



Breaking Clay
By Eden Cole

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Chapter One

Deadwater, Texas. Clay wiped the back of his hand over his mouth but doing so did nothing to reduce the moisture. His hand was just as clammy as the rest of his skin. He just as soon be in Hades, it was so damn hot. Spotting a bar that looked little more than a hole in the wall, he walked over, lamenting the fact that he didn't have his truck. Wrecking it had been inconvenient because he didn't want to fork out the money to replace it right now. No one said riding the rodeo was all glitz and glamour. When he couldn't take it anymore, he guessed he'd get a new one. Hell, he needed a lot of things—including a beer and a lay. As he strolled up to the door, he hoped *Ruckus* was the place where he could get both.

The interior of the bar was dark and cool. Clay sighed, feeling somewhat better already. He chose his stool at the bar and waited to be served. While the bartender helped another customer, Clay swiveled around to take in his surroundings. Most of the booths and tables were occupied by rough men, dusty from the road in. A few women were scattered about and one at the bar. A man had scooted up next to her and was trying to catch her interest from what he could see.

Clay prepared to do another sweep of the room, when the bartender interrupted, "What will it be?"

Clay swiveled back around, and his eyes widened. He'd been searching the place for a likely candidate for a tumble in the sack, and here was this sexy thing ready for his seduction. He leaned an elbow on the bar and let his best smile settle on his lips. With it he'd led quite a few would-be lovers down a dark and dirty path of lust.

"Beer," he said in a low tone, "and your number."

Amusement brightened the already vibrant blue eyes. His cock swelled in his jeans. How he loved a blond, blue-eyed lover. Hell, he loved redheads too, and brunettes...

The bartender said nothing in answer to his request but brought his beer, wiped off the counter, and moved back along the floor to help the

next customer. Clay took a big pull on his draft, swallowed, and grunted. Nothing beat a cold one. *Except that*, he mused.

He took in the white crisp shirt, glowing under the neon lights. The sleeves were rolled half way up the arms, and a few buttons at the chest were left undone, revealing smooth, unblemished skin. When the bartender turned and bent to retrieve something off a lower shelf, Clay hissed between his teeth and stared. His jeans had become uncomfortable.

“Found something you want, cowboy?” a rough voice demanded.

Clay shifted his gaze to the man standing in front of him. *Boyfriend*, he guessed. He played it cool, taking another sip of his beer and setting it down gently. “Yeah, he yours?”

This time the eyes that studied him were dark brown, and the hair was midnight black. Both only enhanced the man’s rugged jaw and powerful build. Clay could spot a gay man a mile off, even if he was the masculine type. It made satisfying his own lusts much easier—that is until he ran into a gay man who didn’t know himself. This man, and the other one with the blue eyes were gay. No doubt about it, and Clay wanted one or the other bad. He wasn’t picky.

“I said—” he began again.

“Keep your voice down,” the man growled.

Clay held his hands up in surrender and lowered his tone. “I get it. Not out of the closet.”

“Perhaps you didn’t see the sign when you rode into town,” the guy spat. Damn, was he still angry that Clay had been eyeballing his boyfriend’s ass? When he bent over like that what the hell was Clay supposed to do?

He played along, still smiling. “What sign was that?”

The man’s brows lowered, and he flared his nostrils. “The sign that says ‘Welcome to Deadwater, population five hundred.’ The people around here are friendly and fun loving. We’ll welcome virtually any stranger.”

“Except the kind like me?” Clay finished for him.

“Yeah, like you.”

He rested both elbows on the counter and leaned in even closer. Someone bumped the jukebox, and an oldie but goodie came on. Clay hated nostalgia.

“You keep your mouth shut about that kind of thing if you know what’s good for you,” the man continued.

Clay played with a finger around the edge of his bottle. The voices around him hadn’t lessened. They had no reason to as no one was near enough to hear their conversation, and with the man’s scowl, Clay was sure nobody in the place would think they were flirting. “But you’re not denying anything, right?”

The guy stared, leaned back, and wiped the same spot that had already been cleaned by his friend. “No, I’m not denying a thing.”

After a few drinks, Clay paid his tab and left the bar. He wandered about the town for a bit, but there wasn’t much to see. The bartender hadn’t been lying about the place. The shops were tightly compacted buildings all lined up and sharing the same small parking lot. There were spots for horses to be tethered. Some people walked in, and some drove. He imagined the bulk of the population lived on the outskirts on ranches or farms.

Clay didn’t know why the rodeo had stopped so near to Deadwater, but then Abilene wasn’t far. Maybe they took advantage of the lower rental rates down here while still having access to a bigger crowd. Whatever. Made him no never mind as long as he could ride the bull and give a little show for the people. He’d add the profits to his savings, and one day he might own a plot of land himself. That was his dream, and he needed to keep his eye on the prize.

* * * *

Clay crunched peanut shells and popcorn under his boots as he walked. The aisle at the front of the holding stalls where they kept the bulls was narrow. The crowd was already stomping its feet and shouting for the rodeo to begin. An announcer came over the loud speaker, calling out the

current standings. Clay clenched his fists at his sides hearing his name. Sure he'd improved, but it wasn't good enough. Some years he felt like it was gain two steps only to stumble back three.

He reached into his breast pocket and pulled out the photo he carried with him—his ranch. Clay had spoken with the owner a while back and every now and then to be sure things were on track. He would be in the business another five years, the owner said, and then would be ready to sell. The town near the ranch was small but not nearly as small as Deadwater, and since he'd picked up a date over there a couple different times with barely a raised eyebrow, he figured people round those parts were more open-minded. He pressed the picture to his lips once and then tucked it away. After swiping a hand over his forehead, he walked to the gate, climbed over it, and hung on the side waiting for his turn to go out.

