blew his mind. They made his heart skip a freaking beat.

He had to discover if her mouth tasted as sweet as it always looked. Trev dipped his face to hers, guided by the soft sounds of her breathing, and nearly jumped three meters when light flared around them and sound blared unexpectedly from the telly.

Just as startled as him, Grace stumbled back with a gasp.

He blinked against the glare of the light, taking in the sight of the woman before him. Long damp hair, a shade darker than usual, hung down her back. Her mouth was pouty, color stained her cheeks and her brown eyes were wide with arousal and shock.

Desire rippled through him. Desire and something else. Something less physical and more...sentimental.

"Oh, good. The lights are back on," she said redundantly. He would have smiled again if lust and emotion hadn't clasped his lips in a death grip.

God, she looked exquisite. Her nipples poked at the flimsy silk of her top, telling Trev she was just as affected as him by their almost-kiss.

"Grace," he murmured.

"The power's back too." She raised her arm slowly and lifted a strand of damp hair. "I can use my hair dryer."

She didn't need it. Her hair looked perfect the way it was, just beginning to dry, so it fell in waves of wheaten gold down her back.

"I can put on make-up." She looked surprised, as if the idea was both novel and astounding. "And I can get dressed." She nodded. "Because I can see." She looked at Trev then pointed to the light. "The power's been restored. I can get ready now."

"You can." Jesus, his dick ached like the devil. "Or you can step right back here and finish what we just started." His brain was fried, his body working on testosterone alone.

"Yeah. Okay." She stared at him, her cheeks turning pinker. "I think I better go get dressed now." And with that she launched herself into his arms and caught his mouth in a kiss so sinful the room spun.

Trev might have made a halfhearted attempt to keep the kiss chaste if she hadn't parted her lips and flicked her tongue over his lips, unleashing weeks of repressed desire. He opened his mouth and his tongue met hers in wild celebration.

Goddamn!

She tasted every bit as sweet as he'd imagined.

He licked into her mouth, exploring the warm, wet cavern. He stroked her tongue with his, nipped at her lower lip, sucked on her upper one, and she met his intensity move for move.

His arms tightened around her. When last had he pushed his erection up against the gentle swell of a woman's belly, or cupped pliable butt cheeks in his hands?

Grace rocked against his groin, rubbing her pussy against his impossibly hard cock. Her breasts pressed into his chest, her braless nipples poking at him through the silk of her pajamas and the cotton of his T-shirt.

Trev was so aroused, beads of precome trickled from his dick. He had to touch her naked flesh, feel the tight buds that tipped the generous swell of breast. Edging his hands under her shirt, he ran his palms over her hips. He couldn't stop there. He traced her curves, relishing the way her hips flared out gently before nipping in at the waist and flaring out again at the start of her ribs.

She was so very different from Max. His complete opposite in every way. Max was solid muscle and hard lines, Grace all soft curves. Max smelled of expensive cologne, Grace like earthy vanilla. Max's hair was short and thick, Grace's long and silken. Max's chest was flat and lightly covered in hair, Grace's was smooth and blessed with a perfect set of breasts.

One so different from the other, yet Trev's feelings for both of them seemed so similar. It shouldn't be possible. He and Max had been lovers for two years, while he was only just getting to know Grace. Experiencing this overwhelming attraction to both of them didn't make sense.

But then when had anything ever made sense in Trev's love life?

"God, Grace..." Her breasts now rested in his palms, each one a perfect handful. The globes were round and firm. Flawless, feminine beauty. He flicked his thumbs over her nipples, gratified by the shiver that raced through her body in response.

It took him seconds to divest her of her top, and then he leaned in and pulled one distended nipple into his mouth.

"Trev!" Grace dropped her head back and let out a long, contented sigh.

If it were possible to purr, he would have. He suckled on her nipple, scraping it with his teeth, and when she whimpered in his arms, he paid full attention to her other breast, kissing it, laving it with his tongue, loving it as he hadn't loved a woman's breast in months. Years.

Her fingers found his head and held his mouth to her breast. "Trev," Grace moaned. "What are you doing to me?"

He pulled his mouth away only long enough to answer. "Kissing you, Gracie. Tasting you."

"Wh...why?"

"Because I can't seem to stop myself."

"Oh," Grace whispered. "Okay."

"Okay?" Trev looked into her eyes, needing to confirm her message.

She nodded, her gaze lazy and sensual. "Okay."

Enough said. He settled his mouth back over her nipple, wanting more of Grace, wanting to taste her everywhere.

Just like he wanted to taste Max everywhere.

Christ. Max.

What was he doing? Accidentally feeling up his housemate was one thing. Ripping off her shirt and openly adoring her body while longing for a man he hadn't seen in weeks was quite another.

No, being with Grace wasn't cheating on Max. You couldn't cheat on a fuck-buddy, could you? A casual lay was a casual lay, end of story. He and Max had ensured, week in and week out, that that was all they were to each other: a Friday-night after-poker special, reserved only for those times when neither of them were seeing other people.

It wasn't Max's fault Trev had tripped and fallen in love with him. Wasn't Max's fault that their Friday-night specials had become Friday-night spectacles in Trev's mind. Wasn't Max's fault that the wait for his text message this evening, asking if they were on for tonight, seemed interminable.

It also wasn't Max's fault that Trev was so damned aroused he couldn't resist his housemate one more day. Nope, that was all Grace's doing. Luscious, beautiful, soft, feminine Grace tempted him like no woman ever had. If Trev didn't know better, he'd think he was tripping and falling for Grace too.

Impossible. You couldn't love more than one person at a time.

Could you?

Maybe that would explain Trev's difficulty in deciding which was better, sucking on Grace's soft breast while she shivered beneath his ministrations, or nibbling on Max's tight nipple, licking it until he groaned out loud.

Perhaps he'd be happiest moving from one to the other? Licking Max's muscled flesh before switching over to scoop the heavy globes of Grace's breasts back into his hands.

Was it any wonder he couldn't stop himself now? Every thought about Max drove him crazy, every inch of Grace made him wild.

What he wouldn't do to thrust his dick into this beautiful woman. What he wouldn't do to have Max thrust his beautiful cock in his ass.

He claimed her mouth again in a kiss so sinful it had his dick slapping against his stomach. Her lips tormented him as she toyed with his tongue. God help him, he couldn't resist flattening one hand over a rounded breast and trailing the other down her belly toward the waistband of her pajama pants.

His fingers curled in eager anticipation as he slid them under the elasticized waist and skimmed his hand over the surprisingly hairless mound of her pussy.

Trev had grown accustomed to the coarse, sexy texture of hair at the base of Max's cock. Grace's bareness had him growling low in his throat.

She rocked her hips, slow at first, but then faster and harder, until his hand slipped lower, and his finger rested right above her clit.

Were those carnal sounds coming from her? They had his balls tightening, preparing him for a mammoth explosion.

Trev breathed deep, seeking fresh air. Instead he inhaled enticing hints of vanilla and something else. Something even more feminine, more exciting.

The heady aroma of an aroused woman.

He rolled his finger over her clit, loving how her carnal cries changed to a soft contented mewling.

“Finally!” she gasped. “I thought you’d never touch me.”

He stared at her, stunned. “I thought I’d never touch you either.”

Grace grinned then, flashed her generous, warm, carefree grin and wrinkled her nose. “God, am I happy you did.”

He grinned right back. How could he not? Sheer happiness flowed through him, originating from her smile and piercing straight through his confusion. “Me too, Gracie. Me too.” And then he kissed her again, feeling her smile broaden against his lips.

He skimmed his hand lower, discovering the folds beneath her clit. They were damp and slick, and his finger slid easily between them, sinking into her channel.

She gasped against his mouth.

Wet heat met his touch. He sank his finger deeper, and she ground down, clenching her muscles around him. Not once did she move her mouth from his, and not once did he try to end the kiss. Holding her, penetrating her and kissing her? He’d smile for a week at this rate.

“Grace! I need to taste you.” He dropped slowly to his knees, dragging his mouth down her throat, over her breasts and stopping at her belly button to place a kiss there. But he couldn’t stop for long. Her essence beckoned him.

Placing his hands on either side of her hips, he pushed off her pants and froze at the sight he beheld. Perfect feminine beauty.

Perfect.

He buried his nose against her clit and licked her pussy.

Licked her pussy. Her wet, slick pussy. Her smooth, feminine pussy.

Christ, who would have believed he could ever feel this way again? Who’d ever have thought the creamy taste of her pussy juice would go straight to his head and make him crave more? Crave everything Grace had to offer. Her body, her mind. Her love.

For two years he’d craved nothing but Max. He still craved Max. But it didn’t dim his hunger for Grace one bit.

Like he’d done with his finger before, he now slid his tongue inside her channel and kissed her with all the vigor and enthusiasm he’d used to kiss her mouth.

She tasted like nectar and cream and honey. Grace was sweet with a hint of the forbidden, while Max was salty with a generous helping of man. They both blew his mind, both whet his appetite until he felt he’d never get enough.

As unbelievable as Grace tasted, Trev couldn't help but miss Max. If only he were there too...

Fuck, he could sample them both. Switch between the two. Licking Grace before sucking Max. Then back to Grace.

How morally correct could it be to lick Grace and crave Max at the same time? Surely there had to be a rule against something like that? There should be, because the very thought of it was so wicked, he feared he might come just imagining it.

She trembled in his grasp, emitting those soft mewling sounds that penetrated the fog of desire around his brain and burrowed deep in his dick.

More, he needed more Grace. He burrowed a finger between her ass cheeks and trailed it over her hidden treasure. Ah, God, he wanted to lick her there too. Wanted to feast on her butt the way he feasted on Max's.

Not possible in this position, not without some serious neck contortionism. He had to make do with his hand.

Dipping his finger into her pussy, he helped himself to a dollop of her cream and used it to paint tiny circles around her anus.

"Oh, my God, Trev..." Grace widened her stance, giving him easier access.

He kissed her harder and brought his other hand around to stroke her clit. He had two years of pussy famine to make up for, and he intended to make up for it in a spectacular fashion. He was going for the hat trick—clit, pussy and ass.

As his thumb brushed her clit, softly at first, but then with slightly more pressure, he lovingly licked into her channel and continued to paint her hole with his finger.

Her shudders began in earnest. Grace's thighs stiffened and she ceased breathing.

He breached her ass, sliding just the tip of his finger inside, past the tight ring of muscle.

It was all Grace needed. She came with a cry. Her channel squeezed at his tongue, pulling it in as far as it would go. Her juices leaked over his lips and chin. She rocked her hips, pressing her clit harder against his thumb, and her ass clamped around his finger, making further entrance impossible.

Spasms shook her body, and Grace's long, low moans of release reverberated through the room. Trev took advantage of the rhythmic clenching and unclenching of her pussy muscles to remove his tongue.

He lapped at her juices as her climax eased up.

Used to catching and swallowing Max's come as it spurted into his mouth, Trev relished the job at hand. So very different from Max's orgasms, but just as satisfying. He licked her pussy a little more enthusiastically, making sure to catch every last drop. His renewed vigor must have set something off in her, for she cried out and came again, the rhythmic convulsions increasing in speed and strength before once again dwindling slowly away.

"Oh, God," Grace gasped, and her legs shook violently.

Trev caught her as her knees gave in and she collapsed in a limp pile in his arms, her breath uneven and ragged.

At the precise moment Trev wrapped his arms around her and pulled her as close as he could get her, his phone beeped.

The much-anticipated text message from Max had finally arrived, and for the first time ever, Trev had no idea how to respond.

Chapter Two

It's complicated.

What the fuck did that mean? A simple yes or no would have sufficed. Hell, it had sufficed for two years. But no, Trev's response to his text had been *It's complicated*.

Did that mean *It's complicated, yes* or *It's complicated, no*?

An answer either way would have helped Max's mood somewhat. Instead of trying to hide his disappointment, frustration and confusion behind his cards, he could be sitting in aroused anticipation of the night to come, or hanging limp with the knowledge he'd be going home alone.

He'd waited six weeks for tonight. Looked forward to it with an eagerness he'd never have believed possible, so a straight answer would have been helpful. It wasn't just the sex he'd anticipated, although that alone had him standing at attention every time he thought about it. Nope, Max had experienced a revelation while away. One he was eager to share with Trev.

Funny, he'd never bought into that distance-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder crap—until now. Damn it, over a month away, and the only person he'd missed had been Trev. Missed? He'd fucking pined for the guy.

The whole fuck-buddy thing they had going on between them? Not so special anymore. Max was over it. He wanted more from Trev. A whole lot more.

He dragged his attention back to the poker game, making sure to look anywhere but at Trev. He couldn't bear to look at his face, his mouth. Couldn't stand to see the lips he ached to kiss and not know whether he'd get a chance tonight.

The sexual tension simmering around the table only made things worse. If the terrible triplets didn't get themselves a room soon, someone was gonna get done right there on the table. Probably Jay, with the way Hunter and Jules looked at him now.

Shit, he wanted to experience the tension and the love and the happiness that flowed between them. Not that any of them interested him on a sexual level. He just envied what they'd found together.

Or maybe he just wanted to get laid, pure and simple.

Nope, not that simple. Des, Megan and Alex looked just as happy as the terrible trips, and Megan's skirt had creases in it where there shouldn't be creases. Not that he'd noticed.

Max didn't just want to get laid. He wanted the emotions that went with the sex. The commitment. Like these six members of the poker school seemed to have found. He'd never have thought it, but he was ready to settle down again. And he'd never have guessed it, but he wanted to do that settling with Trev.

The bitch of it? Now that he finally knew what he wanted—Trev—the answer to his text had been *It's complicated*. Max had no idea what complications Trev referred to, and Trev had no idea just how fucking complicated Max wanted it to get.

They'd long ago shortened their messages to the one word. What had started out as a weekly text of: *We on for tonight? Yes/No?* had quickly morphed into *Yes/No?* and finally just *Yes?* The answers had always been simple—one word, yes or no.

So why was tonight different? What was complicated? Was there another man? A woman? Could be either with Trev. If it was either, was it serious? Was Trev at that same point as Max, ready to commit—but to someone else? Or perhaps it was a general disinterest on Trev's part. A hard week at work, some tough clients, and Trev might not feel like sex tonight. Criminal law had a nasty habit of throwing tough clients his way.

There was no way of knowing, especially because he and Trev hadn't said more than hello to each other since he'd arrived at Trev's house. He'd been delayed at the shop, talking with his sister about her newest jewelry designs and their anticipated launch date, so he'd missed the general small talk and catch-up that preceded a game. Much as he'd wanted to speak to Trev, he hadn't had a chance.

Max looked at his cards and checked the flop. He'd played on autopilot up until now, his mind more in Trev's pants than on the game. But the nine and jack in his hand matched the two nines and the jack on the table. Waddya know? He'd flopped a full house.

Tricky, since that was one of the things he'd wanted to discuss with Trev tonight. A full house.

He bet low, giving no indication of the cards he held.

Megan, ever eager to show her new and ridiculously talented poker skills, matched his bet and raised him. Max smiled to himself. He was gonna reel her right in on this hand. Play her all the way.

He wanted to play Trev all the way too.

Jay was in, and so was Alex. Everyone else folded.

Megan bet higher on the turn, forcing the three men to match her or fold. Al folded, Jay and Max bet. Max waited for the river before betting high. Megan matched his chips, while Jay tossed in his cards.

The pot was big. The largest one of the night. Everyone watched, rapt, eager to see who'd win. Alex and Des cheered for Megan. Hunter, Jay and Jules poked fun at both remaining players, and Trev... Damn, Trev watched him with his unnerving brown eyes, his attention fixed on Max's face.

So intent was Trev's focus, Max felt it all the way down to his groin. Felt the pull of attraction between them, the tug of desire, like silver heat in his veins, racing through his bloodstream and yanking on his balls.

A couple of seconds under the watchful eyes of Trevor Greenfield, and Max was hard as a fucking pole—and losing his focus on the game.

He revealed his cards.

“Damn,” Megan muttered. “I thought you were bluffing.”

He was. Big-time. Pretending he didn’t give a fuck if he stayed over with Trev tonight or not. “Me? I never bluff.” He winked at Megan.

She gave a playful frown and set her hand down. Three jacks. Good, but not good enough.

“I guess this means the next round of drinks is on me,” Max said and made a big production of hauling his winnings across the table.

“Hey, I’m happy to spring for drinks,” was Megan’s quick retort. “Just so long as you all have tap water.”

Everyone laughed. Megan and a small pile of chips was not a common sight at their poker evenings.

Since the topic had been brought up, Jay suggested they stop for a drink break anyway. The suggestion was met with a large round of cheers, and Trev disappeared into his kitchen for a fresh bucket of ice.

Max popped a beer and took a long sip, contemplating whether to follow Trev or not. Probably a bad move, since he’d feel compelled to back the guy into a corner and kiss the hell out of him. Maybe even grope him a little. The poker school had no idea he and Trev were anything other than mates, and Max and Trev were happy for the privacy.

If Max shot out of his chair now and went after Trev—like he wanted to—not a single person there would be left with any doubt as to the real reason he was going into the kitchen.

He thought about his hand. A full house. A possibility for him and Trev? Just before he’d left on his trip, Trev had mentioned he’d been looking for a housemate. Max had pondered the possibility of taking up the position. It would be a brilliant idea. A way of slowly getting under Trev’s skin. The more time they had together, the more time they could be together. Rather than keeping their relationship to two or three nights a month, as had become routine, they could fuck whenever they wanted. Or have time out—if Trev wanted. Separate rooms, separate beds, separate lives. Same house. A world of opportunity.

And a chance for Max to spend more time with Trev.

Yep. Top idea. Now he just needed a chance to run it by Trev. Tonight would have been perfect. But now? Seemed the night had become complicated.

He turned to talk to Des, but Des was absorbed in conversation with Alex and Megan. Hunter, Jay and Julia had moved away from the table and were huddled in a group near the drinks. Hunter massaged Jay’s neck ever so casually, as if he hadn’t thought twice about it. Jay leaned back into the other man’s touch. They both continued their conversation with Julia as if nothing had happened.

Max's cock tightened in his pants. Jay and Hunter. Who'd ever have guessed? Hunter had been a ladies' man through and through until he, Jules and Jay had gotten together, and then everything changed. They were an unexpected combination, but they worked. Really well.

Would he and Trev work as well if they made this thing between them permanent?

Megan laughed throatily as Alex kissed her cheek, and Des grinned like a fool at both of them. Megan's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes were a study in post-orgasmic bliss. Those three must have been very busy before coming to poker.

Intense longing and desire permeated the air. Max would have to be deaf and blind to not pick up on it. It made him ache deep inside. Made him long for a man who might not be his tonight. Would he ever be his permanently?

The atmosphere was as cloying as it was arousing. He had two choices. Stay here, the fifth wheel on the poker wagon, or ignore his self-warning to steer clear of Trev and head into the kitchen.

He chose the latter. At least Trev would understand his need to escape the twin set of trips.

"It's like an orgy out there," he said as he walked into the kitchen. "Ménage paradise in your dining room."

Trev turned to him, his gaze troubled. Max tried to think back to the last time he'd seen Trev worried by something and came up blank. Trev was about the most laid-back guy he knew. Nothing seemed to trouble him. Yet tonight he was definitely preoccupied. The complication?

Trev gave Max a sardonic smile. "Don't I know it. It's making me horny as hell. I've had an erection half the bloody night."

Max couldn't help it. He dropped his gaze to confirm Trev's words, which pretty much reflected his own responses to both the dynamics outside and the man in here.

Oh, yeah. Erection, all right. Huge one.

He couldn't tear his gaze away. Damn it, he wanted Trev with a ferocity that shook him to the bones.

They hadn't been together in six weeks. At least. Max wanted to rip off his pants and Trev's, push the man down on all fours and fuck him until they both begged for relief. Fuck him until the hesitation in Trev's face vanished, replaced by a post-sex lethargy.

Trev made a funny sound. "Fuck, Max," he said gruffly. "There are six people out there who don't need to know my business or yours. Keep staring at me like that, and those six peeps will be treated to an eyeful of my dick in your mouth. Got me?"

