

L.E. HARNER

Whiteout [Three's Allowed]
by L.E. Harner

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Whiteout

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Chapter One

Christina Thomas adjusted the pretty, pink scarf around her neck and pulled her coat tighter around her. It wasn't that she was particularly cold, just that she didn't want to be recognized. She'd never done anything like this before. With a big blizzard in the forecast for the weekend, she'd decided to stock up on all the things a girl might need to keep her warm and comfortable.

She trudged through the light layer of snow to get to the darkened glass door. Stomping the snow off her boots, she tried not to blush at the signs warning no admittance to anyone under twenty-one. This was her last stop of the morning. Her car was already loaded with food and wine. At home, the wood was cut and stacked by the woodstove, and for the next few hours, the road leading to her remote cabin would be clear.

Christina wrapped herself in determination and pushed through the door. She started to remove her sunglasses but noticed that most of the other customers in the store wore dark glasses, too. *Damn it! Why should I feel so embarrassed?*

Her chin rose, and she slid her glasses on top of her head before she looked around to get her bearings. The shelves were clearly marked, just like any other good merchandiser: Videos, Fantasies, Toys, BDSM. She planned to head straight for the toys, get what she needed, and head home before the storm hit. It had been too long since she'd had a steady guy.

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She selected an assortment of toys and lubricants, all promising the orgasm of her life, and slowly made her way past the other interesting shelves. She stopped next to a display that caught her attention. She stared, letting a fantasy run through her mind.

A blast of air hit her when the door opened, but Christina resisted the urge to look up. *If she didn't see the other customers, they wouldn't see her either.* She took one last look at the display before heading to the register.

Out in the lot, Christina froze in her tracks when she recognized the distinctive yellow Hummer parked next to her own four-wheel drive. There was only one vehicle like that in all of Northern Arizona, and she knew who it belonged to: Cade McMartin. *Had he been in the store and she'd not noticed him?* Her face burned, and she rushed to get into her SUV and drive away before he came out and caught her.

Cade watched through the store window as Christina hesitated next to his Hummer. He'd been stunned when he'd driven by the adult bookstore outside of town and seen Christina's late model Tahoe in the parking lot. In a town full of four-wheel drives, his eyes seemed to find Christina's nearly every day. *Maybe because you're always looking,* whispered the little devil on his shoulder.

Cade shrugged, as if to loosen the grip of his inner demon. Christina hadn't looked up when he'd entered, and he'd stopped himself from going over to say hello. They'd known each other since the first day of second grade, and he'd been in love with her since. Not that he'd ever done a damn thing about that fact. They'd moved in different circles even then.

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Christina was everything he wasn't: cool, reserved, and brainy. While he'd gone away to college, she had stayed local and finished her degree in half the time. When he'd returned, he'd discovered that she'd started an interior design company. In her own way, she was as driven to succeed as he was, but success for him meant winning. It was why he'd become an attorney.

He wandered to the display Christina had been staring at to see what had captured her attention. He couldn't help grinning. Maybe their circles weren't so different after all. Although he'd be willing to bet money she didn't know it. He'd recognized that look on her face. Curiosity mixed with wistfulness, sprinkled with desire.

Cade made a few purchases, then headed back to his townhouse to make some last-minute adjustments to his schedule.

* * * *

Carter Montgomery heard Cade's key in the door and debated whether to throw on some pants. It wasn't as if his roommate hadn't seen him naked before. They'd been on the same sports teams, roomed together in college, and eventually bought this townhouse together as a convenient way to stop paying rent. He gazed down at his rock-hard erection and decided he didn't have time to do anything more than set the newspaper over his lap.

Cade had been his best friend his whole life. Their parents met in Lamaze class, and the boys had always shared more than a birthday and the same initials. They'd taken the same

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classes, played the same sports, and dated the same girls, occasionally at the same time. They'd even gotten the same degrees and now shared the same law offices.

They were both so clearly hetero, they only occasionally faced speculation that their relationship might be more than it seemed. It never had been. Now Carter was starting to question that assumption. Two months ago, he'd awakened in the middle of an orgasm to end all wet dreams. In his dream, he'd been on his knees giving Cade a fucking blow job while he worked his own cock!

Ever since then, he'd had a difficult time controlling his thoughts where his best friend was concerned. And goddamn if Cade didn't appear to know something was up. The more Carter tried to distance himself, the more it seemed Cade worked to keep their friendship close.

There had to be something missing in his life if he was starting to have fantasies about his best friend. It was time they both found women of their own and got on with raising their families, just like their parents. They'd become too comfortable in their bachelor pad, living without boundaries for too long. That's all it was, Carter told himself. He just needed to set down roots. Maybe it was time to look for a place of his own.

"Hey, Carter, what's shakin'?" Cade asked as he strode past on the way to his bedroom. "Come in here a sec, would you? I want to run something by you."

"I thought you were going to try to get a few hours of work in before the storm hits," Carter said, mentally rolling

his eyes. An invitation to Cade's bedroom. Just what he needed with a raging hard-on. Not.

"Nah, something came up. Seriously, come in here," Cade said.

Carter grabbed a robe from the bathroom door on his way to the bedroom and then lay on Cade's bed to watch as he gathered some clothes in an overnight bag. "Where the hell are you going? I thought the storm was keeping everyone home."

"Yeah, well, something came up on the way to the office. Do you remember Christina Thomas?"

Carter grinned. "You mean the same Christina Thomas you've been secretly lusting after since second grade? I think you jacked off over her more than any other girl in high school."

Cade smiled back. "Yeah, *that* Christina. I saw her this morning and I got to thinking—"

"Cade, you see her everywhere. You're always telling me about her, where you saw her, what she was doing. How come you never asked her out?"

"Shit, she'd never give me the time of day."

"Still. Not like you to let someone go without trying," Carter said.

Cade sat down on the bed, close to Carter's head. Carter's heart beat uncomfortably fast. *Shit*, he thought, *Cade's going to realize something's wrong*.

Carter bounced up and sat cross-legged, keeping his robe closed over his growing erection. Shaking off his own

concerns, he tried to figure out what Cade was thinking about. "Did you talk to her?" he asked.

"She wasn't exactly someplace she would have wanted me to notice her. Have you ever thought you knew someone and then *bam*, something happens and you can never look at that person the same way again?"

"Oh, yes," Carter said, and he was filled with the images from his dream.

"So, what if I want to chase a fantasy and I find out the illusion is more like me than I thought?" Cade asked.

Carter laughed. "Buddy, that is the most convoluted question I've ever heard from you. Just tell me what's on your mind. You know I'm there for you."

Carter's statement was casual, and he fought to keep his breathing even, to keep his gaze steady as he looked into Cade's blue eyes. He tried to keep his face neutral, tried to show he was interested in Cade's worries and not caught up in his own. He could hardly breathe for all the desire washing through him sitting here on Cade's bed, dressed only in a robe, his aching dick straining for release. *Shit*. Cade would have to be stupid not to feel the sexual tension pouring from Carter. Cade wasn't stupid.

There was a long pause while Cade stared at Carter. Then Cade's eyes widened slightly.

"Well, fuck," Cade said.

"Fuck," Carter agreed, looking away at last.

Cade began to laugh. A rich, rolling sound that shook the bed and forced a smile to Carter's lips and tightened things

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low in his stomach. *Well, at least Cade isn't pissed*, he thought.

Far from being angry, Cade seemed to be bursting with excitement. "Carter, go grab some spare clothes. We're taking a little trip. I'll tell you about it on the way."

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Chapter Two

The roads had still been clear when Christina arrived at her cabin, but the sky had that special flavor of ominous it got in the mountains just before it snowed. The three bedroom cabin was immaculately furnished, a showcase of Christina's designer skills. The floors were a rich golden oak, the colors warm and inviting, and soft cushions and buttery leather were everywhere. It would remain warm and comfortable despite the incoming storm.

The local news predicted twelve inches of fresh snow before midnight with more on the way tomorrow. This was supposed to be the biggest storm in decades, and she could count on another lonely weekend. *At least I have my new toys.*

Once her SUV was unloaded and everything put away, she stoked up the woodstove and stripped on the way to the shower. She looked at herself in the antique full-length mirror in her room and wondered for the umpteenth time what was wrong with her.

Overall, she thought she was an attractive woman. She had short, curly brown hair that was so dark, it looked black in dim lighting. Her eyes were big, dark pools of brown. Her complexion was golden, tanning easily in the summer and never completely pale in the winter. Her figure wasn't bad. Maybe a little round at the breasts and hips, but she was a woman, damn it, not a stick figure.

So why can't I find a guy who likes me the way I am?

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Her last boyfriend actually stopped in the middle of licking her pussy when she'd suggested they try adding a little whipped cream. He'd only gone down on her in the first place because she'd insisted turnabout was fair play. He'd sent her an email the next day saying he thought it would be best if they took a break from each other for a little while. *An email. Really?*

Why did guys make her feel abnormal when she wanted to be bold in bed? Although, she supposed it was better to find out sooner rather than later. If they only knew the way her real fantasies played out, they'd never give her the time of day.

She cupped her full breasts and pinched each nipple hard before she began to twist and pull. She felt the muscles between her legs clench in response. She wanted sex to be a little rough around the edges. She wanted her man to be a little dominant and a whole lot adventurous. Too bad for her that most of the men she met through her design business were either gay or married. That didn't leave much out there on her dating horizon.

She'd thought about trying one of those online dating services, but that seemed way too scary. Christ, she couldn't even work up the nerve to ask Cade or Carter out, and she'd known both of them since she was seven. She indulged in a little fantasy about what might have happened if she'd waited by Cade's Hummer until he came out from the porn shop. Her hand dropped between her legs, and she moaned at how wet the thought made her.

She rubbed the wetness over her clit, giving herself a little tease. She imagined Cade pushing her back against his door and pressing his erection hard along her belly. She pulled her fingers away from her swollen pussy. She didn't want to spoil herself too much before she got to her new toy.

* * * *

"We're doing what?" Carter asked as Cade navigated over the already slippery roads.

"Yep, we're going to spend the weekend at Christina's. I figure there's no reason for a beautiful woman like her to spend it alone, playing with a fucking toy, when she could have two studs, such as yours and truly here fulfilling her fantasies."

"Okay, let me get this straight. You saw Christina's Tahoe at the porn shop, so you went inside and basically stayed out of sight so you could see what interested her. Now we're going to invite ourselves to her cabin to fulfill *her* fantasies?" Carter asked, using his best lawyer voice.

"Fuck," Cade said. "When you put it that way, you make me sound like a stalker. You know how I've always felt about her. You like her, too. I know you do. I know her expressions, I know what I saw. She's lonely, she's a little sad, and she's hungry for a little adventure." Cade paused, and then said, "I know you, too, Carter. Want to tell me about it?"

Carter blew out a breath and looked out at the snow swirling around the Hummer. The storm was here. There would be no turning back once they got to Christina's cabin.

There would be no turning back if he told Cade what he'd begun to feel.

"Tell me," Cade urged. "We've been friends a long time. We'll face whatever is happening together."

"Not this," he said.

A smile tugged at Cade's lips. "What, you getting a little horny around me?" he asked, a note of teasing in his voice. Carter stared out the window. Cade put his hand on top of Carter's and gave a hard squeeze. He didn't move it when he was done.

"You're not the only one with fantasies, you know. When we were dating Sheila in college, I used to dream about us both taking her at the same time. It isn't something I wanted to do with any other guy, just something I wanted to do with you. I've thought about it before, what it would be like, what it would feel like.

"Shit, Carter, I've seen you naked more than I've seen any woman. We've lived together since we graduated from high school. It's only natural to look at another person you spend that much time with and wonder what it would be like. Maybe this is the weekend we put all the fantasies out there and see what happens."