His heart beat in his chest hard put not painful. Adrenaline pumped through his veins. He smoothed his gloves on his hands and nodded to the men who were there to assist him and make sure he didn't break his neck or get trampled. He knew he had to go out there alone at first, and as many times as he rode the bull, that part was thrilling and lonely at the same time—to feel like there was no one else except him and that two thousand pound animal set on getting him off his back. Those eight seconds might as well be a lifetime.

He heard his name blared over the speakers, and then he was on the bull. A horn sounded, and the gate opened. The noise of the crowd faded away as Clay struggled to hold his seat. *One second*, he thought. He would break his former record. And then he was on the ground feeling a horrible pain in his calf. He imagined he could hear, although he most likely couldn't, the sound of his bone breaking. His vision blurred, and his head spun. People whose faces he couldn't see clearly gathered around him, and then everything went black.

Chapter Two

“Are you sure about this, Trace? Bo asked. “We don’t know him.”

Trace shrugged. “We know he’s gay.”

“And that makes him a good person?” Bo’s habitual scowl had deepened when Trace told him his plan to invite the bull rider into their home, and it hadn’t lifted yet despite Trace’s assurances. “The fact that he was ready to jump in the bed with you makes me less inclined to let him stay.”

Trace laughed. “You wanted him too. You said so. And we’ve always had an open relationship.”

“In theory,” Bo quipped. He looked toward the back of the house where they had set Clay up in his own room. They could spare the space. The house wasn’t luxury, but Trace kept it clean with occasional help from Bo.

Trace raised an eyebrow at his lover’s words. “So you’re going back on it now?”

“No, I’m not,” he snapped. “He’s here, ain’t he?”

Trace shook his head. He strolled over to where Bo was sitting and climbed on his lap facing him. The one luxury they did have in the house was sturdy furniture. Both he and Bo were big men, and now that Clay was here, if only temporary, furniture that could hold their weight should they get frisky was crucial.

Trace brought his hands down on Bo’s shoulders and leaned in to kiss him. Their tongues met and curled together as they tasted each other’s mouths. When Trace broke the kiss, he touched his forehead to Bo’s. “I love you. That’s not going to change, but we’ve been talking about stirring things up a little.”

“With toys,” Bo grumbled.

“He can be a toy,” Trace countered.

“He’s injured.”

Trace reached down in front of him to Bo’s cock, which had already gone hard. He stroked and squeezed, making his lover’s breath come out

in pants. He loved the control he exercised over Bo in this way. Bo was the more dominant one out of the two of them, but he had his ways of getting what he wanted.

“Only his calf and a mild concussion,” he said, still stroking, touching his lips to Bo’s.

Bo’s lashes lowered over his dark eyes, and his head went back a little. His lips parted. “Yes,” he breathed. “Yes, whatever you want, Trace.”

“Good.” Trace stood up.

“Where the hell are you going? You don’t just get a man worked up and leave him hanging.”

Trace laughed. “You might have noticed that I’m worked up too.” The both of them looked down at the tent in his jeans. “But it’s past lunch, and he’s probably hungry. The doc said the meds will be wearing off, and he needs to take his next dose with food. Are you going to cook?”

Bo sneered.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. You could ride into town and get us some beer. I think you drank the last one this morning.”

Bo grumbled but rose. Trace took in the matching bulge in his pants. He’d wanted it just as much as Bo, but they had a guest to think about. Tonight when Clay was settled, he’d make it up to his lover. As he prepared sandwiches piled high with three different types of lunch meat and cheese, he remembered the accident. He and Bo had gone just so they could get another look at Clay. He was not as dark as Bo, but he was big, and Trace loved a big man. He enjoyed the muscle on muscle, the strength. The fire in Clay’s eyes that night at the bar told him Clay was stubborn and confident. He knew he was sexy, appealing to men and women. Trace had admired the physique before he approached Clay and had been blown away when the other man asked for his number. Trace needed to clear it with Bo first, but he’d had every intention of giving it to him.

“Can’t wait to taste him,” he muttered as he carried a plate and a glass of sweet tea down the hall to the back bedroom.

He pushed the door open with his ass and backed into the room. Of course it was unnecessary, but Bo had told him how Clay salivated over his rear. He didn't mind at all. By the time he turned, Clay, eyes slitted, was focused just where he expected. The sheet covering him rose midway down, and Trace smiled.

"Hey, how you feeling," Trace asked.

"Like shit," was the response.

"Don't worry, Bo and I will have you feeling better in no time." Trace knew how his words sounded and didn't mind Clay getting the wrong—or the *right*—idea.

"Meaning?"

Trace held up the tray with an innocent if amused expression. "Meaning I have your lunch. If you're too weak, I can feed you."

He scowled, putting Trace in mind of Bo. "I'm not a kitten. I can handle it." But when he shifted on the bed, the blood drained from his face, and he gritted his teeth. Trace hurried to get his medicine and handed him the tea.

"Drink and then eat fast so it doesn't upset your stomach."

Clay grumbled. "If I wasn't so messed up, I guess I'd enjoy you fussing over me like a mother hen, but it's pissing me off. Just leave the food."

Trace positioned the tray and bumped Clay's injured leg in the process. Even with a cast that stretched from just at his knee down to his foot, he felt the pain and cried out. He clenched his jaw, no doubt hating his weakness, but Trace ignored him and turned to leave the room.

"Hey!"

Trace turned back, glaring. "What?"

"I'm sorry...Thanks. You and your boyfriend didn't have to take me in, and I appreciate it given that I don't have any family and don't know anyone who could help me out."

Trace leaned against the doorframe and crossed his arms. "What about your rodeo friends?"

“They have other events to attend. They can’t drop everything and take care of me.” He shrugged as if he didn’t give a damn. Trace suspected differently. “Injury comes with the territory.”

Trace walked back over to the bed and sat down gingerly so he wouldn’t cause Clay any more pain. “Why do you do it? I can’t imagine risking my life riding a bull.”

He waited for Clay to tell him something to justify his actions, but all he did was spout what every other cowboy Trace had met did—fame and fortune.

“And death,” Trace concluded.