Max's cock pressed hard against his zip. "Keep talking like that," he warned Trev right back, "and that's not the only treat those six people out there are gonna be given. Got *me*?"

He'd bent Trev over the bench top and taken his ass more than once in this very kitchen. There was very little stopping him from doing it again, right now. Well, very little, if you discounted public impropriety and those two words: *It's complicated*.

“You threatening me?” Trev asked and raised an eyebrow. His eyes flared with both desire and humor.

Max shook his head and smiled. Amazing how much he felt like smiling when he was around Trev. “Just fantasizing out loud.”

Trev stared at him with those unnerving brown eyes, his gaze unwavering. The humor had dissipated, the desire had not. “You’d consider fucking me here? With six peeps on the other side of that door?” His tone was a good notch lower than usual.

He’d consider fucking Trev in every room in his house—regardless of who stood outside the door. “You up to it?”

Yeah, right. Big talk. When he fucked Trev again, it would be in private. And it wouldn’t be a fuck. It would be more than that. So much more. A fuck implied a mutually pleasurable sexual encounter and nothing else. The next time Max touched Trev in any meaningful way, he’d make love to the man.

Again the need to back Trev into a corner and kiss the hell out of him assailed him. He was giving the idea serious thought when Trev acted all on his own. Before he knew it, Max was shoved against a cupboard, his back pinned to the smooth door, his front pressed against the hard planes of Trev’s chest. Trev pinned his arms at his sides and held them there.

Never failed to amaze him that a guy as assertive as Trev could offer Max his ass every damn time. Never failed to amaze him how damn much it turned him on. How much he loved the sensation of sinking into Trev’s hot channel, of the smooth heat that closed around him, pulling him deeper as he held on to those round, taut butt cheeks.

Hell, his cock wept just thinking about it.

The man was built. Muscled, broad and solid, just the way Max liked his men. And dear God, Trev’s dick. Thick and hard, it ground against his now, igniting fires all over his body.

Yeah, Trev had wanted to take Max. Had suggested it more than once. But bottoming for anyone had never appealed to him, and as much as he loved Trev, much as he loved Trev’s dick, he wasn’t ready for the other man to slip it in his ass.

He rocked his hips, massaging his cock against Trev’s, mimicking the way he’d thrust if he were actually inside him. God help him, he needed to be inside him. Needed to tell him about his revelation while overseas. Needed to let Trev know he cared. A lot. About more than just sex. He’d fallen for his fuck-buddy.

He leaned in and nipped Trev’s ear, just hard enough to cause pain. When he did it while inside Trev, it almost always resulted in Trev orgasming, especially if Max’s hand was wrapped around the other man’s cock at the same time.

Trev’s groan was guttural, and Max flexed his wrist, wishing he held Trev’s cock now.

"I missed this," Max said softly into his ear. "I missed you." Before Trev could react, he quickly added, "If those people weren't standing on the other side of this door, my cock would be so deep in your ass you'd be coming before I pulled out the first time."

Trev made a small, animalistic sound in his throat, leaned down and, with unerring precision, raked his teeth over Max's nipple.

A thrill shot up his spine.

Trev straightened. "If you were in my ass now, I would not be the only one coming."

Fucking T-shirt lay against his now highly sensitized nipple, torturing him with its cotton softness. His arms were pinned at his sides so he couldn't use them to pull the material away from his skin. As punishment, he bit Trev's ear again, and Trev bucked hard against him.

"Which would you like more?" Max asked, his voice a murmur. "Your dick in my mouth..." He had to pause for a second and breathe deep. Christ, he wanted Trev's dick in his mouth. So much he could almost taste it, could almost feel the pressure as he swallowed it down the back of his throat.

Trev's erection jerked against Max's.

"Or my cock in your ass?" This time it was Max's cock that jerked, the thought of pushing deep into Trev more than he could stand.

Damn it, six weeks. He didn't want to wait another day. Another minute. He wanted to fuck Trev. Wanted to make love to him. Wanted to ease the ache in his balls and the pain in his chest. Wanted Trev to know how he felt. How he'd fallen in love...

Trev ground his dick against Max's, and Max closed his eyes, willing himself not to come, not to shoot his load right here, in the kitchen, fully clothed.

"Or..." Max breathed deep, tried to keep his voice steady. "I could lay you on your kitchen table and lick you just the way you like. Let my tongue roll around your hole, over and over, in and out, wetting you for me, relaxing you." He ran his tongue over Trev's earlobe, and the man shuddered violently.

Trev pulled his head away so Max could see his eyes, could recognize the hunger burning in them. Trev's voice was a low rumble when he answered. "I want them all. I want you to suck my cock and lick my ass and fuck me until I can't stand anymore." His cheeks were red and heat radiated off him. "I want you to come inside me, shooting your load so hard you make me come too."

He stopped, panting. Their faces were close, so close his hot breath mingled with Max's. The urge to kiss him was overwhelming. All he needed to do was inch his face forward and their lips would meet. Dear God, he had to kiss Trev, had to place his mouth over his and devour him.

"But what I want most—" Trev hesitated, then bent his neck so his mouth was angled less than a centimeter from Max's, "—is for you to want me as much as I want you." With that he crushed his lips against Max's.

Max was more than ready for him. He attacked Trev's lips with vigor, possessed by an urgency to taste the man he loved.

Want Trev as much as Trev wanted him? He should only know what Max was thinking now. How the urgency to possess him, to make love to him, was driving him mad with need.

He plunged his tongue into Trev's mouth, kissing him like he might drown without Trev's lips. God, he needed the man. Needed him more than he'd ever thought possible.

Trev kissed him back with the same level of desperation. His ruthless grinding of his cock against Max's kept Max perilously close to orgasm.

How could his feelings have turned around so completely? How could a casual root have turned into a desire for a lifetime together?

How could he continue kissing the man without yanking down both of their pants and burying himself in Trev's ass? God help him, but the thought of feeling Trev's velvety flesh closing around him, of sinking into his depths and becoming one with him, had Max hanging on the edge, needing to come. Needing to tell Trev, finally, how damn much he loved him. How damn much he wanted to make a life with him.

Trev wanted Max to want him? Oh, that was all taken care of. Max was going stir-crazy with lust. But he needed more. Needed a night alone with Trev to tell him all of this, a night with no complications.

Max pulled away from Trev's lips, hating the cold air that rushed over his face.

It took a while before Trev's eyes opened, and when they did, the dark lust seeping from them almost undid Max. How was it possible Trev could be this aroused—and Max knew when Trev was aroused, he'd spent two years studying the phenomenon—if things were complicated?

"Yes or no?" Max asked, his voice a whisper, his heart clenched in a vise. God help him, he needed Trev to say yes.

Trev froze.

The merciless grinding of cock against cock ceased. For endless seconds neither man moved. Trev stared at Max's mouth and Max stared at Trev's eyes. Muted laughter filtered through the door.

His balls ached, burning with pent-up desire.

"Shit." Trev released him with a curse and stepped away. He rubbed his groin as though in pain.

Max could relate.

"Shit," Trev swore again and walked backward until his butt hit the bench top, then he swung around so fast he knocked over a silver bucket.

The resounding clatter of ice crashing into the sink did little to relieve the pressure in Max's neck or dick. He breathed deep and rolled his shoulders, wishing he didn't feel like a tightly wound coil.

"I want you to stay the night."

Trev's words were soft, but Max heard them. Exalted in them. "You do?"

"Christ, yes," Trev snapped. "I want you to fuck me so bad I can hardly breathe from it."

Joy flooded Max's system, so intense it almost knocked him sideways.

Trev shook his head. "But you can't."

A blow to the nuts couldn't have hit harder.

It took Max a good few seconds to find his voice. Recovery from rejection took time. Finally he raised his hands in acceptance, pretending everything was cool. Then he dropped them. Trev wasn't looking his way and the effort of holding them up about killed him. "Whatever, mate. It's your call."

Trev spun around, disbelief blazing in his face. "Whatever?"

"Yes, no, it's your choice." Christ, how did he present such a calm façade when his insides were shriveling? "You said no. No worries."

"No worries?" Trev fisted his hands at his chest.

A fighter pose or a protective one?

"No worries?" Trev said again, his voice loud in the small room. He swore and spoke more softly. "I've spent six fucking weeks waiting to see you again. Six weeks fantasizing about you and your damn dick, and all you can say is *no worries*?"

"What the fuck?" There went Max's rational thought again. If Trev had spent six weeks fantasizing, then why the hell didn't he want Max spending the night?

Trev glowered at him, his expression incredulous and conflicted.

Max stalked across the kitchen, getting in Trev's face, pressing his chest against Trev's fists, squashing them between their two bodies. "You think I don't wanna spend the night?" There was nothing he wanted more—except perhaps a lifetime of spending the night with Trev. "You think I don't wanna fuck you?" Wait. He didn't. "Make love to you?" Ah, that he did. He shuffled back an inch and cupped his hand none too gently over the bulge in Trev's pants.

Trev jerked beneath his touch and made that same animalistic sound deep in his throat.

"You think I haven't spent the last month thinking about this?" Christ, he loved Trev's dick. Touching it again, even over his jeans, was doing mad things to his breathing. Trev was every bit as hard as he was. "Damn it, I'm having wet dreams about you. Fucking wet dreams." Sleeping alone in hotel rooms was no fun. Not when the huge double beds rattled with emptiness. "So don't get pissy with me, mate. You said not tonight. Not me."

Trev's hands uncurled, and he turned them so his palms were pressed against Max's chest. "I said it was complicated." Trev closed his eyes.

Max forced his mind away from Trev's touch, away from the cock in his hand. "And just what the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"It means I have to tell you something."

He dropped his arm, releasing Trev's dick. If those weren't the deadliest words ever invented—

"Yo, guys?" Des yelled from the dining room. "Game's on. You coming to play?"

“Be right out,” Max yelled back, though where he found the presence of mind to answer, he had no idea. His brain seemed to have stopped functioning.

“We need to talk,” Trev said.

Max’s stomach twisted. Whatever Trev had to say, he strongly suspected he didn’t want to hear it. “About?”

Trev shook his head. “Things.”

“Real specific there, mate.”

“Alex is dealing,” Des called again. “You in or out?”

“In,” Max called back. Not because he wanted to play, but because he didn’t want to hear whatever Trev had to tell him. Every fiber of his being rebelled against it. Trev had never needed to talk before. Not about them. When it came to them, actions always spoke louder than words.

“I’m out,” Trev murmured, and judging by the level of his voice, he was not addressing anyone outside of the kitchen.

Max took a breath, and then another one, filling his lungs with oxygen. Perhaps a little air would slow the malicious hammering of his heart.

It didn’t.

Trev was out.

Fuck.

“Okay, then.” Max nodded and hitched a thumb over his shoulder. “I’m gonna play.” Fully aware that he was walking away from whatever Trev had to tell him, he stepped out of the kitchen.

Chapter Three

The evening could not have progressed more sluggishly. Max wanted out. He wanted to head for the door. He wanted to get the hell away from Trev's house and Trev's bed and Trev's fucking body.

No, he didn't. He wanted to stay as close to Trev as humanly possible. He wanted Trev in his life forever. He wanted... Fuck knew what he wanted anymore. Not this. Not Trev's notable absence at his own table. Not the ache in his gut every time he heard Trev's murmured "I'm out" in his head. Not the questioning looks everyone flashed him when he walked out of the kitchen alone.

He didn't want any of this. He wanted him and Trev alone. Together. End of story.

Trev didn't stay in the kitchen the whole evening. Ten minutes tops and he was back, newly filled ice bucket in hand and a whole lot more drinks to replace the now empty bottles lining the table.

Trev helped himself to a beer, sat down and played a determined game of poker for the rest of the night. He didn't look at Max, and Max didn't look at him.

When midnight arrived and the game wound down, everyone stood around saying goodbye. Max grabbed his keys and made for the door, anxious to get out of the house, yet reluctant to walk away. He had to get away from Trev, and he never wanted to leave his fucking side.

Jesus, he was a mess.

He didn't make it outside. An iron fist clamped around his shoulder, physically preventing him from leaving. To anyone watching, it probably looked like a friendly clap on the back.

It wasn't.

Des, Alex and Megan left, followed by the terrible trips.

Trev sent them all on their way with happy farewells and a carefree grin. Then he slammed the door shut behind them, slammed Max into the door and kissed him until Max dropped his keys, gasped for air and burned for the man torturing him with his mouth.

"You don't walk away from me," Trev exploded. Without waiting for Max's reply, he yanked his shirt over his head. "You don't get to spend six weeks out the country, then come back and fuck with my mind. Or my body." He grabbed Max's shirt around the neckline and jerked it up, trying to get it off. "You understand me?"

The rasp of cotton ripping should have shocked Max, but it didn't. It just aroused him more, which shouldn't have been possible, since that one kiss from Trev had him full to bursting. "Who's fucking with who?" he shot back. "You said we had to talk, not me. You told me you were out."

Trev growled and tore the shirt in two so it hung like a rag from his shoulders. Then he was back, crushing his lips over Max's and pressing his naked abs against Max's stomach.

Holy fucking hell.

This was what he wanted. This was all he wanted. Trev, so hot for him he didn't stop to think out the consequences of his actions.

Trev wrenched his mouth away. "I told Des I was out, you stupid dickhead. And so what if we need to talk? You don't tell me you have wet dreams about me and then leave. Ever. Jesus, if I had my way, you'd never leave."

Never? The word made him see stars, made the world spin.

"You think I'd rather have a wet dream than fuck you for real?" Max grabbed Trev's ass and hauled him even closer, ramming their cocks together.

Trev kissed him, again and again, each kiss harder and more intimate than the last. They made Max's heart soar and his dick ache.

Trev's irritation and Max's frustration gave way to sizzling passion as they rocked against each other. The heat between the two of them could have started a fire.

It did start a fire. Max was in flames, so hot, so ready, so fucking in love, he couldn't stand it. He flattened his hands against Trev's lower back and slid them under the waistband of his jeans and undies until he held his hot, hard buttocks.

Jesus fucking Christ. This was it. This was what he wanted. Trev's nude flesh against his.

And then hands were moving, fingers were busy. Belts came off and jeans flew through the air.

"Bedroom! Now," Max demanded. He would have taken Trev right there on the carpeted floor, would have claimed him forever, if not for the fact he'd arrived here empty-handed. No condoms or lube. And for what he had in mind, they needed both. In copious amounts.

"Bedroom," Trev agreed and wrapped his hand around Max's cock.

"Trev..." The breath exploded out of him, and then they were kissing again. Kissing and moving, racing through the house in their urgency to get to Trev's bed. Trev knocked into a doorframe but didn't seem to notice, and Max refused to release his lips long enough to ask if he was okay. He'd check later. With his mouth.

The bedroom appeared like a haven in his peripheral vision. Other things appeared in his peripheral vision too, things he'd never noticed before, but his head was too wrapped up in Trev to think twice about them. He'd ask later. Like he'd ask about the unexpected scent of vanilla that tinged the air.

He pushed against Trev's shoulders, and Trev fell back flat on the bed. Max landed on top of him. God, when had kissing ever turned him on this much? When had the feel of Trev's hands caressing his back ever sent thousands of goose bumps racing over his skin?

When had he ever needed anyone as much as he needed Trev?

“Touch me,” Trev demanded. “Touch my cock.”

The yearning in his voice thrilled Max. Trev wanted him almost as much as he wanted Trev. He pulled away from their kiss and rolled over so he lay on his side next to him. Then he ran his hand over Trev’s hairless chest, over the tightened nubs of both his nipples, over the flat, washboard abs of his stomach and lower, chasing the light trail of hair that tapered toward his groin where his cock lay hard, steely and dripping.

“Oh, yeah,” Max muttered. With very deliberate movements, he closed his hand around Trev’s shaft and squeezed gently, milking a few more drops of come.

“Ahhhhh, *fuck*,” was Trev’s response.

Max leaned down and ran his tongue over the tip of Trev’s dick, licking up the mess.

As he swallowed, relishing the salty bitterness, Trev arched his back and moaned. “Christ, I’ve missed this.”

“Not even close to as much as I have,” Max murmured and opened his mouth to suck Trev in, tormenting him with tiny licks around his dick. Tormenting himself, wanting to swallow him whole but refusing them both the satisfaction.

Trev rocked against his mouth, trying to get in deeper, faster, but Max held his arm over his thighs, refusing to let him move.

“Max, damn it,” Trev hollered. “Take it. Just fucking take it all.”

Triumphant satisfaction washed over him. Oh yeah, Trev wanted this as much as he did. He would have smiled, but Trev’s dick was too big for that. Too thick. Every muscle in his mouth was necessary to work him in. Slow and steady. That was the trick. If Trev wanted all in, he’d have to be patient.

Max flattened his tongue against the bottom of his mouth and relaxed his throat. It might be a little uncomfortable, but as soon as he had Trev where he wanted him, it would be worth it. He slid Trev’s dick deeper into his mouth and then a little deeper before stopping and fondling his balls.

Trev made wild noises above him, twisting his hips this way then that.

He’d had wet dreams about this. Hot dreams in cold beds. Dreams about Trev shooting in his mouth, shooting down his throat. Dreams that left him spent and hollow in the early hours of the morning.

The dreams were nothing compared to the reality.

Max extended his tongue and forced his throat muscles open, then slid his tongue back into his mouth, taking Trev’s cock with him, and began to swallow.

“Fuck. Oh, God, fuck. Jesus.”

Max pulled back, letting Trev go almost completely before swallowing his dick back down again.

Trev wouldn’t keep still. Soon as Max found his rhythm, Trev began rocking into him, fucking his mouth. He’d missed this. Missed the thick, heavy cock in his throat, missed the salty bitterness of Trev’s come, missed the unrestrained fervor of his passion when they were together.

Missed Trev. So damn much it hurt.

All too soon, the testicles in Max's hand pulled tight at the base of Trev's cock and every muscle in Trev's stomach tensed.

Max pulled off him fast. Not yet. Definitely not yet.

Trev swore viciously, and Max wrapped his hand around the base of his lover's dick and squeezed.

"Tighter," Trev wheezed. "Much tighter."

Max complied, not letting go until Trev fell back with a harsh breath and a nod. "Okay."

No, not okay. Max wanted him on the edge, wanted him as desperate to be fucked as he was to fuck him. He stretched over to kiss him, making good and sure that Trev squirmed with desire before breaking the kiss. As Trev lay panting on the bed, Max slipped off the edge and positioned himself on his knees, on the floor, by Trev's feet.

"You ready?" he asked, already grasping Trev's ankles and pushing his legs until they bent at the knee.

Trev shuffled down the mattress, getting closer to Max. "Always," was his answer as he wrapped his arms around his shins, holding his legs close to his body.

Max leaned down and drew first one testicle and then the other into his mouth, devouring Trev's nuts.

Nice, but not what he wanted. Not what Trev wanted, either, obviously. The man had lifted his hips, exposing himself completely to Max's hungry gaze.

Sweat beaded on Max's forehead and spine.

There it was. The pink, puckered hole that over the years had provided Max with more pleasure than was decent. The hole attached to the man who provided the pleasure. The only man Max wanted to take pleasure from. Or give pleasure to.

He breathed deep, inhaling Trev's familiar, musky scent, letting it flow through his lungs. He licked him once.

A jolt ran through Trev's ass and legs, and Max licked him again, loving Trev's response, loving the way his hole constricted beneath his tongue.

Low groans filled the air, encouraging, begging.

Max couldn't deny him. Using his hands to hold Trev's buttocks apart, he leaned in and feasted. Laved his lover. Licking him first with long, slow strokes, then with quick flicks, then back to long strokes again. He licked him until the tight ring of muscle relaxed totally, and Trev was clenching and unclenching his butt cheeks, pleading for more.

The he drove his tongue as far inside Trev as he could get it.

His dick throbbed, heavy with blood, hungry for release.

He licked Trev from the inside out and the outside in, and when his hole was good and loose and wet, he slid his finger an inch inside.

“No more!” Trev’s voice was raw. “No more teasing. I can’t take it.”

Max looked up over his lover’s enormous erection, over the gorgeous strength of his heaving chest to his face. Trev stared back at him, his gaze hazy, his cheeks flushed.

“Fuck me,” Trev moaned. “Please, just give me your cock.”

