



KEEPING FAITH

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Keeping Faith

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

KEEPING FAITH

Kris Norris

Dedication

To Shelley, for listening, laughing, crying and scheming with me. Where would I be without you, girl? You're more than my best friend, you're my soul-sister.

To Kyle, Jared and Sydney, for being my biggest fans and doing the happy dance at the drop of a hat.

To Claire, Nicki and the talented staff at TEB who help make a story into a treasured book.

To Chris...my other soul-sister. Thanks for keeping me honest and never getting tired of listening to me babble on. I'm truly blessed.

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Freddy Krueger: New Line Cinema Corporation

Astar: Eurocopter

Chapter One

“Faith! Wait!”

Donovan Jones scrambled through the house after Faith, tripping over a pair of shoes he’d left lying in the hallway. He stumbled into the wall, clipping his arm on a shelf as he slammed to a halt. Faith glanced back but kept moving, juggling her pack to her other shoulder as she raced for the door. The little minx wasn’t going to give him a breath of time to catch up, but he’d be damned if he’d let her go without so much as a word.

He gained his balance and dashed after her, catching the door as it swung open. He threw his weight against the wood, slamming it shut before she could dart through. A hushed curse lit the air, but she didn’t turn to look at him, merely stared at the door, shoulders hunched, back stiff. Her raspy breath whispered across the room, and he knew she was fighting not to cry.

“Damn it. Would you just stop for one second and let me explain? I—”

“I don’t want explanations,” she huffed, cutting him off, jumping when Parker roared down the hall, a white towel clutched in his hands as he skidded to a halt beside them, his rough breath fluttering his hair as it whipped across his face, making him look more than dishevelled.

Donovan cursed, aware that the other man’s presence wasn’t helping the situation. Faith glanced over at him, tears pooled in her eyes, the glassy reflection stabbing guilt through Donovan’s gut. He’d royally fucked up, and he knew it.

“Faith.”

She raised her hand, nodding at Parker. “I think he’s explanation enough.”

Her voice cracked as a single tear cascaded down her cheek, shattering against the wood floor as if it were glass. She wiped at her face, irritation furrowing her brow. Donovan knew how much she hated crying in front of him, and he could tell it was only adding fuel to the fire.

“Look, darling, it’s not what you think. I swear.” He tried to smooth his hand down her arm, but she jerked it away, stepping back in order to avoid him.

"Of course not. It's perfectly normal that Parker was waiting for you in your bed. Naked!"

"He was waiting for *us*, in *our* bed," said Donovan.

A flicker of hope bloomed in his chest when her eyes softened for a moment as she chanced a glance at Parker. The man nodded, reaching for her, only to have her shake her head. Donovan cursed, wishing she'd just listen to him.

"We're not lovers," he insisted, motioning to Parker. "It's not like that." More tears spilled down her face, and Donovan knew he'd lost her.

She turned away, fisting the handle again. "It doesn't matter what it is," she whispered, her voice raw. "You still lied to me." She looked at him this time. "You know that's the one thing I can't live with."

Donovan's chest tightened, purging what little breath he had from his chest. His hand fell from the door, as she pulled it open and disappeared, the faint scent of her perfume still lingering in the air. Pain followed the click of the door, and he sank to the floor, unable to move.

Parker sighed and eased down beside him, staring at the patch of flooring beneath his feet. "I'm sorry," he mumbled, toeing at the wood. "I wasn't expecting you guys back for a couple of hours. I was up all night going over the core sample results. I was only trying to catch a few minutes of sleep—so I wouldn't disappoint you...or Faith."

Donovan nodded, trying to swallow past the lump stuck in his throat. He just couldn't believe she was gone. He'd been waiting since they'd become lovers a year ago for the perfect moment to broach the subject of Parker joining them and had finally thought she was ready to consider a new kind of relationship, only to have it all go up in flames. She hadn't even allowed him a chance to explain.

Anger flared through the pain and he jumped up, fumbling with the handle as he snagged his keys off the small table next to the door. Parker stood up beside him, grabbing his arm when he fisted the door open, bouncing the damn thing off the wall.

"Easy, buddy," said Parker, blocking Donovan's way when he tried to charge out. "Don't do anything you'll regret later."

Donovan snared Parker's gaze and glared at the man. "Why would I regret going after her? I can't just stand here and let her go!" Fear gripped his stomach, making it tumble like a bolt in a lock. "She's the one...I know it. I've always known it."

Parker nodded, still holding him back when he shifted forward again. "I know how much you love her...how much we both love her...but she's not going to listen to you, now. Not after I totally screwed things up. She needs time and we need a plan."

Donovan scowled. What the fuck was the man talking about? A plan? The *plan* was simple. Follow her ass and shadow her every move until she finally listened to reason. *That* was the *plan*!

"I can be just as stubborn as Faith," he snapped, trying to move Parker out of the way. "All I need is one chance."

"And you'll get that chance. But you have to play it right, or you'll never get her back."

Parker's words struck home and the fear returned, strong enough to pull Donovan back. Parker was right. There'd be no reasoning with Faith tonight, or the next few nights for that matter. He'd lied—or at least not told her the entire truth—and that's all she'd see. He needed to find a way to trick her into listening to him...into giving him a second chance.

He looked over at Parker, not fighting when the man led him to a chair and shoved him down. He glanced at his hands, wondering if they'd been shaking the entire time. "So what's this plan?"

Parker kicked half his mouth into a smile. "We get Faith to come to us."

Donovan looked up. *Faith, come to them?* "I'm listening," he replied, certain the man had finally flipped.

Parker laughed, shaking his head as he took a seat next to Donovan. "Relax. I'm not crazy, but I do know Faith, and even angry, she won't quit her job on the off chance she'll bump into us in the field. We might work for the same company, but she thinks we rarely go into camp. Knowing where she'll be for the next five months, guarantees she'll come to us."

Donovan sighed, hoping to hell Parker was right, because the best thing that had ever happened to him, had just walked out his door.

* * * *

Four months later...

"Hey, Faith. Better fire up the chopper. You've got a last minute run to make."

Faith Anderson stopped cleaning the helicopter and twisted to look at Trent. The early September sun blazed near the horizon, casting long shadows along the ground. She raised her hand, shielding her face against the glare.

"You're kidding, right?" she snapped, pointing at the sun. "I've got less than an hour of light left, and my duty day ended ten minutes ago."

Trent shrugged. "Hey, I just pass along the orders." He shuffled forward, handing her the sheet of paper. "You only have to zip out and pick up two geologists at the new drill site. It'll take you twenty minutes, round trip."

"Did you miss the part where I told you my duty day is already over?" she said, grabbing the paper just the same. "And it's more like thirty minutes if I get a good tail wind coming back."

"Like I said. I just pass this shit along. But if it helps any, I was told these guys are out from the head office. Might not look good if they get stranded for the night because you're a bit tired."

"Tired!" she bit back. "A fourteen-hour day with eight hours of slinging...that's not just a *bit* tired."

She paused and glanced over the request, relieved when she didn't see Donovan's or Parker's names anywhere. But Trent was right. It'd come straight from the president of the diamond company...probably the guy's son or something. If she let him rot for the night, chances were her ass would be on the next flight to Yellowknife. And she needed the money. It was the one reason she hadn't quit after she'd walked out on Donovan. Even the chance of running into him or Parker wasn't enough to compensate for the loss of wages. If she just made it through one more month, she'd have enough money to pay off her brother's debt...and she'd finally be free.

"What the hell are they doing out there, anyway?" she sniped, climbing down off the skid gear. "I thought everything was ready to start up first thing in the morning?"

"How the hell should I know?" said Trent. "All I got told was that they've been checking the rig. Something about a new kind of drill bit for the core samples. Who knows?"

Those rock jocks never make any sense to me.” He turned, glancing at her over his shoulder. “So ya gonna go get them?”

She cursed, tossing the paper inside the machine. The other pilot was out on an overnight run to Yellowknife, and with a weather system moving in, they could get stranded for more than the night if she didn’t at least try.

“Fine. But that means I’m limited to eight hours duty time tomorrow. And if the damn sun sets before I get back, I’m so getting overtime for this shit.”

“Right,” he smirked. “I’ll mark it all down on the log sheet.”

“I mean it, Trent. Eight hours tomorrow!”

Trent chuckled and left, humming quietly as he headed towards the mess hall.

She cursed under her breath when her stomach growled—she hadn’t had dinner yet, either. She climbed into the machine, wondering if Trent had planned this on purpose and began pushing in circuit breakers and flipping switches. The loud whine of the motor lit the air as she pressed the starter and engaged the engine. The helicopter sprang to life, rocking back and forth as the rotors gained speed, blasting the ground with a steady wash of air. She shook her head, slipped on her helmet and checked the gauges, running through the final series of checks.

She pushed the talk button, lifting the chopper into a graceful hover. “Traffic, helicopter alpha—papa—romeo departing MacKay camp, heading west for drilling station delta. Climbing to fifteen hundred.”

Empty static hissed back as she shifted the machine forward, rapidly gaining speed. She didn’t expect a reply, but on the off chance there were other aircraft in the vicinity, at least they’d be on the lookout for her.

Faith banked to the left, skimming over the mess tent as she headed out across the desolate terrain. If her dinner plans had been spoilt, she could at least hope to rattle a few dishes as she left. A satisfied smile touched the corners of her mouth as she flew across the landscape, nothing but the constant hum of the helicopter to keep her company.

“I’m so done with this bush shit,” she said, checking her gauges as she levelled off, scanning the horizon for other aircraft. “Five years is more than enough. I need a better job.”

What she needed was to be around men who didn't punch her in the arm as they walked by and who stared at more than just her breasts when they talked to her. What she needed was a life.

Faith sighed as memories of Donovan skipped through her mind. She couldn't deny the pang of longing that settled between her legs, or the tumbling feeling in her stomach as her chest clenched so tight she found it difficult to breathe. Four months alone, and she was still hopelessly in love with him.

You mean with them.

She shuddered at the thought, not sure what to make of it. She hadn't realised how ingrained Parker was in her life until she'd left them both behind. Missing Donovan was a given, but the hollow feeling in her heart whenever Parker's face materialised in her head didn't make any sense. Surely she hadn't developed feelings for her lover's best friend?

He was waiting for us, in our bed.

Donovan's words echoed in her mind, bringing the familiar inklings of doubt. She'd never considered the possibility of a different kind of relationship, and a part of her wondered if she walked out on her greatest adventure? Since that night, she'd nearly called him on several occasions, but had hung up before the line had connected. What do you say to a man who pushed your very limits, but offered his soul in return? It was obvious he and Parker had been keeping something from her, and if there was one thing she couldn't sanction, it was lying. She was still paying for her brother's lies, and that kind of disappointment lasted a lifetime.

A single tear pooled at the corner of one eye. She'd thought Donovan would've at least tried to contact her...make her listen to his explanations. But she hadn't received so much as an angry email from him, and that only confirmed the nagging feeling swirling in her gut. He hadn't been in love with her, and the sooner she accepted that and moved on, the better.

Pain punched through her heart at the thought, and she tried to distract herself with the passing scenery. Just her luck, she'd get off track and have to spend the night in the helicopter. She sighed, checked her instruments and gazed down at the ground. An endless blur of spiny trees and rocky earth passed beneath the bubble, making her feel lonely and small. She used to love the vast expanse of land, but now it only reminded her of everything that was wrong in her life...how she didn't have a life.

A strong gust of wind buffeted the aircraft, dropping it a hundred feet. Faith tensed, dragging her thoughts back into the cabin. She looked at the horizon, cursing the band of clouds building ahead of her. Pockets of visible rain loomed over the flatlands periodically illuminated by flashes of bright lightning. She glanced at the map, gauging the distance to the small drilling station. It'd be tight, but she might be able to get back in the air before the storm reached the clearing.