He pulled the Hummer into Christina's drive and gave Carter's hand another squeeze. "You ready for this?" Cade asked.

Carter slowly turned and met his gaze. Then he reached and pulled Cade's face to him and pressed their lips together. They held their lips tightly pursed, a hard little peck on the mouth, before pulling away again. Cade laughed, leaned

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forward, and tried the kiss again, his mouth open and smiling. Carter's tongue slipped inside, and the kiss exploded.

* * * *

Christina was just about to get serious with her vibrator when she heard the Hummer pull up. She peeked out from behind the curtain, shocked to see Cade and Carter sitting in her driveway, the snow swirling around them. She'd watched as Cade said something to Carter, and Carter slowly turned to face Cade. Then Carter had planted a quick kiss on his friend, and they'd both jumped back as if burned. Then they slowly leaned toward each other and tried again. From the looks of things, it was getting steamy hot in the Hummer. She wondered if what she'd just seen was their first kiss. It was sexy as hell!

Holy shit! Cade and Carter were making out in her driveway. They'd both flirted with her a little over the years, and she'd harbored a secret crush on the two of them. They'd been the standard against which she'd measured all other men. Now they were here, but not like anything she could have imagined.

Ever since high school, Christina had watched the two friends, never able to decide which one was her favorite. They were both all male, comfortable in any situation, smart, friendly, and sexy as hell. Now they were downstairs in her driveway shoving their tongues down each other's throats.

Had she been wrong? Had they been gay and she hadn't sensed it?

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No, she was sure she hadn't been wrong. They'd each had plenty of girlfriends. Christina had heard the stories; she even knew some of the women they'd dated. There had never been a whisper about failure to perform. In fact, all the women she knew that had been with either of them praised them, both in bed and out. They might have been love 'em and leave 'em types, but they treated the women well while they'd been around.

Okay, so if they weren't a couple, what was this about?

A slow flush of embarrassment crept up her neck. Cade *had* been there in the store when she'd bought her little toys. He probably saw what she'd been looking at and had gotten ideas.

Twice as Nice the top of the display had read. The picture was of a woman on her hands and knees with a man at both ends. Her face was pressed against one man's groin, while another man was preparing to enter her from behind. From the range of displayed merchandise, he'd had the smaller hole in mind. The table held a collection of anal plugs and dildos, lubricants, paddles, light bondage toys, and of course condoms.

She hadn't really thought about a threesome before. The assortment of toys and the way they were displayed had captured her imagination. Obviously Cade had wandered over there after she left and gotten a very different idea.

Hmm... The giant storm already covered the mountain. In fact, whiteout conditions were imminent, and there was no way Cade could drive back down the mountain in this weather. The crazy man had set this up so they would have

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the weekend trapped in her cabin together. She had plenty of food and drink. Did she have the nerve? Or was she getting ahead of herself? Maybe this didn't have anything to do with sex.

Well, whatever *this* was, she needed to bring them inside. No matter how hot things got in the Hummer right now, conditions wouldn't stay that way for long. Might as well find out what this was all about.

Christina slipped on a thong and a pair of jeans and topped them with a camisole and flannel shirt. She'd lose the shirt once the guys were inside. She kept it hot in here on the weekends so clothing would be optional for her. She didn't see any reason to change that policy now.

She opened the garage door and was only a few feet away from the front of the Hummer when Cade pulled away from Carter's kiss. His gaze locked with Christina's, and his smile was slow and sexy, with not one whit of embarrassment for being caught kissing Carter.

"Come on, you two. Let's go inside," Christina yelled, unsure if they could hear her. They seemed to get the message because they both scrambled to get their bags and ran for the shelter of the garage. They were laughing and brushing snow from their hair and clothes, while Christina smiled at their antics. *They really were like a couple of big kids sometimes*, she thought. She closed the garage door and shut out the storm.

"Come on in, but don't get water on my floors or you'll be waxing them!" she said.

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"Ooh, goody! A bossy wench," Cade said as he stripped off his boots and socks.

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Chapter Three

"So what brings you up the mountain in this weather, boys?" Christina asked. She spoke as if they'd often stopped by, when in fact they'd never been to her house before. She led them into the kitchen and enjoyed watching their reactions to her home. These were men who appeared to appreciate the balance of casual style and comfort she'd worked so hard to achieve.

Christina pulled up a kitchen chair and sat, gazing expectantly into Carter's beautiful gray eyes. His face was the more classically handsome of the two men, with chiseled features and perfectly formed lips. Lips that looked swollen from the kisses he'd shared with Cade. His hair was short, and the snow left softly tousled black curls around his face. Her fingers itched with the desire see if it was as thick as it looked.

"First, let's get one thing clear, right up front," Carter said. "You have about ten seconds to tell us to go, otherwise we won't be able to make it back down the mountain until the plows get through. With the size of this storm, I expect that will be Tuesday morning at the earliest. We promise to negotiate everything else in good faith, but the decision of whether we stay or go needs to happen now."

Christina blinked. It never entered her mind that they could still make it back down the mountain. "It already isn't safe. So since you're here for the weekend, maybe one of you wants to tell me exactly what's going on."

"This seemed much easier back at our place," Cade said to Carter.

Carter grinned at Cade's suddenly uncomfortable face and thought he might relieve some of the pressure. Being lawyers, they were both good at presenting facts the way they wanted them told. Apparently Cade had temporarily lost that skill.

"It occurred to us that you've never dated either one of us. Not once in high school or any time after college have you ever spent an evening gracing one of us with your presence. Considering we've known you since you were seven, that means you've resisted our considerable charms for twenty years now. Why is that?"

Christina's lips twitched. "You never asked," she said simply.

Carter thought he was ready to counter any argument she might offer, ready to show her the fault of the logic that had led to such a deplorable situation. He wasn't ready for *that* answer. He thought about her response and knew why *he* hadn't asked her out.

Because Cade had loved her first.

Carter looked at Cade, who was staring transfixed at the woman in front of him. "Cade? You want to take a stab at explaining this?"

Cade shook his head. Carter sniggered. In all the years they'd known each other, Cade had never been at a loss for words.

"What my eloquent friend is trying to say is, he was afraid to ask you out, afraid it might be too important, and afraid that you might turn him down."

"Enough with the 'afraids' already," Cade interrupted.

"And *I* never asked you out because you were too important to Cade," Carter finished smoothly.

"So, did you drive all the way up here in front of the biggest snowstorm this decade to ask me something, or did you just want a tour of my home?" Christina asked sweetly.

Cade looked at Christina and tried to judge what was going on behind her quiet exterior. So far, Carter had done all the talking. The damn woman left him tongue-tied. He blew out a breath, hoping he was going to say the right thing.

"Will you go on a stay-at-home date with us tonight? I mean, since we can't take you out, will you have a date with us here?" Cade asked.

Christina's face broke into a brilliant smile. "I'd love to," she said. "Now let me show you to your rooms so you can put your things away." They took a tour of the rest of the house, and she flushed at their praise of her home. She showed them her bedroom upstairs with the king-sized four-poster bed and giant Jacuzzi garden tub in the master bath. He noticed she pretended not see the look that passed between the men. They all trooped downstairs, and Christina handed Carter the remote control.

"You might want to watch TV before the satellite dish gets snow covered. I can guarantee we won't have power for long. I've got some things to take care of now that I have company for dinner."

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Carter plopped in front of the flat screen, his feet on the ottoman, the remote clutched between his hands and flipped through the local channels looking at the weather forecast before finally settling on SportsCenter.

Cade grinned at Carter's predictable viewing choice and followed Christina into the kitchen.

"May I help?"

"Yes, please. Would you get the candles down from the top shelf in that cabinet there? We need them in a couple of places around the house so that when we lose the power we can find them. I've got some flashlights here, too."

She continued to give him little tasks while she started marinating steaks for dinner. Baked potatoes were wrapped in foil. She made the salad and set it back in the refrigerator. All the while she and Cade made small talk, getting to know each other again.

The kitchen opened into the great room where Carter had the volume turned low enough he could throw in a question or answer when it suited.

"Cade, there's beer in the fridge, or wine. I don't usually keep any soda in the house, but there's juice or water. Oh, the liquor is over the wine rack, if you'd rather," Christina said.

Grabbing two beers, Cade brought one to Carter, and then went back to stand by Christina in the kitchen. "You're keeping awfully busy," he murmured, brushing a silky brown curl back from her face.

"I just wanted to get everything done before the power goes out. It does every storm. It's why I have a woodstove—"

"You know," Cade interrupted, "the most embarrassing part of a first date is the kiss at the end. I could kiss you now, and we could avoid that whole awkward will she or won't she let me moment."

Without waiting for an answer, he swooped in and kissed her. Her lips so were soft against his. He wanted to plunder her, claim her as his for all time, carry her upstairs, and ravish her. He did none of those things. He kept the kiss chaste, not even offering any tongue. It was just a gentle brush of lips, a promise of more to come.

When Cade drew back, Carter was there. He stepped aside to let his friend have a taste of Christina's sweet kiss. Cade watched as their lips met, and something warm turned over inside him. Not jealousy that another man was kissing the woman he wanted, but a warmth that promised this weekend could be the start of something much bigger than he'd ever dreamed.

* * * *

The men had been true to their word and tried their best to make the evening a perfect date. Carter cooked and Cade cleaned up, while Christina complained she had nothing to do. The guys sent her in search of a board game. She thought their grins looked wicked when she returned with Scrabble.

"You never want to play word games with a lawyer," Cade teased.

After she clobbered them the first game, they changed the rules. "It's called Sex Shot Scrabble," Carter said.

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Cade took up the explanation. "Every word has to relate to sex or you have to pass. If you pass, you drink a shot. Pick your poison."

Christina thought it over. Carter wanted tequila, but she didn't really like the way it tasted straight. If she was going to have to drink, she preferred the single-malt whisky. After much laughter and increasingly ribald comments, the score was two shots for Christina and six apiece for Cade and Carter. She suspected they were losing on purpose, because they were getting increasingly outrageous trying to link common words to sex. They were all nicely buzzed, and Christina thought they were getting nervous as the evening wore on.

With a few flickers, the power finally died, and the only light in the room came from the softly glowing woodstove. Cade lit the candles and declared Christina the Scrabble champion. He and Carter toasted her supremacy with another shot.

The atmosphere felt tense, as if they all were waiting for something. Finally, she said, "I guess I'll go to bed now."

Cade stopped her with a hand on her arm. "Wait, Christina. Don't go. At least not alone. We're all adults here. We know what we want."

"Do we?" she asked.

Carter hid his unhappy face in the shadows. "You mean because of the kiss you saw," he said. He moved to sit on the couch next to Christina, and Cade sat on the other side of her. Cade held her hand and traced his thumb over the palm.

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Carter's voice was tense. "This whole day is turning out to be something I never imagined. I think maybe it's important that we have truth between us. I'm not going to apologize for what happened earlier, but you should know that's the first time anything ever happened between us."

"I thought so," Christina said. "I looked out the window when I heard you pull up. I saw the whole thing."

"Oh boy. This is really awkward," Carter said. "Cade doesn't know this either." He looked away. He didn't want to see anyone's face when he told the next part.

"The last six months things have really been getting to me. We've had some high-profile cases, long hours, and not much happening on the dating front. In fact, the few women either of us dated just annoyed me. I realized I was looking forward to coming home and spending each evening with Cade, watching TV or reading. I didn't really think too much about it because it had become routine, comfortable. But I missed the intimacy of having someone in my bed.

"Then one night I had a dream. A wet dream...about Cade. I'd never thought of him that way before. We've always been good friends, but nothing like that. I figured it was the stress. I blew it off as a bad reaction to a long day.