Max struggled to breathe, struggled to stay on his knees when every instinct screamed at him to stand up and slam his shaft into Trev’s ass. “You ready for this?”

Trev dropped his knees and pushed up on one elbow to look at Max. “I’ve been ready for six damn weeks!” He grasped his cock with his free hand and pumped himself. “I swear, I’m close. If you don’t fuck me now, I’m coming without you.”

“Don’t even think about it.” Max was on his feet and at the bedside table in a flash. Condoms and lube were right where they always were, and he sheathed himself and smeared a healthy dollop of lube on his cock.

Trev rolled onto his stomach. “Hurry.”

Max added another dollop to his fingers for good measure and climbed onto the bed between Trev’s spread legs.

Trev shoved his ass in the air, and Max took the opportunity to press his finger against his hole. Thanks to the work he’d done with his tongue and the lube on his finger, he met with no resistance. He slipped inside and pressed deep.

At Trev’s harsh groan he added another finger, stretching him.

“No!” Trev’s cry was hoarse. “Your dick, not your fingers.”

With a wet slurp, Max withdrew his fingers and lay atop his lover, pressing his chest against Trev’s back. He cradled Trev’s butt with his hips and rested one hand beside Trev’s head for support. The other he slid around Trev’s waist and found his cock jammed between the sheets and Trev’s hips. He massaged the excess lube into it, pumping him gently.

“Max.” Trev’s voice was low, a warning.

Max released him, aligned their thighs and centered his aching cock between Trev’s butt cheeks. He thrust once, breaching Trev’s hole.

“Fuck, yeah!” Trev yelled.

Blood roared in Max’s ears, raced to his eyes. He couldn’t see, couldn’t think. He drove in again, a sharp, fluid movement that seated him halfway in Trev’s ass, as deep as he could get at this angle.

“Ah, God, Trev...” He couldn’t think, couldn’t talk. His throat felt raw. If his T-shirt had tortured his nipples earlier, the smooth skin on Trev’s back tormented them now.

Trev bucked beneath him. “Move. Now, move!”

Max did. Short, sharp thrusts in and out. Fast, very fast. Then faster still at Trev’s urging. Christ, the rush. Like nothing he’d ever known. Nothing felt as good as Trev’s ass.

He lifted the upper half of his body and shifted slightly, wedging a thigh between Trev's legs and seating himself deeper in his ass. Both men moaned.

He dipped his head and kissed Trev's neck, sucked at the flesh as he ran his hand over his shoulder and plunged in harder and faster. Trev rocked his butt up to meet Max's dick.

Not enough, not deep enough. Max knelt on both knees, wrapped his hands around Trev's hips and pulled him back onto his shaft.

Then he had to stop. He was seated to the hilt in Trev. He couldn't go deeper. If he moved now, he'd come.

Trev must have sensed his dire situation because he froze too, not moving an inch.

Seconds passed, minutes, their ragged breaths loud in the silent house.

"You good to go?" Trev asked at last. He squeezed his muscles experimentally around Max's cock.

"Yeah." Max's frayed answer was all he could offer. He pulled out and pushed back into Trev, just once, testing.

He breathed a small sigh and rolled his hips.

All good. With the next thrust, Trev rocked back to meet him.

Not just good. Perfect.

Max drove into Trev over and over, finally letting go of his self-restraint. He lost himself to the rhythm of making love. Lost himself to the tempo of Trev's body, to the soothing beat of the velvety channel clenching and unclenching around him, to the harmonious groans of the man beneath him.

No one on earth, man or woman, made him feel this good, this alive. Every inch of his flesh hummed. Trev was all he needed, all he wanted. He plunged into him, again and again, absorbing every moan and gasp that Trev uttered.

The pace was too good, too tempting. He had to slow down. As if Trev had read his mind, he dropped forward onto the bed, and Max dropped with him, lying above him once more. This time his strokes were slower, less harried. He took his time, with shallow, measured movements, and as Trev's channel caressed his dick, he caressed Trev's arms, running his palms over the hard muscles of his biceps and down past his elbows to his hands.

He leaned in and kissed Trev's neck, sucking on the skin there and below his ear. He resisted biting his earlobe. Not yet, not until he'd had his fill, made up for six weeks of loneliness. But when Trev moaned in response and twisted his head ever so slightly, he couldn't resist. He nibbled, very gently, on his lobe.

Trev linked his fingers through Max's, holding him, and for endless minutes they lay together, entwined in every possible way.

God, perfect. So...intimate.

Lost in the heat and the beauty of the moment, he whispered on a soft breath, "I love you."

Trev froze.

Max froze.

Christ, what had he said?

With a gruff moan, Trev twisted his neck to look at Max.

Max saw passion and desire and heat and...

Trev rolled, pulling away from Max. But only for a second, then Trev was on his back, tugging at him, demanding.

Max could not get between his legs fast enough. In seconds he was once again seated deep inside Trev's ass, only this time he stared down into the man's brown eyes.

God, he loved Trev. No, he hadn't meant to express his feelings yet. He'd intended to take it slow, one step at a time, but lost in Trev's body like this, lost in the perfection of their lovemaking, he'd let the words slip out as naturally as breathing.

Trev grabbed his neck and pulled his head down for a blistering kiss. They kissed and kissed and kissed, Max inside Trev, Trev's cock caught between them. They kissed until the pressure built in Max's balls and he had to pull away and thrust deep, over and over again.

He stared into Trev's eyes, every iota of emotion he felt pouring from his soul.

Trev smiled then. A smile so wide, so uninhibited, Max's heart soared. "I love you too," he said.

That was all it took. The floodgates opened. Max could no longer stop, no longer wanted to. He drove into Trev with all the love and happiness he felt, pounding into him.

His cock was so hard, his balls so tight, he knew relief was just a moment away. But relief without Trev was nothing. He wrapped a hand around the man's rock-hard shaft and tugged. It didn't take much—a series of tight, hard pulls and Trev came with a howl. Rope after rope of semen landed on his chest. Trev's ass clenched in time with his spurts, yanking on Max's dick, milking him.

Watching his lover come in his hand, with Max's dick in his ass, did him in. Max exploded. Jets of come shot from his balls, through his shaft and streamed into the condom, filling it. Six weeks of repressed need escaped.

He came and he came until he had nothing left to give, and then, still buried in his lover's ass, he collapsed on Trev's chest, utterly spent.

The very last thing he expected to hear was a feminine gasp, followed by frantic footsteps and the slamming of a door.

"What the fuck was that?" he rasped.

With a tortured groan, Trev slapped his hand over his forehead. "*That*, lover, was the complication we needed to speak about."

“So you fucked her?” Max asked, his face curiously blank. Still naked, he leaned against the bathroom vanity, his arms crossed over his chest.

“No.” Somehow, when it came to Grace, *fuck* didn’t enter the picture. It was too coarse a word. Too cold. Nothing like the woman.

Water cascaded over Trev’s shoulders, washing away the soap he’d scrubbed himself with, wiping away every last trace of sweat, come and lube from his body.

It might be the shortest shower he’d ever taken, but it was effective. Trev was clean. Dripping wet, he stepped from the cubicle and swore as he stubbed his toe. Pain flashed through his foot, but he ignored it and grabbed his towel from the rack. He had to get dry and get his ass into Grace’s room. He had a lot of explaining to do.

He had a lot of explaining to do to Max also. Well, a lot more explaining, anyway.

The last thing he felt like doing was talking. After what had just happened between him and Max, what Max had just told him, all he wanted was to curl up into Max’s warmth and love and sleep. For hours. Or maybe for just long enough to revive his strength before making love again.

Instead he was stuck in a situation of his own making.

“You fucked her with your mouth,” Max corrected.

Trev nodded. He wasn’t about to lie or keep secrets. Not when he loved Max. Not when his evening activities with Grace had blown his mind and his equilibrium, and he was pretty damn sure he loved her too. “Wanting her like I do knocked me sideways, I can tell you that.” He lowered his towel and stepped close to Max. So close their thighs touched. And their dicks. “I never expected to feel this way about her. Not when I feel so much for you.”

Trev’s cock twitched from the contact alone. And the scent. Max hadn’t yet showered. He smelled of sex. And of Max. And of Trev. He smelled so damn fine Trev was tempted to drop to his knees and inhale Max whole.

But he couldn’t. He had to get to Grace.

Besides, Max’s body had turned rigid when Trev mentioned his feelings for Grace.

“For months you’ve been the only one I want. I fucking hated it when you were away,” Trev told the other man.

Max raised an eyebrow.

“Know how many times I jerked off to images of us making love, like we just did?” Trev asked.

Max shook his head. “No.”

“Every freaking night,” Trev admitted. “And most mornings too,” he added with a grin.

Max’s eyes became hooded and his cock shifted against Trev’s, but his tone remained impartial as he asked, “What about...Grace? You jerk off to fantasies about her as well?”

Trev stilled. “I did.”

Max stiffened further, his muscles tensing against Trev.

"I jerked off to fantasies about both of you." He was taking a chance being this honest. Max might listen to what he had to say, then turn his back and walk away. "I came imagining I was making love to her, and I came imagining you were making love to me. And I nearly fucking bust a nut imagining both of us taking Grace at the same time."

Max grimaced. "Don't be shy to tell me what you really fantasized about."

Trev shook his head. "I'm not shy." Nervous about Max's reaction, perhaps, but not shy. "Wanna know the one that had me shooting halfway across the room it had me so fucking horny?"

Max didn't answer. Nor did he walk away.

"Me making love to Grace while you made love to me." Trev closed his eyes, all too easily visualizing the scenario. "Christ, imagining the three of us together? Watching my cock in her pussy, her juices all over me?" Trev licked his lips. "Feeling you in my ass and hearing your rough panting? Jesus, I'm getting hard just thinking about it."

This time Max did respond. He shoved Trev away from him, knocking him off-balance. "I just fucking told you I love you. I'm not interested in your fantasies and feelings about some woman."

Trev grabbed at the vanity so he didn't fall over. "I love you too. So much I hurt from it. Knowing you love me?" He couldn't help it. He smiled. "I swear, Max. I'm happier than I've ever been in my life." Even now, aware that Grace was probably dazed and confused, he wanted to throw his head back and laugh out loud with the sheer joy of being loved by Max.

Max narrowed his eyes. "You love me and you're happy, yet you still want to fuck your new housemate? You still think you're falling in love with her?"

"I do." Trev tackled Max's second question first, then deliberated the first question. Was Max jealous? The idea made Trev grin wider. "I want to make love to Grace. I want you to make love to her too. I want us all to make love."

"Sounds great, Trev." Max's face shut down. "Maybe we can all make love. Maybe we can do it in a giant field of poppies, with music from Woodstock playing all around. Free love for all. Sounds real great. Sounds perfect, in fact." Max threw the shower door open and turned on the water. "Just fucking perfect."

Trev stopped him before he stepped inside the cubicle. "Don't judge me. Not yet. Wait until you've met her."

"And then what? I'll magically be okay with the man I love screwing someone else?"

"And then we can take it one step at a time. See what happens." Hell, there were no absolutes here. Just because Max met Grace didn't mean he'd feel the same instant attraction Trev did. But something told Trev one meeting was all it would take. Max would fall as hard as Trev had.

Not that any of that mattered. Grace was more than likely packing her bags right this second, doing everything in her power to get away from this house and the bastard who'd gone down on her and then slept with his boyfriend.

Trev might know what he wanted: Max *and* Grace, but his chances of getting them both were slim to zero. But then who would have thought Max would come out and tell him he loved him? Maybe, just maybe, miracles could happen.

Again Max didn't respond. He simply closed himself in the shower with a grimace and ducked his head under the spray.

Conversation over.

Or not. Trev opened the shower door. "Max?"

It took a while before Max met his gaze.

"No matter what happens, no matter how this turns out, know one thing. I love you. I'm hooked. For life. So whether or not you want me, I'm yours. Got it?"

Max glared at Trev with those big baby blues of his. God, Trev loved those eyes.

"Mine *and* Grace's?" Max asked.

Trev sucked in his cheeks. "I'd like to be."

Silence ensued.

"Max?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

Max didn't answer. He just sighed. A long, heavy sigh.

"Do you love me?" Trev asked.

Max's voice was hoarse when he answered. "You know I do."

He did know. Max had told him in a million different ways tonight. "Enough to do me one favor?"

Max frowned at him from beneath the shower spray.

Trev waited.

"Run it by me," Max finally said.

"Meet her. Give her a chance."

Max bit his lower lip.

"There's something about her. Something...irresistible."

Max didn't respond, although he did appear to be considering it.

"I swear, if I didn't think you'd feel it too, I wouldn't push," Trev said. "It may just be a gut feeling, but it's there. Every instinct tells me you'll like her just as much as I do."

Silence. Not an uncomfortable silence, but a silence nevertheless.

"Max?"

Max closed his eyes. The slight movement of his head was all the confirmation Trev needed. One nod was Max's consent.

He popped into the shower, grabbed Max's neck, pulled his face close and kissed him. "You won't regret it. I promise you." He kissed him one final time, closed the door and pivoted around to begin his hunt for Grace.

Luckily he had perfect hearing, otherwise he might not have heard Max's mumbling over the hiss of the shower. "Just my luck to fall in love with a lawyer. Man'll talk me into anything."

Chapter Four

Grace's hands shook violently. So violently she'd had trouble grasping the handle. It had taken three attempts before she'd finally opened the door and lurched into the relative safety of her bedroom, closing herself in.

The panties she'd clasped in her fingers fell to the ground. Her breath still came in unsteady gasps. Not surprising, seeing as she'd hardly inhaled since she'd walked into Trev's room. She'd stood rooted to the spot, shocked speechless, and watched as a man slammed into the guy she thought she might be losing her heart to.

A man?

She'd watched as that same man confessed his love for Trev. The words emerging soft and sweet in a voice wrapped in silk. So soft and sweet they'd tumbled over her skin like a million drops of pleasure. And like a million sharp needles, every one of them stabbing at her, piercing her flesh as they cascaded downward.

The vicious jabs she could deal with. It was the heartfelt response from Trev that had threatened to suffocate her. The *I love you too* that had cut off her air and clogged her lungs.

She needed to sit before she fell over, but her bed was a thousand miles away. Too far to reach on such shaky legs. She sank to the ground in a boneless pile.

A man? Trev was in love with another man?

Oh God. OhGod, ohGod, ohGod ,ohGod!

Gooseflesh erupted up her spine.

She shoved a hand over her mouth to stop the scream that threatened to escape, but almost choked on the awfulness of the situation.

Air. She needed air. Needed to breathe. To think.

Hard. Too hard to think.

Too hard to do anything but sit, shaken all the way through to her bones.

A man! Not a woman as she'd first feared when she'd heard the muffled moans. A man. With a penis. Just like Trev.

No wonder there were so many clothes scattered through the lounge. They weren't all Trev's.

Spots danced before her eyes and she dropped her head on her knees.

She imagined Trev's mouth. The mouth that had brought her such intense pleasure just a few short hours ago. The mouth that had kissed her and caressed her before devouring her. Before bringing her to orgasm twice within minutes. The mouth that had her so off-balance she'd hardly been able to see her blind date clearly—every time she'd looked at his face, she'd seen Trev.

The same mouth that was probably still glued to another man's lips even now.

How long had she watched them? Seconds? Minutes? Hours?

So focused were the men on each other, they'd been oblivious to her. Oblivious to her jaw dropping, to the heart that pounded so loud her pulse roared in her ears. Oblivious to the woman who watched every action with a mixture of betrayed hurt and captivated curiosity. A woman who didn't know whether to rant against Trev for leading her on, punch him for being something she'd never have considered, or shove her hands under her skirt to relieve the ache that pounded between her legs with an aggression that left her winded.

Even now the choices were staggering. Overwhelming.

Grace closed her eyes and breathed. Just breathed. For a very long time. Or maybe for a second.

A knock on her door tripled her heart rate. The last thing she needed now was Trev coming to talk to her. Or worse—Trev's lover.

She held her breath. Maybe if he couldn't hear her, he'd just go away. Maybe he'd think she was sleeping.

Hah. Sleeping? At a time like this? She doubted she'd ever be able to close her eyes again, because if she did, all she'd see were images of Trev being thoroughly fucked.

"Gracie? Can I come in?"

Damn it. That voice. So gentle. So compelling. So deep and manly. How on earth could a man with such raw sexuality, with such vivid masculinity, allow another man to do that to him?

Hypocrite. Given half a chance, she'd have allowed Trev to do that to her. She'd have *begged* Trev to do that.

Yeah, but she was a woman. A member of the opposite sex.

Damn it, why hadn't Hunter warned her? Told her she'd be living with a man who...who favored other men. A...gay man.

And since when did the idea of two men together set her body on fire? Make it burn with a heat that wouldn't cool down?

"Don't lock me out, Gracie. Please. We need to talk."

Talk? Now he wanted to talk? What about earlier, when his mouth had been attached to her pussy? Or before? When the electricity was down and he didn't have to face her in the glaring light? Surely that would have been a better time for conversation?

"I know you're not sleeping, sweetheart."

Why did his voice have to sound so sincere, so...hurt? Almost as if he was the one suffering.

"I'm going to come in now. I'm going to open the door and walk into your room." There was a short pause. "Don't throw anything at me, okay?"

Damn it! Why'd he have to make her smile when that was the last thing she felt like doing?

The door handle turned. *Good grief.* He was coming in.

Grace scrambled to her feet. He already had her at a stunned disadvantage. She wasn't about to give him another one.

Was he alone? Dressed? Did he have semen dripping down his chest? That's where it had landed when he'd come in that man's hand. And on his belly. And on the fingers wrapped around his dick.

Those should have been her fingers. Not *his*. Yet the thought of them belonging to *him* filled her pussy with liquid heat.

Trev walked in carrying the scent of soap with him. Fresh and clean. Nothing like the sharp, musky aroma of sex that had permeated the air in his room. That was a smell unlike any she'd encountered before. A combination of cologne, male sweat and something else. Something darker and heavier than her usual associations with sex. Probably because the act she'd witnessed was darker than any sexual act she'd ever participated in.

Trev's chest was spotless. It was also shirtless, and the light played against his golden flesh, outlining the six-pack on his stomach. His hair was wet, he wore a pair of boxers and his cheeks were redder than usual. Post-orgasmic bliss or embarrassment?

To her surprise, he didn't launch into apologies. "You're shocked," was all he said.

"You're gay," she answered, accusation rife in her voice.

Trev flinched. "I like men."

"You kissed me. All over." Men who liked men didn't kiss women where Trev had kissed her.

"I like women too. I like *you*. A lot."

"You're...bi?"

How would her parents react if they knew? The thought filled her belly with cold dread. Thank God she hadn't found this out before she'd described Trev to them. Thank God she'd only told them he was a fun, lovely man. And thank freaking God she hadn't mentioned he was the exact kind of guy she could fall, and probably had already fallen, head-over-heels in love with. Her folks would be having an apoplexy right about now.

Trev inhaled sharply. "I prefer not to label my, er, sexual preferences. I don't think of myself as gay or straight or bi. I'm just a man attracted to men and women."

"At the same time?"

Trev lifted his hands, looking helpless. "Never before. But with you and Max...it's different."

Ah, so the other man had a name. "Max?"

“My...uh...” His expression softened, his eyes grew warm and gooey. “My lover.”

A shiver slid down her back. The idea of a man referring to another man as his lover? Her parents would freak out. For sure.

But hadn't she thought about *Max* as Trev's lover? The shiver flickered through her spine, rippling along every nerve ending, like a tiny spark of awareness. A shiver of aversion...or arousal?

Definitely not arousal! The thought of Trev with a man did not turn her on. It turned her evening's fantasies into bad dreams.

Bad dreams filled with long, muscled legs. Four of them. And asses of steel. Two of them—one of them being relentlessly pounded by a long, hard dick. A dick she suspected would feel spectacular in her own...

No, it wouldn't.

No way was she closing her eyes tonight. Not a chance would she expose herself to the risk of those dreams.

She latched on to the last thing he'd said. “It's different with me *and* Max?”

Trev nodded, never once lowering his eyes. His gaze held hers, the nut-brown irises mesmerizing in their intensity. “I want you both.” His voice dropped about twenty-five notches. “At the same time.”