Faith pulled more pitch and pushed the nose forward, gaining speed. It would only buy her a few minutes, but that might be all she'd need. The helicopter shimmied in the gusting wind, making her grateful she'd missed dinner. As strong as her stomach was, the constant turbulence grated on her nerves.

She cursed and lowered the machine, skimming across the treetops. An opening in the landscape blossomed into view, marking the cabin's location. She lowered the power, broadcasting her intentions out across the radio as she readied the chopper for landing. Large drops of rain splattered on the bubble, distorting her view as she bled off the remaining airspeed and settled the machine across the small log pad. A flash of light flickered across the sky, followed by a low rumble.

"Bloody hell."

She shut the machine down, not willing to chance the gusting winds. The men hadn't so much as glanced out of the cabin windows, adding to her growing tension. If they didn't get airborne before the edge of the storm passed over, they'd all be stuck for the night.

Faith jumped out of the helicopter, secured one of the blades as it slowed to a stop and grabbed the rifle out of the baggage compartment. While it was only sixty feet to the cabin, she never left the machine without it. Grizzlies were unpredictable this time of year, and she wasn't in the mood for any more delays. She shielded her face against the onslaught of wind and rain, and ran for the door. How the guys hadn't heard the chopper land was a mystery to her, but she'd tanned their hides if they weren't ready. They had five minutes—ten tops—to beat the weather before they were trapped. And as nice as it'd be to spend a night away from the camp, holing up in a drilling rig with two silver-spoon mama's boys wasn't her idea of fun.

She yanked open the door and stomped her feet on the rough, burlap mat as she stepped into the cabin, slamming the door shut behind her. "Why the hell aren't you boys

geared up and ready?" she snapped, leaning the rifle against the wall as she rounded the small corner that led into the main area. "I swear. I've already had to extend my duty time — if you guys strand me out here all night, I don't care who your daddy is, I'll..."

Her voice faded into a stunned silence as she stopped dead, staring at the dimly lit room. Dozens of candles wavered in the growing darkness, their tiny flames creating pockets of warm light, bathing the room with a cosy glow that made the shadows on the walls flicker and dance. A large blanket had been wrapped around the rig, hiding the dull metal and keeping the draughty air from swirling about the room. A small table and three chairs had been squeezed into one corner, while an oversized bed dominated the other. Pillows spilled across the duvet adding depth to the already thick mattress.

A flash of movement caught her eye and she turned as a shadowy figure stepped out from behind the rig, his brown hair flecked with red from the muted light. The tight feeling in her chest increased, and she blinked, not sure how she stayed on her feet as a wide smile broke across his face.

"Hello, Faith."

Donovan savoured the stunned look on Faith's face as she stood frozen to the spot, her fists clenched at her sides, the pulse in her neck fluttering wildly beneath her skin. Her nostrils flared with her increased breath, pushing her perfectly rounded breasts against the tight fabric of her shirt. He resisted the urge to swipe his tongue across his lips as her nipples puckered, creating tiny peaks in the material. A strangled moan caught in her chest before she blew out a harsh breath, palming her hands on her hips.

"For the love of God," she began, waving one hand around the room before splaying it across her hip again. "What on earth are you doing here?"

His smile never faltered as he took a calculated step forward, keeping his shoulders square to hers. He wanted to be able to dart after her if she suddenly decided to bolt out the door on him, though he doubted she'd make it past Parker. The man was already easing out from behind the door, closing the distance between them.

"Hello? Donovan? Are you there, or have you been smoking some of the weeds growing beside the landing pad?"

Her voice was low and raspy, heavy with the familiar tone of desire. He held her gaze, noting how her eyes darkened when he stepped closer, a light flush accentuating her cheek bones as it crept down her neck and across the small expanse of skin exposed by her V-neck top. He loved the contrast between the wash of pink flesh and the deep blue of her shirt, the vibrant colour a close match to her eyes.

“Donovan!”

The raspy tone was edged with a hint of irritation, and he had to fight back a chuckle. He wasn't trying to make her angry, but just the sight of her soft silhouette drove the breath from his chest until he wasn't certain he'd ever breathe again. Black dots flitted across his vision, and he finally sucked in a quick gasp, hoping she didn't notice how badly his hands trembled. While he and Parker had been orchestrating the plan for months, now that she was standing so close he could stretch out his hand and graze her arm, he didn't seem to be able to speak. Faith's eyes softened as her gaze skirted down his body, pausing at his chest before settling on his groin. A hushed moan trembled through the room, and he knew she could see his cock bulged against the tight bind of his jeans.

“Fuck, you're beautiful,” said Donovan.

The skin around her eyes crinkled slightly and a faint smile tugged at her lips before it faded into a tight line, uncertainty flaring in her eyes. She crossed her arms on chest, rubbing her hands along her shirt as if searching for strength. Pain threatened, but he tamped it down, determined to give their love one last chance.

“Not exactly what I was expecting you to say,” she said, startling when a flash of light broke the sensual atmosphere, casting the scattered furniture into harsh relief.

Donovan closed the distance, cupping her elbow when it looked as if she were going to turn towards the door. He kept his touch light, smiling when she didn't try to pull away.

“I had the perfect speech planned, but just looking at you leaves me dazed.”

A genuine smile lit her face, easing some of the tension shrouding the room. She released a slow breath, ruffling the wispy hairs around her face when a loud clap shook the cabin.

Faith jumped, her gaze flying to the window behind him. “We have to go if we want to make it back to the camp,” she insisted, pulling against his hold. “We might have just enough time to get the chopper into the air before the rough weather hits.”

Donovan shook his head, holding her firm as she continued to shift her attention between the growing fury outside the window and the place where his hand held her arm. "Even if I wanted to leave, it's too late. But that's just how we planned it."

Confusion marred her pretty eyes as she frowned at him, a delectable pout pursing her full lips. She stopped resisting and drew her brow into a slight vee. "Planned? And what do you mean by 'we'?"

She dropped one shoulder in an attempt to twist when Parker grazed his chest against her back, making her tense. The man chuckled, soothing her with a series of slow strokes along the curve of her back. Donovan watched as she shifted her gaze from Parker back to him. Desire flared before she broke eye contact, shifting her gaze quickly to the floor.

"I don't know what you two are up to, but in case you hadn't noticed, there's a raging storm about to strike. So unless you want to be trapped here for God knows how long, I suggest—"

"That's exactly what we want," interrupted Donovan, tracing one finger along her jaw, raising her face to his as his other hand still cupped her arm. "Do you know how long we've been waiting for just the right circumstances? We had this drill site postponed until we thought we could work some kind of magic." He leaned in, drinking in her frantic breath. "Looks like it's paid off. You're here, the sun is already below the horizon and in another minute, the storm will engulf this cabin, dashing any chance of escape."

Arousal darkened Faith's eyes before they narrowed in anger, and she wedged her way out from between the two men, putting as much distance as possible between them. She turned and faced them, hands crossed, foot tapping the wood floor in annoyance, the erratic thudding matched only by the panicked beating of his heart.

"Four months," she said, her voice wavering as tears pooled in her blue eyes. "Four months and you never once tried to contact me. What makes you think I haven't moved on?"

"Love."

The simple answer seemed to take her by surprise, and her bravado weakened, a single tear bridging her lashes as it streaked down her cheek. She frowned and swiped the back of her hand across her face, wrapping her other arm around her chest.

"Donovan, I..."

She paused when he took a step closer, uncertainty flaring in her eyes. She glanced at Parker as the man moved in beside him. Donovan took a deep breath, knowing this was his one opportunity to convince her...to earn a second chance.

"I know we have a lot to explain, but we needed to give you time so you'd actually listen to us instead of just wallowing in anger because you thought we'd lied to you."

"Thought?" she bit out. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but I found Parker naked in your bed."

"And I told you...we're not lovers."

"Which means you had other plans...plans you didn't tell me about, which in my books, equates to lying."

"You didn't leave because I never told you about my desire to have Parker join us...and for more than just a quick fuck," he started, catching another tear on the tip of his finger as it rolled down her skin, leaving a trail of moisture behind. "You left because you had feelings for Parker, and you didn't know how to deal with them...because you actually wanted to discover what kind of relationship the three of us could build." He paused as he took another deep breath. "This has nothing to do with lying, unless you're willing to admit you lied to yourself about how you feel."

"He...I..." she stuttered, shifting her gaze to Parker again, her lips slightly parted as if she were fighting to draw enough breath.

Donovan took another step forward. "All we're asking for is a chance to explain. We may have tricked you into coming here, but it was the only way we knew to draw you to us, short of stomping into camp and kidnapping you." He flashed her a smile he hoped would make her body weep in anticipation. "Ten minutes, darling. Please."

Her eyes softened as she released a shuddering breath, her shoulders drooping in fatigue. She nodded and collapsed into one of the chairs, motioning to the other two. Donovan took her offer, sitting across from her, never allowing his gaze to wander. She glanced around the room before settling somewhere between him and Parker. He noticed how her eyes eventually shifted towards the other man, darting up and down his body, pausing in the most intriguing places. A tentative smile tugged at Donovan's lips. It wasn't enough of a sign to settle the nervous roll in his stomach, but it gave him a spark of hope. She sighed, and his attention snapped back to her face.

“Fine, I’ll listen. I suppose I owe you that much. But—”

“But,” he cut in. “If you still want us to leave once we’re done talking, we’ll brave this ungodly storm and weather the rain out in a tent.”

“A tent?” She laughed, making his cock peak from the soft sound. “You guys must really be desperate. Okay. Talk. But it’ll be one hell of a night if you’re wrong.”

Chapter Two

Faith's heart pounded faster as Donovan's simple smile turned wicked. He raised one eyebrow, nodding at her.

"Oh, it's going to be one hell of a night, darling, but not because I'm wrong."

The dark promise in his voice sent a shiver of anticipation trembling through her, and she wrapped her arms around her chest again in the hopes of hiding her reaction. The sudden smug tilt to Donovan's lips told her he'd seen enough.

"You were going to explain, not gloat," she managed to choke out, rubbing her hands on her arms. The temperature in the room had dropped suddenly as the wind gusted against the windows, echoing the tinny reverberation of the rain through the cabin.

Parker stepped over to her, stripping off his sweater as he moved, revealing a sleek black tee underneath. Fire seared through her core as she stared at the well-defined physique rippling beneath the thin fabric. She could just make out the strong bands across his stomach, and where his ribs threaded into his chest, creating a dip in his shirt. Moisture she didn't expect gathered in her sex, and she found herself shuffling on the chair in an attempt to ease the incessant ache that was now rooted between her legs. A flash of awareness shimmied through her senses, and she realised Donovan had been right. She'd fooled herself into thinking Parker had been nothing more to her than a friend...that somewhere along the way she hadn't developed feelings for him. While she wasn't quite prepared to examine exactly what those feelings were yet, she knew denying they existed wasn't going to work.

Parker gave her a tentative smile as he held his sweater out to her. She smiled back, accepting his offer, inhaling sharply when his fingers passed over hers. A jolt of arousal coursed through her at the simple contact, and she could only wonder if he'd felt the same shock.

"Thanks," was all she could force between set teeth, as she dragged the shirt over her head, breathing in the spicy scent of his cologne mixed with a subtler musk she knew was all him. Goose bumps erupted along her skin making her shiver despite the added layer of warmth. The two men exchanged a curious look, and she prayed they couldn't read her thoughts.

"Better?" asked Donovan, though the gleam in his eyes told her he'd more than witnessed her reaction to Parker.

Faith nodded, not trusting her voice not to crack at the sultry way he watched her from beneath a veil of lashes. She steeped her fingers and rested her chin on the tips. "Well?" she asked.