“You do what you do. I’ll do what I do,” Clay quipped. They were silent for a while with Clay staring at him. Trace had hiked up a knee and rested his heel on the frame of the bed. His thigh muscles flexed in his jeans, and he’d rested a forearm on his leg. Clay’s gaze dropped to his body, lingering there. “Why did you two take me in, I mean other than the obvious?”

“What’s the obvious?”

Clay’s lips twitched like he wanted to smile. Trace guessed the meds were beginning to kick in, so he was a lot less grumpy. He liked him like this, the way he’d been in the bar, always grinning. But Trace wondered what was behind that smile, whether it was real.

“You know,” Clay said.

Trace leaned over and gripped Clay’s wrist, stopping him from bringing his sandwich to his mouth. Trace covered Clay’s lips with his own. He tilted his head so the slant connected them just right. When he pushed his tongue out, Clay let him in. For long moments, they greedily tasted each other, and then Trace drew back. “Does that answer your question?”

“It does.” Clay reached out to put a hand on Trace’s thigh. He slid inward and then higher so his fingers just brushed Trace’s crotch. By now, Trace’s pants had started to pinch. He stayed where he was watching Clay. “Will he let me have you?” he asked.

“Depends.”

“On what?”

“On if you cooperate.”

Clay narrowed his eyes. “I don’t think I follow you.”

“It’s simple.”

They both turned toward the door at Bo’s voice. Clay snatched his hand away from Trace, and his face reddened. Trace chuckled and stood up as Bo walked across the room. He glided into Bo’s arms, and his lover reached around to grab his ass, squeezing to tantalize Clay. Trace tried shoving him off, but Bo’s arms tightened. For a half second they battled strengths until Trace gave in.

“You keep your mouth shut about us, number one,” Bo instructed. “Number two, I break you in.”

Clay smirked. “Sorry to *break* it to you, buddy, but I’ve been having sexual relationships with men since I was twenty. I’m thirty-two now. I think I’m good and broken.” He chuckled, but Bo’s annoyed expression didn’t change.

Trace considered explaining it to him, but he didn’t say a word.

Bo released Trace and leaned down over the bed, bracing himself on his knuckles. His lips curled on one side as if he mocked Clay. “I bet you think you can read people pretty good, huh?”

Clay set his sandwich down and brushed his hands off before folding his arms over his chest. “Well, yeah, if I do say so myself. I am good. That’s how I knew you and Trace were gay. No outward signs, of course. Not living in this small town, but I knew all the same.”

Bo nodded. “I get that. Can see it myself in people. More folks than me and Trace are in the closet around here. Trust me. But there’s more to you.”

This time Clay seemed offended, although he probably couldn’t put his finger on why. Bo went on ignoring the sputtering denial Clay had begun.

“You may have been sleeping with men for the last twelve years, but your ass is as virginal as the day is long.”

“Fuck you!” Clay roared. He tried to come up out of the bed to face Bo man-to-man, but the cast and his headache grounded him. He sucked in a breath trying to deal with the pain. Trace put a hand out to offer help, but Bo slapped it away. Clay glared at the both of them. “I’ve had it in the back door,” he ground out.

“Once or twice?” Bo asked. “Fact is you don’t give into it often. Am I right? You wanted to get Trace in bed but with you doing him. You don’t like bending over because it makes you give up too much control. Stop me when I get it wrong.”

Clay gritted his teeth. Trace felt sorry for the man. Bo could be a real hard ass, and he didn’t give an inch when he’d gotten a bone between his teeth. He gnawed it down. In the case of a person, he was the one to break them down to the bare facts, getting them to admit whatever it was they were in denial of.

“Everyone has their preferences,” Clay bit out at last.

“That’s true. I have some of my own.” He reached out and ran his hand over Trace’s ass. His fingers pushed at the spot he liked to be most. If Trace weren’t wearing jeans, he had no doubt Bo would have pierced him by now. “But I also let Trace take me now and then. Feels good to let him. Shows him I trust him.”

Clay frowned. “What the hell is this, sex therapy?”

Bo chuckled, still confident he had the upper hand. Trace knew him well. “No. It’s not. What it is, is a proposition. You want Trace. You get him. Only after I’ve broken you in. Period. No negotiations.”

Clay opened his mouth to speak, but Trace held up his hand. “Think about it. I know Bo pisses you off. He does that to a lot of people.” His lover gave him a hard look. Trace only shrugged. “But if he’s wrong, then it’s no big deal for you to let him take you. You get it all the time. If he’s right, it’s a harder decision, huh? Bo’s big...in a lot of ways. You’ve only just gotten out of the hospital. We’ve got time.”

With that Trace dragged Bo out of the room and shut the door behind him. He’d seen Clay’s interest in him, and only pride could keep the three of them from having a lot of fun.

Chapter Three

Clay lifted his leg with both hands and placed it in a better position. He sighed in relief and leaned back in the swing. Now that he'd gotten out here on the porch, he wondered how he'd ever get up. Trace and Bo were out at the store, and with the swing moving back and forth, he'd be likely to land on his ass than anything else. That's all he needed was for Bo to come back and laugh in his face for being weak. Thinking of it, Clay growled. He'd get up long before they were due just in case.

Over the past few weeks, he'd put them off about a decision on letting Bo have him first. That didn't stop him from playing with Trace—kissing and touching him. But doing that had only fueled his desire. He couldn't wait to get balls deep inside of Trace. Getting there meant letting Bo get balls deep into *him*, and something told him Bo wasn't a gentle lover. Not that he'd ever been himself. He liked it rough and hard. That's part of the reason he liked his men big like him. Both Bo and Trace met the criteria, but Bo would never let him lead.

He rubbed the heels of his hands in eyes and let his head fall back. Nothing had gone as he planned. He'd meant to have a quickie or two with Trace, nothing more. Then he'd move on like always to the next place. But he was losing money for every minute he sat in this damn town.