"It got harder and harder to be around Cade though. I kept thinking about him and my dream. We'd always been casual about clothing; we walked around our house in a towel or underwear. After that dream, I couldn't watch him without getting a hard-on. I had more dreams."

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Carter stopped talking then and put his head in his hands. Very quietly, he whispered, "I don't know what to think any more."

Cade reached across Christina's lap and took his hand, but no one spoke.

It was very quiet in the room. Finally, Christina said, "Let's all go upstairs. I think I'd like to hold you, Carter."

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Chapter Four

Christina came out of the bathroom wearing a short, blue satin nightgown and a hesitant smile. She knew she was inexperienced in bed, especially compared to these two legends. What she lacked in actual experience, she thought she more than made up for in a willingness to try. She was grateful the flicker of the candlelight hid her emotions.

The covers had been pulled back to reveal crisp, blue sheets. Cade was stretched on the opposite side of the bed, his head propped on his hand. In contrast to Carter's dark good looks, Cade was golden. He wore his hair long but pulled back for his attorney persona. Now it spilled over his shoulders in shimmering waves. His blue eyes were the color of a summer sky, and he looked for all the world like a god waiting to be worshipped.

Carter was sitting on the edge of the bed. For such a large man, he gave the impression of being hunched in on himself. She knew he'd been talking to Cade downstairs more than he'd been talking to her. She suspected it actually might have made it easier to talk about with a third party in the conversation. It didn't matter. Carter had put himself out there and shared the most intimate detail of his life. That meant a great deal to her.

Cade patted the center of the bed. "Come lay between us, Christina."

She walked to the foot of the bed, weak-kneed at the thought of slipping between these two men. "I have a

confession to make, too," she said softly as she climbed up on the bed and settled between them. "I haven't had a lot of experience in bed. Oh, don't get me wrong," she added at Cade's sharp look. "I'm not virginal. It's just I don't run in the same circles you do. The men I've been with never seemed to want to try much variety." She was even more grateful for the candlelight now. She could feel the heat and knew a blush was running up her neck to her face.

"I'd be willing to try some different things with you two."

Carter drew strength from the way Christina looked at them from between her lashes. He could tell she was embarrassed. He leaned back and stroked a hand down the bare length of her arm. "Let us make love to you," he said, just before his mouth claimed hers in a kiss.

His tongue thrust into her mouth, hot and demanding, and he groaned at the sweetness of her mouth. He pressed closer and deepened the kiss. He threaded his fingers into her curls and pulled her tighter against his mouth. His tongue glided in and out, a promise of what was to come. When Christina sucked his tongue, he moaned in anticipation.

He could tell when Cade's hands began to explore Christina's body. She made little whimpering noises, and her kiss became even more heated. God, it was sexy as hell to know they were working together to bring Christina pleasure. Carter was nearly overwhelmed by a wave of desire.

He tore his mouth away from the kiss long enough to gasp out, "No clothes." Cade helped as he pushed Christina's nightgown up and slipped it over her head. He resumed the kiss while he pulled his boxers down and tossed them aside.

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Carter slid his palm up Christina's flat belly to cup one of her heavy breasts. He kissed his way down her neck across her collarbone to her chest. She moaned when he rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. He tightened his grip and rubbed his shadow beard across the tip of her nipple, and he heard her sharp intake of breath. His tongue laved her tight nipple, and her breast swelled under his attention. He glanced over to see Cade's mouth working over Christina's other nipple. Carter mirrored the other man's movements.

He watched his friend, who appeared lost in the moment, and wondered how they would survive this weekend. He wasn't jealous that Cade was with a woman, but he was turned on beyond belief that they were with Christina together. When Cade looked over and caught him watching, Carter flashed a happy grin. Cade smiled back, then trailed his hand lower. Christina squirmed. Her hips rose as her desire rode her. Carter watched when Cade dipped his fingers inside Christina's pussy to gather some of her creamy wetness and then he painted her nipples with the juices. His lips followed Cade's fingers, and he had his first taste of her.

Carter noticed that whenever he pulled hard on Christina's nipples with his fingers, his mouth, his teeth, she moaned louder and arched her chest to press against him even harder. "Cade, I think she might like it a little rough," he murmured.

"Oh, God," Christina moaned as a shudder passed through her body. Carter watched as Cade bit down on her breast, and a small scream escaped Christina. He laughed around her nipple and pulled sharply, drawing another yelp. Before he

could stop to think about what he was doing, he rose a little on one arm and leaned in to kiss Cade.

Cade's mouth was firm and strong against his lips, nothing like the gentle press of Christina's. He worried for a moment that Cade might turn away, might refuse his desire. Instead, Cade's kiss made him feel hungry and hot, and a small groan escaped. He pulled away with a smile before the kiss could overwhelm him, and they both returned to the beautiful woman below. Christina's gaze was locked on their kiss. Carter thought she looked hungry.

Christina had been thoroughly kissed by Carter and watched Carter kiss Cade, but she still wanted to taste Cade's kiss for herself. Threading her fingers into his long hair, she pulled him to her mouth while Carter returned his attention to her breasts.

Cade pulled her against his chest and kissed her hard. When he opened her mouth with his thumb, she felt as if he were laying claim. Heat raced through her at the fierceness of his kiss. He drew her tongue into his mouth and suckled. He explored, he nibbled, and she melted at his touch.

As Cade kissed her senseless, Carter moved to her other breast. She wondered if he could taste Cade on her skin. A hand brushed down her stomach, lightly trailing over the insides of her thighs and back again. Christina let her legs fall open and arched her hips. She thought she might die if someone didn't touch her pussy, didn't fill her.

As though he'd read her mind, Cade pulled on her lower lip with his teeth before he moved between her legs. Carter gave a sharp nip to one of her nipples, and an arrow of pleasure

shot straight through her, tightening things low in her belly. She felt the wetness pour out of her.

Cade growled low in his throat and buried his face between her legs, lapping her juices. His strong tongue stroked, spreading her lower lips, slipping inside her. He fucked her with his tongue, in and out, slippery, silky, hot. Christina tried to move her hips against his mouth, desperate to increase his pace, but Cade held her tight. She was close to coming, but he was controlling the action.

Finally, she thought, as he slid his mouth up to her clit. Expecting release, she was shocked when he bit her instead of flicking her nub with his tongue. Instantly, the orgasm died, but none of the building pleasure did. It was as if he'd poured lighter fluid on the already burning fire. She flamed even hotter than before but couldn't find her release in the pain and pleasure of his teeth.

Cade retuned to lap her juices, his tongue gliding into her opening, then back up to alternate biting and licking her clit. Carter was working her upper body, licking, kissing, and nipping his way across her breasts, up her neck, her mouth, and then back to her breasts again.

Christina was so hot she thought spontaneous combustion was a real possibility. "Let me come, Cade," she begged. The rumble against her was either laughter or a growl, but she didn't care which because Cade slipped a finger inside of her and slid his tongue over her clit. The pressure building at her core shot outward, sending a thousand sparks flaring into the dark. She was coming, and she didn't recognize the sounds being wrenched from her throat. Over and over she

shuddered, her hips bucking and torso twisting. She was sobbing with pleasure.

She couldn't take any more. She pulled hard on the hair caught between her fingers and two heads rose, two smiles flashed, and then both men stretched along her sides.

"Oh, God!" was all she could say.

Cade smiled down at her as though he'd just had his birthday, Christmas, and won the lottery. He stroked his hand along her cheek, then laid a gentle kiss on her forehead.

"Are you okay, sweet Christina?" he asked.

"Give me a minute." Her voice was hoarse.

Cade shifted his smile to Carter, "Good?" he asked.

Carter nodded. "That was hot. She's so beautiful, I want to taste her next."

Christina just moaned, and both men laughed.

"That might have to wait a few minutes," Cade said.

"Come here, taste her on me." The men leaned forward to kiss over Christina's chest. It was the most erotic view in the world from where she lay beneath them. She could see their tongues tangling. Carter pulled back and then began to lick her juices from Cade's lips and chin. He shuddered hard and reached out to thread his fingers in Cade's hair. It was an intimate gesture, one that spoke of love and desire. She knew Carter felt as vulnerable as she did at this moment.

Pressed between them, Christina turned on her side to face Carter and kissed her way across his chest, glorying in the feel of his silky chest hair. Her hands found his erection, and she slid down the bed so she could take him in her

mouth. Carter was thick and hard. She flicked the opening at his tip, tasting the salty liquid already leaking out.

Carter moaned into Cade's mouth when Christina took all of him. She slid her mouth along his length, down to the thick base, and then back to flick the tip. Back and forth, loving the feel of his cock bumping the back of her throat.

Cade's hands slid along Christina's hair, but she knew he couldn't reach what he wanted because she was down between their hips. She wanted both of them and said so.

"I want you inside me, Cade while I take Carter in my mouth."

Cade rolled Christina over onto her back and looked into her eyes. "Are you sure, Chrissie?" he asked, calling her by her childhood nickname.

"I'm sure. If it's okay with the two of you," she added, hearing the uncertainty in her voice.

Carter laughed. "Oh, I think it's very okay with us." He shifted position and handed Cade a condom from the bedside table. While Cade sheathed himself, Carter moved to kneel beside her head. Christina locked her lips around his shaft and began to work the head with strong suction and lots of tongue action. It was an awkward position on her back, and she had to strain her head to the side to reach him as he knelt next to her.

Christina went very still as Cade slipped the tip of his cock inside her. He knew he was big, so even though she was wet he still slowly worked his way inside.

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She whimpered around Carter's cock, and Cade got harder as he watched Carter grab fistfuls of her hair and drive deep into her throat. She moaned louder.

Cade's gaze locked with Carter's. Oh yes, their Christina liked that little edge of roughness, and he thought maybe Carter might like it, too. He would save those plans for tomorrow, but he would lay the groundwork tonight. Cade looped his arms under her knees and lifted her hips. He drove into her in one, smooth stroke.

"Christ, she's tight," he gasped. Carter moved faster, shoved harder, his eyes now glued to where Cade was sliding in and out of Christina.

Cade began to pump, his stroke long and smooth, gliding in her wetness, gripped tightly between her legs. He slammed into her, his balls slapped against her ass and his gaze moved between his cock filling her pussy and Carter's filling her mouth. Again and again he thrust, then slid nearly out. Christina made muffled grunts each time the men drove their cocks home.

Cade lifted Christina's hips a little higher. "Pull your knees back, Christina, spread open. That's it. Look, Carter, look at her pussy. Look how beautiful it is while I fuck her."

Carter wet his lips.

"Lick her, Carter, make her come," Cade demanded.

Carter's eyes went a little wild, and Cade knew it was because it would put Carter's mouth mere inches from the cock he wanted. Christina sucked harder on Carter, and he began to lose a little of the smooth rhythm. Carter leaned

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forward, pushing himself farther into Christina's throat and touched his tongue to her clit.

Cade changed his long thrusts to a slower, deeper motion that massaged Christina's inner muscles, while Carter found his spot on her clit. Carter and Christina both exploded into the frenzied, disjointed movements that preceded orgasm. Cade felt the jerk of Carter's body and knew his friend was close.

Carter's hips bucked, his cock thrusting madly into Christina's mouth. Cade shifted so he held her with one strong arm under her hips and used his other hand to push against the back of Carter's head, encouraging him to lick, to use his mouth to bring pleasure. Christina's pussy clenched around his cock. Cade was holding on by a thread.

He slowly began to pull out then glided back in, and Carter's tongue touched the base of his cock where it slid in and out of her pussy. When Carter moved back to focus on her clit, Christina shouted her pleasure as she started to come. Her muscles cinched around Cade's cock, and he couldn't hold back any longer. He exploded inside Christina's pussy, wave after wave of pleasure ripping through him until he was spent.