"Are you certain you're comfortable?" questioned Donovan.

"As comfortable as I can be sitting in a make-shift cabin with a drill taking up half the room and a raging thunderstorm shaking the walls."

Parker laughed when another rumble rattled the glass. "Think of it as mood music."

Faith couldn't help but smile. Parker always had a comeback, even if it was a bit lame. "Mood music for who? Freddy Krueger?"

Parker flashed her a wicked grin and wiggled his fingers like the evil character from the movie.

Faith could only shake her head. "Quit stalling, you two, and tell me why I'm here."

The tension in the room escalated at the simple question, and Faith felt a darker energy emanating from the men. Donovan cast Parker a concerned look, raising his eyebrows in what looked like a silent message. Parker shook his head, pointing his finger back at Donovan as the man scraped the third chair across the wood, twisting it so he could straddle the seat and cross his arms along the back. Donovan sighed, raking a shaky hand through his hair before looking back at her, his eyes shrouded in mystery.

"Do you remember when we first started dating how you asked me about my family, and I told you I didn't have anyone left that qualified?"

Faith glanced at Parker before slowly nodding, fear settling like a cold fist in her stomach. Something about the way Donovan looked at Parker sent shivers racing along her spine. Donovan sighed, and the twisting feeling increased.

"That wasn't exactly accurate."

"In what way?" she asked, cringing when the register of her voice wavered.

Donovan pulled his lips into a tight line, looking at her as if he was afraid she was going to dart out the door. "Parker's my family...at least, that's how I feel about him."

Faith stared at him, not certain what to say. He'd just sworn that he and Parker weren't lovers, yet she couldn't see how they were connected beyond a physical relationship. She

stared from one man over to the other, scrutinising every detail until her head hurt. They sure as hell didn't look like brothers, and if they weren't lovers, she'd be damned if she knew what the hell Donovan was muttering about. A lengthy silence smothered the room until she couldn't take the uncertainty any longer.

"So what are you trying to tell me?" she demanded, pushing to her feet. "Either you have a family, or you don't. Either you and Parker are lovers or you're not. Regardless, I still don't see what any of this has to do with me...or us for that matter."

Donovan matched her motion, followed closely by Parker, his chair clattering to the floor. They looked like men determined to get their way, and she had a feeling there'd be little room for negotiations.

"It has everything to do with *us*," said Donovan, waving his hand between them. "The *three* of us."

Faith stared at the two men, watching them both nod as they stood their ground, arms now crossed on their chests, long strands of hair tousled across their face. She'd never realised how alike they were, though at the same time, completely different. Donovan was dark-haired, dark-eyed, with a serious brood that made women want to climb inside his head and figure him out. Parker's hair was lighter and longer, and his eyes seemed to waver between a brilliant blue and a playful green. She'd always pegged him as the playboy type, with his easy laughter and cavalier attitude. But now, as he stood there, the strong line of his back as straight as Donovan's, she saw another side of him. A side that seemed lost and unsure. She found herself wanting to comfort him. To soothe the worry clouding his eyes and make the series of lines creasing his forehead disappear.

Faith sighed and sank into the chair again, snuggling deeper into Parker's sweater. She had a feeling she needed to hear what Donovan had to say as much as he needed to tell her. Donovan smiled as their eyes met, and he reclaimed his seat, scraping the chair closer until their knees touched. She did her best to ignore the searing punch of heat that started in her legs and flowed upwards, finally culminating between her thighs as it had when she'd thought about him in the helicopter. God help her, but she knew she was already lost.

"You were saying," she said, nodding at him.

"Right." He took a deep breath and she didn't miss the way Parker stepped behind him, gently patting Donovan on the back. "When Parker and I were just boys, our fathers took us

on a hiking trip. They said it was to introduce us to the wonders of the outdoors, but we both knew it was just an excuse to go diamond hunting without getting in trouble. My mother had died during birth, and Parker's mom was always complaining how my father dragged his dad halfway round the world on some crazy expedition...looking for treasures that didn't exist."

He paused and glanced over at the other man. Faith saw something pass between them, making her heart clench. She had a feeling the story didn't end well.

"Anyway," he continued, catching her gaze, but looking more through her than at her. "We were deep in the Alaska wilderness when a freak storm hit us out of nowhere. It was almost as if it just materialised right there on the spot. Deafening thunder and lightning flashed in the sky, splintering trees and electrifying the air. Hail and rain fell like needles against our skin, and the wind was so strong, it was all Parker and I could do just to stumble along behind our fathers as they searched for shelter. We finally found a large cave and ducked inside, certain that whatever might be in the cave was far less dangerous than the storm raging outside."

His breathing seemed to hitch for a moment and she heard him swallow thickly. His gaze riveted to hers, and a tremble of fear washed over her. She reached for his hand, not sure why she needed to touch him, but unable to stop her fingers from twining through his. He stared at her, his mouth a thin line, his eyes so dark they looked like deep pockets set into his face. All emotion faded from his expression as he squeezed her hand.

"We were wrong."

He stopped and pulled away, finding his feet as he shuffled to the other side of the room. His back stood rigidly straight and she could see the muscles along his shoulders clench and release as he gripped at the post of the bed, cursing quietly beneath his harsh breath. Faith heard Parker sigh, and glanced over at him. His eyes softened as he cupped her hand in his, patting the back softly with his other hand.

"What our fathers didn't realise," continued Parker, his voice a ghostly echo of Donovan's, "was that the cave was the den of a mother grizzly and her three cubs. I suppose they thought being a bit later in the season, most of the bears would be roaming their territories, but it seemed the extended harsh conditions had prompted some of them to remain in hibernation. We hadn't even had a chance to shake off our gear before she struck."

Parker stopped, looking at Donovan as if seeking the man's approval. Faith shifted her gaze, pinned by the pained expression on Donovan's face. He sighed and slowly returned to the chair, taking her other hand in his.

"We didn't even know what hit us," he said. "All I remember is hearing both our fathers shout as they pushed us towards the entrance, followed by the sound of screaming and gunfire. Then Parker was dragging me out of the cave by my jacket, yelling at me to run. Neither of us wanted to leave our dads behind, but hell...we were only ten years old and scared shitless. We never once looked back until we both finally collapsed over a mile away. We found a tree we could climb and headed straight for the top, even though we knew we weren't supposed to. But fear does strange things to the mind, and all we could think about was escaping...getting away from the flashes of white teeth and desolate growls that had filled the darkness."

Faith bit back tears as she watched the two men fall into silence in front of her, their heads hung low, their bodies hunched with guilt. She tried not to picture them as young boys, their faces bright with excitement as they embarked on what was supposed to be a grand adventure between fathers and sons...but it was hopeless. Time hadn't erased the memories of that night, and she could tell they haunted the men, like a shadow that never quite vanished.

"What happened?" she asked, giving both of their hands a reassuring squeeze.

Donovan shrugged, masking his emotions behind a veil of indifference. "Rangers found us the next morning. Parker's father had managed to call for help after he'd regained consciousness. He'd been dragged a few hundred feet away from the cave and been left to die. The medics were able to save him, but it was one hell of a recovery."

She swallowed around the thick feeling in her throat, certain she already knew the answer to her next question. "And your dad?"

"He bled to death during the night."

She nodded, knowing there was nothing she could say to make the event remotely okay. "Where did you go after that? With your mom already gone and your dad..."

Donovan swung his gaze over to Parker, and a genuine smile encompassed Donovan's entire face. "Parker's parents took me in. Treated me as if I were their own." He laughed, though she could tell it was strained. "Hell, the old man even calls me son."

“So that’s why you two spend so much time together. You’re brothers...in a sense.”

Donovan drew a deep breath, leaning forward in the seat until his warm breath ghosted over her skin. “It’s more than that.” He threw Parker a nervous glance, then looked back, his eyes searching hers expectantly. “Something happened to us that night...while we huddled together in the tree, clinging to the branches with every ounce of strength we had left. Something...changed us.”

A strange shiver wove up her spine, but she couldn’t tell if it was fear or anticipation. She snagged her bottom lip, darting her eyes between the two men as she nodded for him to continue.

“After that night, it was as if we could anticipate what each other was thinking. We became inseparable, choosing to share a room, rather than stay alone. At first, everyone—including us—chalked it up to the trauma we’d been through. But with time, we realised it went much deeper. It was almost as if we needed to share to keep the connection alive...to keep us alive.”

He paused and nodded at her, as if prompting her. She eased back slightly, still worrying her lip between her teeth as the weight of his confession slowly sank in. Her gaze drifted to Parker. He looked back at her, his pale eyes full of doubt, the sensual curve of his lips turned down at the edges. It was obvious he expected her to bolt, as she suspected others had before her.

Faith closed her eyes, searching her heart for the answer, but it got lost amidst the frantic thrumming of her pulse. She couldn’t deny that she had feelings for Parker, but were they as pure, as deep as her love for Donovan? Could they ever be?

A gentle touch snapped her eyelids open and she found herself staring into the dark recesses of Donovan’s eyes. He tried to smile, but the effort only added to the need already strumming through her veins. He was reaching out to her, and as scared as she was at the thought of opening herself up to two men, she knew she needed to try, if for no other reason than to ease some of the pain in his eyes.

“I realise this is a lot to take in,” began Donovan, smoothing his fingers over the back of one hand as he drew small circles on her skin with his thumb. “And I know it sounds like a bad scene from a movie, but—”

"I think you're explained enough for now," she said, cutting him off. She smiled when a crease formed in his brow and he sat back, spearing Parker with a gaze that clearly displayed his confusion. "I'll be honest. I'm not going to make you any promises, and in the end, this arrangement might be too—unconventional for me. But I'd be lying if said I haven't spent the past four months wondering if I walked out on the best opportunity of my life." She paused, praying she wasn't setting herself up for a fall. "If I was too scared to look at anything beyond the fairytale."

The smile that slowly curled Donovan's lips kicked her heart into an erratic rhythm that instantly left her breathless. Fire licked across her skin where each man held one hand and spiralled up her arms, burning its way into her chest. A nervous giggle rumbled free when Parker slowly raised her hand, holding her stare as he placed an open-mouthed kiss on the back. The sensual touch shot straight to her sex, and she swore she'd come if he did it again.

He grinned at her apparent lust, licking the soft spot by her knuckle before lifting her hand higher and brushing her palm along his jaw, tickling it with the light shadow prickling his face. "You don't have to give up the fairytale, my sweet. Just think of our story as a new version...one with two knights instead of one."

A tendril of fear wove through her core at the soft promise of his words. She'd never indulged in fantasies, other than the one time Donovan had held her hands above her head, and even then, she'd known he'd release her if she'd needed him to. She held Parker's stare, hoping he wouldn't notice the way her fingers trembled. She thought about standing, but didn't know if her legs would hold her. Parker gave her a moment's warning before he moved.

Faith's breath left her on a gasp as Parker pulled her to her feet and she found herself, once again, sandwiched between the two men, only this time their positions were reversed. Parker held her tight against his chest as Donovan curled into her back, his body hugging her curves. The hard evidence of his arousal nudged her ass, and she couldn't contain the husky moan that trembled from her mouth. Donovan's lips tilted into a smile against the sensitive skin of her neck as his warm breath descended along her shoulder, leaving a trail of goose bumps behind.

"I know you're hesitant, darling, but we'll take it slow. Give you a chance to get used to the idea of us both loving you." His tongue traced a path along her collarbone and up her

neck, ending at the soft shell of her ear. "We've got nothing but time to work up to the kind of threesome Parker and I have dreamt about a thousand times." He nipped at her lobe and her hands fisted Parker's shirt in response, anchoring her to the man. "Let's start with something I know you love," he whispered, his voice an aphrodisiac all its own. "It turns out you and Parker have something in common. Would you care to guess what it is?"