"Howdy," someone called, and Clay glanced up. He spotted a young woman at the end of the front yard. "I was just walking by and stopped to see how you were doing."

Clay let his gaze slip from her face to her figure. She'd worn a sundress, ties loosened at the front to show off a good-sized cleavage. Too bad she was wasting her time, but he cast her an appreciative look anyway, to keep up appearances for Bo and Trace's sake. Her cheeks colored.

"Hello..." He'd forgotten her name. Couldn't be that interested. He saw the disappointment.

"Katie. I visited you last week, remember?" She came up the walkway, neatly trimmed by Bo before he left. Clay had enjoyed that shirtless view

from inside the house. It wouldn't have been good for any neighbors wandering by to see him gawking at a half naked man. This hiding stuff was for the birds. He wondered how they could stand it.

"Yes, I recall." He remembered her face. Her words had washed over him like a never-ending tide.

Katie plopped down beside him and laid a hand on his cast. "How's coming along? Better? I guess you'll be on the road soon, huh? Back to the rodeo. I dated a man in the rodeo once. We broke up because I couldn't stand him risking his life with those broncos."

"Horses." Clay nodded. "Well, the second I get this cast off I'm going back to it. I'll be riding *bulls* until I can't do it anymore," he lied. He purposely let her think he meant until it killed him. The blood which had colored her cheeks a moment ago seeped away until she sat there pale and staring at him. After a bit, she snapped out of it.

"Well, I'm glad you're doing well. Bo and his cousin are taking good care of you, and I shouldn't overstay my welcome."

Clay frowned. "Cousin?"

She stopped at the end of the porch and turned back. "Oh yeah, didn't they tell you? Trace is Bo's cousin. It's a good thing 'cause if he wasn't family...well, you know, it would be weird, right?"

Clay pinched his lips together, trying to keep himself from laughing. "Yeah, that would be weird."

"I guess they're confirmed bachelors. It's a shame too, so young and gorgeous. Well I'm off. Have a nice day."

Clay watched her leave until she was out of sight. He shook his head. So that was the excuse Bo and Trace had given, that they were family. He had wondered how they got away with living together without a bunch of questions. As friendly as the people around here were, they weren't that accepting. Someone would have spoken up before long. Still he felt the two men were pushing it. They were around his age, in their thirties, and who would think they'd be happy to live quiet lives with just the two of them?

After an hour in the shade, Clay felt it was time to go in. He let the swing come to a stop and braced one foot on the floor while he scooted to the end of the seat. The swing began to rock, and he fought to get it settled again. He was almost able to take all of his weight on one leg and hoist himself up before he felt himself toppling forward. A swear left his lips as he imagined the floor hurtling toward him.

Strong arms gripped his and hauled him upright. He slammed hard against Bo's chest with Bo's hands gliding around his waist. He looked up into amused eyes and frowned.

"Need some help?"

Clay swore again. "I was fine."

"Didn't look it."

"Let's go inside," Trace said, coming up on the porch.

Bo all but lifted him off his feet getting him through the front door. When Trace had shut it behind them, Clay pushed at Bo's chest. "You can let me go now."

Bo grinned. "Why when it's so comfy where I am?"

Clay fought him, but Bo's arms were like steel, trapping him against his muscled body. Clay felt Bo's erection pressing to his, as if they both vied for dominance. He was at a disadvantage being off balance from his cast. Bo didn't appear to mind using that fact against Clay.

"Here, I'll help you to a seat," Bo offered. He swung Clay around and cradled his ass with his body. Now the hard-on nudged him from behind. He didn't miss the snicker from Trace's direction. Muttering under his breath, he tried to ignore his cock tightening. He couldn't dismiss how Bo ran his hand over his stomach and lower until he cupped Clay. "Mm, what do we have here, Trace?"

Trace walked around from behind them and stood in front of Clay. He eyed the tent in Clay's pants and raised his eyebrows. "Looks as if he likes you on his ass, Bo."

Clay shoved at Bo's hand, but he couldn't push too hard, or he'd hurt himself. Bo had a good grip on his cock, squeezing it through his pants.

His hand slid down its length until he weighed Clay's balls in his palm. Trace whistled.

"I'd loved to taste that," Trace said.

"Why don't you?" Clay challenged.

"Oh you'd like that, wouldn't you, Clay, having Trace on his knees swallowing you?" He licked Clay's ear, and he turned his head trying to get away. Not that he wasn't turned on. He was. What he resented was Bo trying to prove he was in charge.

"Let me go, and I'll show you something," he spat.

"What will you show me? How you can fall?"

Clay flipped him the bird. Both men laughed.

"So you're committing incest, huh?" he said. They looked at him in confusion. He sighed. "Katie came by. She said the two of you are cousins."

"And you believed that?" For some reason, the change of subject got Bo to let him go. Trace tucked a shoulder under his arm and guided him to a chair. Clay dropped into it gratefully and smacked Trace on the ass as he walked away. Bo didn't appear to mind as long as he wasn't sticking anything there until he had permission. "We told everybody that when we moved here. Figured we'd keep a low profile until we got a feel for the place."

"Why settle here?" he asked.

"It was as good a place as any, and it got us out of the city. Trace and I like a quieter life. The hard part was finding the right combination of small town and accepting people, among other things. We'd had bad experiences when we didn't make the right choice, so as a last resort we lied. Simple."

Trace chipped in. "Bo didn't want to because he likes doing it his way whatever anyone says, but well he was thinking of me." Clay caught the affectionate look between them—or rather the affectionate one on Trace's open face and the intensity in Bo's harder one. He felt like an outsider. For a minute he considered telling them about the town where he planned to buy his ranch, but decided against it. They were happy where they were,

and besides, he'd be going soon and probably wouldn't see them again. A bit of loneliness washed over him, but he shook it off.

"So what about you?" Bo asked, a definite challenge in his tone. "You out?"