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Chapter Five

Cade awoke to the smell of fresh-brewed coffee and a diffused light through the windows that meant the storm wasn't over. He had a moment to wonder how there was coffee without electricity and how Christina had brewed it if she was cuddled over his hips. He turned his head to see the sleeping face of Carter and realized his mistake. It was Carter pressed against him in his sleep. He watched Carter's face, so handsome, so vulnerable.

Cade realized that the choices he made today might lose him his friend forever. He didn't think he could stand that. He'd stayed awake long after Christina and Carter had passed out, long after the passion had worn off. He'd looked at it every way he could think of, and he was convinced that seeing Christina had been the catalyst for something much bigger. Now all Cade could do was follow his heart and trust that it would all work out the way he planned.

"Shit. Sorry," mumbled Carter as he woke up to find his leg and arm draped across Cade. He scooted back and put a more comfortable distance between them.

"S'allright," Cade said. He propped himself up on an elbow and looked down at Carter, who wouldn't meet his eyes. "You okay with what happened yesterday?"

Carter blew out a breath. "No...Yes! Hell. I don't know." He turned away.

Cade knew it was time. It would either work right here, right now, or his life would go to shit in the next five minutes.

"Turn on your side and scoot back against me," Cade demanded. Whatever it was Carter had been expecting, Cade knew it wasn't that. Carter froze. Cade snaked an arm around Carter's hips and gave a mighty pull until he was spooning his friend. He growled low in Carter's ear. "I said Scoot. Back. Now."

Time seemed to stand still. Cade would show no sign of relenting, no sign of uncertainty. He kept legs pressed against Carter's legs and his arm a band of steel over Carter's hip. Thirty seconds passed, a minute, and neither man moved. Cade knew that to accept anything other than complete submission from Carter would doom their friendship forever. There was no going back from this moment.

Before this demand, they might have laughed yesterday off as an aberration. This intimate insistence on obedience changed it all. Time stretched and still Carter didn't relax so much as a single muscle. *Shit*, he thought. Had he misjudged Carter?

Cade would not give an inch. Whatever happened next would be Carter's move.

Nearly five minutes passed before Carter heaved a mighty sigh and relaxed. Cade gathered him close and buried his face in Carter's neck, filled with relief. He had won. There might be a few more skirmishes, but they both now knew who was in control.

He wrapped his fist around Carter's cock, unsurprised to find it hard and throbbing. He pressed his own erection against Carter's ass and pumped. "Last night your tongue was hot against my cock, but we both know you wanted more. We

both know you want to put me in your mouth, to taste me," Cade rasped in Carter's ear. He continued to brush his cock against Carter's ass. "I'm going to fuck your sweet ass this weekend. You *will* be mine. Say you want it."

A pause, then a strangled moan. "Yes."

Cade rubbed his thumb over the velvety tip of Carter's cock, smearing the drops of pre-cum that had gathered. "You want me bad, Carter. Ask to suck my dick."

"Oh, God." Carter shuddered, pressing more firmly against Cade's body.

"Beg for it, Carter. Let me know how much you want me in your mouth."

Carter was trembling, and Cade was sure it was with both nerves and desire. "I want to suck you off," Carter whispered.

"Do it now," Cade ordered.

Carter turned, and Cade rolled onto his back. With their gazes locked, Carter moved between Cade's legs and took his cock in his hand. Slowly, as if he were a drowning man going down for the last time, Carter lowered his mouth and slipped Cade's cock between his lips. Carter closed his eyes on a moan.

Christina poked her head in the doorway and froze. Cade made a gesture for her to be quiet, and then pointed at the chair across the room. Christina quickly moved to sit quietly and watch.

Carter began to lick and flick the tip of Cade's cock and, when he sucked especially hard, Cade inhaled sharply. He tangled his fingers into Carter's hair and thrust. His rhythm was fierce, driving, gliding, hands gripping Carter's head.

He was so turned on he knew he couldn't last much longer. Carter must have sensed it too, because he opened his throat and took Cade even deeper. Cade knew his balls felt tight to Carter's touch; they were drawn up, ready to spill.

"I'm gonna come," he said, giving Carter enough time to pull away and finish him by hand if he wanted. Carter had apparently decided he was all-in now, because he shortened his stroke, focusing on the sensitive tip. Cade's hips bucked wildly, he shuddered with each spurt, and his white-hot cum shot to the back of Carter's throat.

Carter finished with a kiss to the velvet soft tip, and then knelt between Cade's legs, looking stunned and unsure of what to do next.

"Come here, Carter," Cade said gently and pulled Carter toward him with a firm hand on the back of his friend's head.

Carter started to move to the side, but Cade guided him straight up on top of him, so Carter's massive hard-on was pressed between them. Cade pulled Carter into a kiss and tasted himself on the other man's tongue. With Carter still unaware that Christina was behind him watching, Cade gestured her to the bed, even as his hips began to thrust against Carter.

When Christina rubbed a soft hand along Carter's thigh, he tore away from the kiss to give her a panicked look.

"Shh...it's okay," Cade soothed and drew him back into a kiss. Christina stretched along Cade's side and moved her hand lovingly over Carter's back. Cade's cock was rapidly recovering as it pressed next to Carter's and, with a moan, Carter started a slow bump and grind while they kissed.

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Carter couldn't believe he was here, on top of Cade with their cocks pressed so hard between them. He'd done it, he'd really sucked Cade's dick, brought his friend over the edge, and tasted every drop of his orgasm.

Now, they thrust fast and hard, the two cocks rubbing together, and he was going to come. He groaned into Cade's mouth. He threw his head back, his back arched, hips pressing harder against Cade, and then he was coming. Slick and hot, Carter's orgasm went on as their bodies slid together. When he was finally spent, he collapsed to the side, breathing hard. "Oh, God," he whispered.

Christina's eyes were wide with excitement. She'd liked watching the two men; it was hot. It was so clear that this was the first time they'd been together that way, and she felt honored that Cade had invited her to watch. Okay, maybe he hadn't said it in so many words, but he'd drawn her in and let her know with a gesture that it was okay.

She doubted he knew she heard what he'd said to Carter before they started. She'd been about to come through the door when she heard Cade's instructions. "Turn on your side and scoot back against me." She'd held her breath, waiting to see if Carter would give in to what he so badly wanted. Her own knees had practically buckled with desire when Cade had whispered he was going to fuck Carter's ass.

She wanted to see more and quietly moved farther into the room. Cade's hot gaze had lasered in on her before he'd pointed to the chair. She'd understood instantly. This was Carter's moment. A special moment for both men. Cade was

fulfilling his best friend's fantasy, and Carter's seduction was not yet complete.

Christina wondered again at the love these two men had for each other. Not that they would probably refer to it that way. They were best buddies, pals, friends since birth. It wasn't so much that they were always together because really they weren't. They'd each had other friends, dated different girls, even had different jobs while they were in school. But you always knew they had each other's back. To take on one was definitely to take on both.

Had either of them ever had a serious girlfriend? She didn't know. They'd certainly lived together for a long time now. She knew occasionally someone would make a half-hearted comment about them being gay, but most people just never got that vibe from them. She certainly never had.

So what had happened? Why had Carter suddenly been attracted to Cade? Why had Cade allowed it? She gave a mental snort. Okay, Cade hadn't just allowed it, he'd embraced it. This morning's activity had been all Cade. A golden, hungry Cade who took charge and made promises. Christina shuddered at the delicious thought of him telling her what to do.

She went back to the idea that taking on one meant taking on both. She realized that although that was a mouth-watering fantasy, it wasn't sex she'd been thinking about. Maybe there was more to their relationship than the men themselves realized. Maybe the reason they'd always stayed in each other's orbit was they were still waiting for what would complete them.

Was she willing to risk everything to explore that possibility? Many women would have been devastated by what she'd walked in on this morning, but she wasn't. She felt honored to watch and then be invited to the bed with them. This wasn't about shutting her out, she was sure of it. It was about moving things forward, taking a new step together.

Christina looked up to realize Cade was staring at her the same way he'd watched Carter. His expression was hungry, possessive. Her breath hitched at the look. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled her into a demanding kiss. It was an intoxicating mix of the taste of both men. Then he growled words that made her shiver down to her core.

"I know you were listening, little Chrissie. I saw you by the door. You liked what you heard. You liked what you saw, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said, her voice breathy.

"Good. Because I'm going to fuck your ass, too. Now clean me off," he ordered.

When she started to jump up to go get a washcloth, Cade tightened his fist in her hair and held her in place. "With your mouth," he added. Christina eagerly complied.

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Chapter Six

Cade had stoked the fire in the woodstove, and the house was warm enough that clothing was optional, despite the frosty weather outside. Now Christina and Carter were downstairs heating water for a makeshift bath in an antique tub Christina had made them drag in from her garage. He'd left them to it after he'd helped carry it to the middle of the kitchen. Who knew old tubs weighed so damn much?

He'd appreciated the battery-operated drip coffee maker Christina kept in her kitchen for mornings without electricity. That plus the woodstove meant it would be a very comfortable weekend.

Cade examined his supplies, laying them out on the nightstand. Christina and Carter may not have realized it yet, but they'd given permission for him to do exactly what he had in mind. Both he and Carter had enjoyed big orgasms this morning, and he would see to it that Christina got one or two before he put the moratorium on sex for the rest of the day. He wanted their anticipation to build. His biggest problem was figuring out whose ass to take first. Then a solution occurred, and Cade smiled.

* * * *

Carter put his hand under Christina's head and supported her neck while he rinsed the shampoo from her sleek curls. She was beautiful. Her breasts were full, and her dusky rose nipples pebbled as the air hit her wet skin. His gaze lowered

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to the triangle of trimmed, dark hair. He couldn't believe he wanted her so badly after what he'd done with Cade this morning. His hands began to trace over her skin while his mind tried to make sense of what was happening.

Cade had fucking rolled him! He'd watched Cade roll plenty of women over the years. The dates would start casually enough, but Cade would give Carter a wink and then turn on the charm. Soon his date would be eating out of Cade's hand, giving him anything he asked for. Yesterday morning, Cade had discovered Carter's own secret lust and now he was rolled, just like all those women, his own desires used against him. Had Cade given that little wink to Christina before he'd turned the charm on him? *Shit!* He'd given Cade a blow job! And goddamn if they both hadn't loved it.

Christina moaned under his ministrations, and he turned his full attention to her. He lowered his mouth to lick water droplets from her breast before he pulled a nipple deep into his mouth. She had been a surprise last night. She'd liked it when he bit, and she moaned with pleasure now. He pinched and twisted one nipple while nipping and licking the other.

Carter heard Cade enter the kitchen, and he felt a thrill run through him at the thought of his friend watching him with Christina.

"Is she washed?" Cade asked, his voice hard.

"Yes," he answered, suddenly uncertain.

"Get out of the tub, Christina, and bend over the counter. Carter, get in the tub and wash yourself. I'll deal with you next."

Carter felt a thrill of desire race through him at both Cade's words and his tone. He sounded pissed they'd started without him.

Christina did as she was told, and Carter could see the goose flesh as the air hit her wet body. He slid into the warm water, not even questioning Cade's order. Cade took a towel and gently dried Christina. She trembled slightly under his touch, but she didn't turn around.

"We have new rules for the rest of the weekend," Cade said. "I'm taking charge of all our activities. You don't fuck each other when I'm not in the room. You don't even look at each other. No one comes unless I give permission. Is that clear?"

Before either of them could answer, Cade's hand shot out, and he slapped Christina hard on the ass.