What the...? How on earth did he expect her to respond to that?

Apparently he didn't expect her to answer at all because he kept on speaking. “I'm not surprised about wanting Max this much. You...you caught me unaware. I never thought I'd feel anything this strong for anyone else.”

Hysterical laughter bubbled in her throat. “Let me get this straight. You're telling me you want us both? As in you want to...” She hesitated, knowing her words would come out crass and cold. “You want to fuck us both, one after the other?” A high-pitched giggle escaped. “Or does it mean you want to fuck me while your boyfriend fucks you?”

The dinner she'd eaten pitched precariously in the pit of her stomach. The very thought brought back the shiver down her spine. It was far more forceful this time. More like a quake she couldn't control. One that reverberated through her breasts, making her nipples hard as marbles. So hard, the silk of her bra scraped against them, torturing her.

Trev raked a hand through his hair. “Would that be so terrible?”

She blinked. “Would what be so terrible?”

“Me making love to you, while Max makes love to me.”

She blinked again, squeezing her eyes shut tight. Maybe when she opened them she'd wake up and realize all this was just a silly dream, brought about by a little too much wine and her overwrought hormones. Hormones Trev had gotten all worked up earlier this evening.

She opened her eyes.

The disappointment was crushing.

The view was not.

No matter what he said, no matter what she'd caught him doing, Trev was gorgeous. And Trev in his boxers was a sight to behold.

"You're joking, right?" Because seriously, he had to be. Who in their right mind would ask such an outrageous question? But then who in their right mind would go down on his female housemate and in the same night allow himself to be fucked stupid by his male lover?

Trev shook his head. "Not this time, Gracie." He took a step toward her.

She threw up her hand. "Don't you come any closer." Last time she'd been so close to him, she'd wound up with his tongue in her vagina.

Trev's lips twitched. "You scared of me now?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"You scared I'll kiss you again?"

Her heart lurched.

"Christ, I'd love to kiss you again," Trev groaned.

Kiss her again? After he'd kissed his boyfriend? What if he'd kissed his boyfriend the way he'd kissed her—very thoroughly and all over? Hell no. No way. She didn't want that mouth or tongue anywhere near her. "Kiss me and I'll break your nose."

"Is that what you want to do? Break my nose?"

Only if she could knock all his teeth out in the process. Two-timing dickhead.

Although could he be two-timing her if tonight was their first moment of intimacy, and he'd promised her nothing? "I don't want to break your nose. And I don't want you to kiss me. In fact, I want to have nothing to do with you from here on. Nothing. Got it?"

Trev reeled back as though she'd slapped him. "That might be tough, since we live together."

She shook her head furiously. "I'll move out. I'll find somewhere else to stay." She didn't really have a choice. She would have to move out now. No way could she live with Trev knowing he was gay. Bi. How could she ever explain it to her family? They'd never be okay with her staying here. But where would she go? Where would she stay? Maybe Hunter would let her sleep on the couch at his place?

With Jay and Julia?

Uh, not likely. Way too awkward, that.

So that left her with exactly no other options. "It might take a week or two to find another place. But I'll leave as soon as I've sorted something out."

"Don't go." Trev reached out to take her hand in his, but she quite deliberately folded her arms behind her back.

"I can't stay."

“Yes, you can.” He took a step toward her.

She took a step backward. “No, I can’t.” She couldn’t live with him. It wasn’t that she had anything against people who were homosexual. Or bisexual.

It just wasn’t a lifestyle she chose to associate with.

Another step closer. “If you don’t leave, then you stay,” Trev pointed out logically. “It’s that easy.”

Ah, no wonder Trev was such a successful lawyer. He obviously had a way with words.

Not.

Another step backward, and she clasped her hands together, making sure they were nowhere near anywhere he could grasp. “I don’t want to live with you.”

“I want to live with you. I want to do a whole lot more than just live with you.” Another step closer.

“Just what the hell does that mean?” Hah. As if she didn’t know. She took a larger step backward—and hit the wall.

Trapped. With her hands behind her back!

And damn it, by the gleam in Trev’s eye, that was exactly how he wanted her.

He closed the distance between them in a heartbeat. Before Grace could draw breath again, Trev captured her lips with his.

She opened her mouth to blast him, and Trev took full advantage, slipping his tongue between her lips. Just like that, he began a serious assault on her senses.

No. She would not kiss him back. *Ever.* Would not respond in any way or form to his exquisite gentleness. Would not caress his tongue the way he caressed hers. Would not explore the secret delights of his mouth the way he explored hers.

She would not enjoy this moment in any manner. She’d keep so still, he’d have no choice but to withdraw, sensing her disinterest. Because now that she knew he was...whatever the hell he was, she was no longer interested.

Grace kept so still even her eyes refused to open after she blinked.

See? She could do this. She could fend off the gay man. Bi man. Fend off the man who’d made her orgasm with the very tongue that now seduced her mouth. The very man who’d orgasmed before her eyes—with a penis in his ass.

A penis. Just like the one that now pressed against her belly, growing firmer by the second.

Okay, so maybe she couldn’t suppress the moan that threatened to erupt from her throat. But that was a moan of defiance. Of anger. How dare Trev kiss her? And with the same mouth he’d used to kiss someone else, on the exact same night? Deplorable.

The moan must have disturbed Trev, because he pulled his face away—an inch.

“God,” he rasped. “You smell so good.” He buried his nose in her neck and inhaled.

Inhaled?

"I'm so used to Max. To his cologne." He inhaled again. "You're like a breath of air. A vanilla-scented delight." As he spoke, his breath tickled her throat. "You make me want to lick you all over."

She tensed her shoulders. "Go lick Max. Leave me alone."

"I could lick you both."

Grace jumped when the tip of his tongue touched the pulse that beat in her throat, just below her ear. And licked. A small lick, but a lick nevertheless.

No, damn it. She wasn't enjoying it. Not one single bit of it. She wasn't leaning her head a little over to the side to give him better access. She wished he'd get the hell out of her room. Go away and leave her alone. She wished—

He nipped her neck.

Oh, dear God. Yes, she wished. She wished with all her heart.

Her pussy filled with liquid heat.

Trev groaned, the sound echoing in her ear and vibrating over her skin. "Not just vanilla." He dragged in a deep breath. "That scent. Something else. Something...richer. Sweeter."

Push him away.

She couldn't. Her hands were caught between her back and the wall.

Knee him in the nuts.

Brilliant idea!

She tried. God help her, she tried, but the second she bent her leg and lifted her knee, he slipped his thigh between hers and pressed it against her crotch.

Fuck. No panties!

She'd removed them on the way to Trev's room, determined to pick up where they'd left off before her date. Before the *big discovery*. Plus, she had on a wispy skirt, one that simply feathered over Trev's thigh, so when his leg pressed against her crotch, nothing interfered. *Nothing*.

The tiny hairs covering his leg tickled her pussy, and the liquid that had pooled between her legs trickled out, dripping onto his bare flesh.

Trev panted in her ear. "That scent. It's you, Gracie. It's all you." He rocked his thigh against her, his skin dragging torturously over her sensitive lips and her clit.

Wetter than she'd ever believed possible, Grace could only gasp at the commotion his leg set off in her center.

"I have to touch you. Have to smell you. Lick you. Taste you."

Grace's eyes popped open as his hand skimmed up her naked thigh and over her butt cheek. Her distress quadrupled as she found herself staring into the bluest pair of eyes she'd ever seen.

Her initial perception of Trev had been one of masculine perfection. She'd been convinced no one else could compare. Yet the man who filled her doorway, clad in jeans and nothing else, his shoulders as wide as a football field, was just as handsome, and several inches taller.

Taller than Trev? As it was, Trev towered over her. In his arms she felt as petite as a porcelain doll. But Trev's lover stood well over six feet, and every inch of that height was jam-packed full of hulking muscle. His piercing blue gaze was fixed on her face, his eyes hooded and his luscious, full red lips fixed in a frown.

Dear God, the man was breathtakingly beautiful. Every woman's fantasy come to life.

"Max," she whispered, shock burying itself deep in her bones.

Even as she voiced the name, Trev's hand traveled closer to her pussy. He pulled his leg away seconds before a finger trailed over the seam of her pussy lips.

Trev swallowed audibly. "I have to touch Max too. Lick him. Taste him."

Her jaw dropped. Trev had no idea Max stood behind him, watching his every move. She should say something. Would have said something, except Trev chose that second to slip his finger between her lips, deep, deep into her channel.

Her voice died a sudden death.

Max's gaze lowered. From his angle he'd clearly be able to see Trev's arm disappearing underneath her skirt. He'd have no doubt what Trev was doing to her.

Trev sighed. "Wet. God, you're so wet. And tight." He nibbled a path up her neck. "Max needs to taste you too. Lick you."

Her heart slammed into her ribs. Her eyes widened. Max. The magnificent specimen of man taking in the entire scene in speculative silence.

Dear God. She needed him to taste her.

No, she didn't. Definitely not. He was a stranger. A stranger in love with the guy currently seducing her.

Trev pumped his finger into her channel. Slowly, leisurely.

She couldn't help it. Didn't mean to do it, but she shuffled her legs farther apart, allowing him to delve deeper, add a second finger.

"Don't leave, Gracie. Stay here. Live with me. We could do this every night."

Grace searched desperately for her elusive voice. "Max," she finally squeaked, although that was all she was capable of saying.

"Oh, yeah." Trev nodded. "Max too. We could both do this. To you." His voice dropped a notch. "Or to him." Then lower still. "Or to me."

Dear God, she had to respond, had to tell him Max was in the room with them. But she couldn't say anything. The sensations simmering in her pussy were too damn wonderful. Each press of his fingers inside sent her spiraling closer to ecstasy.

She shouldn't enjoy this. Shouldn't desire more. The very experience should repulse. It did repulse. It did. Definitely. Repulsive. So damn repulsive she moaned.

The knowledge that Trev's male lover watched should shrivel her desire, not increase it. Hmm, maybe it *had* killed her lust. Maybe that explained the flutters in her belly and the short gasps that seemed to have replaced her breathing function. Why else would the sight of Max watching Trev and her leave her speechless?

Or maybe it was more. Much more. Maybe this whole scenario was a silent power struggle between her and Max. A battle to see who Trev desired more. A struggle for dominance. Without saying a word, they fought over Trev. And in this position, with Trev's hand buried between her legs, Grace held all the power. Trev was hers.

Or was he? If he was hers, Trev wouldn't continually bring up Max's name. Wouldn't fantasize about Max while seducing Grace. His sole focus would be on her.

And could she be in a real position of power when one man watched as another finger-fucked her? When every lick of common sense drained from her body, and she *allowed* the man to finger-fuck her?

The man who liked other men. The man who liked the other man in the room. The other man, who gazed at her now with eyes bluer than the sea and—

"Oh, God!" The exclamation burst from her lips.

He freaking bit my nipple.

A gentle bite, maybe, but a bite nevertheless. A nip that scraped the tip of her breast through her shirt and bra, sending flames of desire ripping straight up her spine and back down again.

"Mmm," Trev mumbled. "So soft. And lush." He bit her again, sending pulses of shock skittering through her nerves. "Max is all muscle. You're all gentle curves." He licked at the cleavage exposed by her low-cut shirt. "Both of you...delicious."

Her breath came in uneven spurts. Max was all muscle, all right. And every bit of that muscle strained now. Anger? Or restraint? The muscles in his chest and arms were not the only ones bulging. The thick ridge of his erection was clearly outlined against his dark blue jeans.

Was Max about to lose his temper, or join Trev?

"I want him here now," Trev muttered. "Your pussy in this hand." He stroked inside her, so gently, so tenderly, so seductively tremors began to build. "Max's cock in my other hand."

Grace froze, even as the tremors increased. Her gaze caught Max's and held.

"I'd love to jerk him off while I finger you."

This had to rate as the most bizarre scene of intimacy she'd ever encountered. While one man had his fingers buried in her pussy, she shared a secret, knowing look with his lover.

It shouldn't be so arousing. So titillating. Shouldn't make her belly tumble with desire or her pussy clench with delight, but damn it, it did.

"No!" Trev's impassioned denial jerked her attention back to him. "I want to suck you. Both of you. Together." Trev nodded against her breast. "Suck him, then lick you. Lick you, then suck him. Taste you both. Let your come mingle on my tongue."

He nipped at her breast again and stroked his thumb over her clit.

Sensation overwhelmed her. Her pussy clamped down around his hand, trapping him, as wave upon wave of pleasure slammed into her.

"Yes!" Trev cried. "God, yes. Come for me, Gracie. Come all over me."

She did. Couldn't stop herself, couldn't hold back the bliss that swamped her. Couldn't tear her gaze away from Max. Watched him watching her climax. It only made her come harder.

Her juices dripped from her lips, drenching Trev.

"Max," Trev rasped, "fuck, she's coming. All over my hand."

Holy crap. He knew!

"Fuck with a capital F."

Max's mouth curved into a small smile. A knowing smile. A smile so damn sexy a fresh wave of spasms flooded her pussy.

"Max?" Trev hadn't lifted his head.

"Yeah?"

His voice was deep. A baritone that vibrated across the room, down Trev's arms and through his fingers. The fingers buried in her pussy.

"Get over here. Now. And get rid of those jeans."

Uh-uh. No way. Grace had not just heard what she'd just heard. It had to have been a hallucination. An auditory hallucination, brought on by shock. And shame. And extreme pleasure.

Really? A hallucination? Then why were Max's jeans already halfway down his legs...correction, being kicked off?

Why was he crossing the room, stark naked, with a massive erection?

And why, dear God, why was Trev dropping to his knees and slowly, torturously extracting his hand from between her legs, leaving her weak-kneed and wobbly, leaning on the wall for support?

No. No freaking way.

This isn't happening.

Holy crap. It most definitely *was* happening.

Trev's mouth was closing around Max's shaft. Max's thick, long and hard shaft. And she should know what that shaft looked like, since she couldn't haul her gaze away from it.

Couldn't draw breath as his cock disappeared, inch by inch, between Trev's lips.

"Trev, fuck...!" The baritone echoed through the room, lower even than the first time she'd heard it. "Christ. Don't stop. Don't ever stop."

Trev mumbled something unintelligible in response, but Max must have understood, because he answered. "Yes. Fuck, yes!"

Max's deep groans filled the air as Trev fed on his erection.

Fed? He devoured it as though it were the most delicious treat in the world. And God help her, but the way Trev sucked on it, it did look delicious. Mouth-watering.

Grace would have objected, would have stopped this outrageous act, if her jaw had not dropped so low it now chafed against the carpet.

Wrong. This whole scene was wrong.

Trev had a lover. A male lover. She should not be aroused by it. Not at all. Not one little bit.

So why, why, why, why could she not tear her gaze away? Why was the sight of Trev blowing Max the single most erotic vision she'd ever seen? And why was her hand now inching its way toward her pussy? The same pussy that had just clenched in orgasm from Trev's fingers.

Because the amount of testosterone spilling into the air had reached dangerous levels? Maybe she was high from the fumes.

Yep. Had to be that. She was slap bang in the middle of a biochemically induced haze. Max's and Trev's biochemicals.

Uh, did humans even produce biochemicals?

Did it matter?

Dear Lord. Her hand was no longer creeping. It was home. Where it belonged. Or where it belonged while in the midst of a biochemically induced haze, anyway.

"Lift your skirt."

The words buzzed around her head before settling into a pattern that made any sense.

Lift her skirt? For whom? Trev, or Max? Couldn't be Trev. His mouth was stuffed full. No way he could have spoken so clearly.

"Let me see."

Voices like Max's should be illegal. Because seriously, he could bring a woman to orgasm just by speaking. Hell, he could quote texts from the *Financial News* and she'd tumble through multiple orgasm heaven.

"Higher."

Higher?

“Lift your skirt higher,” Max said.

Startled, Grace realized what she’d done. Grasped the hem of her skirt and pulled it up. Just like Max had ordered. And she’d be damned if she wasn’t edging the fabric up even farther now.

Trev groaned, a low, sexy sound that grew louder as she pulled the skirt right up, exposing herself—and her hand—to the two men.

“Beautiful,” Max whispered. He rocked his hips as he stared at her hand, pushing himself into Trev’s mouth.

Trev grabbed Max’s hip, bracing himself, then opened his lips wider, allowing Max to pump into his mouth.

Christ, this shouldn’t be a turn-on. Shouldn’t make her wet and wanton.

It should make her run away, but it didn’t. It made her stroke her pussy and massage her clit. It made her bend her knees as her back rested against the wall, so she could touch herself more easily and open herself wider to Trev’s and Max’s hungry gazes.

Movement caught her eye. Rapid movement. A fist, near Trev’s lap. Trev’s fist. Wrapped around his now exposed cock. Pumping himself as he feasted on Max and watched Grace. Precome oozed from the tip of his penis, glistening in the light.

Grace licked her lips, wondering how it would taste. Salty? Exciting?

It would likely poison her.

Well, probably not. But it should poison her. It should poison anyone whose thoughts dared drift in the direction hers had. Anyone who dared stroke herself while two men played in front of her eyes.

Liquid trickled down her thigh and she caught it and rubbed it over her clit.

“Ah, fuck,” Max wheezed. “I’m coming.” His hips bucked unevenly. “Trev, I’m coming.” He bucked once more and stilled with a long howl. He clasped Trev’s head close to his groin, so close Grace could not see anything. Well, nothing except the rhythmic bouncing of Trev’s Adam’s apple as he swallowed. And swallowed again. And then again.

And then Max was yanking at his hair, pulling him up and kissing Trev, full on the mouth. Tongues tangoed before her eyes, lips meshed, masculine groans filled the air.

Max dropped suddenly. His mouth engulfed Trev’s cock.

Now it was Trev rocking his hips, frantically fucking Max, his breath escaping in low pants.

As Grace watched, fascinated, Max licked his middle finger, the whole finger, and before her eyes, placed it between Trev’s butt cheeks and pushed.

Trev lost it. He came too, with a hoarse cry. Semen must have shot from his cock at a rapid rate because no matter how frantically Max swallowed, he couldn’t contain it all. It spilled from his lips, dripping down his chin.

Grace rubbed her clit frenetically, so horny she thought she might explode.

And explode she did, when Max straightened, turned to her and kissed her. *Kissed her.* With Trev's semen still coating his lips. Never in her entire life had she experienced anything more sinful. More immoral. More...

More. More. *More!* Damn it, she just wanted more.

Even as she came she wanted more, And she got it. Max's hand joined hers, rubbing her clit, invading her pussy. As one orgasm ended so the next began, and the entire time her pussy clenched and unclenched, Max kissed her. He kissed her until there was not a trace of Trev's semen left. Together, they consumed every last drop.

Chapter Five

“Out! Please. Just get out!” Grace’s face was scarlet. She held her skirt tight around her legs, her hands fixed on the hem as though she’d never release it again.

Max, half dazed from the intensity of the passion they’d all three just spent, stared at her, in two minds. Did he do as she wished and leave, taking the coward’s way out? Or did he stay here, against her wishes, and soothe her rage?

Hell, how could he make that kind of decision when his brain hardly functioned? He’d just removed his finger from his mouth, and Grace’s essence floated on his tongue. It mixed with Trev’s semen, sugar to Trev’s salt. Her taste was foreign, subtle and so sweet it made him hungry for another taste.

Christ, his body still reeled.

The last thing he’d expected tonight was to find an angel living in Trev’s house. Not only had he tasted said angel, he’d watched her come, at least twice. He’d helped her come.

Max had never been one to believe in love at first sight, but one look at Grace had taken his breath away. It had knocked him senseless, leaving him dumbstruck and immobile. All he’d been able to do was stare, fill his vision with the sight of the loveliest woman in the world. And the sexiest man.

Watching the two of them together... Even now the thought left his heart pounding and his blood roaring.

He should despise her. Envy her. But what he felt was so far off from those emotions, it was laughable.

“Please,” Grace begged. “Go away. Leave me alone.”

Trev responded to her desperation. He took a step toward her, his arms outstretched, and tripped over his boxers which had pooled around his ankles.

Righting himself with a shake of his head, Trev yanked up his offending underwear, walked over to Grace and pulled her into his arms.