Clay sucked his teeth. "Of course. No one intimidates me. Everyone I work with on a regular basis knows the way I swing. I don't have to hide it, nor do I wish to. I've only kept quiet because of you two." He shrugged. "But then the rodeo crowd's used to seeing it all. No one blinks twice at me, and that's the way I like it."

"What about when you go back home to family?" Trace asked. If there was ever a more leading question to find his background, he'd never heard it.

"No family. It's just me and has been a while. I'm okay with it."

"A loner, huh?" Bo shrugged and went back outside to get the bag he'd dropped in order to keep Clay from falling. Clay watched him move, his gaze locked on the flexing biceps, the shirt straining over his pecs. Dominance rolled off the man. Even the buzz cut he kept his dark hair in told the tale of what he was like.

Bo disappeared into the kitchen, and Trace leaned down in front of him, bracing his hands on Clay's chair rails. "You don't have to be afraid of him, you know? Bo's good in bed."

"Who the hell says I'm afraid?"

Trace shrugged. He kissed Clay, snaking his tongue between his lips and curling it with Clay's. They continued for a long while, pulling back so that their mouths made that smacking noise, only to connect again and again. Bo strolled into the room and tapped Trace on the arm. Trace stood up, kissed Bo, and then stepped aside. Clay was about to stand as well, but Bo brought his hands down on his shoulders, holding him in place. He gripped Clay's chin and forced it up. When he covered Clay's mouth, he felt helpless, like his mouth had been invaded against his will with Bo's thick tongue. He fought, but Bo devoured him, moaning and delving deep into his mouth while he stroked Clay's shaft. Clay wrestled all the more

when his cock shifted and the tightening in his balls made him feel like he was about to come.

“You want it so bad, you can scarcely stand it,” Bo muttered against his lips.

“And you don’t?”

“I’m not denying I want you,” Bo said. “I’d take you now. All you need to do is give me the word.” He kissed along Clay’s ear to the sensitive place behind it and on down his neck. The hand that had been massaging his cock stilled as if he sensed Clay was going to burst if he didn’t.

While Clay was busy staring at Bo’s lips, which were now deep rose from their kisses, he hadn’t noticed that Trace had left the room. He came back and knelt beside the chair. Something rough touched Clay’s wrist, and he looked down. His eyes widened at the rope. “What is this?”

He must have been drugged on the two men’s touches because it took him a moment to realize Trace had tied his arm to the chair. He raised the other to grab at it, but Bo caught his hand and forced it down. Trace whipped around to the other side of the chair and bound that one too.

“Don’t worry,” Bo answered his glare. “You won’t be hurt.”

Clay sneered. “Are you nuts? This rope is rough. It’s already chafing.”

“Well don’t pull on it. Besides, the calves you rope don’t complain.”

“Spoken like someone who doesn’t get what I do,” Clay grumbled.

Bo was no longer paying him any mind at all. His gaze was fixed on Trace as the other man dragged the dining table over closer to Clay. Trace turned and unbuttoned his jeans. When he lowered the zipper, all the breath in Clay’s body left in a *whoosh*. He stared as Trace eased the jeans over his lean hips and shoved them with his boxers down his legs. Smooth, muscled thighs came into view with a light sprinkling of blond hair covering them. He hoisted himself onto the dining room table.

From the bulge in his pants, Clay had figured he was well-endowed, but he couldn’t have imagined how perfect Trace’s cock was. His mouth watered seeing the thick, curved rod for the first time. When Bo dropped to his knees and took it in his hand, his fingers just met. He glanced over

at Clay with a look that said he knew what he held, and had enjoyed it countless times. Clay fought against the bonds, growing more agitated. They were going to make him watch, damn it.

“What game are you playing at?” he demanded of Bo. “Is this punishment for turning you down?”

“Oh is that what you did?” Bo said. He stuck his tongue out and licked the tip of Trace’s cock. Trace moaned and closed his eyes. Hunger took hold of Clay as he watched. His gaze swept Trace from head to foot. He could imagine himself laying the man back and pushing into his ass. He wanted to kiss all over that sexy body. He wanted to lick him like Bo was doing.

He curled his fingers around the edge of the chair’s arms and wiggled so that the chair thunked on the floor. Bo paid him no heed. He stuffed the swollen rod between his lips and took it deep before he pulled back moaning. Clay growled.

Bo raised Trace’s cock and began licking down it and dropping small kisses on the underside until he reached Trace’s balls. He took one into his mouth and sucked, released it, and then took in the other. Trace spread his legs wider and tangled his fingers in Bo’s hair. He tugged and rasped, “Don’t stop, Bo. Make me feel good.”

Clay’s cock shifted in his pants. His balls ached. He pumped his legs together, but that didn’t alleviate the need that threatened to drive him insane. Bo cast him another look, and this time he noticed the moisture on his lips. Precome, he realized. A sudden urge took him, to lick it off of Bo’s mouth, to kiss him so deep and rough, he begged Clay to stop. He deserved it.

Bo focused on Trace again. He swallowed his cock, and Clay watched the movement in his throat. The man had taken every inch so that his forehead touched Trace’s belly. He pulled back and squeezed the base of Trace’s cock as he pumped him in and out of his mouth. He picked up speed. Trace braced a hand on the side of the table so he could raise up a little. He gyrated his hips to thrust into Bo’s mouth. They were like a well-oiled machine, working in unison. Trace fucked Bo’s face while yanking

him close by his hair. Then he threw his head back and shouted. Bo jerked back. Come spattered on his lips. Clay licked his own, but no salty spray was there. He watched in torment as Bo licked his and used a finger to gather what had dribbled onto his chin. He didn't miss a drop and then leaned in to suck any remaining come from Trace's cock.

When he was done, he stood up and pulled Trace into his arms. They kissed, tongues intertwining. The greedy smack of their lips coming together made Clay sag in defeat.

Bo released Trace, and while his lover jumped from the table to fix his clothes, Bo came over to untie Clay. "I'll help you to your room."