Carter started to rise. *Fuck. What had gotten into Cade?* He couldn't let him treat Christina like that.

Cade turned on him. "Stay the fuck in that tub," he said calmly. "If you get up, she'll pay. Now do you both understand the rules? No one does anything without my permission."

Whack.

He slapped Christina's other ass cheek. Carter could see the big red palm prints on her golden skin, and he could see something more. Christina was so wet with desire it was dripping down her thigh. *Oh, fuck.* This was turning into a real fantasy weekend, and Cade was making sure they all had their secret desires met.

Carter met Cade's hard stare. "Yes," he whispered, and his cock went rigid.

Cade moved Christina to the side of the counter and pushed her hips onto the countertop, refusing to let her stand. He pressed her breasts against the cool granite with her face turned to look at Carter. Then Cade set a plastic shopping bag on the counter. Even from the tub, Carter could see Christina's blush.

Cade reached into the bag and brought out a lopsided hot pink plastic saguaro cactus. It was about nine inches tall, and the center stem, from the base to the tip was longer and thicker than the arms that curved upward. One arm was slender and almost as long as the first. The other was short and covered with nubs.

Carter fought back a laugh as he realized what it was. A desert-themed dildo! Not just any dildo, mind you, but a triple threat, with an anal probe and clit stimulator.

Cade set the dildo in front of Christina's face, and she closed her eyes in embarrassment. "Did you really think this would take care of your needs?" He plunged a finger into her pussy.

Carter could feel her humiliation. It poured off her in waves. Cade's fingers worked her, gliding in her wetness as he continued to torment her about the toy. When he slapped her ass again, Carter's cock twitched.

God.

Cade seemed to know it, because he turned his steady blue eyes on Carter. "Come here."

He stood, his erection straining forward, and reached for his towel.

"Leave it. I'll dry you," Cade said. "I want you behind Christina. Take her toy and bring her."

He stepped behind Christina and hesitated.

Cade didn't hesitate in the least; he swatted Carter's ass. "I know you, Carter," Cade said quietly. He wrapped a hand around Carter's cock and roughly brushed the towel over his legs. "There's a darkness in you just waiting to get out. I'm going to give that to you this weekend. You're mine, Carter," Cade said, his voice just barely above a whisper. A long pause, then, "Slap her ass."

Carter's hand raised and came down on Christina's tender ass, and he grew harder. *How had Cade known?*

"Again," Cade whispered.

The slap made a loud *crack* in the quiet kitchen. Christina moaned loudly, and she squirmed on the counter.

Cade's voice was a seductive whisper in his ear. "Feel how wet she is."

He slipped one finger, then two inside Christina. Cade was right: she was sopping with desire.

"No," Cade's voice cracked as Carter began to pump his fingers. "Not that way. I want you to use her little toy. But first, prepare her ass." He slapped a tube of lubricant on the counter next to Christina's face.

Carter squeezed some of the gel between her cheeks and began lightly stroking a finger over her opening.

"Oh, God," she whispered, and her whole body convulsed.

"Have you ever done this before?" he asked softly.

She closed her eyes and wet her lips. "No."

"I'll be as gentle as I can." He slipped the tip of his finger into the opening.

Christina gasped sharply, but her ass pushed up from the counter, seeking more. Carter worked the lubricant in and out, slowly feeling her muscles relax. He looked up at Cade, who was watching with hungry eyes.

"Do it, I want you to bring her now," Cade said.

Carter wished his cock was getting buried inside one of those holes, but he trusted Cade. He knew he would have some of her soon. He lined the probes up with the appropriate openings and slipped the dildo inside. Christina moaned loudly as he worked the dildo, sliding it almost all the way out before slipping it back in. He could see her ass clutching at the narrow probe.

It made him a little weak in the knees to think about taking anything up his ass. He'd never tried before, and Cade's promise to fuck his ass this weekend echoed through his mind.

"Turn it on," Cade ordered, breaking into his musings.

Carter slid the switch into position, and the pink cactus began to vibrate. He would have laughed except for Christina's screams of pleasure as the probes hit home.

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Chapter Seven

"Are you okay, Chrissie?" Cade asked, holding Christina tight against his chest. He stroked her dark curls and pressed kisses to her forehead. *God, that had been hot watching the two of them.* He wasn't finished yet. First, he needed to make sure Chrissie was okay with what happened. He wasn't worried about Carter; he'd loved every minute of it. So far, anyway.

Now that it was Carter's turn to bend over the counter, Cade could see the tension in his back. He was about to get a lot more tense.

"Oh, yes," Christina whispered and raised her mouth for a kiss. He happily complied. Her mouth was hot and sweet, and he tasted the demand for more. He would give her more, but not yet.

"I'll fuck you when we're finished with Carter. Look at his ass, just waiting for our attention.

Christina turned and smacked Carter's ass, and then pulled her hand back as if burned. Her eyes opened wide as she looked up at Cade, surprised at what she'd done. He wanted to laugh at her expression, but it would have meant giving up some of his control, so he bit down on the smile. He grabbed her wrist and used his body size to tower over her.

"Don't ever do that again without my permission."

"I'm sorry, Cade," she said contritely.

Cade glowered at her another moment, then relented with a smile. "Did you like spanking Carter's ass? Look at his cock,

he's very hard. Let's see if he can stay that way. Spank him again. Cover his ass with your handprints."

Christina swatted, her hand snapping against the fleshy mounds of Crater's ass. Carter's eyes closed, his mouth went slack with pleasure, and his hips started move. It was enough for now. Carter didn't know it yet, but he was about to wait a long time before he came again.

Cade reached back into the shopping bag and set a medium-sized anal plug in front of Carter's face. The reaction was immediate. Carter's eyes went wide, and the muscles in his back and ass tensed. He stroked Carter's back, ran his hands soothingly over the red ass cheeks, then back. Again and again he rubbed, until Carter's small moans of desire let Cade know it was time.

Cade narrowed the area of the caresses, focusing on the hot, red cheeks. This time Carter only flinched a little as fingers slipped between the cheeks of his ass. Cade drizzled the lubricant and looked an invitation to Christina. Her eyes were glazed with desire.

Christina stepped forward and whispered Carter's words back to him. "Have you ever done this before?"

He shook his head.

"I'll be gentle," she said and slowly pushed a well-lubricated finger inside that virgin opening.

Carter threw his head back, and a moan of genuine discomfort ripped through him, before it turned to pleasure.

"Easy, Chrissie, nice and slow. Let him get used to the feel of you."

Christina added more lube and continued to slide until Cade saw Carter completely relax under her gentle movements.

Cade moved her aside and lubed his own fingers. God, his breath sounded harsh to his own ears.

Carter was spread out in front of him, front side pressed against the cold counter. "Lift your hips for me, buddy," Cade said. He slipped his hand around Carter's dick.

"Christina, help him move his legs farther apart. I want him all the way open to me."

"Ohmygod," Carter whispered.

When Christina pulled one of Carter's legs over the side of the counter, Cade tightened his grip on Carter's cock and slipped a thumb inside his puckered anus and began massaging, rubbing, feeding on the moans of pleasure ripped from Carter. He slipped his thumb out and slid in one finger, then two.

"Lube the plug, Christina," Cade instructed.

Christina took the flesh-toned plug almost reverently. It was about five inches in length, with a nice, solid feel. Cade had bought it on impulse after catching Christina's fascination with the display. It wasn't the only toy he'd bought, but one thing at a time, he thought.

"I can't," Carter whispered, his voice choked with a tinge of panic.

Cade leaned close and kissed the back of his neck. "Shh. You can do this. I'll help you. I would never do anything to really hurt you, you know that. Feel how good my fingers feel. Tonight you're going to take my cock. This will help."

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While he spoke, he withdrew his fingers and placed the tip of the anal plug at Carter's puckered entrance. Carter was as ready as Cade could make him, so he slowly pressed the tip in past the tight ring of nerves. Carter exhaled on a gentle grunt.

"That's right. Push your hips back, Carter. Relax for me," Cade said, and he seated the plug deep in Carter's ass.

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Chapter Eight

After the intense loving of the morning, Christina needed some time to herself. She'd asked Cade for permission to sit alone in the little reading nook in her bedroom, and he'd granted it as though he were lord of the manor. Which he'd sort of been since last night, she realized. She was actually loving being between these two men at every turn. It was also why she wanted to be alone, just for a bit.

She'd wakened nestled between them this morning, feeling treasured, surrounded as she was by their beautiful bodies. She felt domestic and nurturing when she'd slipped downstairs to make them coffee. Sleeping snuggled together, making them breakfast, cuddling on the couch, it all felt very intimate, and she was afraid it might be addicting.

The games in the kitchen had gotten her hot and bothered. After he'd plugged Carter, Cade had pulled a chair over and sat in front of him completely naked. He'd pulled Christina onto his lap, onto his cock, and they'd fucked while Carter watched, bent over the counter getting used to his plug. Then Cade had decreed sex off-limits for everyone until tonight, when he would take Carter's ass.

It was almost time, and she hadn't been able to think about much else all day. Every time Carter moved, every time he sat or stood, she could tell he was aware of the plug. His breath had been hitchy all afternoon. His cock had been rock hard, and she wanted it. She wanted to be underneath

Carter, taking every inch of him while he took every inch of Cade.

Cade.

Every thought of him made her warm and fuzzy. Not just the obvious physical delights but his wild spirit and generous nature. There was no doubt he was enjoying himself, but he was really paying much more attention to what she and Carter needed. He seemed to intuit their darkest fantasies and was bringing them to life one after the other.

How had he known about the spanking? How did he know just how much to give or withhold? He was watching, reading their bodies, taking them to the edge yet keeping them safe. She knew her heart was in big trouble. She was falling in love.

Shaking her head, Christina acknowledged she wasn't just falling—she was there—and not just with Cade, but with Carter, too. The man normally oozed confidence, yet right now he was so vulnerable, so afraid. Not of being physically hurt, he did trust Cade to take care of them, she could see it in his eyes.

Carter was afraid of the same thing she was. He was afraid that it would all be over after this one weekend together.

Things between Carter and Cade could never go back to the way they were. She knew he feared being alone, being without Cade more than anything, yet that was the price he thought he would pay for the weekend of fantasy. And Christina was desperately afraid she would go back to being alone, too.

As if she'd conjured him, Carter came into the bedroom carrying two glasses of wine.

"How did you know?" she asked with a smile.

Carter's smile was a little shaky. "I know I need something to take the edge off. I thought you might, too."

Christina's eyes flicked to the door, and Carter smiled knowingly.

"He said we'd earned some time alone, as long as we didn't touch below the neck." Carter laughed, and it was a good laugh. It reached across and warmed her heart, despite her fears.

He seemed to read her face and find something there that bothered him.

"What is it, Christina? What were you in here worrying about?"

She shook her head, appalled at the tightness in her throat and the sting in her eyes.

Carter cupped her cheek in one big hand and stroked her face with his thumb. When he kissed her, Christina's heart felt as if it would shatter into a thousand pieces, and tears slipped down her cheeks.

"Shh, Chrissie, what's wrong? Have we hurt you? I can talk to Cade, tell him we need to stop." He half rose before she grabbed his arm.

"Don't go, it's not that." She wiped at the tears and swallowed. "It's nothing really. Hand me a tissue, would you?"

Not moving, Carter said, "Tell me."

"It's the same for you, Carter. I know it is. I can feel it."

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"You're afraid of what will happen when the weekend's over," he said, and his voice was layered with hurt.

"Yes," she whispered. "I'm so afraid that after this weekend, you'll both go and be together, and I'll be here, all alone. I know it's not fair of me to have these thoughts. No one made any promises or anything like that. I don't know if I can explain it.