Her breath came in stilted pants as Donovan inched his hands between her and Parker, moving them slowly up her body and taking Parker's sweater with him. She heard it fall to the floor, as Parker fisted the hem of her other shirt and dragged it over her head, leaving her with nothing but her bra to cover her chest. A shiver raced along her skin as she waited for the men to make another move. The soft sound of more fabric rustling to the floor crested the air, followed by the warm press of skin against her back.

"God, I love feeling your skin against mine," rasped Donovan, rubbing his chest across her back. "Are you still cold?"

She could only shake her head as Parker removed his T-shirt, exposing the hard line of muscles she knew hid beneath the clothes. She'd seen him shirtless before, but the pure beauty of his body never ceased to amaze her. Long, lean muscles topped by sun-kissed skin with a light dusting of brown hair wavered in front of her, and she had to resist the urge to run her fingers along his chest, tracing where one muscle collided with another.

"Good," continued Donovan, running his fingers up and down her arms. "Now, you didn't answer my previous question. Care to guess what you and Parker have in common?"

The sexy tone of his voice only increased the needy feeling in her pussy, and she was positive her pants were soaked by now. She'd starting going without panties halfway through the summer, when another layer of anything had been one too many in the oppressive heat. Now she wished she'd chosen to suffer. There'd be no hiding her arousal once they lowered her pants.

She forced in a deep breath, cursing the sensual scent wafting in the air. "Is he nervous, too?" she asked.

Donovan chuckled against her skin, and more shivers raced through her body. "Nice try, darling, but I don't think it's nerves that Parker has a case of. Just look at his crotch."

She lowered her gaze, holding her breath when her eyes settled on the large bulge pressing against Parker's jeans. She'd never seen him aroused before, and the thought that he

was hiding such a delicious surprise only made her wetter. She tried to swallow, but nothing seemed to be working. Her entire body was focused on the ridge of Parker's cock, and how it pulsed beneath the denim.

Donovan blew a heated breath across her ear, and her eyes closed on a sigh. "The correct answer is pussy." He smiled when she shot him a glance over her shoulder. "He loves to eat it, as much as you love to have yours eaten."

Desire rolled through her, and she wasn't sure she would've stayed on her feet if Donovan hadn't taken that moment to wrap his arms around her waist, pulling her back so some of her weight rested against him. He splayed his hands across her stomach, moaning softly in her ear when her muscles contracted from the caress. She kept her eyes glued to Parker as the man ran his gaze up and down her body, lingering on her groin. A victorious smile split across his face as he nodded at her mound.

"Looks like she's already anxious for me to begin."

Parker held her stare as he slid one hand down her hip to her pussy, tracing the seam of her pants as it disappeared between her legs. If she wasn't wet before, she was certain her pants were dripping arousal now as his finger probed the soft spot between her lips.

"I could wring out the crotch of your pants, it's so wet."

Donovan hummed in her ear, the sound mixing with the steady thrumming of rain against the windows. More flashes of lightning erupted outside, but she barely registered them as Parker's fingers rimmed the waistband of her pants, stopping at the button.

"Are you positive?" asked Parker, raising his eyebrow.

The torn look in his eyes told her all she needed to know. It was the same look Donovan had flashed her the day she'd stormed out. Reservations faded into trust as she raised her hand and drew her finger along his jaw.

"Completely," she said, tracing the outline of his sculpted lips. "I'm only sorry I didn't have the strength to try before."

Parker smiled, and sucked her finger into his mouth. Hot, slick flesh teased the tip before he released her, stepping closer. His chest grazed hers, puckering her nipples against the cool cotton of her bra. She bit back a moan as he slid his gaze to her breasts, then up again.

"Don't worry. I know exactly how you can make it up to me..."

Parker's voice trailed off as his finger flicked open the button of her pants. He nodded at Donovan, watching her eyes as Donovan eased his hands down and grabbed the edges of her pants, holding the sides apart. Parker smiled and traced his fingers over Donovan's.

"All right, my sweet. Time to make our new fairytale come true." Parker crowded into her, brushing his lips against her opposite ear. "And I do mean come."

Chapter Three

Parker Sinclair prayed his hands weren't shaking as he snagged the metal zipper, and slowly slid the teeth apart, revealing more of Faith's pale skin. While he'd hoped for her acceptance, actually having her between him and Donovan, was a dream come true. They'd shared a few women over the years, but none had grabbed their hearts and stolen their souls the way Faith had. She was their every fantasy, and she was finally theirs.

He shook the thoughts away, focusing on the swath of skin he'd bared to his gaze, and felt the blood drain from his head and fill his cock. Sweet mercy, but she wasn't wearing any panties. Raw desire pounded through him, and he was glad she was being held so he couldn't just toss her on the couch and fuck her senseless with half their clothes still on. She needed a proper seduction, and he knew exactly where to start.

"Donovan's told me how much you love having your pussy licked," rasped Parker, tugging at her pants. "There's absolutely nothing sexier than watching a woman squirm with her wet flesh beneath your tongue." He leaned in closer so his breath washed across her chest, puckering her nipples even more. "You will squirm for me, won't you?"

Faith's eyes widened, and he took the opportunity to brush his mouth across hers. She tasted like cherry lip balm and coffee, and he dipped in for a better lick. She opened for him and her flavour burst across his tongue, drawing a harsh moan from deep within his chest. She muffled the husky sound, raising her hands to his neck and pulling him closer, scratching her nails up his scalp as her fingers wove through his hair. Shivers raced down his spine, making his cock flare in anticipation.

He pulled back, loving the way she watched him from beneath a shadow of lashes. Her lips opened on a soft moan, and he gave her another quick kiss before stepping back and staring down at her groin. Donovan was still holding her pants open, only they'd shimmied down her hips slightly during the kiss. Parker smiled, anxious to see if her arousal tasted as sweet as her scent.

"Now be a good girl and help us get you out of these pants."

She released his hair as he slipped his hands down her sides, helping her ease the fabric over her hips as she rocked her ass back and forth, revealing a new inch of skin with each sway. Donovan lifted her as the material fell to her knees, allowing Parker to push them completely off. His breath stalled, then exhaled in an audible hiss as he stared at her body. Her hips flared nicely from her waist into shapely thighs, ending in tiny feet that he couldn't wait to feel pressed against his shoulders as he spread her wide.

He glanced at her mound and reasonable thought left him. Donovan had said she shaved, but seeing the pretty pink flesh all smooth and shiny with arousal flooded his cock with desire, and he had to grab his crotch to keep from coming in his pants.

"Fuck."

He didn't shift his eyes when Donovan chuckled in the background, the man's hands skimming over Faith's stomach to rest at the apex of her sex. It was too hot, too hypnotising watching Donovan's fingers splay the silky lips apart, uncovering the delicate nub nestled between her folds. Parker's tongue poked out in anticipation, tasting his lip as he longed to taste hers. A feminine moan flitted across the cool air, as her body tensed, fluttering the small protrusion. He groaned and dropped to his knees.

"I always thought you were beautiful," he began, grabbing a cushion off the bed as Donovan lowered her to the floor, her back pressed against his chest as her legs straddled Parker's large form. "But now that you're here...with both of us, I can't believe how incredible you truly are."

He dragged his gaze away from her pussy long enough to admire the stunning smile that slowly captured her lips. She was more than just beautiful, she was honest and sincere, and her capacity to love overwhelmed him. He reached for her face, tracing the soft curve of her jaw.

"I'll never forget this moment, or the gift you've given us. Make no mistake, my sweet. You belong to us now...body and soul. We just need to show you."

Her lips parted in response, but her reply became a wanton moan when he drew his fingers down the centre of her body, pausing at the vee of her slit. Parker nodded at Donovan, smiling when the man reached up his other hand, dipping under her thin bra and cupping one breast as his finger and thumb teased the nipple still hidden behind the white cotton.

"Do you know how many times I've dreamt of Parker touching you?" asked Donovan, his husky voice a full octave lower than usual. "Having you lean against me, your body wedged against mine as he parts your thighs, opening you up to his gaze? Watching as he trails his finger through your slick juices, knowing he's imagining what it'd feel like to repeat the caress with his tongue? Can you feel how hard it makes me?"

Parker followed Donovan's lead, mimicking the man's words with actions, circling her clit as Donovan's voice faded into a low rasp. He smiled when she cried out, and he moved his finger to her sex, teasing the opening with just a hint of penetration. Faith's hips tilted forward, but Parker kept his touch light, moving with her. She hissed and reached for his head, threading her fingers through his hair. He groaned. He hadn't even touched her slick flesh with his tongue yet, and already she was trying to anchor his head between her legs.

"Soon, sweetheart, soon. Just let me watch you take my finger inside you first."

His words purged a new wave of cream from her sex, and he gathered it on his finger before pushing it fully inside her, feeling her soft channel give against his skin. "Damn, you're tight," he breathed, slowly withdrawing only to sink inside her again, slightly deeper.

"Fuck, do you know how bloody hot it is watching Parker's finger disappear inside you?" Donovan choked out another breath as Parker repeated the motion using two fingers this time. "Aw, Faith. It's beautiful, darling."

Faith cried out and tried to arch her back, but Donovan tugged her tight against him. She groaned in frustration, spearing Parker with her gaze. "I thought you liked to eat pussy, or are you all talk...?"

Her voice faded as he plunged home again.

"Is that a challenge, sweetness?" he asked. "Because I've never backed down from a challenge."

He thought Faith whispered a reply, but any words were lost as he bent down and licked a heated path through her slit. Honeyed spice filled his senses, and he moaned against her flesh, loving the way the small vibration made her clit flutter again.

"It's so sexy when you do that," he rasped, his face still buried in her folds. "Again."

He felt her tense her inner muscles and was rewarded by another pulse. He growled in delight, knowing the sensation would excite her more as he inched down and lapped at her entrance, licking his fingers clean after every thrust.

Faith chanted his name, tugging on his hair as he moved between her thighs, building her higher. Her muscles clenched with increasing arousal, a tell-tale sign she was going to come. He pulled back for a moment, smiling at her huff of frustration and the way she pulled against the strands wrapped around her fingers.

"I know you're close, but I haven't had a chance to savour the rest of you," he said. "I want to rip off that bra and see if your nipples are the same delicate shade of pink as these pretty lips. Run my tongue over every inch of your soft skin until I can taste you in my sleep. I want to make it all last."

Faith's head tilted back as Donovan tweaked one nipple through her bra, imitating Parker's request. Her thighs fell open more and she tugged on his hair again. "You can *savour* me next time, Parker. Just please, make me come."

Her simple words stopped his heart.

Next time.

Parker sighed in defeat. How could he argue with a request that promised another chance to love her? He flashed her his sexiest smile as he held her gaze, dipping down between her legs again. He grabbed one foot and placed it on his shoulder, indulging in the fantasy he'd pictured when he'd first stripped her. Faith followed his lead and planted her other foot on his opposite shoulder, her back pressed into Donovan's chest and groin, her ass teetering on the pillow as she bared herself to Parker's hungry stare. He glanced once at Donovan, smiling at the man's nod, then latched onto her clit, and sucked.

Donovan's cock throbbed against Faith's back as she unravelled in his arms, her sweet scent overpowering the room. Donovan slid one hand under her thigh, grazing over where Parker's fingers were lodged deep inside her and thought he'd come on the spot. He'd wondered if his love for Faith would make this time different? If he'd feel jealous watching his friend pleasure the woman he planned to spend the rest of his life with? But as he looked at Parker, his face wet with her juice, Donovan knew this was what he'd been waiting for. For the first time since that night in the tree, a sense of calm descended over him, washing the bloody images from his memory like a cleansing rain. He realised he'd been given a gift and he didn't intend to waste it.