“No!” Her objection was fierce. She struggled in Trev’s embrace, twisting her shoulders this way then that. Still she clung to the hem of her skirt, refusing to release it. “Don’t touch me. Don’t ever touch me again.” Her voice bordered on frantic.

“Grace, sweetheart, hush,” Trev calmed her.

“Don’t you sweetheart me!” She rammed her shoulder into Trev’s chest.

Max winced. That must have hurt.

"You cheated on *him*," Grace snarled. "With *me*."

Trev grimaced, but when he spoke his voice was calm. "I didn't cheat on Max. Until tonight I never even knew Max loved me. We were just a casual item."

Grace froze. "And now?"

Trev looked at Max. "Now? It's not so casual."

Max's damned heart swelled.

Trev smiled at him before turning back to Grace. "Just like it's not casual with you, either. I told Max about you. About us. I told him everything."

"You what?" Grace looked mutinous.

Even irate, Grace was exquisite. Max's heart stuttered just watching her.

Stuttered? How did a heart stutter anyway?

Didn't matter, really. His heart was doing just that. Skipping a beat every time he looked her way.

Again, she squirmed in Trev's arms, desperately trying to break free.

"He told me," Max answered for Trev. "After you found us together."

"And you're not pissed off?" Grace stared at him, looking bewildered.

"I was." Max nodded. Irate, actually. "And hurt." Hell, the pain. Not something he wanted a repeat of. "But like Trev said, there was nothing solid between us until tonight. I had no hold over him, no right to be angry." Now that the circumstances between Trev and himself had changed, he did have the right. But he couldn't dredge up a single drop of anger. He was too enthralled by the woman in Trev's arms.

"You *were* pissed off and hurt?" Grace raised an eyebrow, picking up on his use of past tense.

"It's hard to stay angry with Trev." He shrugged and shot Trev an affectionate look before turning back to Grace. "He asked me to meet you, you know? To give you a chance. He figured I'd be just as enchanted by you as he is." Max smiled. "Trev was right. My heart's still racing from the intensity of those orgasms."

Wrath raged in her eyes. "*Those* orgasms?"

Max nodded. "Mine..." Who'd ever have thought he'd come so hard? After his last orgasm, so deep inside Trev, so incredibly intense, he hadn't thought he'd be capable of another for hours. One glimpse of Grace's face had changed all that. Or maybe it was the glimpse of Trev's face as he'd buried his fingers between the woman's legs that had gotten Max all hot.

His lover's eyes had closed, his cheeks had flushed. And he'd worn a smile as though he'd found heaven. Maybe he had. Maybe he'd found heaven in Grace. Max had known then he'd have to find out for himself.

Max cleared his throat. "Trev's..." He licked his lips, imagining he could still taste Trev's semen. "And yours." She'd exploded in a series of hard, rapid orgasms around his hand and hers. He could still feel her pussy pulsing, gripping his fingers inside her, holding them there.

Touching Grace... Dear God. It blew his mind. Trev had been right. One look was all he'd needed and something shifted deep inside his chest. Under any other circumstances he doubted he'd have been open to meeting Grace, but perhaps because he'd opened himself up to loving Trev, it made it easier to accept Grace too.

His fingers curled with pleasure. "Powerful. So unbelievably powerful." Both the orgasms and her effect on him.

She glared at him. "*Those* orgasms should never have happened. None of them."

At least she'd stopped struggling against Trev. "But they did happen. And they were incredible." He had to clear his throat. "Scorching hot."

Her cold gaze raked his body in contempt.

Max was nude. His jeans lay in a pile beside her bed. Too late for humility. She'd watched him make love to Trev and Trev give him a blowjob. A little bit of modesty now wasn't going to make a scrap of difference. Besides, he couldn't help but notice how her gaze lingered on his dick. And on his chest. It made his damn nipples tingle.

"I don't even know you," she spat at Max. "I've never met you before. And you've seen me do things... You've done things to me..." Her voice trailed off.

Understanding trickled through him. Her rage was merely a cover. She was embarrassed by her actions. More than embarrassed. Mortified.

"I don't even know you," she whispered.

Max smiled gently, sensing that any sudden moves would startle her. He raised his hand and scratched the side of his head. "Yeah. That was quite some introduction. One of the more colorful ones in my life."

She didn't laugh. Didn't even smile. "You did things to me."

Max nodded. "You did things to me too."

She stared at him with enormous brown eyes.

"You do that to me too," Trev whispered to her. He kept one arm wrapped around her and ran his other hand over her hair in a gentle caress.

She turned those enormous eyes to Trev. "You...did things to me, knowing Max watched."

"I only did what you let me do, Gracie. Only did what you wanted."

She stiffened. "No! You only did what *you* wanted."

Trev shook his head, his manner as calm and gentle as Max's. "If I'd done what I wanted, I'd still be inside you right now."

Grace jerked against Trev. "Don't say things like that."

"I can't help myself. It's true. I want to make love with you so damn much, it hurts."

"While your boyfriend watches?" The fury burned again in her eyes.

Trev nodded, his own eyes darkening. “Oh yeah.” He licked his lower lip, leaving it glistening. “Or participates.”

“Both,” Max growled before he thought better of it. Now he’d had a taste of Trev and Grace together he wanted more. And he definitely wanted to get to know Grace better.

Panic danced on her face. Or was it desire? Could have been either, but it was gone so quickly Max didn’t have a chance to confirm it either way.

Grace’s shoulders slumped as though the fight drained out of her. “Please,” she said, her voice softer than a whisper. “Go. Leave me alone for now. We can talk again tomorrow.”

“You shouldn’t be alone,” Trev said instantly.

“I need to be alone. Need to think.”

“Gracie—”

“I just found out you have a male lover, Trev. He just watched you finger me until I came. He...he fingered me while I came. I watched you two do things...” She shook her head. “I need time. Alone. Please.”

Max watched her carefully. It was no longer a matter of embarrassment for her. She was overwhelmed. Swamped by tonight’s sequence of events. As much as he wanted to stay with her, wanted to comfort her, he understood her need for time out. To think. To put her world back in order.

Max kinda needed the space himself. He’d just confessed his love for another man. He’d just given his heart to that man. And then met a woman who’d usurped the room Max had tagged for himself, and tagged the heart Max had wished to usurp.

And she’d blown him away.

Max also needed time alone with Trev. To decompress. To debrief. And to sleep. He was wiped out. Two orgasms and two lovers—one he’d never met before tonight—had the potential to do that.

“You can have the time,” Max said softly. “As much time as you need.”

Trev leaned down and placed a tender kiss on her head. “As long as you know we’ll both be here, waiting for you. When you’re ready.” He glanced up at Max, as though looking for confirmation.

Their gazes caught, held. All the love Trev felt for him shone in his eyes, clear as day. It warmed Max to his toes.

There was also concern in Trev’s expression. Worry about the woman he held, the woman who now leaned against him as though she’d lost the strength to hold herself up.

Max didn’t need to think twice. He nodded, giving Trev the confirmation he sought. Yes, they’d be there for Grace. Both of them. If and when she came to them. “Whenever you’re ready,” Max echoed.

Trev gave her one more kiss on her cheek, then slowly moved away. His movements were careful, giving Grace the time to stand on her own two feet before he stepped away from her altogether.

He walked over to Max and wrapped his arm around his waist. As Max leaned over to snag his jeans, Trev whispered to Grace one more time. “We’re waiting for you sweetheart. Both of us.”

Then the two of them headed to Trev’s room and, without speaking, climbed into bed. Just as they’d done countless Friday nights before this, Max lay on his back and Trev curled on his side, his head resting on Max’s shoulder. Max wrapped his arm around Trev’s shoulder, holding him tight, and Trev laid his hand on Max’s chest.

The familiarity of the position reassured and heartened Max. Holding Trev like this always felt right. Knowing they loved each other added a whole new level of intimacy to the position.

Perhaps one night soon, Max would hold Trev and Grace as they all three fell asleep. Max’s last conscious thought was surprise at how much that idea appealed.

The urge to pack her bags and flee was extraordinary, but as Grace had already determined, there was nowhere to flee to.

Being attracted to two men at the same time was so out of her league, she didn’t know what to think. Being attracted to two men who loved each other? Beyond her comprehension.

Yet it seemed to be all she could think about. Obsess about.

It had taken just a couple of weeks to fall for Trev. To lose her heart to him.

Max—hell, there was a case of instant attraction. One look and her body had melted.

Yes, the melting could have everything to do with the position of Trev and his fingers at the time, but Grace couldn’t deny the heated connection that had sparked the second she’d opened her eyes to find Max watching her.

If it was just her attraction to two men, she’d deal with it. Heck, she’d throw herself headfirst into whatever the men had in mind. But this particular situation was not quite so straightforward. It was complicated by the perplexing business of Trev and Max loving each other.

What she needed was an objective perspective on this situation. A perspective that would help her take a step back and survey the circumstances without being caught in the middle of them.

She knew just where to get that perspective. From a man who came from a similar background as her. A man who grew up being taught homosexuality—or bisexuality—was something boys and girls like them did not think about. Did not associate with. A man who himself was involved in a ménage relationship. A man who shared a woman with his pal, Jay.

Her cousin, Hunter.

She’d pay him a visit. While first thing in the morning would be a perfect time, she had a pottery exhibition the whole weekend. Her chat with Hunter would have to wait. Darn, she wished it could be

sooner. She had no doubt he'd help her see things clearly. He'd agree that while a threesome with two men focused on the woman might be fun, anything more was not cool.

Perhaps then, with Hunter's help and support, she'd be able to resist the combined attraction that was Max and Trev.

The house was silent when Trev awoke. Too silent. Grace was usually up at the crack of dawn, seated at the dining room table, her music playing softly in the background as she sketched ideas for her afternoon pottery classes. But it was Saturday today, Grace's first exhibition in Sydney. He'd wanted to wish her luck. Insisted she wake him up before she leave. After last night, she must have slipped out of the house while he and Max were still asleep.

Trev turned cold.

What if she'd packed up her belongings and slipped out of the house? Run away while he slept?

Trev padded softly from his room, careful not to disturb the sleeping Max. Grace's room was empty, as was the rest of the house.

Had she left? Taken her worldly possessions and gotten the hell out of his life? Trev's stomach clenched.

Thank freaking God her clothes were still in her cupboard. He was too damn relieved to feel any guilt for checking.

Trev slipped back into bed and was welcomed with a sleepy, "Morning."

Several minutes later, his lips puffy and thoroughly kissed, he finally managed to answer. He was pressed against the length of Max's solid warmth, his fingers tangled in Max's short hair, Max's arm wrapped around his back. "Good morning."

"Did you talk to her?" Max's fingers trailed like feathers over Trev's spine, leaving a path of gooseflesh in their wake.

Trev shook his head. "She's not here."

Max swore softly.

"She hasn't packed up her stuff though."

"So she hasn't run away," Max surmised. "That's good."

"You liked her," Trev speculated. "Didn't you?"

Max let out a long breath. "She's not half bad, that woman of yours."

High praise coming from Max. "She's not mine."

"But you wish she was."

"I wish she was ours," Trev corrected. "I wish she'd been here, in bed with us this morning, when I woke up."

Max cleared his throat. "So do I."

Trev's lips curled into a grin. "You liked her—a lot." He resisted the urge to punch the air in triumph.

"And I liked how much you liked her." Max's voice was gruff and damn sexy.

Trev bit his lip. "You were okay with that? Watching me and Grace together?"

"I didn't expect to be." Max frowned. "Maybe your little pep talk in the shower helped. But, yeah, I was okay with it." He smiled humbly. "As you might have noticed afterward by the size of my dick."

Trev rocked against him. "Your size is pretty remarkable this morning too."

"You're pretty remarkable." Max's smile stretched into a grin.

The next time either of them spoke, Trev lay beneath his lover with Max buried deep inside him. The sex was slow, beautiful and sublime. An act of love.

"I'd like to have her here. With us." It was Max who broke the silence.

Trev caught his breath, scarcely able to believe Max could want Grace as much as he did. "You would?"

Max nodded once and nipped at Trev's earlobe.

Fuuuuuuck! Tremors shook his body. He freaking loved it when Max did that.

"I would," Max whispered. "I'd like to watch you fuck her." He shuddered, and Trev felt the vibrations all the way through his ass. "I'd like to...fuck you while you fuck her." Another shudder. "And I think... I know, I'd like to fuck her myself."

"And I'd like to watch," Trev said. Like? Just like? "Fuck with a capital F, I'd *love* to watch."

Max grew an inch inside him. "She needs to be here."

"She will be," Trev declared, determination searing him. "Maybe not yet, but soon."

And then, for a very long time, words were not necessary.

Chapter Six

Over a week had passed since Grace's discovery of the two men together. A week in which she'd done her best to avoid Trev. She'd managed to make herself scarce the whole of last weekend, and she'd left each week morning before Trev was up. Evenings were a little easier because Trev tended not to get home before eight or nine at night, and sometimes much later than that, by which stage Grace was safely tucked away in her room.

He'd tried knocking on her door a few times, but Grace had begged him for breathing space, thinking space, and he'd acquiesced.

To her stunned surprise, Max had dropped by the studio to visit her. Her initial instinct was to ask him to leave, but he'd come armed with white chocolate Tim Tams and mango smoothies—Trev must have told him about those particular weaknesses. How could she possibly send someone so thoughtful away?

They'd sat around the clay-splattered table and spoken. It had been a little awkward at first, but Max had done his best to put Grace at ease.

He told her about himself, about his move from Brisbane to Sydney. About his jewelry shop, Ash Diamonds, and his trips overseas to find the perfect stones to suit his sister Rachel's jewelry designs. He told her about the first time he'd seen Trev at his first poker game and how desire for the other man had hit him quite unexpectedly.

In return Grace told him about her career in pottery. How she'd moved to Sydney to work with a world-renowned potter in his studio in the mornings and give lessons to kids and adults in the afternoons. She told him about her life and work in Adelaide, although she neglected to mention her family. Talking about them while getting to know this particular man just felt...wrong.

When Max left he'd placed a gentle kiss on her lips, one that made her heart flutter, and told her he looked forward to seeing her again. Very forward indeed. He'd also promised not to visit again. At least not until she invited him back.

Following his visit, Grace had truly been in a state of flux, trying to sort out her emotions and reactions to Max and Trev. Trying to work out why her physical reactions to the men had been so powerful, and why guilt assailed her every time she thought of her family.

Today she'd finally gotten to spend the day with Hunter. What an eye-opener that had been.

Hunter and Jay? Together?

As in *together*.

All this time, and she hadn't known. Hunter had been reluctant to tell her. Apparently rightfully so, as she'd been utterly shaken by his confession. And even more shaken when Jay had walked in and shared a kiss with Hunter that quelled any further questions she might have had about the nature of their relationship.

As for Julia, she'd smiled on indulgently, as though watching her two lovers embrace was the most natural, most wonderful thing in the world.

"Did you ever stop and think that maybe you don't believe in the same things our parents do, Gracie?" Hunter had asked. "That their morals and values don't *have to be* ours?"

She'd gaped at him, because that was exactly what she'd spent the week considering. Her parents were good people, with wholesome ethics and morals. Her whole life she'd been proud to identify with them, with their beliefs.

Until last Friday night.

"You're entitled to have your own value system," Hunter had gone on to say. "My father and I have such different beliefs it's laughable. But it doesn't mean my values are wrong. They're just different from his." He and Jay shared a smile. "Jay makes me happy. Jay and Jules. How wrong can that be?"

Those were the words that echoed through her mind now.

How wrong can that be?

If Grace were honest with herself—and hell, this was as good a time as any for honesty—she'd acknowledge that *wrong* hadn't been her overwhelming sense when she'd walked in on Trev and Max that night.

She'd been shocked. And even horrified. But that wasn't caused by the fact that two men were making love. It was brought about by the fact that she'd caught two people fucking. A confrontational scene regardless of who those two people were. And made even more confrontational by the fact that one of those two people had been so intimate with her just a few hours earlier.

Her shock hadn't ended there. No, her bewilderment had been tripled by her own reaction to the sexual act. Her instant and desperate lust. Watching the two men make love to each other had aroused Grace more than anything she'd ever witnessed, experienced or imagined in her entire life.

If her beliefs were the same as those of her parents', lust would not have featured in her reaction to the men. Disgust would have, and revulsion.

She'd felt neither.

So maybe Hunter was right. Maybe, just maybe, her parents' belief system was not hers. Maybe she believed in very different ideals, and one of those ideals was that the love shared between two men was not wrong, but was beautiful and special.

And maybe, just maybe, those two men could share their love with her. Because no matter what her parents might think about that scenario, every day for the last week, the idea had grown and blossomed in Grace's mind until all she could think about now was what it would be like to share Trev and Max's love.

Trev pulled her into his arms the second she walked into the living room and called his name. It was the first time she'd approached him in a week. Not only did she let him hold her, she softened her stance to fit against his body so each of her curves pressed against the solidness of his muscles.

"Christ, Gracie. You've had me going mad. Fearing you hated me. Us."

His breath on her hair scorched her skull, lighting fires all the way along her skin.

Max, looking every inch as gorgeous and masculine as he had at the studio, walked into the room. He didn't speak, but his eyes were filled with concern.

"I could never hate you," she told Trev. "I just needed time to figure a few things out about myself. And about the two of you."

"Did you figure out what you needed to?" Max asked.

"I'm getting there. I spent the day with Hunter and that helped a little. Jules and Jay were there too."

Max raised a brow, as if to ask, "And how did that go?"

She raised an eyebrow back. Did he know about Hunter and Jay? Did Trev know?

"They make a good threesome," Trev said. His arms tightened around her waist as though he had no intention of letting her go. "We'd make a good threesome too," he added.

His presence, which just seconds ago had been so comforting, now squelched out her air supply. Grace pushed him away before claustrophobia overwhelmed her.

She plucked at some invisible lint on her T-shirt, pulling oxygen into her lungs. "I'm still coming to terms with the fact that you two are a couple." She pursed her lips. "Hearing you talk about threesomes freaks me out." Her hand trembled so much she had to tighten it into a fist at her side.

"You spent the day with a threesome," Max pointed out. "Your own cousin is a part of a threesome. That should help with your comfort level."

She eyed him speculatively. "You know about Hunter and Jay, don't you?"

Max nodded. "They're open about their relationship. All three of them are."

"You didn't know?" Trev asked her.

She shook her head, feeling as naive as a five-year-old. "Silly of me, I guess, not to realize their bond was so much deeper than I'd thought." Her mind still raced, trying to come to terms with the fact that her cousin was involved with both a man and a woman.

She released her breath on a long sigh. “You know, before I came to Sydney, I’d never met anyone who was gay. Or if I had, I hadn’t been aware of it.” She collapsed onto the couch with a *humph*. “Now it seems every second person I meet is involved in a same-sex relationship. Including my own cousin.”

Someone might as well have stuck matches between her eyelids, prying them open, forcing her to see the world in a different light. This world here in Sydney looked a whole lot different from her innocent one back home in Adelaide.

Max smiled. “Not that many. But there have been some interesting developments in our poker club over the last year.” He took a seat beside her on the couch. Close, but not close enough to stifle her.

Nerves quivered in her belly. “There are other three-way threesomes in your club?”

“Not three-way. But Alex, Megan and Des are together,” Max answered.

“So you two are the only ones not involved in a ménage?”

“Yet.” Trev smiled. A slow, sexy, sinful smile.

Grace’s stomach lurched. “Is that what this is all about? You guys fitting in with your poker club? Finding a third to join you so it won’t just be the two of you?”

Trev snorted. “Yeah, Gracie. I’ve been looking for the complications that come with falling for a man *and* a woman just so I could feel a more inherent part of the poker club.”

Max frowned at her. “You think that’s what this is all about?”

“I’m just saying it’s easier to get involved with—” she struggled to find the word she sought, “—unusual things when the people all around you are doing them too.”

“I’m not doing this because of anyone else.” Trev closed the distance between himself and them. “I’m doing it because I’m crazy about you. About both of you. Because the thought of not being with Max *and* you is driving me insane.”

Her heart hammered. Her breath left her lungs. She stared at Trev, speechless. Then looked at Max. Was it the same for him?