"I've dated a few men, had sex with some of them, yet never once did I come close to feeling like any of them were 'The One.'" She made quotation marks in the air.

"No one has ever come close to making me feel complete. Back when we were in school, I used to have such a crush on both of you. I used to think, Carter's the man for me. Then Cade would give me a wicked little wink as he walked by with a girl on his arm, and I'd change my mind and think it was Cade I wanted. It was always back and forth and always just a fantasy, because I wasn't the type of girl either of you really noticed.

"When you guys left for college I thought I could get on with life, only the life I got on with was always working. That's when I started dating, looking for Mr. Right. None of them matched up to my fantasies of you two and what being with you would be like.

"It only got worse when you came home from law school. I saw you everywhere around town. When you weren't working, you guys were always together or on dates with tall, beautiful women. I couldn't compete, neither of you ever noticed me.

"I just don't know how I'll go back to that after this weekend," Christina finished sadly.

Carter did know just how she felt. He couldn't go back to the townhouse. Not back to the way they'd always been. He'd been thinking the same thing all day. He was loving every minute of the fantasy weekend Cade was giving him, but he wasn't stupid. Cade was caught up in the moment and hadn't thought through the consequences. It was why Carter hadn't wanted him to find out how his feelings had changed.

This weekend was beautiful, he wouldn't change a minute, except for the way he knew it would end. Cade would be uncomfortable around Carter. They'd quit working out together, quit hanging out in the evenings, quit wanting to share a home. Eventually, Cade wouldn't be able to look at him at work and even their law practice would have to be divided. This weekend was the beginning of the end.

Carter wanted nothing more than to stay here forever. The three of them wrapped in their own reality, but he knew that would never happen. God, it had taken this weekend to realize how much he loved Cade, in so many ways. He would step aside, offer anything to see Cade happy. If Cade wanted Christina when this was over, he should have her. But if he didn't...

"You don't have to, you know," Carter said softly. "You don't have to go back to being alone. Shh, don't say anything, just listen. You're right, it's the same for me. We're afraid the love we're feeling this weekend will melt away with the snow. We both know that Cade and I can't go back to being what we were. He loves me, I know that. But it's the

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love of a brother, not a lover, not forever. It's not the way I love him.

"I won't wait around and watch that love die. I need to find a place to live next week. We can probably work together for a while, but if I wait too long, eventually he'll begin to hate me for what we've done this weekend.

"I believe Cade loves you, Chrissie, he really does. I think he'll want to stay with you forever. But if the choices we made this weekend get in the way of that loving, just know I'll be waiting.

"I'll always be here for you, always want you in my life. I love you, Christina," Carter said.

"I love you, too." She smiled through her tears.

* * * *

Cade lowered his hand from where he'd been prepared to knock on the doorframe. His heart squeezed tight in his chest, and he staggered from the pain. Carter loved Christina, and she loved him back. This weekend would cost him the two people most dear to him, the people he loved most in the world. He pressed his head against the door for a minute, trying to breathe.

Without saying a word he went to the bed and stretched out, forearm over his eyes, and fought not to howl with pain. He wouldn't be so selfish. It had been a long shot, and he'd known it going in. He couldn't really expect them to fly in the face of convention and stay with him forever. Still, the news hurt.

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With a heartfelt sigh, Cade made himself a promise. He would never let them know how much it hurt. He would only show the genuine joy he felt at their discovered love. If he couldn't have Christina, Carter was the only man he'd want by her side. If he and Carter had to leave each other, then it was only right Christina would be the one for Carter. He would always love them, and he would be happy that they loved each other.

The rest of tonight would be devoted to fulfilling their fantasies and then, tomorrow, Cade would start backing away and let them get to know each other without his interference. He knew he should probably step aside tonight, but he just wasn't that strong. Carter had fantasized about this for long enough; Cade would give him what he wanted. Maybe when Carter and Christina were old and gray, they could still look back on this weekend as the turning point in their relationship.

Cade realized that without Carter or Chrissie in his life, he couldn't even picture himself as old and gray.

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Chapter Nine

Christina climbed onto the bed next to Cade and, without any planning, she and Carter began to move their mouths over his hard, golden body. First, Christina kissed Cade, her lips hot and trembling from the emotions swirling within her. Then she watched as Carter took his mouth in an almost desperate kiss. She knew he was already mourning the loss of his friend. She placed a gentle hand on his arm and, when he looked up at her, she smiled. She smiled to remind him they still had tonight.

Cade's kisses were hard and so was his cock, and Christina worked her way down his chest to pull him into her mouth. Slowly, she began to work him. With her tongue flat, she stroked the hard, velvet tip, tasted his pre-cum. She traced her tongue along the big vein on the underside, and then worked her lips over the ridged top to suck him in. He was longer than Carter and nearly as thick. His breath stilled when she sucked on the tip and slid her tongue along the slit.

Christina looked up and found the sight she'd come to love. Carter was kissing Cade, his tongue tracing lips, teeth nibbling, then their mouths pressed together and their tongues tangled. She realized this was the first time she and Carter had both made Cade the focus of their attention. Cade had successfully been directing the action for their pleasure.

Cade realized this was the first time he had been between Christina and Carter and they were both focused on him. The moment was too bittersweet for words, and he gently pulled

away from Christina's mouth and pushed Carter off him. *God, their kisses had been sweet.*

"I want to watch you eat each other. Christina slide under Carter. Carter, on your knees, give me your ass, but stay low enough so Chrissie can reach you," Cade said as he lifted his friend onto his knees.

The tension in Carter's body was back, but he was hard. Christina put a pillow under her head so she could reach his cock and took Carter into her mouth with a moan of pleasure. Or maybe her pleasure was from the tongue working her clit. Either way, she was being very vocal.

A hungry fire burned low in his belly as he watched Christina devour Carter's cock. Her tongue flicked over the thick head before she licked and sucked, and Cade licked his lips. He wanted to join her, to taste Carter, but he would lose his tight control if he tried that forbidden fruit.

He traced his fingers over Carter's ass, across his balls, and back up. He felt shudders beneath his hands. "I'm taking the plug out now, just relax."

The noise Carter made was almost a sob, and Cade soothed his friend with kisses over his back and ass.

"You did good, Carter," he told him between kisses, and Carter lifted his ass. They were both ready.

"Chrissie, turn around on the bed, put a couple of pillows under your hips. Carter, up higher on your knees." He handed Carter a condom and took one himself. After they were both covered, he said, "I want you inside Christina while I'm inside you."

He could see Carter in the full-length mirror, and he watched the emotions play across Carter's face. Christina brushed her fingers lovingly over Carter's cheeks, murmuring words of encouragement.

Cade poured lubricant between Carter's ass cheeks and began to massage it in. The tiny rosebud opening was much more relaxed after the daylong treatment, and Cade slipped three fingers in while he made sure there was plenty of lubricant to keep from hurting Carter.

"Push back, Carter, push with your hips. I'm going to go in gentle. I'm bigger than the plug, and I don't want to hurt you." Fisting his cock in his hand, he pressed the broad tip against Carter's anus. He slowly pushed past the tight ring of muscles, and then he was inside. He gave his own shudder at how tightly his cock was squeezed inside Carter's dark tunnel.

Carter moaned, and Christina moaned with him. Cade stayed still for a moment before pushing himself a little deeper. He watched Carter's face in the mirror, listened to the way his breath caught in his throat, watched for signs of distress. When he was most of the way in, he slowly withdrew and then pushed deeper still. And again. And again. Cade was nearly overwhelmed by the trust Carter was showing him, by the love he felt for the two people below him.

Carter began to move with Cade, sliding his own cock in and out of Christina, feeling full and stretched and unbelievably turned on. Christ, this was powerful. Cade's strong stroke filled him.

"Fuck me," Carter whispered, as he slammed into Christina in time with Cade's plunging cock.

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As Cade pressed hard fingers into his hips, he felt Cade's heavy balls slap against his ass. He knew none of them would last much longer. They were all grunting with the force of this mating. Faster, harder. *Oh God*, he thought, *right there*, as Cade's rhythm found the spot.

His insides exploded, color and fire behind his eyes. Every muscle clenched, and all the blood in his body raced toward his core, ready to be part of this orgasm. His head whipped back as his body bowed. He was so deep inside Christina he was pressed against her womb. Cade shifted his stroke to small thrusts, hitting his prostrate, making him moan with the sensation.

Cum shot from his cock, his balls were hard little rocks, and he was pushing, spurting. He screamed his pleasure, his voice hoarse, temporarily deaf and blind, unable to say up from down. Cade's stroke changed, and he glided long and hard, holding Carter's hips, slamming into his ass, never giving his cock a chance to go soft with release. The sensation bordered on pain, yet Carter wanted more.

Christina raised her legs and wrapped them around both men's waists, driving them all, rocking with pleasure. He knew Cade was close—he'd lost his rhythm—but still he slammed, and Carter tightened involuntarily around him as the sensation intensified.

"Oh, fuck," Cade yelled, and he buried himself to his balls while Carter's tight canal milked every last drop.

The feel of Cade's orgasm set off renewed thrusts, and Carter slipped a finger over Christina's clit. Her orgasm was instantaneous. She must have been hanging on by a whisper.

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He joined her and shot his second load of cum and prayed the condom would hold it all.

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Chapter Ten

"How long has he been out there?" Carter asked.

Christina switched her attention from watching Cade outside so that she could admire the expanse of chest in front of her. Carter was wearing blue jeans and a smile. His black waves were nicely tousled, his face still swollen with sleep, and he looked like he should be her breakfast. She wanted to grab his hand and lead him back to bed. Which was exactly what Cade said she should do. That was the problem.

From the minute they'd all awakened yesterday morning, Cade took control. He'd demanded no one have any kind of sex without him. He'd spent the day ensuring that both she and Carter were ready for a night of mind-blowing sex, and he'd given them just that.

After he'd taken Carter, Cade had been gentle and sweet, kissing and holding both of them as they'd fallen asleep, tangled in each other's arms. Now she wondered if he'd really slept at all.

She had a vague memory of Cade kissing her forehead and pulling the covers up over her shoulders while it was still dark. When she woke for real, Cade was gone, and she and Carter were snuggled together, toasty under the covers. The bed felt lonely with just the two of them. How had that happened?

Christina had spent all of her nights in the big bed alone until two nights ago. Now she felt a hole because Cade wasn't there. She knew she'd feel the same if it had been Carter. It

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wasn't just a matter of Cade waking and coming downstairs before the others. There had been a finality about the way he'd left.

"I went outside when I saw him out there and tried to get him to come in. He told me go back to bed, that you would miss me if you woke without me. He said you loved me. I told him you loved him, too. He just gave a little smile and said to go to you. Then he went back to shoveling snow. You don't think he's trying to leave, do you? There's no way he can get down the mountain today. There's another storm front rolling in, and there's more than a foot of snow. The drifts will be even higher."

Christina's throat tightened as she turned her attention to the big man shoveling snow outside. "We've lost him, Carter," she whispered.

"Like hell we have," Carter replied. "I need to go get dressed." He kissed the top of Christina's head before running up the stairs to get his clothes.

* * * *

The snow was hanging heavy on the limbs of the giant ponderosa pines and aspen that surrounded the clearing where Christina's cabin was nestled against the side of the mountain. Carter looked at the path Cade had shoveled and knew leaving was exactly what his bullheaded friend was trying to do. He thought there had been at least eighteen inches of snow so far, and he knew Christina was right—the road would be impossible to navigate, even in the big Hummer. Yet Cade must have spent the last two hours

digging his yellow monster out from the snow and clearing the driveway. He couldn't let Cade try it.