"Fuck off," Clay bit out. Bo pulled him up anyway and allowed Clay's still hard cock to brush his. Clay tried to get free, but Bo's hold tightened, and he had to look up at the bastard.

"You have only to say the word."

"Whatever," Clay responded. "Let me go."

He did, and Clay hopped over to the door then to the hall all the way to his room. He slammed the door behind him and struggled over to the chair by the window. His entire body was on fire. His cock throbbed. One touch might make him explode, but he didn't want to jerk himself off, damn it. *I want them!*

Chapter Four

After a half hour of stewing in his own bad attitude, Clay started when the door opened without a knock. He didn't turn from the window to see who it was. Boots echoed on the floor, and then Trace appeared next to him. He took the window seat, displaying his body right in front of Clay.

"You come here to torture me some more?" he asked.

"Why won't you let Bo take you? It would put you out of your misery, and besides, it feels good. Nobody's better than Bo."

"Spoken like the man who loves him."

Trace raised his eyebrows. "Something wrong with that? We're partners, have been a long time, and I don't see that changing any time soon. You're a lot like Bo in some respects. What he wants, he wants, and he gets it usually on his terms. I see that in you."

Clay shrugged. "Guess I'm a stubborn cuss. What of it?"

"What of it is that you've got what three more weeks in that cast and possible therapy after that? You got another lover around here or someone you can call to scratch the itch?"

Clay admitted Trace was right, but he wasn't ready to tell him that. He remained silent, trying not to focus on the man's form. His cock hadn't softened since that show earlier.

Trace leaned into his line of vision, coming close but not enough for Clay to kiss him. "Just know I get him in my bed at night, every night. Who's in your bed?"

Clay cursed. Trace was beginning to sound like Bo, but pointing out they always had each other plunged him deeper into depression that had begun to set in from the second he woke up that morning. He'd never bothered with having someone on a permanent basis. Keeping his relationships casual had worked because he had one goal, and distractions from it weren't allowed. Bo and Trace's domestic setup had its appeal, but he had to keep his eye on the prize or lose his way.

Trace stroked his cheek and had mercy enough to give him a kiss. He must have showered because there wasn't a trace of his come left to

Clay's disappointment. To distract himself, he asked, "So why are you with him? I mean how did you meet?"

He didn't want to give Trace the impression he would try to steal him away from Bo. Something told him it wasn't possible.

Sadness entered Trace's eyes, and Clay wondered if he shouldn't have asked, but Trace seemed willing to share. "I came out to my parents and decided at the same time to introduce them to my boyfriend. I'd been talking about Sam for weeks, and they were starting to get that look that said something isn't right. Puppy love I guess. I couldn't stop talking about him or thinking about him. Maybe it was because he looked so good. I'd known for a while, but I thought it was time—with him."

"Let me guess," Clay said, "he was a lot like Bo?"

He laughed and shook his head. "Not at all. He was a lot softer and looked it. My parents went nuts. They didn't threaten to disown me. They did it. I was twenty. Suddenly cut off with nowhere to go, no money."

Clay felt bad for the guy. He'd heard of those kinds of blow ups when the family found out. Trace's experience was tame, just excommunicated which in his opinion was better than everyone pretending to accept him as he was and in reality were disgusted. "What about Sam?" he asked.

Clay frowned. "Turns out the affection was all on my side. He liked what he saw too, but he wanted a dominant in me."

"Ah."

"We broke up. I got a little nothing job at a convenience store and survived alone for the first time. One night I was walking home from work and heard a scuffle in an alley. Usually, I don't bother with things like that. I mean I can hold my own in a fight and all, but I'm peace loving."

Clay didn't know why he found that funny, but he did. "Go on."

"Two men were going at a third one, a big guy. They were close, so I could see okay in the streetlight. He was...well...Bo. You've seen him. Even as he cracked them in the jaw, they called him those names people use about our kind. Bo put them on the ground easy. And then he came out of the alley with his shirt torn, blood on his lip." Trace closed his eyes as if

remembering. Clay could see it in his own head. Bo had a great body, and if he weren't so pigheaded, Clay would love to take him hard.

"I tried to talk to him then, but he was too angry. He wouldn't listen, and he threatened to do to me what he did to those other guys if I didn't leave him alone. I backed off that night, but I found out where he worked—at a bar. I tried picking him up like you tried me that first night we met."

Clay felt his face warm, but he pressed his lips together.

"I didn't give up. I pursued him. I spent my few cents on gifts for him. He thought I was nuts. Finally, though, I wore him down, and he said he wasn't looking to date. He just wanted to fuck. You can imagine how blunt he was with it."

"Yeah, that's Bo," Clay commented. "And did you take him up on the offer?"

Trace turned slightly on the window seat and put a thigh up while resting his forearm on it. His jeans pulled across his crotch making Clay recall how he looked naked. "Of course. I wasn't giving up a chance to get him in bed. We fucked like bunnies for weeks, almost every night after he got off work. I was his whore, and I wasn't happy. I wanted more. Not until I decided to call it quits did Bo admit he loved me. We've been together ever since, and you know the rest. We decided to get out of the city because Bo was tired of defending who and what we are. After a few false starts, we settled in Deadwater."

"That's quite a story," Clay said, but his mind wasn't on the story so much as the man telling it. He tried to pull himself together and couldn't. Trace's scent, a mixture of natural male essence, soap, and possibly patchouli, played havoc with his desires. He ran a hand through his hair with his eyes closed and fidgeted in his seat.

When he felt Trace's hand covering his crotch, his eyes popped open, and he stared at the other man. Trace grinned. "Looks like you need attention."

Clay sighed. "I can't have you until I give in to Bo."

“And you won’t.” Trace carefully avoided the cast as he stood up and moved closer Clay. He walked over to Clay’s dresser, tugged open the top drawer, and retrieved something. When he came back, he leaned over Clay and rested his hands on Clay’s shoulders as he climbed on Clay’s lap facing him.