“I want this too,” Max said. “And not because of any poker club. Since Trev suggested it, it’s all I can think about. The two of you are all I can think about.”

Grace jumped up, suddenly unable to sit a moment longer. Her nerves were on edge, her blood pumping madly through her body. She needed to pace. To move. To do...something.

She made it maybe an inch from the couch before a hand grasped her wrist and tugged. She stumbled and fell against Trev. In a move of remarkable agility, made even more remarkable by the fact that this was Trev, he caught her in his arms, lifted her off her feet and set her down on Max’s lap. Her left shoulder rested against Max’s right, her butt was plopped firmly atop a rock-hard erection and her feet stretched over the cushion she’d just vacated.

She gasped, waiting for the claustrophobia to strike again.

It didn’t.

“Cool move, mate,” Max said, clearly impressed. He extended his arm around her back, giving her support and pulling her closer.

Still no claustrophobia.

“Real cool,” Max added and then said no more as he caught her lips in a tender kiss.

Dear Lord, his lips were soft. So soft and tempting she couldn’t help but kiss him back. Turn her body into his so her breast pressed against his massive chest and her hand found his cheek.

His skin was hot and hair-roughened by the growth of an afternoon shadow. Max smelled like a million dollars, like he’d found the essence of everything that made a man a man, bottled it and sprayed it generously all over.

She may have met him only last week, but each cell in her body clamored to get closer, to discover every detail about him, every secret he kept, every truth he spoke.

“Mmm.” His murmur of approval reverberated against her lips, and she wanted more, wanted to open her mouth and invite him in, taste him, slide her tongue against his.

But Max drew away slowly, as though reluctant to release her. His eyes were closed, his mouth curved into a smile. “Mmm,” he murmured again. “Nice.”

“Very nice,” a voice whispered in her ear.

She turned to the sound, and for the second time her mouth was captured in a kiss as sweet as summer wine. Only this time the lips pressed to hers were Trev’s, and though his kiss was just as tender as Max’s, his tongue was not as absent. It danced at her lips, tempting, teasing, seeking a way between them.

She provided one, opening her mouth and welcoming him in.

The sigh that escaped her was one of sheer delight. Absolute contentedness. Because kissing Trev, relishing each stroke of his tongue against hers, was heaven. Pure heaven.

As was the sensation of Max’s mouth against her neck, his tongue leaving darts of hot, moist pleasure all the way from her throat to her jaw. He pressed his lips to her cheek and pulled back. Not far, but far enough that Grace was keenly aware of his absence.

Trev groaned into her mouth, and a second later Max’s lips feathered a kiss on the edge of her eye. Two kisses. Three. And then they were gone.

Trev’s moan was lower this time.

Grace was keenly aware of Max’s proximity and even more aware of his breath. Where a second ago it had burned over her cheek, now it was absent.

She let her eyes flicker open and then closed again.

No wonder she could no longer feel the warmth of his breath. Max was kissing Trev’s cheek, which explained the moan that echoed from his mouth into hers.

“Kiss me,” Max whispered, and instinctively Grace knew he spoke to Trev.

She pulled away. Not far, just giving herself enough space to watch as the men fused their lips together, to capture glimpses of pink as their tongues danced. She couldn't look away, couldn't close her eyes. All she could do was stare, entranced.

Her hand was captured by a larger one, a stronger one. It tugged, pulled her arm until her fingers touched supple denim. Then her hand was pushed flat against the denim, her palm neatly enveloping the hard bulge behind the soft material.

Trev bucked against her hand and she shuffled her butt, instinctively seeking out Max's erection.

Ah. Right there. Still trapped beneath her, its length obvious against her cheeks.

Dear God. Two penises. Two erect, straining penises. One beneath her hand, one pressed to her ass. And two mouths, molded together in a kiss so hot she began to tremble.

Had she still been living in Adelaide under the watchful eyes of her parents, Grace would never have opened herself to this experience. She'd have run away as fast as possible.

But like Hunter had said, how could anything that made her feel this good, this happy, be wrong in any way?

It couldn't. It was that simple. It was too beautiful, too right, to be wrong.

Max let out a low growl and thrust up against her buttocks, which served only to increase the intensity of her trembling. And the intensity of her changing beliefs. There was nothing wrong with this. Nothing at all. Perhaps in her parents' eyes, but not in hers.

She fiddled with the button and zip on Trev's jeans, wanting nothing more than to hold him in her hand, to feel the satin strength of his cock nestled in her grip.

Too difficult. Her hand wouldn't stop shaking. She needed both hands for the task, and her full concentration.

It took a few seconds before she finally freed his zip and shoved his cotton boxers low, exposing the shaft that Max had so swiftly enveloped in his mouth the previous week.

Silence permeated the room, broken only by the jagged breathing of the men beside her.

So focused had she been on her task, she'd failed to notice Trev and Max had ended their kiss and now both stared at her hands. Or Trev stared at her hands. Max's gaze was fixed on Trev's cock.

"Do it," Max urged, his voice low and sexy as sin. "Touch him."

As if she could stop herself. Armed with Max's encouragement and a newfound strength in her convictions, she curled her fingers around the rigid shaft.

Trev's breath escaped in a hiss. He straightened and threw his head back with a soft groan.

Her eyes closed as she absorbed his silky texture, his steel heat. She ran her hands up and down his length, loving the feel, loving his response—the harsh breath that rasped from Trev's throat.

"Push his jeans down so he can take them off," Max whispered in her ear.

Grace was curiously reluctant. She'd have to release Trev to do so.

As if sensing her dilemma, Max spoke again. "More freedom without pants. Better access."

Ah, good points. She edged the jeans and boxers over Trev's hips, pushed them down his thighs and let him finish the job.

Max was right. Way better access this way. Before Trev had kicked his jeans off, her hands were wrapped around his erection, one below the other.

"Hold him tighter," Max instructed, "and ease your hands up and down real slow." He cleared his throat as she followed his instructions. "Yeah, just like that." As he spoke, he rocked his hips lightly, caressing her butt with his erection, or caressing himself on her butt, she couldn't tell.

She didn't care. Either way, the movement inflamed her. Heat flared between her legs. Her panties were sodden. Her mind was carefree.

"Now, faster," Max said

Grace adjusted her speed. Trev groaned again.

"See?" Max's voice was husky and soft. "He likes that."

Grace watched, fascinated. As she stroked Trev, drops of precome beaded on his tip. She swiped at the wetness, coating her fingertip, then brought her hand up to Max's mouth, offering him her finger while still pumping Trev with her other hand, exactly the way Max had instructed.

"You first," Max growled.

What a gentleman. She popped her finger between her lips and licked it clean.

"Now me."

A demanding gentleman. Grace repeated the action, dipping into Trev's liquid and again offering Max her finger.

Max's lips closed around her offering, the heat of his mouth sucking her finger in deep. He swirled his tongue around and around the tip, then closed his eyes with a sigh.

"Don't swallow," Trev said, his voice nothing more than a low growl. "Feed it back to Gracie."

Max's eyes darkened as he leaned toward her and captured her mouth with his. His tongue stroked over hers, once, twice, and she lost herself to the kiss, to the passion that danced through her veins, to the heat that burned in her pussy, to the taste that was uniquely a combination of Max and Trev.

When Max pulled away, Grace couldn't help it. She licked her lips.

"You want more?" Max asked.

Grace stared into his huge blue eyes, entranced, and nodded. She didn't just want more. She wanted everything.

"It's right in front of you. Just turn your head and you'll find it."

He was right. Grace turned her head and there it was. Trev's erection. He'd shifted while she and Max kissed. Now all Grace needed to do was lean over slightly and she'd be able to help herself to as much of Trev as she liked.

Max's hand, the one resting behind her back, urged her forward, and she moved with the pressure he exerted until her lips touched the tip of Trev's shaft.

"Lick it," Max said.

She did. Licked every last drop Trev spilled. His salty essence burst on her tongue.

"Now share," Trev insisted, and Grace straightened up and offered her mouth to Max.

Several moments passed before Max once again broke the kiss and urged her back to her task.

This time Grace did not stop with a lick. She lost herself in the joy of tasting Trev, pulling him slowly into her mouth, stopping to run her tongue around each new inch she sucked in.

God, she'd ached to do this since the first night she'd spent in his house. Since they'd sat talking in his kitchen 'til the early hours of the morning. Since they'd shared their first mugs of coffee and laughed themselves to tears about anything and everything.

Since she'd looked into his beautiful brown eyes and suspected he was a man she could fall for—forever.

Trev leaned forward, as did Max, and Grace knew that above her head they shared a kiss. A kiss she wanted to be part of, but not quite enough to relinquish her current position.

She made love to Trev's cock, caressing it with her mouth, swallowing him down as far as she could get him. Compared to the way the men had swallowed each other in her bedroom, she was a novice. She compensated with her hand, caressing the bottom of his shaft.

Remembering how Max had wet his finger then slipped it between Trev's butt cheeks, Grace grew bold. She licked the tip of a finger and ran it from Trev's scrotum, back between the cleft of his ass and found what she sought. Not quite ready to do more than that, she simply stroked him.

The moan Trev released was guttural. It would have echoed through the room had Max not been kissing him. Instead Max caught it with his mouth and answered with a deft lick of his tongue.

Max and Grace. Together. Holding him. Touching him.

It was almost more than Trev could imagine.

Almost.

But four weeks of fantasizing had introduced several images in Trev's mind, and the scene that played out around him now was just the beginning of those fantasies.

Grace slipped the tip of her finger just inside his hole.

Trev broke the kiss with a fierce growl and tore himself away from Grace's salacious mouth and hand. He was close. Way too close.

It was Max's hand that wrapped around his dick this time. Max who squeezed tight as Trev counted slowly to ten.

"Tighter," Trev rasped, shaken by his lack of control.

Max's fist squeezed around him. Trev took several large mouthfuls of air and prayed the urge would pass.

It did, finally, though not without pain.

"Okay?" Max asked.

One more deep gulp of air and Trev nodded. "Okay."

"D-did I do something wrong?" Grace asked.

Trev rushed to reassure her, then stopped with a grin. Her brown eyes sparkled with devilry. She knew exactly what she'd done, and she knew she'd done nothing wrong.

Two could play at the same game. "Yeah," he answered. "Just one thing. Here, lemme show you." And with that, he plucked her off Max's lap and sat her on the couch.

It took him all of a minute to divest Max of his clothes, then Trev knelt on the floor between the other man's legs and winked at Grace. "Watch and learn."

"Show me something I don't already know," Grace challenged, the devil still glinting in her eyes.

Trev opened his mouth, relaxed each muscle in his throat and showed Grace every trick he'd learned in his two years with Max. Max's shaft was deep in his throat before Grace had even shifted closer to watch.

She gasped. "How do you do that?"

Max answered for him. "Practice." A couple seconds passed before Max continued. "Lots of practice." His voice was hoarse.

"Can you do that too?" Grace asked Max.

Trev pulled off him, then swallowed him whole.

"N-not...as e-effectively," was Max's shuddery reply.

Bullshit. Trev rolled his eyes. But the compliment was enough to make him increase his efforts about a hundredfold.

"How does it feel?" Grace asked Max. She squeezed her legs together and pushed her hand down on her groin.

"Incredible," Max breathed. "Warm. Wet." A tremor ran through his body. "Makes my cock tingle and my balls ache." He panted a little and then a little more. "Makes my skin so tight, it's like Trev's mouth is reaching every inch of my body."

Grace let out a soft whimper. "Watching you... Hearing you..." She hesitated. "It makes my skin tight too." Her voice had dropped as though she were shy. "Makes me warm. A-and wet."

Blood rushed to Trev's head, making him dizzy. *Lemme see!*

"Warm and wet is good," Max told her.

Trev sucked him a little harder.

“So fucking good,” Max gasped. His breath came in unsteady pants. “Show us, Grace. Show us how wet you are.”

The air dissipated around Trev. Vanished. Right about the same time Grace’s jeans came off. Her tiny red thong followed seconds later.

“Show us everything,” Max growled.

Christ, where did he find the lung capacity to talk?

Grace’s T-shirt hit the floor.

No bra. Her breasts stood round and firm, with tight, hard nipples beading on their tips.

Trev forgot what he was doing. He simply knelt where he was and watched Grace.

“I can’t see how wet you are,” Max rasped.

Grace spread her thighs, providing Trev with a picture-perfect portrait. Her pink, puffy pussy nestled between her legs, its lips glistening with her feminine cream.

Christ, her scent. It slipped through his nostrils, mingling with the muskier aroma of Max. Trev breathed as deep as he could, filling his oxygen-deprived lungs with their combined fragrance.

“Still can’t see,” Max muttered. Trev knew he was lying. His dick had just grown in his mouth. “Come closer.”

Grace shuffled nearer to him, spreading her legs wider in the process.

“Still too far,” Max grumbled. “Closer.”

“Max...?” The question was obvious in her voice.

“I can’t move, Grace. Trev has me...immobilized.” He took a deep breath. “Wonderfully immobilized. So you need to come closer. I need to see you. Every single inch of you.”

Max’s hand tangled in Trev’s hair, massaging his scalp.

Christ, it felt good.

“Max.” Grace’s reluctance was obvious. So was her arousal. Cream spilled from her pussy.

Trev sighed around Max’s cock, making him jerk into his mouth.

Deep-throating was no longer possible. Trev couldn’t see Grace clearly when he was so focused on his lover. But neglecting Max altogether was not an option. So Trev slid his mouth slowly around the top half of Max’s dick, up and down, around and around, watching Gracie the entire time.

“Closer, Grace,” Max directed.

Another whimper and Grace pushed herself to her knees on the couch.

“Still can’t see,” he complained.

Grace flushed crimson. The color seeped down her chest and along the tops of her breasts, but she stood up on the couch, and with a soft moan placed one foot on either side of Max’s lap, so her pussy was eye-level with Max’s face. Then she leaned down, resting her hands on Max’s shoulders for balance.

Which gave Trev a bird’s eye view of everything.

Fuck with a capital F! His dick grew a good inch.

“Better,” Max said with approval, although his voice was so husky Trev could hardly hear him. “Much, much better.”

The lights flickered, dimmed and vanished, plunging the room into darkness. *Fucking power failure.*

“What the...?” Max’s voice.

“Trev, the lights...” Grace’s voice. Silence ensued.

Then a soft feminine gasp echoed through the darkness, followed by a low, rumbling moan.

Trev swallowed Max’s dick. Grace cried out. Max might have sworn, but his voice was muffled.

Grace let out a long, soft cry that vibrated across the room and down Trev’s spine.

The lights shimmered, and the room was once again bathed in light. Trev looked up to see Max’s red tongue slip over Grace’s pussy, lap at the cream and dip between her folds.

Stars shuttered Trev’s vision. He blinked them away and took another look.

Oh, yeah. Max’s tongue was buried in Grace’s pussy, his mouth making love to her. Holy fuck. Grace looked delicious. Scrumptious. Not that Trev complained about the dick in his mouth. Or the drops of precome that Max fed him as he devoured Grace. Trev was pretty sure Max had never tasted this delectable, but Christ, Grace looked edible. And Trev was a very hungry man.

When Max dug his fingers in Grace’s butt cheeks and pulled, deliberately exposing every part of her to Trev, Trev gave up the battle. He wanted to taste her too badly to let the opportunity pass.

Releasing Max with a wet slurp, he stood. His dick was so fucking hard the movement hurt. Not important. He grasped Grace’s hips, dipped his head in and ran his tongue from the tiny dimple above her butt down her cleft until he found her sweet, hidden hole and feasted.

“Dear God,” was all Grace seemed capable of saying, her voice unrecognizable.

Trev would have feasted on Max’s tongue as well, would have loved to taste Grace’s juices in Max’s mouth, but at this angle he couldn’t quite reach. Never mind. He could more than satisfy his hunger on Grace.

Max’s fingers wrapped around Trev’s shaft, and as the two men enjoyed Grace’s tormented sighs and subtle flavor, Max pumped Trev, using the fluid that flowed from his dick to lubricate his actions.

How could he not return the favor? He slid his arm between Grace’s legs, found Max’s cock, still wet from his blowjob, and stroked.

Grace widened her stance and began to rock her hips in time with Trev’s licks. Or maybe in time with Max’s. Then it was Trev who had had to adjust his pace, lapping at her faster as she rocked more quickly.

A soft wailing pierced the air, increasing in intensity as Grace rocked faster. Juice from her pussy slid into the crease of her ass, and Trev sipped it as he licked her. When he stiffened his tongue and pressed it between her tight ring of muscle, Grace lost it.

She came screaming, her body convulsing, her ass clenching repeatedly. Neither Trev nor Max relented. They continued to feed on her, lapping up her nectar, licking at her pussy and ass. Grace came and came and came until her entire body went limp. Her legs shook, but she stayed where she was, sandwiched between Max and Trev.

Jesus, he was too horny, too aroused. He tore his face away from Grace, looked around her butt, and met Max's mouth with his right beside Grace's hip.

As he kissed the man he loved, kissed him as though he'd never kissed him before and would never kiss him again, Grace twisted around to watch them. Her hand, still shaking, crept down over her belly, and she touched herself.

It was all Trev could take. His balls tightened at the base of his dick, Max's hand moved a mile a minute and Trev erupted. Stream after stream of come shot from his cock, landing fuck knew where.

Grace's hand shook violently as she rubbed her clit, faster, faster, until her legs went rigid and she cried out. Fierce tremors shook through her.

Max moaned into his mouth and Trev tightened his grip and pumped harder, faster. He knew the exact moment Max lost control. Knew by the way his mouth slackened and his scrotum tightened.

He relished every pulse of energy throbbing through Max's cock, every jet of come that hit his fingers. And he adored the scent that permeated the air. The honeyed sweetness of Grace's release, and the salty muskiness of his and Max's.

Grace's knees gave in and she stumbled backward. Again, Trev caught her, although this time his reflexes weren't quite so fast. Her weight tipped his balance and he went over, carrying Grace with him. They landed in a breathless pile on the floor, Grace in Trev's arms.

Neither one had the energy to move, so they stayed right where they were, in a tangle of naked limbs.

Max's low chuckle filled the room. "Don't move. Either of you. If I can ever get my energy back, I'm taking both of you. On the floor. Just like that."

Chapter Seven

Max gave in to the urge to join Trev and Grace long before his energy returned. He simply slid to the floor and inserted himself between the two of them, and for the next few hours all they did was talk. And talk and talk and talk.

Grace told them about her family, and with every sentence she uttered Max came to understand just how shocking her discovery of him and Trev together must have been.

Grace and her parents were close. She'd never questioned them or their way of life before. Never had the need. Same-sex relationships—she'd learned the term from Hunter—were something other people were involved in. Not her and not her family.

And, as she'd explained, she'd never socialized with anyone other than her straight group of friends. She laughed, wondering what her girlfriends would think of her actions tonight, and with the next breath she cringed, wondering what her parents would say.

Trev suggested she not tell her parents just yet, and if she ever did tell them, she might want to consider leaving out some of the finer details. Grace was only too willing to agree, although the idea of keeping secrets from her family upset her.

Mostly Trev kept quiet, allowing Grace and Max to chat. Max was no fool. He knew Trev's silence was deliberate. He wanted Max and Grace to get to know each other—quickly and intimately.

Trev needn't have worried. Max was already infatuated with the blonde-haired, brown-eyed angel. Already imagining her naked on Trev's bed, wearing nothing but a platinum chain and diamond solitaire around her neck, while Trev made love to her.

He'd insist Trev make love to her tonight. While he made love to Trev.

He'd ask Rachel to design the necklace on Monday.

The one thing Max didn't mention was his jealousy, and fuck knew he was jealous. Jealous of Trev for having discovered Grace and spent all of this quality time with her without him. And jealous of Grace because Trev was obviously mad about her. Most of all, though, he was jealous of their living arrangements. He'd hoped, prayed, that the spare room in Trev's house would be occupied by him. Instead, Grace had it. The current living arrangements meant Trev and Grace would have access to each other whenever they wanted, while Max would be stuck in his flat, a good fifteen minutes' drive from here.

Yeah, the situation had changed. Yeah, Trev loved him now. But Trev was living with Grace, Grace was living with Trev, and Max was living alone.