"What's shaking, Cade?" he asked in their familiar greeting.

"Morning," Cade returned.

"Shit, looks like you've been out here a couple of hours clearing this driveway. It's fixing to snow again. Not like you to waste your time on something so futile. Why don't you come inside and have some breakfast? Christina's worried about you."

"You're right. I don't waste my time on futile efforts. Why don't you go bundle Christina off to bed, so she doesn't worry? I'm fine," Cade said with a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

"You could come back to bed with us." What this was all about? Was it the sex with him last night? Was Cade really regretting it already? He didn't think so. It just didn't feel that way. There was a touch of sad and a look of lonely that surrounded Cade this morning.

"Thanks, but I need to get this finished."

"Cade, I can't let you try to go down the mountain."

"Carter, go inside. You know damn well this is where you belong. Don't make this any harder," Cade said. "I can see it in your eyes. You're in love. You both are. Honestly, Carter, there aren't any two people on the planet I want to be happy more than the two of you. Please, go to her and make her stop worrying about me. Go love Christina." Cade walked quickly to the rear of the Hummer.

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Two things happened nearly at once. The door to the cabin opened, drawing both pairs of eyes to Christina standing huddled against the cold. Before either man could tell her to get back inside, a sharp *crack* spilt the quiet morning followed by the distinctive *crunch* of crashing metal.

Carter saw the horror on Christina's face for half a second before he whipped around. The rear of the Hummer was crushed under an enormous pine branch. The weight of the snow had become too much, and the ancient tree had bent beyond its capacity to recover. Somewhere under the mass of broken limbs, the ton of snow, and the crushed Hummer was Cade.

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Chapter Eleven

Cade was stretched out on a soft pile of comforters in the middle of the living room floor. Carter had mostly watched as Christina stripped him from his wet clothes and covered him with the down comforter from her bed. It had taken Carter at least fifteen minutes to dig Cade out from under the snow and tree limbs, and his skin was still cold to the touch.

"We have to warm him," she said. "Take off your clothes and get next to him under the covers. You're bigger than I am, and you'll warm him faster than I will." Christina was bustling around, adding wood to the stove and putting large pots of water on the top to warm for the tub, if they could wake Cade.

Carter didn't argue, his own clothes were wet, too, and he knew he needed to get dry. He stripped and climbed under the covers, pressing his body to Cade's. She brought water and a washcloth to wash the blood from Cade's temple. It was the only injury they'd found, but he still hadn't regained consciousness, and he knew Christina was edging toward panic.

"Is he going to be okay?" she asked, worry evident in her voice.

"I think so. He took a head blow, but it wasn't as bad as it could have been. I'm worried about how long it took me to get him out of the snow. Shit, I couldn't move him."

"But you did, Carter. If you hadn't been here, he would have died. There's no way I could have gotten him out of there without your help."

"He wouldn't have been out there except for me. If I hadn't been here, he would have still been in bed with you, loving you. He was leaving us because he said we loved each other."

"We love him, too," Christina protested.

"I think maybe he heard the last part of our conversation last night, when we said we loved each other. He was leaving because he thought it would make us happy."

"Oh, Carter, that's not what we meant!"

"I know. Now, help me turn him on his side. I'll press against his back; you strip and spoon up against his stomach. It's the most contact we can make with him. God, I wish we could call an ambulance," he said.

They shifted Cade's body and surrounded him with their warmth. Carter rubbed his arms and back, trying to speed the circulation. Finally, Cade began to warm, and his breathing took on a different quality, as though he was coming out of a deep slumber.

Christina felt Cade's erection press against her back and smiled. That was her Cade, all right.

"Let's shift him back. He's definitely warmer and coming around. I want to call the emergency room and see what they say." She pushed to her feet to find her cell phone.

The doctor was full of questions.

"Yes, his pupils are the same size," Christina answered.
"Carter, move your finger in front of his face, see if he can

follow the motion." Back and forth Christina relayed the messages before she finally got the worried emergency room doctor to give her the advice she'd needed to hear.

"Obviously, we're concerned about concussion. We will assume he has one, since he was unconscious for so long. You said the skin break is small, and there doesn't feel as if there are any major damage to the skull, but we can't be sure without x-rays. It will be at least another twenty-four hours before we can get him down the mountain, and that's if we can get a medivac helicopter up there. No one can fly in these whiteout conditions."

"I know, Doctor, but what should we do for now? He's awake, he wants some ibuprofen, and is generally being a pain in the ass."

"Okay, watch for nausea or vomiting, loss of memory, or worsening of his headache. He may take the ibuprofen. Let him eat if he wants, but no moving around for twelve hours, no strenuous activity for twenty-four. Someone should wake him every thirty minutes for the next five hours, then you can let him sleep longer. Call me this same time tomorrow; I'll be back on duty. If we need to try to send a chopper, then we can, but it sounds like from what I can hear, he's going to be okay. Don't hesitate to call though, if anything about the way he looks or acts feels wrong to you."

The thought that Cade would deliberately try to hurt himself by leaving during a lull in the storm made him feel sick. Carter didn't think Cade had thought it through that far; he'd just made his mind up that he didn't want to be here

with the other two. He worked to keep his face courtroom impassive while he ministered to his friend.

"Okay, Cade, you're grounded. No moving around for twelve hours. Here's your ibuprofen. Do you want to stay here on the floor, get on the couch, or go to bed?"

Cade sat up to take the pills, and he looked like he thought the room might be rotating. He took the pills and said meekly, "I think I'll stay here for a bit. Shit, Carter, I feel like hell. Did you get the number of the truck that hit me?"

He fought to control the anger in his voice. Fought and lost. "God damn it, Cade! This isn't fucking funny. What in the hell did you think you were doing out there? There was no fucking way you could have driven down the mountain and lived. None!"

Everything came crashing over him at once. He was overloaded on adrenaline. He had been desperately afraid he wouldn't be able to save Cade. He'd dug and clawed and lifted to uncover Cade and carry him to safety. He'd thought Cade was going to die, and the emotions that had been suppressed by the need for action were finally pouring out of him.

"I'm sorry if fucking me was such a mistake that you never want to see me again, but killing yourself over it has to be the biggest boneheaded move you've ever made. Driving down that mountain would have been suicide.

"I can't take back what we did, and God knows I'm not sorry. All I can do is stay out of your way. I will. But don't be such a stupid ass. Christina loves you. You love her, and you almost fucking blew it."

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He took one last look at Cade's pale face and shaking hands. He watched as Cade dry washed his face in that oh-so-familiar way. He would miss that face, those mannerisms. He would miss everything about Cade. Carter loved Cade more than life, but he would rather see him happy with Christina than know he was gone from this world forever. He'd known deep in his heart that leaving Cade was the price for this weekend. He turned on his heel and went to the room Christina had originally given him that first afternoon. He would wait out the storm in there.

Christina placed the big bowl of warm water, a washcloth, and a towel on the floor next to Cade. "Okay, time for a little wash up. I'm going to start with your face and work my way down. Try to keep your head out of the gutter, McMartin, because the doctor said you had to stay still for the next twelve hours," she teased lightly. Without waiting for an answer or worrying about small talk, she washed Cade and dried each part carefully before moving on.

The wind whipped and howled outside, but it was still quiet inside her cabin. She'd heard every word of Carter's rant. She secretly agreed with much of what was said, but Cade didn't need her lecturing him, too. When she'd walked into the room, he'd thrown a forearm over his eyes but not before she'd seen the raw pain and sheen of tears.

She'd fought to keep her words light and tone neutral. It would be up to her if this was all to be made right. Cade and Carter were both too fragile emotionally to find a clear path right now. She hid a smile at that thought. Her two big strapping men, lawyers with silver tongues, had wrapped

themselves up in such an emotional tangle that they couldn't see their way out.

Christina was a natural-born designer. She'd always been able to see beauty in chaos, potential in ruin, create order from confusion. Her degree had given her credentials, taught her the tools of her profession, but nature had given her the true gift. By pushing her own insecurities aside, she'd been able to examine their situation from a bird's eye view, and she was stunned at the simplicity and the splendor of the pattern that emerged.

She believed Carter's subconscious had pushed his suppressed desire for Cade to the forefront and the feelings had become impossible to ignore. Some part of Cade must have been waiting for those feelings, because there'd been no momentary shock. It had been a pure hunger between the two men ever since they'd arrived on her mountain.

What she knew—and they still fought—was their hunger went far beyond a physical desire. Cade and Carter loved each other in a way that meant they needed to be together forever. It wasn't just chance they'd stayed roommates for the last ten years. They needed each other. They'd stayed true to each other even though their conscious minds hadn't caught up. Or, more likely, they just weren't ready yet, because all the pieces hadn't been in place. They were now, if only she could get them to listen to her.

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Chapter Twelve

Christina drew the covers securely around Cade and refused to acknowledge the hurt in his eyes. She would fix it soon enough. For now, she had a few practical items to take care of, and he needed rest.

"Try to sleep for a little, Cade. I'll wake you up in thirty minutes," she said and kissed him lightly on the lips.

The top of her woodstove was hot enough to cook on, and soon the comforting aroma of homemade chicken soup filled the air. Cade would eventually be hungry, especially once his brain caught up to all that work he'd done before he'd been injured.

She put clean sheets on the bed, so when Cade was able to get up from his spot on the floor, she and Carter could help him to the bed. She put new candles around the house then decided to bring in more wood from the stack outside her back door.

Standing with her back to the door, Christina watched the fury of the storm and said an ironic prayer of thanks that Cade had been hurt before he'd tried to make it down the mountain. They were in complete whiteout conditions now. She was unable to see two feet in front of her. She knew how easy it would be to get disoriented if she stepped away from the comfort of the door at her back. Not unlike the situation her men found themselves in now. Disoriented and needing her to guide them. She was ready.

Carter raced into the kitchen when he heard the back door slam in the wind. *What the fuck is happening now?*

"Christina?" he called, as he desperately threw open the door.

She gave a little squeak, as if he'd startled her.

"What are you doing out here? It's dangerous!" he shouted above the roar of the wind.

"Here," she yelled and handed him a stack of wood.

Relieved to discover it was just a mundane task, Carter helped her bring in enough wood for the next twenty-four hours. They left it in the kitchen to dry and worked together to wipe the melted snow from the floor.

Christina prattled on about the weather, an easy subject given the extreme nature of the storm. Carter thought she was avoiding talking about anything personal. He didn't blame her. It would be awkward until he could get out of the cabin and out of the way. He tried not to stare, but she was so beautiful, and he knew he loved her just as much as he loved Cade. If only they could have made it work. But Cade's and Christina's happiness was most important. Stepping aside was the right thing to do.

It happened quickly. Carter was all noble one minute, ready to give up the girl for his best friend. The next minute he was kissing Christina with every bit of the desperation he felt. He pressed her back against the door, and then their tongues were dancing. He pushed at her, tasting her sweetness, savoring the way her body melted into his. He wanted her with every fiber of his being. They could have this morning, this one last time together, couldn't they?

"Chrissie?" Cade called, his voice a muffled groan. God, he sounded so pathetic. He cleared his throat and tried again, with better results.

Christina came through the door in a hurry, her face pinched with worry. He hated that he'd put that expression on her face.

"I'm sorry, Chrissie. Will you forgive me?" he asked as she knelt beside him. "I was selfish—"

He trailed off as Carter came through the kitchen door. *Carter.* God, how could he have done this to him? "Carter, please," Cade said, and he knew his voice held a note of pleading.

Carter froze, clearly torn between retreating or coming to Cade's side. Cade held his hand out, and Carter came, kneeling down opposite Christina.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been out there, I shouldn't have even thought about leaving." Cade looked away for a minute, and Christina interrupted before he could continue.