He lifted Faith up and shuffled her into his arms, holding her tight as the tremors slowly subsided. She relaxed into him, her body flushed with a light sheen of sweat. He felt her smile against his chest as her fingers traced patterns along his skin. The tiny movements brought back all the nights he'd spent with her head nestled on his chest and her arm draped across his stomach. He'd feared he'd lost those times forever, and unshed tears burned in his eyes at the reality that she'd given him another chance. He took a deep breath as he angled her face up to his and pressed their lips together.

Faith sighed into the kiss, opening for his conquering tongue. He started slowly at first, rediscovering every dip and hollow, before increasing his attack and claiming her mouth with driving strokes. He heard Parker moan in the background and finally pulled back, determined to regain some measure of control.

"I'll assume you enjoyed coming in Parker's mouth," he rasped, chuckling at the blush that bloomed in her cheeks and laced down her neck. "From the look on Parker's face, I'd say he's just as satisfied. But it seems we have a new problem."

He pressed his cock into her hip, growling when she pushed back against him, rubbing her body back and forth across his erection. He was literally seconds away from creaming his shorts, and it seemed she was in the mood to play.

"Playful, are we?" he said, shuffling her onto her knees. "Then by all means, let's play. Parker."

The man smiled, and reached for the zipper of his jeans. The metal teeth hissed open and he shucked them off, taking his briefs with them. Donovan heard Faith's breath hitch as Parker's cock sprang free, bobbing down from his waist, until it was hanging even with her mouth. Faith was masterful at oral sex, but Donovan wasn't ready for her to take control just yet.

"Soon, darling, but first, you have to help me out with my condition."

Faith glanced at him over her shoulder, wiggling her ass as she flashed him a smile. God, he loved the sassy side of her and gave her butt a quick tap before reaching for his zipper and freeing his aching cock. Her eyes darkened as she watched it emerge from his pants, the head flared in anticipation, his skin sticky with pre cum. Her tongue darted out and traced her upper lip, as he pushed the jeans aside and sat behind her, his thighs between her splayed knees as his feet pointed towards Parker. Donovan loved it when she rode him

backwards, her beautiful ass bobbing up and down over him, and it seemed like the perfect way for them to reassert their claim on each other.

"There'll be time for you to indulge in your desires later. This time is our gift to you."

Her eyes softened and a flicker of pure love flashed through them before the wicked smile returned. "As long as you remember, baby," she teased. "Payback's a *bitch*."

He smiled at her choice of words. Only she could make *bitch* sound sexy and alluring. "I'm more than certain we'll *suffer* at your hands, but for now, we're in charge." He nodded at Parker. "Parker. I think she needs to be relieved of her bra."

"About fucking time," said Parker, reaching behind Faith's back and releasing the clasp. "Beautiful," he rasped, as her breasts jiggled free.

Donovan's cock jerked as Parker leant forward, his head disappearing behind Faith's body. Faith moaned and her head fell back towards Donovan, her long hair tickling his chest. God he'd thought watching Parker touch her was erotic, but only being able to hear the man suckling her chest as Faith moaned and writhed above him was practically orgasmic. Picturing Parker's mouth around her tight nipples while her face twisted in pleasure flared his cock against her ass, and he knew he couldn't wait any longer.

He grabbed at her hips, lifting her up enough he could shuffle slightly lower, calling to Parker to toss him a condom.

Faith glanced at him and he read the question in her eyes. They hadn't used condoms for months, and he knew she didn't like even the thin barrier between them. He smiled at the small pout that formed on her lips as Parker tore a packet open and handed it over.

"We don't have a shower here, darling, and since we're planning on loving you all night, it makes sense for us to wear one...at least this first time."

Faith's pout deepened, but she nodded, moaning again when Parker's head vanished behind her again. Donovan could feel Parker's knees pressed against his legs as Donovan sheathed his cock and centred it against her slit. Parker wrapped one arm around her waist and held her still until Donovan was perfectly positioned beneath her. A harsh curse rumbled from his chest as Parker slowly lowered Faith, stopping her with just the crown nudging her entrance. The man seemed to thrive on Donovan's unquenched desire, and prevented Faith from taking more of his shaft inside her.

He clenched his jaw, waiting for Parker to allow him entrance. Parker glanced at him over Faith's shoulder. Their gazes clashed for a moment before Parker rocked backwards onto his heels, focusing on where Donovan's cock jutted against Faith's flesh.

"I want to watch him claim you," said Parker, his voice thick with arousal. "I want to feel your body take him deep inside."

Faith chanted a raspy 'yes', anchoring her arms on Parker's shoulders as the man moved his other hand to her channel, parting his fingers around Donovan's shaft at the spot where Faith's body joined his.

Donovan shouted her name, throwing his head back in ecstasy as Parker slowly lowered Faith onto him, the man's fingers preceding every delicious inch of Faith's wet heat until her moist lips caressed his groin like an intimate kiss.

"Ah, fuck, Faith," Donovan groaned, feeling her tighten around him. "You're amazing, darling. Truly amazing."

Faith answered him with another squeeze of her internal muscles. He gritted his teeth, waiting for Parker to lift her so he could feel the exquisite sensation again. But Parker held them both there, his hand still wedged between them, his face a mask of raw desire. He kicked one side of his mouth into a dangerous smile, then moved forward, capturing Faith's lips in his.

Donovan could hear their passionate kiss, but didn't have the strength to think past the tight feeling encasing his shaft. He cursed under his breath, certain his cock would explode before he'd had a chance to move when Parker finally allowed Faith to rise, releasing the sweet pressure.

"Sweet mercy," said Donovan, feeling her body close behind his retreat, the wet sounds of tongues battling for dominance drifting in the background. He wanted to watch them interact—watch the contrast of Parker's tanned flesh against Faith's creamy white—but couldn't drag his gaze away from the vision of his cock slowly emerging from Faith's body, the thick shaft now covered in her slick juice.

Parker stopped Faith with Donovan's shaft wedged at her entrance, keeping her there for what felt like eternity before lowering her again, dousing his cock in her fiery heat once more.

"You're killing me," he huffed, squeezing his eyes in an effort to hold on. He didn't want this moment to end, and he sure as hell didn't want to come before Faith had screamed her way through at least one orgasm. He'd always prided himself in seeing to her pleasure first, before indulging in his own.

"Then you'll die happy," said Parker, showing no signs of swaying his agenda to accommodate Donovan's plea.

"Buddy."

Parker merely laughed at his tone, lifting up so he could smile at Donovan over Faith's shoulder. "Fine. But I think Faith needs a distraction so she doesn't come just yet."

Donovan groaned when the man removed his hand from between their bodies and eased back, grabbing his shaft and offering to Faith. Faith glanced back at him, licking her lips again before falling onto her hands and taking Parker's cock deep into her mouth.

Donovan growled as the new position tilted his cock forward, rubbing the tip across her pelvic bone. He pushed up, not sure how he was going to fuck her with his legs trapped beneath both hers and Parker's. And if he didn't start moving soon, he sure as hell wouldn't be the one to make Faith *come* at all.

Parker's rough moan drew Donovan's attention. He watched as Parker slid one hand through Faith's dark hair, helping her move along his cock, as the other moved under her ass, squeezing the taut flesh as he urged her up, once again relieving the pressure on Donovan's cock. But Parker didn't stop this time. As soon as Donovan's crown rimmed her pussy, Parker pressed her back down, slamming her into Donovan's groin.

"Ride him, sweetness. I want you to ride him while you suck my cock."

Faith moaned around Parker's shaft, releasing just long enough to flash a wicked smile at Donovan before tilting her hips back a bit and moving along his shaft, taking him deep then pulling away, leaving him barely inside her. Donovan threw his head back, chanting her name, unable to do anything other than feel.

"That's it, Faith. Show Donovan how much you love having him inside you. How much you want him to come."

She replied around the man's cock, making Donovan's shaft flare again. Just hearing the mumbled words, knowing it was Parker's cock making them incoherent caused his

arousal level to soar. He squeezed his ass, trying to strengthen her thrusts against him and was rewarded by the firm slap of her ass against his hips.

"Yes."

His voice sounded as raw as he felt and he revelled in her answering groan. Parker started moving with her, claiming her mouth with the same rhythm he helped her fuck herself on Donovan's cock. It felt like an erotic dance, where every partner fed off the other. She slapped against him, building the fire welling in his sac. It grew with each pass of her pussy until he could barely contain it. He shifted his weight onto one hand and reached around with the other, finding her clit with his finger. Her body tensed as he rubbed the small nub, feeling it quiver against the tip. She thrust back against him three more times before she screamed and broke, clenching Donovan's cock with steady pulses.

"Fuck. Yes."

Donovan shouted the words, wondering if his eyes were going to pop out of his head as the pressure built to the point of pain, before his cock jerked and released, filling the condom with spurt after spurt of fluid. He moved against her ass, still milking his seed from his shaft, when Parker's voice filled the room. Donovan forced his eyes open, settling his gaze on Parker's face. The man's eyes were squeezed shut, his lips parted on what sounded like a growl as Faith brought him to orgasm with her mouth. He heard her moan as Parker's body jerked, then she swallowed loudly, her hand and mouth still working his shaft. Donovan watched Parker thrust again, and knew he'd emptied another load into her sweet mouth.

"Shit, that's hot."

Parker moaned and his head fell forward, his shoulders drooping as he pulled his cock free, a drop of cum still dotted on the slit. Faith looked back at Donovan, and raised one eyebrow. He groaned and nodded, watching as she leant forward and licked the man's shaft clean.

Parker grunted, opening his eyes as Faith eased back, resting against Donovan's chest as he pushed up on his hands. "You're dangerous, sweetness." Parker moved forward, planting a quick kiss on her nose. "Very dangerous."

"Too dangerous for us to let loosely on the world," echoed Donovan, cupping one hand under her chin as he drew her face towards him. "Now give me a kiss, lover, and let me see how good he tastes on you."

Faith's eyes darkened in renewed arousal as her lips met his, her mouth opening for his questing tongue. He drank in her sweet murmurs, tasting the musky remnants of Parker's cum. The heady flavour excited him, though he'd never felt sexually attracted to the man. It had nothing to do with wanting to fuck him, and everything to do with sharing his greatest love with him.

"Delicious," said Donovan, loving how her cheeks blushed again. He nodded at the bed. "Now how about we all get a bit of rest before Parker and I are forced to suffer your...payback."

"Hell, I think I already received mine," chirped Parker, pulling the blankets back. "But I suppose I could *suffer* again."

Faith huffed and opened her mouth, but Donovan covered it with his lips again, swallowing her little protest. She was still mumbling when he finally pulled back.

"Don't say anything, darling. Just let us lay with you and savour the moment. You can talk all you like later. But for now, we just want to stay in the dream."

Faith's eyes softened and she nodded, wrapping her arms around Donovan's neck as he lifted her up, cuddling her close as he crossed over to the bed. Her hair puddled on the pillow as he lowered her down, placing her in the middle of the mattress. Then he disposed of the condom, wiping his shaft clean before joining her in the bed. Parker was already on the far side with Faith's ass curled into his groin. Donovan bit back another moan, willing his cock to stand down as he climbed under the covers, sighing at the gentle weight of Faith's head on his shoulder.

"Sleep, darling. We have big plans for later."

Chapter Four

“Ah, Faith. I love it when you touch me like that.”

Faith cracked her eyelids opened, drawn to the sexy voice mumbling in her ear.

“That’s right. Open yourself for me. Touch yourself. Ah, fuck.”

She giggled, listening to Parker talk in his sleep. Having never slept with him before, she found it amusing that he talked dirty in his sleep. But it was even more arousing to hear him talking about her.