When Trev suggested he might need some sustenance, Max and Grace agreed. Grace tried to dress before heading to the kitchen, but Trev would not allow her the luxury. Max was fine with that. So fine, he awarded Trev with a kiss.

Then, because Grace hadn't slipped on the panties she now held, he rewarded her with a kiss too.

By the time they actually walked to the kitchen, Trev had an erection, Grace's nipples had pebbled, and Max had to squeeze his dick it ached so bad.

He took a slight detour, popping into Trev's room for supplies, and then tucked into a bowl of grapes on the kitchen counter. Trev made toast, and Grace put the kettle on.

Max sat at the table in the center of the room, watching the scene of domesticity unwind around him. Trev and Grace were obviously comfortable with each other. They laughed and chatted and passed each other plates and cups as if they'd been doing it their whole lives. Damn, he liked it. Liked it altogether too much. He could get used to sharing a kitchen with Trev and Grace.

Pity it wasn't an option, now that Grace had the spare room.

Thoughts of domestic bliss scattered when Grace dropped a teaspoon. She leaned over to get it and Max was a goner. With her ass pushed up into the air and her pussy fully exposed to him, his erection went from hard to concrete in a second.

"Trev?" he said as Grace straightened once again, oblivious to the effect she had on Max.

Trev turned to him. He took one look at Max's face and his eyes grew a good shade darker than usual, a sure sign of arousal.

"You know those fantasies you've spoken so much about?" Max asked, his voice scraping against his throat.

Grace froze, her teaspoon suspended above her cup.

Trev's gaze darted from Max to Grace and back to Max again. "Which ones?" he asked carefully and pressed his hand against his cock as though trying to ease some hidden pain.

Max glanced at Grace. "The one about you making love to Grace..."

"You fantasized about that?" Grace asked with a squeak.

"Oh yeah, sweetheart." Trev shot her a smile so sensual Max almost groaned. "More than fantasized. I jerked off to thoughts of making love to you."

Grace gaped at him.

Trev's eyes grew darker. He wrapped his hand around his cock and pumped it slowly. "Every night, Gracie. Every damned night. I'd stroke myself, like this, until I came, thinking about you." He watched Grace watch him.

Max swallowed. The very air around him thickened. The heady scent of arousal filled the room.

"Thinking about you—and Max," Trev said.

“You still wanna stroke yourself?” Max asked. “Still wanna fantasize?” Hell, talking was a bitch. Too damn hard.

Trev turned the full force of his aroused gaze on Max, taking his freaking breath away. “Ah, baby, I don’t wanna fantasize at all.”

Desire fizzled up his spine. He patted the table. “Then come here, lover. Come sit right in front of me.”

Trev dropped his toast and walked toward Max. His erection bobbed in front of him. Max couldn’t take his eyes off it. It was just a couple paces from the counter to the table, but it seemed as though Trev were crossing the room in slow motion.

When he finally placed his butt—his hard, muscular, sexy-as-all-hell butt—on the table in front of Max, it was all Max could do not to lean down and lick him. All fucking over.

“Grace.” Max’s voice sounded like someone had scratched his throat with nails.

“Uh-huh?”

God, her voice. So silky, so feminine.

“You up to making Trev’s fantasy a reality?” Max didn’t look her way. He couldn’t. He was too enchanted by Trev’s dick, by the way it slapped against his belly, leaving a light, wet trail in its wake.

He couldn’t resist. Couldn’t help himself. He leaned in and licked Trev’s stomach clean.

Grace had not responded by the time he lifted his head. “Grace?” he asked again.

“I...I’m not sure.”

The last thing he’d figured on was Grace having doubts. After what they’d done in the lounge room, he was pretty sure she’d be up for anything.

“She’s lying,” Trev whispered.

“She is?” Max asked, desperate for confirmation.

“Uh-huh,” Trev rumbled. “She’s playing with her nipples. Cupping her breasts.” Precome leaked from his tip as he spoke. “She has one hand on her...in her... Ah, fuck!” His voice broke. He breathed. Breathed again. “Max, fuck. You need to see her fingers. They’re wet. Sleek and shiny with her pussy juice.”

He swallowed. “She’s touching herself?”

Trev’s breath was erratic. “Fuck, yeah.”

“Her finger’s in her pussy?” Max grew a little lightheaded.

“Going in as we speak. Not one. Two fingers.”

“H-how does it look?”

“So good. So fucking good.” Trev grabbed Max’s head. “Jesus, Max. Suck me. Now. Suck my cock. Please.”

How could he resist? How could he refuse?

He dipped his head and enveloped Trev's cockhead with his mouth. Trev's taste exploded on his tongue, and he sucked him in deeper. Deeper still. Jesus, he wanted to eat him whole.

Wanted to, but didn't. Even though Trev was gasping above him, bucking his hips to try to get deeper.

Max pulled off him. "Easy, lover," he soothed, as much to himself as to Trev. "I have other plans."

He reached for the goodies he'd retrieved from the bedroom and ripped the package off a condom. "Grace," he rasped, "you wanna come over here and help me with this?" He placed the condom on the tip of Trev's weeping cock.

Soft footsteps echoed, then his hands weren't the only ones touching Trev. Slim, feminine fingers, some of them wet, with nails the color of pearl, helped him roll the condom on, covering Trev's shaft.

Her fingers didn't stop there. They trailed over Trev's balls and down, and when they could reach no further, they trailed back up again.

Trev released his breath in a hiss.

Stars. Max was seeing fucking stars. "Lie back," he told Trev, who instantly stretched out over the table.

Christ, he looked like an Adonis, his ripped body on display for both Max's and Grace's pleasure, his cock standing proud and sheathed and ready.

"Grace?" Max held out his hand to her, and she placed her palm in his, fingers still damp. His heart swelled. By taking his hand she'd given him both her trust and her consensus. Grace was about to become an integral part of his and Trev's lovemaking. "You're gonna straddle him, on the table. Think your legs can handle it?"

"Oh yeah," she said, her voice a light caress in his ear. "Question is, can he handle me?"

"Don't wanna handle you this time," Trev told her. He licked his lips. "I wanna fuck you 'til we both come screaming. 'Til we all three come screaming."

"Well, since you put it so eloquently..." With Max's help, Grace climbed onto the table and slung one leg over Trev's waist. Trev wound an arm around her shoulders and pulled her down for a long, hot kiss.

Perched as she was, leaning forward, her breasts molded to Trev's chest, her butt stuck in the air, Max could not resist. Stepping behind her, between Trev's legs, he leaned in and ran his tongue over her pussy. Grace shuddered.

Dear God. The woman tasted like mountain dew. Well, like he imagined mountain dew to taste, anyway. Fresh, sweet and intoxicating. He burrowed in closer and licked her from her clit to her ass and back again.

Grace writhed beneath his mouth, her groans muffled by Trev's kiss.

It had been so long since he'd sipped from a woman's body, licked at her juices, caressed her soft curves. He couldn't get enough of Grace, didn't want to stop. He licked her and licked her and as he did, he

palmed Trev's cock and fondled his balls. He licked her until her butt clenched, her pussy pulsed and she came, ripping her mouth from Trev's and throwing her head back with a wild cry.

As she orgasmed, Trev bent his knees and placed his feet on the table, an invitation Max welcomed. With Grace's juices fresh in his mouth he dipped even lower and sampled Trev's hidden treasure.

Holy fuck! The taste. The contrast. Like replacing white wine with single malt scotch. Spun sugar with dark chocolate. The flavors burst in his mouth and he laved Trev as hungrily as he'd licked Grace.

Trev's hips lifted off the table as he groaned Max's name.

Grace, still trembling from her orgasm, bucked her ass closer to Trev.

Shit, he didn't want to stop, didn't want to remove his tongue from Trev's hole, but if fantasies were going to become realities, he had no choice. He pulled away—although Trev swore in objection—put his hands on Grace's hips and guided her down, onto Trev's massive erection.

It was anyone's guess which of the three of them moaned loudest when her pussy lips parted over the tip of Trev's dick and he slipped inside.

Sweat trickled down Max's back as Grace enveloped his lover's shaft inch by inch. They looked good together. Like every fucking fantasy come to life. Like every wet dream Max had ever had.

Hell, he had to taste them, had to see if they tasted as good together as they did apart.

Once more he dipped his head in. He swept his tongue over Trev's balls and up to the place where his dick met Grace's pussy. Not enough. Not nearly enough.

Her juice trickled over Trev's base, and Max feasted for a moment or two. Then he spread Grace's cheeks and licked higher, finding her hole and sampling her there.

Grace exploded before Trev even had a chance to stroke into her.

Trev's moan reverberated down Max's spine. "That feels good. So fucking good."

Max's dick was full to exploding. He couldn't hold back anymore, didn't want to. Grabbing a condom, he sheathed himself as Trev began to piston into Grace. Max squeezed a healthy dollop of lube from the tube and spread it liberally over his cock, not once taking his gaze off the couple before him. They looked so fucking hot. He could come like this, in his own hand, with a little lube, just watching them.

But that was not where he wanted to be. Not even close. He wiped his palms clean on a paper towel, placed his hands on either side of Trev's butt, and slapped. Not too hard, just enough to give him a message.

Trev grabbed on to Grace's hips and shuffled them both down the table until Trev's butt rested on the very edge. "Hang on, sweetheart," Trev rasped at Grace. "Prepare for the ride of your life."

Trev lifted his right leg, placing his foot on Max's shoulder, opening himself up to Max.

Ah, Jesus, Max was about burst a nut. He wanted Trev bad. So fucking bad. Watching him make love to Grace was killing him. In a good way. In an if-I-die-now-I'll-go-straight-to-heaven kind of a way.

He bent his legs, positioned his cock at Trev's opening and pushed. Not too hard. Just enough to breach his lover's hole.

Trev grunted once and flexed his ass cheeks.

Max pushed a little harder.

"God, yeah," Trev groaned.

Trev had never been this tight. This hot. Grace's weight must be pushing down in all the right places. Max drove in again, unable to shift his gaze, watching as his dick disappeared into Trev.

Trev swore hoarsely.

One more thrust and Max was seated all the way, fully embedded in his lover's ass.

He closed his eyes as sensation threatened to overwhelm him, bit his cheek to stop himself from coming there and then.

"That feel good?" Grace whispered.

"Christ, yeah," Trev gasped. "Good like I've never felt in my life. Good like my fantasies never prepared me for."

Grace sat up so her back pressed against Max's chest and his hips cradled her ass.

Trev groaned even louder.

Keeping one hand on Trev's hips, Max wound his other arm around Grace's waist and ran his hand over her belly and up to her breast. She turned her head toward him, and the two shared a deep kiss.

"You taste like sin," she whispered when she released his mouth.

"Not sin. Just you." He looked at Trev. "And Trev."

Trev licked his lips. His gaze moved from Max to Grace and back to Max again. His eyes shone. Love seemed to seep from every inch of Trev's face.

"Ah, fuck." Max couldn't hold back the tide of emotion that swamped him. Christ, he loved Trev. And damned if he wasn't falling for Grace as well. Falling like a ton of bricks. He couldn't keep still a second longer. Couldn't contain the need to pull out and thrust back into Trev.

He pulled his hips away, drawing his cock almost out of his lover's hole, then thrust back in, burying himself to the hilt.

Trev cried out and bucked upward, driving into Grace, who gasped.

"God, more," she cried. "More, more, more."

It was all the encouragement Max needed. He lost his reserve, lost his inhibitions. He made love to Trev as though he'd never made love to him before, driving into him with every iota of passion and desire and lust that burned deep inside him. Driving into him relentlessly, exquisitely, over and over again.

And every time he drove into Trev, Trev plunged deeper into Grace. Their combined moans and panting filled the room, echoed off the kitchen walls. The scent of their passion, the dark musky male scent and Grace's sweeter, honey-like aroma, made him half crazy.

In a way, he had never made love to Trev before. Not like this. Not with a third person adding to the rapture. Increasing the sensuality, the heat.

Not with a woman making love to Trev at the same time he did. Grace's presence added a whole new dimension to their lovemaking. The experience was electrifying. Thrilling. Wanton and wicked. It was the epitome of rapture. Bliss. Pure, perfect, absolute bliss.

Lord, what the woman did to him. Filled up his senses, made him drunk on her wine. If she leaned back down over Trev, Max would happily pull his dick from Trev and slide it inside her. Make love to her at the same time Trev did.

Jesus, the thought made him even harder. It wasn't possible, but it did.

No, he wouldn't pull away from Trev. At this moment in time, nothing on God's earth could make him pull away from Trev. He was exactly where he wanted to be. Buried inside the man he loved. And Trev was where he wanted to be. Buried inside the woman he loved, the woman they both loved. With the man Trev loved buried inside his ass.

The dynamics made him dizzy. Crazy, happy dizzy.

He released Grace's breast and slid his hand down over her belly again, this time stopping only when he found her clit. The hard, swollen nub was warm and wet, and Max rubbed little circles around it, even as he slammed into Trev.

Grace's whimpers filled his ears.

Trev looked at Max's hand, then looked into his eyes. His ass clenched around Max's dick. "I love you," he mouthed. "I fucking love you," he said out loud.

Max grinned then. A huge happy grin. "Love you too, baby."

"And me," Grace gasped. "Love me. Please. Both of you."

"Ah, sweetheart," Trev said, the heat of his gaze now directed at the woman on his lap. "I've loved you from the first minute you walked into my house."

Max kissed her neck. "And I'm falling a little harder with every second that passes."

"G-good." Grace nodded. "'Cause I've already fallen. Hard."

Blood roared in Max's ears. He couldn't see anymore. Could hardly hear. "Get ready to fall again," he told Grace and stroked her clit a little faster.

Grace's moan was long and steady. Her tension built beneath his hand. Her thighs stiffened and her muscles went rigid. She no longer moved, although her body rocked up and down, the effect of Trev pumping into her as he pumped into Trev.

"Oh, God, boys, I'm coming." She panted. "Coming. Coming, coming..."

Her butt bucked against his hips, and her body was hit by a wave of convulsions. "Coming," she cried one more time and then seemed to lose the ability to speak.

“Oh, fuck.” It was Trev who cried out now. “Too tight, too hot. Too...fucking good. Max, deeper. Fuck me, hard. Deep...deeper!”

Trev’s muscles clenched down around him, engulfed him. Trapped him. They held him firm, wouldn’t let him move. Max’s nuts tightened, hard as marbles at the base of his cock. His vision blurred again. Red lights flashed before his eyes. Another power failure?

“Fuck, yeah. Max. Oh, Christ, Grace, Yes!” Shudders engulfed Trev’s body. Grace cried out again.

The light flashes turned to white. Pure, snow white. No. Not a power failure. A power surge. An electrical surge. Max exploded. Come pumped through his shaft, spurting from his dick into Trev’s ass. Over and over again. He came and he came and he came, harder than he ever had in his entire life. The orgasm seemed endless. Every clench of Trev’s ass around him seemed to tear another wad of come from his cock, every gasp from Grace’s lips made him pump it into Trev.

And he wasn’t alone. Grace’s clit still trembled beneath his finger. How he kept his hand there he had no idea. Wait, yes, he did. Grace’s hand held him in place. Held him firm as she rubbed against him, coming all over Trev.

And Trev. Oh, Jesus, watching Trev made him belt another wad of come from his dick. Trev’s eyes had rolled to the back of his head, his mouth had fallen open in a silent cry of ecstasy. He’d arched his back and every muscle in his chest strained against his golden, sweaty skin. The man was obviously lost in a nirvana as exquisite as Max’s own. As was Grace.

Dear God, had sex ever been like this before? A heart-pounding explosion of senses? A sensation that went on and on forever. Blinding flashes of light. And perhaps, most importantly, a knowledge, deep inside Max, that life would never be the same after this. Could never be. This experience, here in Trev’s kitchen with Grace and Trev, had changed him.

Whoever he was minutes ago, he was no longer that person. No longer a man alone. From now on, his life, wherever it took him, was inextricably woven with Trev’s and Grace’s. Whether they knew it or not.

Chapter Eight

Grace, Max and Trev lay in a tangle of sheets on Trev's bed. Night had long since passed, and morning was but a memory. The late afternoon sun shone through the window, warming Trev all the way through to his toes.

Not that he needed more warming.

The three of them had spent the last twenty-odd hours in a frenzy of lovemaking, napping, showering, chatting, laughing and making love again. It had become a pattern over the last three weeks. Max would head back to Trev's house after poker, and the three of them would spend the rest of the weekend in bed.

Trev wanted Max to come home with him every night, but work and commitments didn't always make that possible. Hard as Max tried, he wasn't able to make it over more than once or twice during the week. On those nights, all three of them shared Trev's bed.

When Max wasn't there, Trev shared his bed just with Grace. And a couple of times, when Max had spent the night but Trev had worked late, Max had shared Grace's bed. Well, until Trev had gotten home, anyway.

Weekday mornings usually belonged to Max and Trev, since Grace had to be at the studio early.

It was complicated. But it worked. Beautifully. Just like Trev had known it would.

If he had even an iota of energy left now, he'd reach over and kiss Max, or Grace, whoever was closer. But honestly, Trev could hardly breathe, let alone move. Even the task of opening his eyes exhausted him.

He'd long since lost count of the number of times he'd come this weekend. He'd come in Grace's pussy and her ass. He'd come in her mouth. He'd come in Max's mouth too. And Max's hand.

Most unbelievable of all was where Trev had come the last time the three of them had gathered up the energy to make love. He'd come—hell, he'd fucking exploded like a faulty gas casket—in Max's ass. *In Max's freaking ass.*

At Grace's request.

Even now the memory left him breathless.

"I've given up every belief I've ever had about sex and relationships to be with you two," Grace had told Max. "I've had to change my whole way of thinking, go against my parents' values, just to make love with you both. It's your turn to give a bit."

Trev had watched, his dick growing as Max reluctantly acquiesced. As he'd hesitantly allowed Grace to convince him to do the one thing he had refused to do for two years.

Grace didn't sit by idly and watch. No, not Grace. She'd spread herself on the bed and opened her legs to Max's marauding tongue. At the same time, she'd lifted her head and helped herself to a mouthful of Max's cock.

And with his two lovers lost to the wonderful world of mutual oral pleasure, Trev had sheathed his shaft, dabbed a generous dollop of lube on Max's ass and eased himself, slowly—so fucking slowly it almost killed him—into Max's hole.

Max had resisted, closed him out, but Grace's mouth and words had coaxed him into relaxing, had coaxed him into letting Trev in, until finally, sweat running down his spine, Trev had seated himself fully inside Max. And Max's moan of bliss had blown Trev's mind.

His orgasm was the most powerful of the day. Of the month. Of his life. He'd thought he'd never be able to top the orgasm he'd had on the kitchen table, inside Grace with Max in his ass. He'd been wrong. The feel of Max's channel tightening around him, clasp him, holding him in its velvety depths, had made Trev's head spin. Coming in Max's ass while Max came in Grace's mouth, the sound of Grace's cries filling the air... Dear God, the thought was enough to make Trev hard all over again.

Max may have resisted at first. He may even have experienced pain. But he'd come as hard as Trev, and Grace's triumphant orgasm had sent them both over the edge completely.

Trev was a lost man. Lost to the wiles and the love of Max and Grace. After all they had experienced this last month, Trev knew he could never let them go. Either of them. He wanted them both, in his life, forever.

And from the soft sighs that Grace now emitted as Max kissed her—God knew where they found the strength—they were just as hooked. On each other, and on him.

"Gracie?" he asked when Max finally released her lips.

"Mm hmm?" She wound her fingers through Trev's.

"You're not still thinking of leaving, are you?"

Her laugh was a sweet tinkle in his ears. "Er, I kinda forgot all about that," she told him.

Trev grinned up at the ceiling. "That's good. Real good to hear, because I never want you to leave." He closed his hand over Max's thigh, needing to feel a connection to both Grace and Max. "I never want you to leave, either," he said to Max.

Max froze. His thigh went rigid. "Trev—"

"We're good together," Trev interrupted. He'd been thinking about this for the last few days, hell, the last few weeks, and he needed to say it, needed to get it out in the open. "Real good together. All three of us. Fucking perfect, really."