"Shut up, Cade. I have something to tell you both, but not until I know you're really with us. You're looking better. How are you feeling?"

"Like a damn fool." He quickly changed his answer when Christina hit his arm. "I'm good, Chrissie, really. I feel much better."

"That's good. Now can you lay there and be still while I talk for a bit? Or do you want to sleep some more right now?"

He looked at the resolve in her face and knew he was in for a tongue lashing. From the look on Carter's face, he was expecting one, too. *Well, they might as well get it over with.*

"Go ahead, Chrissie. I deserve whatever you want to say to me," Cade said.

"Yes, you do," she agreed, with a smile.

"Do you want to sit up or lie down? This is going to take a while." Christina asked, secretly amused at the look on the men's faces. They both looked as though they expected her to chew their asses. Cade remained on the floor, on his back, but propped himself a little higher with some pillows. Carter sat on the floor next to Cade and leaned against the couch. *Yesterday they would have touched*, she thought. It made her more determined than ever to make this right.

"While the two of you went off to college and law school, I decided to follow my passion and become an interior designer. I'd always had a flair for seeing how things should fit together, and I thought I might actually enjoy making money doing what I really loved." She stopped to enjoy the look of utter confusion on both on their faces. This was apparently not what they'd been expecting.

"I'm a very successful designer because I have a clear vision. I can listen to the opposing views of a wife and a husband and create a room they both love by finding the commonalities. I also have very strong opinions, probably something that doesn't surprise either of you," she said, noting their grins. "Although I pride myself on flexibility, there are certain things that I always thought should stay traditional. It's part of the trademark of my designs.

"When I bought this cabin, it required extensive rehab work, and the contractor and I worked on it in stages, whenever I had enough money to take on the next phase. It

took years. The last room I tackled was my bedroom. I wanted it just right and when it was finished it was a decorator showcase. It was even featured in two different magazine spreads, and my business grew.

"I'd been finished with the room for months, received professional praise, but still something hadn't felt completely right about the design to me. It was comfortable and beautiful, but finally I had to admit to myself, something was missing. I finally stepped back and really examined it with my true designer's vision, the one I'd been born with, not what I'd learned in school. I realized what was missing was the one piece that would make the room right for *me*.

"Until that moment, I'd always believed bedrooms were supposed to be bedrooms, not have a separate workout space, not have a television, and certainly not little reading nooks. Giving up the perfection of the design was hard, but I created a small reading area.

"I know this probably sounds silly, but that one act flew in the face of every bedroom design I'd ever made. Yet somehow, until I was willing to set aside my conventional beliefs about traditional design, my room would never feel complete to me without my little reading space. I know, it's a dumb story, but it is the best way I know to show you what I mean."

Carter's hand had moved to Cade's shoulder. Cade placed a hand over the top of it, but neither looked away from her. It was as though her clumsy story held them spellbound. She plowed ahead, sure of her message, sure of what was right.

"Look at each other." She waited until Cade looked up at Carter. "Can you honestly say you could live your life without the other? The things in your lives that have stood the test of time are the things you do together."

Cade took Carter's hand and brought it slowly to his lips, never taking his eyes from his friend's face. She waited for a moment before continuing, her throat tight at the intimate and loving gesture.

"Now both of you look at me, because it's not just the two of you that I'm talking about. If what was conventionally right for most people wasn't what was right for my own bedroom design, what possessed me to think my relationships would be any more normal?

"I tried the traditional route, with dating and such. Nothing normal ever worked for me. Living alone was better than dating the men I'd met. I've always been attracted to both of you, but we never took that step before this weekend. Now I know that I was unfinished until the moment you two walked through my door.

"I'm just as much a part of the equation that makes this all work. So what if we're non-traditional? It's what we need to be complete. You both need me as much as I need you. We're going to fly in the face of convention, we're all going to be together and damn anyone who can't accept it."

She'd said all she meant to say. Now it was up to the men to see the truth of her words, the truth of their relationship.

Cade lay there for a minute with his eyes closed and struggled to keep from getting too caught up in the moment.

He'd had a plan, he reminded himself, and he'd fucked it up. Royally. Now Chrissie was offering all he'd ever dreamed of.

Wait, was this the concussion talking?

His eyes flew open to find her staring at him, her liquid brown eyes were dark pools he could get lost in forever. "Chrissie, are you saying you would stay with me? With us? Forever?" he asked, unable to hide the hope. His hand gripped Carter's, and he risked a glance. Carter was staring at Chrissie with the same look of awe that Cade felt on his own face.

"Are you two willing to commit to such a relationship?" Christina countered.

He met Carter's gaze. The two men stared at each other a long time. Could they do this? It had never bothered him before if people had thought them gay because he knew they weren't. Would it bother him now that they *had* become lovers? He didn't think so. Carter was a good man, a loyal friend, already his partner in so many ways.

His smile came from his heart. "Fuck." He grinned at Carter.

"Fuck," Carter agreed, just before he lowered his mouth to Cade's and claimed him with a kiss.

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Chapter Thirteen

Christina shivered between her two men and wondered if they could hear the pounding of her heart. She was nervous. They'd spent the previous night and most of today working to keep Cade calm, a nearly impossible task. He'd wanted to make love right away to seal their commitment, but both she and Carter stood firm. The doctor had said no strenuous activity, and they were keeping him true to the letter of the instructions.

Since they wouldn't let Cade do much of anything, and watching television was out because there was no electricity, he'd decided they needed to make plans. Carter agreed, so the men put on their lawyer hats and started asking questions.

She sat back and listened as the men planned her future. She cared deeply about her cabin but, other than that, she was willing to let most things be decided by them.

Cade and Carter wanted to sell their townhouse and put the money they made into making the cabin suitable for three adults living there full time. The upstairs bedroom was certainly big enough, but the men needed an office and wanted a man cave to play in. Her contractor would certainly be happy. Christina idly started sketching the renovations while they continued to plan.

When talk turned to a reception, her brows went up. "A reception?"

Both men nodded, and Carter took the lead. "We love you, and we love each other. We're going to be living together and filing papers in court making us full partners in every way, so it wouldn't be much of a secret, anyway. Plus, I don't want our mothers continuing to hound us about finding the right person, when we already have, twice over."

Cade chimed in, "We should shout it from the rooftops. We're not going to be ashamed of our love. It'll make explanations easier when we have babies, too."

That stopped everybody for a few minutes. She realized she did want babies with them. After some discussion they decided to leave the first pregnancy to chance. *May the fastest sperm win*, she'd thought with a smile. Once the baby was born, that father would use a condom when it came time to get pregnant again. Christina felt like the most loved and the luckiest woman in the world.

That was how her evening had been spent, but now it was time for promises kept. Cade had promised to fuck her ass, and she'd promised to let him. Carter had added his own twist to the mix. He wanted to be inside her at the same time as Cade. She was definitely excited and more than a teeny bit nervous.

Her worries seemed to melt away as Cade took one breast and Carter the other. Their mouths were so different, yet each left her feeling delicious. Carter suckled hard, while Cade pinched and lightly bit. Together they caused that familiar tingling sensation between her legs to return with a vengeance.

Dear God, these men were special.

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by L.E. Harner

Cade raised his mouth to hers, and then began raining kisses over her breasts, her neck, her face. His fingers traced feathery scratches against her sides and low across her belly. She didn't hold back the moan building deep in her throat.

Christina ran her fingers through the golden curls that lightly dusted Cade's chest. He was so beautiful, and he loved her. She was so caught up in loving Cade that she momentarily lost track of Carter. Until he made his presence known with his tongue between her legs.

Carter took his time. His tongue made long, slow sweeps, before parting the lips of Christina's pussy and thrusting inside. He pushed her legs up against her chest, and Cade wrapped his arm around her knees, while Carter explored her ass with his mouth. He licked and kissed his way across her cheeks and finally his tongue stroked over her anus.

"Need more, Cade, turn her over," he said.

Cade rose to his knees and flipped Christina so that Carter could reach her ass. Carter pressed kisses along her lower back, and he found she had two dimples where her back met her ass. He kissed his way down her thighs and across her calves and added small nips and licks on the return journey. When his tongue slid up the crease between her cheeks, Christina gave a tiny shudder. It made him laugh.

"Carter," Cade said, his voice low and urgent. They were all ready. In one coordinated move, Cade lifted Christina by her hips and Carter slid underneath.

When he slipped his fingers between Christina's legs, he found her dripping with desire. "Aww, Cade, she's so ready for us. You go first, then I'll ease in after you get her settled.

Cade sheathed himself and generously applied the lube, first to his cock, and then to Chrissie's tight anus. Her body was electric under his touch. She jumped and writhed with every small movement. Her breath came in small gasps. He thought he heard her murmur his name.

He placed his tip at her opening and applied a steady pressure until he slipped past the tight ring of nerves.

"Oh, yes!" Christina gasped and, after a minute of complete stillness, she started to move, pressing back against his cock.

He slid in, taking his time, retreating slightly after each inch gained, only to press even farther with the next firm stroke. When she was full with his cock, he said, "Now, Carter. Let us feel you now."

Staying very still as Carter slid into Christina from below, he could feel every push, every gentle slide of Carter's cock as it rubbed against his, separated only by a very thin layer of membrane.

He'd never felt anything better. He knew a moment of pure, unadulterated joy at the thought of being this intimate, this close to the two people he loved more than life itself. Then Carter started to slowly pump. As Carter went in, Cade went out, and then they reversed. The pace was exquisitely slow, drawing moans from all of them. He savored each delicious inch in and out.

Christina began to tremble as nerve endings she didn't know she possessed screamed to life under the unrelenting sensations. Colors danced behind her eyes, and heat built from below her belly button to above her knees. Her orgasm

was just barely out of reach. "Soon," she whispered to the night and wondered if either of the men was capable of hearing.

They must have because the pace increased and the rhythm lost its smoothness. There was a panicked edge to their movements now, as though they'd reached the point of no return.

"Fuck," Cade said.

"Fuck," Carter agreed.

"Ah...fuuuuuck," Christina yelled, her cry coming out a sob. Every internal muscle clamped down hard and pulsed around the cocks that filled her. She was coming. She was a trembling mass of screaming nerves, exploding outward, forcing her men to come with her. Her orgasm pulsed and surged, her cries mingled with theirs, and she had no way to tell where her pleasure ended and theirs began.

* * * *

Hours later, Cade's arm tightened around Christina's waist as she shuddered again. Carter's leg was flung across her hips, and he twitched as if in response. It was as though each of them was having mini-residual orgasms and setting off similar bursts of pleasure in the others.

Cade laughed. "Are you happy, little Chrissie?" he asked.

"Almost," she murmured, a smile tugging at her lips.

It was Carter's turn to laugh. "We've all been fucked senseless—"

"And promised to love you and stay with you forever," Cade continued.

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"And we've only almost made you happy?" Carter finished.

"Pushy wench," Cade commented. With an exaggerated sigh, he asked, "What is it you want now?"

"Mmmm," she answered in a dreamy voice. "Tomorrow it's your turn, Cade. Love you guys." Christina turned on her side. From the change in her breathing, Cade realized she'd fallen asleep.

Cade laughed softly. "Well, fuck."

"Fuck," Carter agreed, practically purring.

The End

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Author Bio

Laura lives in Arizona with her family, two dogs, and a cat. She has written extensively in the technical and academic genres; however, she finds writing erotic romance to be a lot more...stimulating. She began writing romances two years ago after waking one morning with stories and characters screaming to get out of her head. Left with no choice, she now writes in every minute available outside her other jobs of work, wife, and mom. She fondly remembers sleep. She has lived throughout the US and in Japan, and now travels extensively in her own mind.

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