Visions of their interlude skipped to the front of her mind and she had to bite back a moan as a familiar warmth spread through her core, once again settling between her thighs. Damn, what was it about these two men that made her weep from nothing more than a smile, or a stray thought of a cock thrusting into her mouth.

She giggled at the image, still not sure what to make of the situation. It’d been more than evident during their encounter that both men loved and adored her. She’d actually expected the whole scene to melt down into a jealous fit of rage, but they’d looked at her with only love in their eyes, and their simple approval had stolen her heart.

Two men. Could she really live that way?

“Now, Faith. Please, sweetheart.”

His sleep-filled plea answered her question, and she turned towards him, watching his eyes dart back and forth beneath his lids. She’d never noticed before how long and dark his lashes were, or how he had a slight bump in his nose. He was definitely the playboy she’d suspected of earlier, but there was also a softer side to him. The side that was still stuck in the tree, wondering if he’d see the dawn.

A tentative smile touched her lips as she let her doubts fade away, replacing them with plans of seduction. She’d barely said a word during their first session, her mind still reeling in shock too much to get anything out, but now that she’d had some time to gather herself, she wanted a chance to turn the table on the boys. To watch them squirm from her teasing as she took them to the edge, only to leave them there until she decided it was time for them to explode.

The thought made her smile widen as she imagined tying both men to the bed, their heads at opposite ends. She'd take one of them into her mouth, while tempting the other with fleeting glimpses of her wet pussy. She might go as far as making herself come as they watched, helpless to taste the creamy dew that'd gush from her sex.

The warm feeling grew as she worked out more details, wondering if she had any rope in the chopper.

Shit!

She bolted up, remembering she hadn't called the base to let them know she and the men were safe and merely waiting the storm out at the cabin. The last thing she needed was Search and Rescue showing up while she had the men hog-tied and her fingers deep in her sex.

Faith sighed and turned to climb over Donovan when his warm hands settled on her waist, pulling her back tight to his chest.

"Going somewhere, darling?" His voice was edged with just a hint of worry, and she smiled, knowing it'd soon be rough with desire.

"I forgot to call the base. I don't want them to send out the SARs on us."

A low chuckle feathered over her ear, making her shiver. "Parker already called when you were landing. They're not expecting us back until the storm clears." He grinned against her skin. "And I have a feeling it's going to last quite a while."

She looked back at him. "While I was landing," she repeated. "How did you know I wouldn't just walk out on the two of you and fly back to camp alone?"

Donovan shrugged, licking the end of her shoulder. "I hedged my bet." He smiled at her pout. "Was it so wrong of me to plan for the best?"

"I suppose not—"

Her voice cut off when another set of lips descended on her other shoulder. She whipped her head around and stared into the deep blue of Parker's eyes. Damn. Now she was going to have to talk them in to letting her tie them up, instead of just sneaking out and binding them while they slept.

"Hey, Parker. See that look?" asked Donovan, a musical lilt to his voice.

"You mean the one that looks like she was planning something and just got caught?"

Donovan laughed. "That very one."

"I wonder what she was planning?" mused Parker, drawing his finger up her arm and along her collarbone, stopping at her lips. "I bet it was something...dangerous."

Faith couldn't help but smile at the way he wiggled his eyebrows as he emphasised the last word. She crossed her arms on her chest and tried to stare him down, determined to keep to her plan. But as Donovan's hands cupped her breasts, tweaking each nipple between his thumb and forefinger, she knew she'd already lost control.

"Oh, it wasn't dangerous," said Donovan, tugging on her nipples this time. "It was wicked." He released her long enough to skim his hands across her ribs and settle them around her waist again. "You did mention something about payback, darling, and I'm guessing your plan involved us suffering in the only way men can suffer...with longing."

Faith was just about to deny their accusations when the world tilted as Donovan launched out of the bed with her in his arms. She stifled a scream, watching the floor of the cabin bounce past, only to find herself perched on Donovan's knee. She grabbed for the table, but missed as he shuffled her again, leaning her back in his arms. She heard another chair scrape across the wood planks a split second before the scenery flip-flopped again.

"What the..."

Her voice trailed off as she finally regained her senses, only to realise she was staring at the floor, with her body slung across both men's legs. Arousal like she'd never felt surged through her, tightening her nipples and coating her silky lips with juice. She didn't need to be experienced in sexual games to realise her position could only mean one thing.

"Donovan Riley Jones. You have five seconds to let me go before—"

"You come," he finished, smoothing his hand over her bare flesh, making it bead beneath his fingers. "Really now, Faith. If you want us to believe you're not enjoying yourself, you really should put some bite in your words. Not make them sound as if you're a woman about to explode." He bent down over her, nuzzling his mouth next to her ear. "And I know how close you already are. I can smell your heat."

Faith cursed under her breath, hating that Donovan knew her better than she did. How could he have guessed she'd fantasised about being spanked? "That's from before," she lied.

Parker tsked at her, rubbing his hand on her ass beside Donovan's. "That's an extra two smacks for lying to us."

"Who says I'm lying," she challenged.

"This..."

Faith cried out as Parker sank two fingers deep inside her, rubbing her G-spot as he slowly withdrew only to slam home again. Even with the rain beating on the windows and the wind howling in the background, she could hear the frothy sounds of his fingers sliding through her juices as he worked his fingers back and forth, making her squirm on their laps.

"You're so wet," he praised. "Damn, I want to eat you again."

"Soon," promised Donovan. "But first we have a surprise for you."

"What kind of —"

Her words cut off when she felt something cold press against her ass. Donovan had touched her there before, but he'd never tried to penetrate her with anything other than his finger.

"Easy, darling," he soothed. "We just want you to get used to the sensation of having something in there. Parker's going to put a plug inside you. All you have to do is relax and take a nice big breath."

She tried to do as he asked, but her breath failed when Parker probed his finger against her pucker, slipping the tip inside her. A growl she didn't recognise purged from her throat when he sank it deeper, caressing her hot channel until he was fully seated.

"Sweet heavens, but you're tight," moaned Parker. "God, I'm not sure my cock will be able to stand the pressure."

She couldn't reply, every thought focused on the slow progression of his finger through her ass. He took his time, pausing to add more lubrication then penetrating her again, this time with two fingers.

"Oh, God."

The words broke free and she wanted to slap the men the moment their joint chuckles wavered through the air. She didn't want them to know how erotic and hot the game was. They had too much control over her already.

"You can't hide your arousal from us, darling," teased Donovan. "It's dripping down your thighs."

She moaned when he gathered some of her cream off her inner thighs, swirling it around her clit before sinking it inside her, making her feel full. God, if just their fingers felt thick, how the hell would she ever take both their cocks?

"By the time you're ready to take both of us, you won't be worried about whether or not we'll fit," whispered Parker. "But we're not there yet."

Parker removed his fingers and she wanted to scream at his withdrawal, instantly missing the full feeling in her ass. She thought about twisting around, but stilled when something larger pushed against her anus, the tip tapered and smooth.

"I've been saving this for a special occasion," rasped Parker. "One I never thought would come to fruition, until that night Donovan finally brought you home, and I knew you were the one."

His voice was thick and she could tell he was holding back his emotions.

"Take a deep breath, sweetheart, and blow it out slowly."

She did as he asked, too moved by his outward display of affection to deny him the pleasure of her body. She felt the plug ease past her outer muscles, sliding into her with slow, steady pressure. The full feeling increased, but it was soon replaced by a more primal need. She wanted him to move...now.

"Please. Fuck me."

"Not quite yet, darling," said Donovan, removing his finger from her pussy to smooth along her ass. "You've still got your punishment to take."

"Punishment? What the hell are you talking about?"

"Your spanking for walking out on me without allowing me to explain. Your punishment for pretending we don't know what pleases you." His breath curled across her shoulder and she tensed as he nipped at her skin. "Haven't you always wondered what it'd be like to be spanked? To be completely at someone else's mercy?"

She thought about denying the claim, but didn't think she'd be able to pull it off. "Yes," she rasped, feeling the truth of the statement sink into her. This is what she secretly craved. A man...two men who could release her inner vixen and make all her fantasies come true. Donovan had started the journey just before she'd bolted on him, and she had a feeling the two of them were going to pick up where he'd left off.

"Good girl. And for telling the truth, we'll only spank you an extra four times."

"Extra, but..."

Her voice keened into a wail as his hand connected with her flesh, the sharp slap echoing through the room. She clenched her inner muscles, moaning when her ass tightened on the plug.

"Ah, fuck, Faith. You look so hot clamping around the plug." Parker pulled the toy back, then pushed it in again, locking it against her ass. "Now let's see how you like being spanked while I'm fucking your ass with the plug."

Faith screamed through six more whacks, her body exploding into shards of light. The combination of the slight sting coupled with the intense pressure of the plug sent her careening over the edge, shooting the pleasure from her ass into her core. She'd never dreamt she could come that way.

"You're so beautiful when you come," said Donovan, smoothing his hand over her warm flesh. "Now I want to watch you and Parker make love."

Faith snagged her lip as the men lifted her up and carried her to the bed, placing her gently on the sheets. Parker climbed on first as Donovan sat on the edge, his cock jutting out from between his legs. It was thick and heavy, the large vein throbbing beneath the skin to the same fast beat of his heart. She reached for it, but he brushed her hand away.

"I want to watch the two of you."

"But I thought this was about the three of us?" she parried, not sure if being with only one of them would spark a scene.

Donovan's genuine smile clenched her heart. "It's not a competition, darling. Neither of us is going to keep score. We're all a partnership, which means there're no limitations or restrictions on our love. Whether we're together or one-on-one, it's still *us*."

He moved forward, taking her lips in his, showing her in a single act that his love was secure and that nothing could topple it. She gave herself over to him, returning his passion, praying he could feel her love in return. For a moment, the world dissolved into the heat of their kiss, before Donovan pulled back, dropping a quick peck on her nose. He nodded at Parker. "You've had over a year with me. Don't you think it's time you connected with your other soul mate?"

She swallowed past the thick feeling in her throat and turned to Parker, taking the hand he offered as she pulled him towards her, his cock already encased in a condom. She couldn't

wait until the summer was over and she could leave the camp...love them like she wanted to without doubts or barriers. She wanted a chance to give their new-found partnership a try.

Parker smiled as he knelt between her legs, his gaze drinking in every detail as he nudged her thighs wider, tilting his head to get a better look at her sex. "Your pussy is so pretty. I love how it brings you so much pleasure." He drew a single finger through her slit, raising his finger to his mouth to suck it clean. "You taste like strawberry wine and honey." He dipped down and licked a quick path through her cleft. "Damn, I could eat you forever. But I can't wait to love you...the way I've wanted to for all those months."

Parker lowered onto her, his strong body pushing her into the mattress. She loved feeling his weight on top of her, his large body making her feel small and feminine. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Donovan watching them, his eyes glassy and wide. He winked at her and she smiled, opening her lips for Parker when he drew her face back and thrust his tongue inside, shadowing every inch of her mouth. He tasted like the thunder and lightning still raging outside and she lost herself in the feel of his skin against hers. He pulled back when her lungs started to burn but never took his eyes off her as he probed her channel as if asking for permission.

Faith nodded and wrapped her legs around his back, sinking the first inch inside her. Fire erupted in her sex as he buried his width inside her, tunnelling through her tender tissues until his sac slapped against her butt.

"You're so tight with that plug still inside you. God, I've never felt anything so delicious."

Parker rotated his hips, grinding his pelvis against her clit before slowly retreating, leaving her wanting more. He hovered at the edge, only the crown still inside then he inched back in, his eyes closing on a groan.