Clay swallowed. “What are you doing?”

“Nothing.”

Trace handed Clay a sock, and he understood. He hesitated, but having Trace on his lap was too much to let pass. They made room between their two big bodies, and he worked his pants open and put the sock into position. He made sure it was not too bunched so he wouldn’t be able to feel Trace. When he was ready, Trace scooted closer, bringing his weight down on Clay’s crotch. He swore. The pleasure had his head spinning.

Trace leaned closer until their chests touched, and he put his arms around Clay’s shoulders. From the first grind, Clay was lost. He longed for every shred of clothing separating them to be removed, but he took what he could get. Trace ground into him hard, his rigid cock rubbing Clay’s. Trace lowered his head to Clay’s shoulder and continued to ride him while Clay clutched at him. He couldn’t move much himself since that would take bracing both feet, but he was strong enough to force Trace’s hips to move, bringing them together and apart.

The friction drove him insane. He groaned and found Trace’s lips. Invading the other man’s mouth, he greedily tasted him. Trace let him take all he wanted. When he was close to the edge, Trace drew back.

“No!” Clay growled.

“Don’t worry.” Trace stood and turned around. This time he pushed his ass into Clay’s crotch, and that did it. Clay came, gasping for breath. He jerked under Trace while pulling him closer. The denim was too much. The sock was too thick. He was nowhere near satisfied, but it was enough for now. When Clay had emptied himself completely, Trace rose and faced him. He kissed Clay’s lips.

A cleared throat at the door brought them both up, and Clay stiffened. He didn’t want to come between Trace and Bo for any reason. He glanced

at Trace, but the man only smiled and strolled over to his partner. Bo smacked his ass and hooked a finger over his shoulder. “Out,” he commanded.

Trace looked back at Clay, raised his eyebrows, and then they were both gone, leaving him alone.

* * * *

“Mr. Daniels, you’re healing just fine,” the doctor told Clay. “We should be able to take this cast off within another couple of weeks—”

“Couple of weeks!” Clay interrupted. “Do you know that I can lose my standing waiting around here? I had a particular rival that was just waiting to get me out of the way. Hell, I’d say he was in league with that damn bull if I didn’t know any better. Doc, I need this off sooner than that. Anything you can do? Therapy or something?”

Bo, who had brought him in for his visit with the doctor crossed his arms over his chest and frowned. He wouldn’t get how important this was to Clay. He was settled, was living his dream—he guessed.

The doc gave him a sympathetic look. “I’m sorry, but you can’t get therapy until after the cast comes off. You will be a bit weak, but it will have to be done to get you in shape. I have to advise you to think about changing your line of work.”

Clay shook his head. “No.” He said it more because the hope he’d had that morning thinking the cast was going to be taken off was shot all to hell. His mood plummeted, and he kept his thoughts to himself until he climbed into Bo’s truck. Clay didn’t miss the way he unnecessarily laid a hand on Clay’s ass to help him up. Like he needed assistance at all!

He knew it was a reminder of what Bo wanted from him, and if he was honest, he had begun to weaken on that point. He’d never gone this long without a lover, and seeing those two together was killing him. On two separate occasions, Bo made sure that he’d overheard them going at it by leaving his bedroom door cracked while they had sex during the day. Clay had stopped at the end of the hall as he maneuvered about the house. He

dared not go closer to have a look, or they would have heard him coming. He was not graceful on crutches, and the hardwood floors pitched an echo at every step.

“Got your feel in?” he quipped when Bo climbed into the driver’s seat of his pickup.

Bo wasn’t shamed at all. “Of course. You’ve got a nice tight ass. I like touching it.”

“Bastard.”

“Just a matter of time.”

“Shut it,” Clay growled, still annoyed about the doc’s report.

“You know you’re selfish, right?” Bo announced.

Clay glared at him. “What are you talking about?”

Bo pulled out into traffic. Deadwater was twenty miles from the town where he’d seen the doctor. Bo and Trace’s town had a doctor, but he was old as dirt, and they didn’t have a hospital. Clay had been all over the United States, but nowhere as small as Deadwater.

“You only think about yourself,” Bo said, interrupting his thoughts. “You have a one-track mind, and it’s focused on getting back to the rodeo. Never mind that you almost broke your stupid neck or that the people you rode with haven’t bothered to check up on you more than once or twice. Didn’t you leave anyone behind? Weren’t you close to anyone? I find it sad that the only person you thought about aside from your job is your rival, who from the sound of it, you hated.”

“You don’t know anything about me,” Clay growled, “so you can keep your opinions to yourself.”

“Yeah, I *don’t* know,” Bo agreed. “Because you haven’t said. Trace told me he shared our background with you, but you didn’t share a lick of your past.”

“I was kind of busy what with him on my lap and all.”

Clay thought that would provoke Bo, and he was right. The truck arrowed to the side of the road, and dirt splayed up from his tires when he slammed on the break. When Bo threw the gear into park, Clay expected a crack across the jaw. Instead, Bo unstrapped himself and leaned across the

seat to snatch Clay's jaw in a punishing grip. He covered Clay's lips with his so fast he didn't have a chance to think or react. Bo crushed his mouth and lowered his hand until his fingers curled around Clay's neck. His tongue invaded Clay's mouth, and he pressed harder until it hurt. Angry at this treatment, Clay kissed back just as hard. He tried to get dominance over Bo, but the other man wasn't allowing it. He pinned Clay in place with one arm over his shoulders.

Clay's shirt buttons flew everywhere, one pinging against the window. He shivered in ecstasy when Bo ran his tongue over his nipple and then nipped it between his teeth. When he went south to rub Clay's cock, Clay pushed him back panting. "Wait, wait."

Bo raised his head, his eyes dark with lust. "Why? Because you're not in control? Does it scare you that I'm holding you down?"