"I'll say," Grace agreed with a soft sigh.

Max nodded, but the muscle in his thigh did not relax.

"I love you. Both of you," Trev told them. "But Max, I hate it when you leave in the morning. When I know you won't be back that night. I just fucking hate it."

Max was silent for a very long time. When he finally spoke, his voice was oddly toneless. "What are you suggesting, Trev?"

"I'm suggesting you don't leave again. Move in with us. Live here with Gracie and me."

"That is one freaking brilliant idea," Grace enthused.

Max inhaled audibly. "Not real practical, is it?" he asked. "Where will I sleep? You have your bedroom, Grace has hers. That's it. There are no more rooms in the house."

Trev wrinkled his forehead. "Is that a trick question?" Wasn't the solution perfectly obvious?

"Nah, mate. Just a logical one."

Trev rolled onto his side so he could look at Max. He saw something he'd never seen in his lover's eyes before. Insecurity. "You'll sleep right here. In my bed. Next to me. Next to Grace." Duh! "We can go shopping tomorrow and find a bed big enough for all three of us. If we can't find one, we'll have one custom made."

Hope seemed to burn in Max's gaze, right beside the insecurity. Trev's heart tightened. "And you'll put your clothes in my cupboard. Next to mine. We can find a place for all your furniture. We'll rearrange mine and Gracie's stuff and add yours. We can sell some things or put them in storage. We can do whatever we want, so long as we do it together. All three of us."

Max looked at Trev. "You're serious about this?"

"Deadly serious."

Max looked at Grace. She didn't hesitate. "I love the idea."

"What about your parents? What would they say?" Max wanted to know.

This time she did hesitate. Her brow wrinkled. "They won't say anything, because I won't tell them. Not yet, anyway."

"You'll hide it from them?" Trev asked. "Something this big?"

Grace sighed. "I love my parents. I do. But they're not ready to know about the decisions I've made and the lifestyle I've chosen here in Sydney. They're not ready to hear about you two, and I'm not ready to tell them."

"Will you ever be ready to tell them?" Trev asked.

"Maybe one day," Grace answered noncommittally.

"Are you sure about us?" Max asked, voicing Trev's concerns. If she wasn't okay with telling her parents about them, was she okay with living with them?

Grace's expression softened. The troubled look in her eyes dissipated and her cheeks practically glowed. "More sure than I've been about any other relationship I've ever had. You took me by surprise.

Both of you. And I had to change my entire way of thinking, reassess all of my beliefs. But I wouldn't change them back now for the world. I love you both." She smiled then. "And I love that you love each other. I love how happy you are when you're together. Trev, I love the way your face lights up when you see Max, and Max, I love the way the tension seems to vanish from your posture when you see Trev. But most of all, I love the way I feel when I'm with both of you, and if you could both feel for me even a tenth of what I feel for you two, I would be a very, very happy woman."

Trev's heart expanded until he thought it might burst. "Ah, sweetheart, you have to know I love you enough to bet all my chips on you."

"I love you too," Max agreed instantly. "Hell, Gracie, with you in our lives, Trev and I will win every damn hand."

Grace's grin lit up the room. "So I love you two, you two love me, you love each other, and we're going shopping for a bigger bed tomorrow. Tell me, Max, is there any reason in this entire world not to move in with Trev and me?"

Max studied her face for the longest time before he finally shook his head. "Not a single one I can think of."

Trev's heart lurched. "Does this mean... You'll come live here? In the house?"

"Honestly?" Max asked.

Trev nodded. So did Grace.

"There is no place I'd rather live." The insecurity in his eyes vanished. All Trev could see now was love shining from his gaze. Love, happiness and excitement.

"Then from this moment on, consider this house your home." Trev leaned forward and planted a huge, mushy, celebratory kiss on his cheek. Then he planted a huge mushy kiss on Grace's cheek. Then Grace kissed Max's cheek. And Max kissed Trev. And Grace. But not on the cheek.

And then no one spoke again for a very, very long time.

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Play out the hand her way...or fold?

Raising the Stakes

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Three of a Kind, Book 2

After four years, Megan Loxley has given up waiting for her best friend, Desmond Reed, to realize she loves him. It's time to move on. When Des introduces her to his poker buddy, Alex Truman, the instantaneous sparks that flare between them signal her life is about to change forever.

Des could kick himself. How could he have failed to notice the perfect woman was by his side all this time? Now it's too damn late. And her innocent prodding about why he's suddenly so distant is only making his hunger for her worse. Then she gets one step too close—and his self-restraint snaps.

Stunned, bewildered, furious, Meg can't help but respond to the kisses for which she waited so long. God help her, she loves Des. And Alex, too. Immeasurably. Now what?

It may make her the greediest woman alive, but she's determined to win the next hand—even if she has to change the game a little. First step: state her wildly sexy proposition in a language both men will understand...and hope they'll stick around and play by her rules.

Warning, If you're looking for a cool game of poker, you won't find it here. This novella is so hot the cards are still smoking. The heroine may be new to the game, but she knows exactly how to play her two kings.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Raising the Stakes:

Megan stood in the doorway.

She was a mess.

Her hair stood in disarray, her dress was crumpled. Tears streaked down her scarlet cheeks and her gaze was wild, a mixture of horror, confusion and despair.

"Alex..." His name was a guttural moan.

He bolted off the chair. His knees jerked as he straightened. Warning prickles tapped at his spine. What the...

She launched herself at him, her words tumbling from her mouth as she threw her arms around him. "Alex. I'm so sorry. God, so sorry. I didn't mean for... Please, you have to know I love you. Have to believe it. I do, I love you."

Before he had a chance to answer, she kissed him. Her lips begged his for a response, pleaded for his forgiveness. For what?

He stood immobile, his arms suspended in the air. Did he hold her, hug her? Did he kiss her back?

God, how could he not?

“I love you, Al. I swear.” Her mouth was frenetic.

He couldn't help himself. He kissed her, drowned in the pleasure her mouth evoked, even as her apology worried the back of his mind. He held her waist, pulling her closer. Her skin was hot to the touch, burning, and her nipples were hard points against his chest. This was Megan at her most aroused. A woman unable to step away from the spiral of hunger that whirled within her. A woman who wanted and needed and desired. This was a Megan he recognized. A woman half-sated sexually and half-mad with need.

The half-mad with need he could deal with, he could resolve. The sexual satiation? It made him want to fucking murder someone.

“No!”

The roar came from behind Megan. She twirled around in his arms.

“You don't get to do that with him.” Des's protest bellowed through the room. “Not after what you just did with me.”

“Des.” Megan's cry ripped through Alex's heart. She pulled away from him and stepped into the other man's embrace.

Des's fury and Megan's response to it rendered Alex momentarily immobile. Shaken, he gawked as Des crushed his lips over Megan's. Even more astounding was Megan's response. She gave an animalistic moan and kissed him right back.

Holy fuck, this is not happening.

Yes, it was. The woman he loved kissed the man she loved.

Fuck. Fuck, double fuck and cluster fuck. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*.

Alex acted on instinct. He wound his arms around Megan's waist and tugged her away from Des, pulling her across the room, her back plastered to his front. She went with him willingly.

Des glowered at him.

“Fuck you,” Alex spat at him and spun Megan around. “You. Are. Mine!” That was all he said before he claimed her back, kissing her so thoroughly she couldn't possibly doubt his words.

“I am. I'm yours.” Megan's hands were on his back, shoving his T-shirt up. Her fingers clawed at his flesh. He'd have scratch marks there tomorrow, but he didn't give a shit. Her hands belonged on his body, his flesh. Not Des's.

He kissed her harder, and she clutched him tighter, digging her nails in deeper.

She tore at his shirt. “Off,” she demanded. “Get it off.”

This was Megan at her sexual peak. She was hunger and lust all wrapped up in one, and Alex would never, could never, deny her.

He ripped off the offending material.

The action cost him. By the time his shirt landed on the floor, Megan was gone. She'd stepped freely back into Des's arms and was kissing him, groaning into the fucker's mouth. Buttons flew across the room as she ripped at his shirt.

Bastard.

Des didn't have to break the kiss to get his shirt off. He just shrugged it over his shoulders.

If Alex followed through on his gut impulse now and yanked Megan out of Des's hold, he'd hurt her. His need for her and his fury at Des would compel him to act with brute force. No matter how fucking mad he was with jealousy, he would not harm Megan. Not for anything. Ever.

Even if she had voluntarily kissed another man. Not just any other man—the one she'd professed to love for four fucking years.

Shoving back every natural instinct he had to haul Megan away from Des, he took two careful, shaky steps forward. He'd give her the choice. He'd let her decide. His groin pushed against Megan's butt and his chest pillowed her back. No anger, no aggression. He would not harm her.

"I'm right behind you, baby," he whispered. "Just turn around and you'll find me."

Megan stilled.

"That's it, sweetness. Look at me. Turn around and look at me."

Slowly, so slowly Alex thought she'd never bloody finish, Megan released Des and turned to him. She stared up into his eyes. Her pupils were huge, dilated with desire. The tears from minutes ago had all dried. And there, swirling in the midst of her startling green eyes was a determination Alex had never seen before.

"Al!" Her smile left him dazed and gulping for air.

"Yeah, baby. It's me." His heart pummeled his ribs.

"Alex." She sounded out his name, articulating every letter, telling him clearly she was not mistaking him for Des in any way. "I love you."

So why the fuck are you letting him touch you? "I love you too, baby."

"I know." Her smile grew. "Kiss me," she said, and he did, tunneling his fingers in her hair.

He kissed her with every bit of love he felt, until she purred in his arms and writhed against his aching cock. It was almost perfect. Almost. Except for the man behind her. The shirtless, seething man who stared daggers at Alex.

How could Alex possibly sport a massive fucking erection when the biggest threat in his life, his good friend and mortal enemy, stood less than a meter away, plotting ways to murder him and grab his girl?

Megan rubbed against him, caressing his chest with her breasts and grinding her pussy on his cock, making the ache and the desire all the more unbearable. Soft noises escaped her throat, gluttonous groans and mesmerizing moans.

When he could bear the tension no more, Alex raised his head and, without releasing Megan, looked at Des. "She's mine."

Des's expression blackened.

"Al, wait—" Megan began.

He couldn't. He wouldn't stop now, not even for her. This needed to be said. "You had four years to claim her," Alex notified Des. "You didn't. I'm not giving her up now."

Megan nipped her way up his neck until her mouth found his. "Good," she whispered. "I never want you to give me up."

She kissed him. Slipped her tongue in his mouth and demanded a response. Alex was a goner. He responded, kissing her back even as he silently challenged Des with his gaze. But he could not possibly keep his eyes open when her hand landed on his pants, closing over his erection. His cock jumped at the contact and he groaned out loud.

"I'm here too, Meggy-mine."

The whisper wasn't meant for him, but damn it, he heard Des's words loud and clear. The asshole was employing the same tactics Alex had used just minutes ago.

Megan did not release his lips, but her tongue ceased its sinful exploration of his mouth.

"I've been here all along," Des said. "Just too damn blind to see what was in front of me."

Fuck! The very thing Alex had dreaded was now a reality.

Her lips parted from his, making him ache.

"If you want Alex, tell me now," Des said. "I'll walk away. I'll leave you alone."

Alex glared at him through narrowed eyes. Fucking hero. Alex would never have the courage to walk away from her.

Des's mouth was beside Megan's ear, his hand on her neck. "I love you, Meggy, but if you want Alex, I'll step aside."

Can their love give her the strength to overcome the tragedy in her past?

Colters' Lady

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Colters' Legacy, Book 2

When police officer Seth Colter sees the delicate, shabbily dressed beauty in line at the soup kitchen where he's serving, he's gut shot over the idea of her being on the streets cold and alone. More baffling is the dark, possessive instinct that tells him she belongs to him.

For Lily Weston, home is a secluded nook in a back alley—until Seth offers her a place to stay. She's wary of his offer, but even one night out of the cold is too much temptation to resist.

Seth is convinced Lily is his. The problem is, when his brothers lay eyes on her, the same primitive instinct comes roaring to the surface. The Colters never imagined they'd follow the unconventional path of their fathers, but they can't ignore their mutual need to offer Lily their protection—and their love. But before Lily and the brothers can forge a future together, they must heal the deep wounds of her past.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, multiple partners, ménage à quatre, violence.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Colters' Lady:

Michael's gaze was drawn to the kitchen entrance where he was astonished to see a woman standing in the doorway. She was dressed in what looked like a pair of Callie's old pajamas. Her eyes were wide with...fear? She looked anxious, and she stared at Michael like she was afraid he was going to jump up and pounce.

An eerie sensation niggled his nape and snaked down his spine, spreading like wildfire. What the hell? He couldn't take his eyes off her. She had the most stunning blue eyes he'd ever seen on a woman. Her hair fell over her ears and to her chin in soft curls. She looked...enchanted, like some delicate fairy come to life.

And what the fuck was he doing sitting here mooning on about goddamn fairies? Jesus on an eggshell but he was losing his ever-loving mind.

He was starting to think stupid things, like he'd do anything at all to remove the fear from her gaze. He wanted to protect her.

And she was coming out of his brother's bedroom. Or at least from that general vicinity.

"S-Seth?" she asked in a wavery voice. But before Seth could respond, she said, "I should go. I need to go."

Her voice was whisper soft, and before he could catch himself, Michael was on his feet—to do what? Keep her from going?

He forced himself to stand there while Seth hurried toward the woman.

"Lily, no," Seth said in a soft, urgent voice as he took her shoulders in his hands.

So Lily was her name. Michael watched as Lily skittered away from Seth's grasp, her eyes darting toward Michael as she did.

"Honey, it's only Michael. My brother Michael. Remember, I told you all about him last night?"

"The vet," she said in a husky voice.

"Yes, that's right. He just started his practice back home."

"I should go," she said again, and Michael saw her edge toward the hallway that led to the bedroom.

"Stay and eat breakfast. I made you a cup of hot chocolate. It's probably cold by now, but I can pop it into the microwave for you."

She hesitated, her gaze going between the two brothers.

"I need to get dressed," she said faintly.

"Okay. I'll be here in the kitchen. I'll make breakfast so you can eat when you get out."

She was gone before Seth could say another word. When he turned back to Michael, there was something decidedly desperate in his older brother's eyes. A desperation that for some reason, Michael felt in equal measure.

"Who is she?" Michael rasped out. Hell, he couldn't even talk right. He had a knot in his throat the size of a boulder.

Seth cut an impatient glance at his brother. "Lily," he bit out. "Just Lily."

"Who is she to *you*?"

Seth swung around, his eyes blazing. "Why the hell do you want to know that?"

"I want to know," Michael said. "I need to know, because damn it, I just had the most powerful reaction to a woman I've had in my entire life, and I damn well need to know if I'm poaching on my brother's territory."

Seth's mouth gaped open. "You stay the hell away from her."

"So it's like that," Michael said grimly. "You've staked a claim."

"Are you out of your mind? You just met the woman. What are you planning to do, haul her off over your shoulder?"

"Maybe," Michael said calmly. "Probably."

"Over my dead body."

"When did you meet her?" Michael asked. Seth hadn't mentioned a woman. Not to anyone. He would have known. The dads wouldn't have kept something like that quiet. They would have been too busy giving him hell.

"Yesterday," Seth said in a gruff, pissed-off voice.

“Yesterday? *Yesterday*? And you’re going off on me for having just met her?” Michael laughed. “You fucking hypocrite.”

And then the thought came. Stuck in his head like someone had hit him with a hammer. He’d walked into his brother’s house and met a woman he instantly and absolutely had to have. It wasn’t just sexual. No, his reaction to her hadn’t even been sexual. It was *emotional*. On a level he couldn’t even explain.

The same woman his brother was having some psychotic caveman episode over.

“Oh no,” he whispered. “Oh *hell* no.”

“What are you talking about?” Seth demanded.

“Goddamn it, I thought it was bullshit. I thought it was some hokey bullshit that the dads made up to make Mom feel all soft and mushy.”

Seth got into his face, breathing fire he was so pissed off. “What. The. Fuck. Are. You. Talking. About.”

Michael closed his eyes and let out a helpless laugh. “It’s some fucked-up Colter gene. It has to be. There’s no other explanation.”

Seth threw up his hands. “I swear to God if you don’t start making some fucking sense, I’m going to knock the shit out of you.”

“Think about it, Seth. How many times have we heard the story over the years? The dads met Mom and they knew immediately and with absolute certainty that she was the one. *The one*. They said it was instant and so powerful they didn’t have a prayer of fighting. They wanted to love and protect her, wrap her in cotton and lock her away for about a hundred years. Now you tell me. Is that what you’re feeling when you look at Lily? Because I sure as hell am, and it’s worse for me because I don’t even know the goddamn woman.”

Seth looked like someone hit him square between the eyes with a bat. For a moment, Michael thought Seth was going to hit *him*.

“That’s crazy,” Seth finally said. “She’s a beautiful woman. Of course you’d have a strong reaction to her. You probably haven’t been laid in a year.”

“No need to get insulting,” Michael drawled. “I’ve probably gotten lucky at least twice since the last time you shed the monk robes. And sure, she’s beautiful, but step back a moment, Seth. Really look at her objectively. She’s not the most gorgeous woman you or I have ever seen.”

Seth’s lip turned up into a snarl and Michael held up his hand. “Let me finish. We’ve seen any number of women who were heart-stoppingly gorgeous, but tell me this. Were you tripping over yourself like this with them? You look at her and you see something beyond beauty. I know because I saw the same damn thing.”

Seth shook his head. “I’m not listening to this. This is insane. Our dads may have fallen for the same woman, but you can’t tell me we’ll do the same.”

“You’re forgetting the granddads. Explain that one, Seth. If there isn’t some hinkey shit going on in the gene pool then why are you and I about to go to fist city because we’re both determined to get close to Lily?”

Seth’s eyes looked haunted as it all sank in. “Damn it, Michael, this isn’t what I wanted. It can’t be possible. It has to be some stupid coincidence.”

“Yeah, well, believe me, sharing a woman with my two bonehead brothers doesn’t exactly appeal to me either, but unless one of us suffers a fast change of heart, we’re either going to have to do some serious compromising or one of us is going to go home to Mom in a pine box.”

“I’m not having this conversation with you right now,” Seth bit out. “There are things you don’t know about Lily. I can’t even convince her to let her guard down around me. She walked in here, saw you and now she’s ready to bolt.”

“What the hell’s going on?” Michael asked, now dead serious.

Seth glanced down at the mug of hot chocolate, swore and then stuck it in the microwave. Then, as if realizing how much time had passed since Lily had gone to get dressed, he glanced at his watch and frowned.

“She’s been gone too long,” he muttered.

Michael watched as Seth stomped off down the hall. A few seconds later he heard “Son of a bitch!” And then the unmistakable sound of a fist hitting the wall.

Michael surged to his feet, adrenaline spiking sharp through his veins. Seth came barreling out of the hallway and then ducked into the dining room. He came back out, face set in stone.

“What the hell is wrong?” Michael demanded.

“While you and I were out here discussing Lily, she took off.”

Michael’s eyebrow went up at the urgency in Seth’s voice. “Won’t she be back?”

“No, goddamn it. She’s homeless, Michael. She doesn’t have a place to stay. I found her between two cardboard boxes on the fucking street. She’s scared and alone, and she has no place to go. It took me forever to convince her to come here, and now she’s run scared.”

Michael’s stomach bottomed out with a thud. “Homeless? What the *fuck*?”

Seth whirled around like he couldn’t figure out what he needed to do first. He grabbed up his keys and then shoved his feet into his shoes.

“Yeah, homeless. I served her in the soup kitchen yesterday. I volunteer there once a month. She came in and bam. I mean I still don’t know what happened. When she left I followed her because I couldn’t stand the thought of her having no place to go. I found her in an alley, cold and alone.”

“Son of a bitch,” Michael muttered.

Seth pointed a finger at him. “Right now I don’t give a damn about what you feel for her or think you feel. I don’t give a shit about some fucking Colter gene that you think we got from the dads. All I care

about is getting her back. Here. Where she belongs. Get your ass out to your Jeep so you can help me look. Everything else is just going to have to goddamn wait.”



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