Emotions she couldn't explain rioted through her, and she pulled him close to her, needing to feel every inch of their skin touching. He seemed to sense her heightened awareness and kept his pace slow, melding their bodies together in a way that sealed his heart to hers. A single tear ran down her cheek, and she knew she'd never be the same. Whether it was conventional or not, she'd fallen in love with two men, and her heart would never be able to separate the emotion into sides.

Faith clung to him, arms cinched around his back, her legs locked behind his tailbone as he moved within her, the steady motion tightening the coil contracting in her stomach. Every long thrust in wound it tighter, every deep retreat left her empty and needy. Her heart kicked into a shaky rhythm, and she reached one hand out to Donovan, needing to feel his presence as well. Questions tumbled in her head, but she didn't stop to consider them as Donovan's hand wrapped around hers at the same moment Parker thrust deep, sending her over the edge.

He cried out above her as his hips jerked to the same cadence as her breath. Black dots threatened to pull her under, and she felt the world spin until Donovan tightened his grip, anchoring her. She tilted her head, a fresh wash of tears staining her cheeks as their eyes met, the love in his stealing the last of her strength. Her last thought was how soft Parker's lips were as he kissed her to sleep, his whisper of love following her into the darkness.

Parker stared at Faith already asleep beneath him and thought his heart would burst through his chest. "She's so damn beautiful," he murmured, pulling the plug and his weakening erection from her as he brushed his thumb along her cheek. He stilled. "Oh God. Did I hurt her?"

Fear and pain collided as the thought made him nauseous. His body tensed as he looked at Donovan, surprised by the strange look on his face. "What? Is she okay? Did I do something wrong?"

"Quite the contrary," said Donovan, looking down at where her hand still rested in his. "You did everything right."

Parker furrowed his brow, flicking his gaze between the two. "So the...tears...are a good thing?"

"It means she feels complete." Donovan paused, then looked him in the eyes. "It means she wants this, as much as we do."

Relief flooded Parker's system. He glanced back at Faith, watching her chest rise gently in her sleep. He'd never felt this way about anyone, and just thinking she might feel the same...

"Shove over, will ya?" said Donovan. "It's late, and I have a feeling we all should get some rest."

Parker smiled at the devious gleam in his friend's eyes and shuffled to the far side, curling Faith's back into his chest. She huffed in her sleep, burrowing against his body until his cock peaked again, then drifted back, a small sigh ruffling the hairs around her face. God help him, but she was surely going to be the death of him, and his cock. He sighed, pushed his new erection against her ass and drifted off.

Chapter Five

Faith woke to the grey light of dawn filtering through the window, creating a patchwork of muted shadows along the floor. A strong wind still rattled the windows, but the pattering sound of rain was gone. She took a deep breath, drinking in the spicy aroma of men and sex. It was infused throughout the room, and she wondered if it'd dissipate before the new crew came to work on the drill. If they'd have any idea what had transpired within the thin walls.

A smile crept across her lips at the delicious memories of last night. She'd never thought she'd feel so entranced by a man, other than Donovan, but she'd been wrong. Parker was every bit Donovan's counterpart, eliciting reactions and emotions she hadn't known existed. Making love to Parker, with Donovan watching, his hand twined with hers had completed the circle, and she'd finally understood what they'd been trying to tell her. Whatever had happened to the men that fateful night was more than just a memory. It was soul deep, and she knew loving one, meant loving both.

The notion eased the worries still churning in her head. For now, she'd just take it a day at a time, and give them all a chance to adjust. Besides, if last night was any indication of the way she'd be spending her foreseeable evenings, she was game to try.

She felt her cheeks heat at the memory of Donovan and Parker spanking her. How they seemed to move as one, all hands and lips. She'd never imagined having her ass paddled would be such a turn-on, but then she'd never ventured outside regular conventions.

"You've made one hell of a leap now, girl," she whispered to herself, untangling her limbs from the men. She needed to visit the little girl's room before her bladder exploded.

Donovan huffed as she eased over his hard body, pausing to glance at his groin. His cock was hard again, or maybe still, and she thought about waking him with her lips wrapped around his straining flesh, the head lodged deep in her throat.

Her pussy quivered, but the sensation was tempered by the urgent pressure building in her groin. She sighed. She'd make the obligatory trip outside, then come back and treat herself to a very delicious breakfast.

Wild abandon filled her heart as she slipped on her clothes, padded to the door and stepped out, shivering against the cold wind swirling across the clearing. Seasons changed quickly up here, and while summer had stayed on longer than usual this year, the first snowfall was bound to show up soon. The wind already had a crisp bite to it, and she could smell the distinctive scent of snow in the air.

Faith wrapped her arms around her chest, shot the chopper a quick glance and darted across the clearing, heading for a thin path of trees on the other side of the cabin. She'd have to do a thorough inspection before she thought about getting the helicopter airborne, but at least it didn't look like the storm had done any damage. She slowed as she reached the thicket, wading through the underbrush until she found a suitable place. The company would have a portable slung out once the men started drilling, but a soft spot amidst the trees was more than sufficient.

She did her business, cursing the strong breeze that constantly whipped her hair across her face, and headed back, eager to indulge in more fantasies. If she was quick, she might be able to snag some supplies out of the helicopter before the men woke up. And after their little "game" last night, she was more than ready for her payback.

Faith stepped into the clearing, her thoughts focused on how the men would look tied to the bed, their strong bodies stretched across the duvet. She could picture their cocks, hard and thick, jutting majestically up from their groins, the thin slits already coated with pearly fluid. She still hadn't got a chance to taste Donovan...a wrong she intended to right as soon as she had him at her mercy. She smiled, and headed for the helicopter when a branch snapped near the cabin.

She stopped, brushing her hair back from her face again, just as an animal padded around the edge of the building, its large, shaggy head swinging from side to side. It snorted and pawed the ground, scenting the air as it lifted its head and growled.

Faith held her ground, glancing towards the helicopter. It was a good fifty feet away and about twenty too far for her to make before the grizzly would be on her. She stayed still, gauging her options. There was always the chance it'd move on and ignore her, though that thought seemed unlikely when it reared up on its hind legs, bellowing at the gusting wind.

She raised her hands, murmuring soothing words as she slowly inched sideways. If she could disappear behind her end of the cabin, she might be able to make a run for one of the

windows. Sweat beaded on her forehead, despite the biting cold. The grizzly growled again and loped several feet closer, its heavy breath visible in the early morning chill. She stopped, wondering if she should just make a run for it when Parker appeared around the far side of the building, his back pressed against the wood. She could only watch as he inched towards the corner, his hand held up, warning her not to move. He nodded when he reached the edge, his long hair blowing wildly in the wind. Then he popped out from behind the wood, waving his hands in the air as he stepped between her and the bear.

“Move, Faith. Get behind me.”

Faith took a step, jumping when the grizzly roared and pounded the ground, apparently confused by Parker’s sudden appearance. He shouted at the animal, stomping his feet before yelling at her to go. She followed his lead, sidestepping towards him, keeping her gaze riveted to the agitated beast. It seemed hesitant, but that wouldn’t last long. She was still a few feet away when the bear charged, racing at them with jaws snapping, its strong scent heavy on the gusting breeze.

She ran, tackling Parker as she threw herself behind the cabin, rolling across the ground with his body clutched in hers. They landed with a firm thud, and the air left her lungs on a gasp of pain. She heard the animal rush past, followed by the sound of paws clawing the ground. She looked up to find it staring down at them, saliva dripping from its muzzle as it huffed out its breath. She looked at the tree line, wondering if they could reach it before the bear caught them, when a deafening blast echoed through the air.

Faith screamed as a tuft of dirt exploded in front of the bear, blasting bits of mud into the air. She covered her face, choking from the spray of dirt when another round landed, this one a few inches from the grizzly’s paw.

The bear howled into the wind, shaking its massive head in irritation as it backed up, growling at the hole in the dirt. It sniffed the air, twitching its black lips before finally turning towards the forest and ambling off.

Faith watched it leave, her heart hammering in her chest. She was still trying to force her lungs to breathe when Donovan darted around the corner, a rifle grasped in one hand as he reached the other out to her.

“Jesus, are you okay?”

Donovan grabbed her arm and hauled her up, pulling her tight to his chest as he looked back at where the bear had disappeared into the forest. His heartbeat echoed in her ear as she hugged him tight, not sure whether to laugh or cry. She heard Parker shuffle to his feet and cursed. All this time she'd had him pinned to the ground and she hadn't even asked if he was okay.

She twisted in Donovan's arms, catching Parker's gaze. She expected him to be angry with the way she'd bowled him to the ground and used his body to cushion her fall, but that wasn't the emotion behind his smile. He shook his head and stepped into her open arms, hugging her close as Donovan released her, his bemused chuckle sounding behind her.

"What the hell are you laughing at?" she scolded, not willing to let Parker go yet. "That damn thing wasn't exactly looking for a playmate."

The smug smile that lit Donovan's lip had her urging to smack it off. "We must really have got to you, darling, because you never go into the woods without this." He held up her rifle, nodding towards the helicopter. "I mean, you brought the damn thing in when you came to pick us up, so you must have love on the brain if you ventured to the lady's room without it."

Faith sneered at him, swatting Parker in the chest when he chuckled too. "I don't know why you're laughing," she huffed. "You didn't grab it either."

"That's because I jumped out the window so Donovan could take the door. Besides, he's a better shot with those things. I probably would have hit the poor bear instead of just using it to scare it off."

"Poor bear? I wouldn't call that...*giant*...that wanted to eat me, poor."

Parker shrugged, grazing a finger along her jaw. "Hey, you can't blame the grizzly. You're quite the tasty treat. I should know."

He licked his lips and Faith felt her cheeks flush. Only Parker would turn a bear attack into something sexual. She sighed and got a rush of vertigo. Two sets of hands reached for her, and she felt Parker lift her up.

"Easy, sweetheart. It's just a side effect from all the adrenaline. Let's get you inside."

She wanted to argue that she was more than capable of walking to the cabin, but something in the way he held her against his chest, his cheek resting on her forehead stopped her, the words still poised on her tongue. He was scared and she was the cause.

Donovan opened the door, then followed them in, his footsteps heavy on the wood. She could tell by the way he paced the small space when Parker placed her on the bed that he was scared, too. Despite the jokes, they'd both been shaken by the very threat that had caused their troubles all those years ago. She cursed under her breath and wondered if there was any way she could heal the wounds she'd just reopened when the answer stared back at her from Donovan's eyes. She held her hand out to him, pulling him towards the bed when he accepted her offer. He stood there, one hand fisted at his side, his lips a tight line across his face, as she opened her heart to him.

"You were right," she said.

Both men's gazes fell to hers and they looked at her as if she'd spoken in another language.

"Right about what?" asked Donovan, arching his eyebrow when she released his hand and ran her fingers along the ridge of his cock.

"Right about what you said outside," she insisted, repeating the same, sensual caress on Parker's shaft.

Parker moaned as she squeezed his cock through the tight bind of denim. "That you're tasty? We already knew that," he said, pressing into her hand when she squeezed him again.

Faith smiled. "When Donovan said I had love on the brain, he was right. I know better than to venture into the woods without the rifle, especially this time of year. But all I could think about was getting back to the two of you."

The two men exchanged a knowing look before they moved, shucking off their clothes, following her onto the bed. Parker moved to the opposite side, removing her top as Donovan worked her pants, stripping her bare in a matter of seconds. She smiled at them, not resisting when Parker held her hands above her head, while Donovan moved between her thighs, nuzzling her pussy with his nose as he drew a deep breath.

"Love or not, darling, that little stunt almost cost us what we treasure most. Which leaves us to question if you truly understand how deep our love goes?" He nodded at Parker. "I think it's time we showed you."

Her reply keened into a harsh moan as Donovan dove between her thighs, licking her like a man intent on a mission. She arched under his assault, wanting to thread her fingers

through his hair, but unable to pull them free from Parker's firm grip. The man chuckled when she twisted her wrists, lowering his head beside her ear.

"Sorry, darling, but we're in control this time. I promise once we're back in civilisation we'll let you exact whatever *payback* you desire, but today, you're ours to please."

Faith's heart soared at his words. *Theirs*. She wouldn't have it any other way. She relaxed in his grip, enjoying the feeling of being completely helpless in her own pleasure. Parker smiled down at her, holding her tight while his mouth moved to her breasts, teasing the taut buds until she cried out in need. Donovan growled against her flesh, sending shockwaves of arousal coursing through her. The sensations grew in pitch, spiralling inward until she was certain she'd explode. She tilted her hips, wanting him to send her over the edge, when he paused and she felt a familiar sensation press against her ass.

"Relax, darling. I need to get you ready so Parker won't hurt you when he takes you here."

She took a deep breath, and blew it out, the air hissing into a moan when his finger slipped inside, pushing through her hot channel until his palm cupped her cheek.

"Fuck. I love feeling you clench my finger." He pulled out until just the tip was held within her tight ring of muscles, then thrust back in, tearing a raspy groan from her chest. "Ah, darling. It's like heaven in here."

Donovan continued to stretch her, building the orgasm she'd had stall when his lips had left her pussy. She wanted him to do both, but he seemed intent on playing with only her ass. She squirmed beneath him, begging him to make her come, when she felt Parker release her hands. She looked up as Parker crawled over her, nestling his cock between her breasts as his mouth attacked her clit.

"Yes!"

Her voice rattled the windows as Parker stroked his tongue across her clit, nipping at the small bud and teasing it with his teeth. Her stomach clenched, holding the coil intact for one more pass before it broke, pushing her head back into the mattress as a guttural rasp slipped from her lips.

"I love watching you come," said Donovan, slowly removing his fingers, chuckling when the sensation bucked her hips against Parker. "Even if I can only see a fraction of you."

Faith smiled. She must be quite the sight. Parker draped over her like a blanket, with only the tip of her head visible above the sleek curve of his ass. She wondered if he'd sit up and offer her a reward, but he rolled off, twisting so he was at the foot of the bed.

"It's time, sweetheart," he said, helping Donovan lift her up as the other man jumped on the bed, laying between her thighs. Parker tapped her on the ass, urging her forward until she was centred over Donovan's weeping cock. She took the offering in her hand, wanting to lick the precious drops away, but realised now wasn't the time. They needed something bigger, to seal the bond.

Faith lowered her groin, swiping Donovan's shaft through her slick juices. He mumbled something about not wearing a condom but she shook her head.

"Nothing between us this time."

Parker groaned as Donovan smiled up at her, cupping her face in his hand as he drew her to him, claiming her mouth in a kiss that was more erotic than any she'd experienced. She gave herself over to him, draping her body across his as Parker snuggled up behind her.

"Okay, sweetheart. Just relax and let me in."

She heard his words, but Donovan claimed her mouth again, holding her attention as Parker began his penetration, slowly pushing against the tight pucker until the tip pushed through, slipping his crown inside her. A primitive grunt passed her lips as Parker inched forward, claiming her ass until his cock was fully seated.

"Sweet mercy." His voice sounded strained and she felt Donovan's cock flare against her sex as the husky words drifted over them. "Hurry, Donovan. I won't be able to last long."

Donovan held her stare, watching her face as he nudged her pussy again, this time pushing the first few inches inside her. She cried out, not sure she could wait for him to fill her before she needed to move. Parker kept her still, rubbing his hands in gentle circles across her back until Donovan's cock bumped against her cervix, sending her over.

Pleasure erupted deep inside, starting in her ass and blooming into her sex. Rhythmic contractions rippled her pussy, flashing streaks of light behind her closed eyes. She thought the boys mumbled her name, but everything faded into a wash of bodies. She finally opened her eyes, and was greeted by Donovan's sweet smile.

"Do you need to stop or can we love you more?"

Love me more?

The words stole any hidden doubts, and she simply nodded, giving herself completely over to them. Their movements began as two separate seductions, with Parker claiming her ass as Donovan retreated from her pussy. But the dance gradually became one, with both men thrusting in unison. Sensations layered on top of each other until her only thought was the constant clenching of her stomach. She heard her screams keen into one long note before the world exploded and she collapsed, her body convulsing between them. Male shouts echoed hers, their joint releases hot inside her. Soothing hands lulled her to sleep, their solemn vows of love whispering across the darkness.

* * * *

Two days later...

"Darling, please reconsider."

Faith stopped as Donovan grabbed her wrist, his large fingers curling around her arm. She sighed out a deep breath, and traced a finger along his jaw. After another day of bliss in the cabin, she'd received orders to fly them back to Yellowknife, but had refused to stay on with them until she'd completed her contract.

"We've already been through this," she said, brushing his hair back from his eyes. Damn, she loved the deep chocolate colour and how they made her feel all warm and wet. "I have to finish out the season. Just a few more weeks and I'll be done. Then I won't owe this company a damn thing anymore."

Parker stepped up beside Donovan, taking her other hand in his. "You don't *owe* the company anything, now." He sighed when she huffed, and used his opposite hand to smooth out the furrow in her brow. "You aren't responsible for what your brother did. You don't have to pay for his mistakes."

"But I do." She lowered her head, feeling tears sting her eyes. Even five years later it still hurt. "Don't you see? Mr. Whitney personally withheld any charges because I told him I'd pay back all the money Ken stole if he kept me on and let my brother disappear." She forced her gaze upwards, regretting the decision as soon as his blue eyes clashed with hers. They were so full of love and devotion, she knew she'd have a hard time leaving if they didn't understand the situation. "He's kept his end of the bargain. Now it's time for me to

keep mine." She gave him a smile even though it took all her effort. "It's only a few more weeks. Then we'll have the winter together."

"Three more weeks is three too many," said Donovan. "We just got you back. Please, Faith."

Pain seared through her heart at the desperate quality to his voice, but she couldn't turn her back when the end was so close. "I'll still be yours."

"We'll pay off the last five thousand," said Parker, holding up his hand when she shook her head. "You can consider it a loan...or payment for not telling you the truth from the beginning." He squeezed her hand. "You're worth so much more."

Faith's resolve weakened slightly, and she looked over her shoulder at the Astar parked on the tarmac. She didn't want to give up flying, but even she knew it was time to move on. She sighed, warring between conflicting emotions when a voice sounded behind her.

"The boys told me how stubborn you'd be about the money, but I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard it for myself."

Faith turned, her heart jamming in her chest as she stared at the tall man standing behind her. He was dressed in jeans and a shirt, with a dark blue sports jacket and black boots. His brown hair was sprinkled with flecks of grey, and he had a smile that could stop a woman's heart. Her stomach tumbled as he stared at her, his hands hidden in his pockets.

"Mr. Whitney," she said, though her voice was so rough it sounded more like a hushed prayer.

He held out his hand, his wicked smile weakening her knees. "You can call me Robert...or dad if you'd prefer."

"Dad?" She took a step back, colliding with Donovan's chest. She jumped when his strong arms enfolded her, holding her tight against him.

"Too soon for dad?" he asked, moving beside Parker. "You can start with Robert, until you're more comfortable...if that's okay?"

"But..."

Her voice faded as she stared at the two men, looking from one back to the other. Though Robert was taller and slightly heavier than Parker, there was no mistaking the similarities between them. The same square jaw, the same playful eyes. The way they both

tilted their head to the side when they looked at her as if she'd lost her mind. She sucked in a haggard breath, thankful Donovan was there to keep her on her feet.

"You're...you're..."

"Parker's father," said Donovan.

"Our father," corrected Parker. "Nearly twenty years together and Donovan still feels bad about introducing himself as Robert's son."

"It's not me he has a problem with," said Robert, elbowing his son. "It's admitting you're his brother. I have to agree with him. It's kinda embarrassing."

Parker shook his head as a wide grin split the other man's face. "Right, dad. How did I forget?"

"Ah, don't be too hard on yourself. Donovan will come to terms with it eventually."

"But...but..." She forced in a quick breath, hoping to clear her head. "Why didn't you ever tell me? Why don't you have the same last name?"

"I go by my mother's maiden name because her family never had any heirs to the lineage. And we didn't tell you because we knew you'd never agree to go out with either of us if you knew the president of the company and the very man you'd made a deal with to save your brother's hide, was our father." He reached out and took her in his arms, smiling against her hair. "We had too much riding on this to leave anything to chance. I'm sorry, sweetheart, but it was too risky."

"So all this time —"

"We've been planning out a way to make you ours. We just needed time."

Faith sighed, and pulled out of Parker's embrace. "Fine. So you have an influential father. That still doesn't mean I can welsh on my promise."

"Of course it does," boomed Robert. "What good is having connections if you don't use them. Besides, I'm the one who thought you'd have what it takes to make my sons happy. As soon as you took responsibility for your brother's actions and volunteered to make good on his debt, I knew you had the guts to stand up to my boys. Who do you think reassigned them to your camp?"

Faith could only stare at the man, trying to let his words sink in. *He'd* planned their seduction? She closed her eyes, hoping she wouldn't just wake up.

"I know my boys love you, and by the look on your face, it's pretty obvious you love them, too. So stop looking at me as if I've sprung another head and go home with my sons."

"But the debt—"

"Is paid in full. As a matter of fact, I never took any of your money. I've been saving it as a down payment for a house." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. "Parker knows the way. All you have to do is get in the car."

Faith listened to the keys jingle as Parker took them and placed them in her hand. She looked down, then up at Robert, sparing a quick look over her shoulder.

"Don't worry about the helicopter. I've got another pilot shifting in tomorrow. He'll finish off your rotation." He nodded at her. "Once the three of you have settled in, we'll get together and talk about you becoming the company's executive pilot." He motioned towards the guys. "Of course that means you'll be home most nights and have to deal with these two on a daily basis, but I think we can work something out." He raised his hand when her lips fell apart on a gasp. "We'll deal with all that later. For now...go home."

Faith watched the man leave, his footsteps slowly fading into the background. She turned to the guys, only to be swept off her feet by Donovan. She laughed and swatted him on the chest, wiggling in his arms. "I'm more than capable of walking," she huffed, hoping she sounded more angry than aroused.

His playful smile told her he'd seen through her charade. "I'm most certain you are," he said. "But I don't trust you not to dart back out that door, so I think I'll keep you close. After all, the last time I tried to give you a home, you left."

"The last time I found a naked man in your bed," she countered. "But, now that I've given it a try, I might like to test that scenario again."

Donovan laughed, giving her ass a firm tap as Parker opened the door to the terminal, and they stepped out into the late fall rain. "Oh, no. You've got more than enough naked men in your bed. And I can assure you, you'll be kept plenty busy."

"Doing what?" she asked, innocence added to the playful tone of her voice.

"Just keeping faith," they answered in unison. "Just keeping faith."

About the Author

Kris sees herself as somewhat obsessive and feels she tends to push the limits sometimes. But her friends graciously see her as passionate and adventurous. After all, speed limits are only guidelines and shouting is just her way of rising above the chaos. Besides, she thinks the air is cleaner out there on the edge.

Kris started writing erotic stories a few years ago, but didn't try putting them out into the real world until recently. She loves penning independent leading ladies who aren't afraid to kick a bit of butt, especially when it only fuels the desires of their men. But of course, it wouldn't be any fun if the men didn't get to play... Most of her stories involve elements of suspense and quite often have a downright creepy villain lurking in the shadows. But all the better to get the hero's protective instincts going. After all, Kris still loves having a knight ride to the rescue...

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