Clay frowned and turned his head. Instead of insisting like he expected Bo to do, the other man jumped out of the truck and stalked around the front to Clay's side. Clay froze in place when Bo wrenched the door open. "What—" he began, but his words died in his throat as Bo flipped a lever and Clay's chair slid back as far as it would go. He flipped another, and the backrest lowered some. His jeans button popped open, and his zipper descended. "I'm an injured man, or hadn't you noticed?"

Bo ignored him. His mouth went dry when Bo raised him up enough to slide under him. With one leg, he gently supported Clay's cast to keep it from being bumped while he yanked Clay's jeans and boxers low on his hips. Clay tried elbowing Bo, but it did no good. Bo hadn't put down those men in the alley by sheer luck. He knew how to handle himself, something Clay couldn't match, he reluctantly admitted to himself.

He clenched in shock when Bo sucked his finger and raised Clay's good leg to begin playing around his hole. "Bo!" he called out.

"You telling me you don't like it?" Bo demanded.

Shockwaves of desire bolted through Clay's system. He clenched his fists at his sides because Bo had somehow pinned his arms down while he assaulted his body. He reached into the glove compartment and pulled out

a small tube. Clay grabbed his wrist. Bo worked the top off anyway and lubed his fingers. Clay panted. He hated that he was getting more excited.

Bo raised one of his legs again and circled his anus. He put pressure on the opening and then slid home. Clay shouted his pleasure and pain. Maybe it was because it had been a long time coming, and he'd been so hot and bothered all this time, but his muscles gave right away. His entrance let Bo in with one finger then two and three. He squirmed on the man's lap, cursing him for pushing him into this position.

"Someone will see. Your secret will be out," he said as an excuse. The back road Bo had taken seemed abandoned. No one had passed by for miles. He began to wonder if that was how Bo had planned it.

Bo jerked him back around the waist. "I'm going to put my dick in you," he announced.

Clay licked his lips. He thought he should tell him no, to end this right now, but for the life of him he couldn't say the words. Bo took his silence for consent, and then Clay was filled. His body stretched painfully around Bo's thick shaft. Clay shut his eyes and gripped the armrests on both sides of him. Clay began a slow grind. His thick, long cock eased all the way to the hilt, and then he arched his hips to bring it out. Only the tip remained, and then he pushed in a second time. Clay lost the ability to do a thing other than let this big man ravage his body. His chin dropped to his chest, and as soon as Bo found he had relaxed enough, he began to pound into Clay.

Their bodies slapped in concert over and over. Bo's muscled arm crushed Clay's torso as he sealed them together, yet he never moved from supporting Clay's injured leg. Clay looked down. Bo was just a tad wider than he was. He watched the rigid muscle of Bo's thighs contract as he slammed into Clay. His legs were smooth and hairless. He was tanned all the way up like he'd lain naked in the sun. Seeing the two of them grinding together took Clay's desires to a whole new level. He reached down and began stroking his cock, but Bo shoved his hand away. "Not yet."

Clay considered fighting him, but let him take the lead for now. Bo was going to get himself off and leave Clay with blue balls yet again. The more excited Bo became, the rougher he took Clay, bouncing him on his rigid length until he shouted through his release.

When he was done, he carefully slid out from under Clay and fixed his clothes while surveying the road. No one had driven by. He shut the door, and Clay watched him walk to the back of the truck and dig through a bag he had there. He came around and climbed into his seat and tossed a towel on Clay's lap.

"Clean yourself with that." He threw the truck into gear, and they were off.

Clay gritted his teeth. He decided then and there, when he got back to the house, he was packing up and getting on down the road. He could get the cast removed anywhere. The same went for the therapy. Nothing was worth this, and he was the last man to let what just occurred, happen twice.

Chapter Five

Bo stepped through the front door behind Clay. He watched the other man's ass as he made his way to his room. He knew Clay was pissed, but he'd be satisfied later. Bo felt he had to handle things the way he did because Clay's pride would have never let him admit he wanted Bo to take him. Oh he was probably sexually frustrated, but it wouldn't last the night.

Trace came into the hall and sidestepped Clay barreling down it, clumsier than usual. His eyebrows went up as he walked toward Bo. "What's he mad about?"

"Because I took him before we got home," Bo answered.

"And he let you?" Trace stepped into his arms, and they stood in the entry, leaning against the front door kissing.

When Bo broke the connection, he said, "Not exactly let me so much as his desire didn't let him say no."

"Bo."

He released his partner and walked past stretching. "He'll get over it when he has you tonight. But I'm going to get him again." He whistled. "His ass is so nice and tight, I could have just stayed in there the rest of the day, but we needed to get back here."

Trace grinned. "So now we do it, huh?"

"Yeah, you can have the cowboy you've been teasing all this time," Bo told him. "If he stops to think about it, you've been worse than I have, kissing him, sitting on his lap. I've only told him he couldn't go all the way with you yet."

"But now he can."

"Yeah, now he can," Bo agreed. "All of us together. It'll be the something different we've wanted. I admit fucking on the side of the road was good."

Trace gasped. "Bo, someone—"

"I know, I know. I took the back road, the old way before the new highway was put in. No one much comes down there, especially around this time."

“Yeah, still I wish I could have seen.”

“You’ll see later. After dinner, we’ll play.”

* * * *

Bo watched Clay pushing his food around on his plate. His eyes were slitted, brows low on his forehead. The tight set to his mouth let Bo know he was still pissed off. Bo should let him stew a little longer, but he wasn’t cruel. He’d seen enough cruelty in the world. All that he’d done to Clay had been foreplay. Tying him up had gotten the man hard even if he didn’t like giving it up to another man. He liked to take and give pleasure, not have it handed to him from a stronger, more dominant man. But Bo had every intention of showing Clay just how good it could get. Besides, having Trace was something a man earned.

He switched his gaze over to his partner and felt the familiar constriction in his chest. They’d been together a long time, but Trace had a hold on him, one he didn’t mind at all. Most of the time, what Trace wanted, he gave him. Bo had at first taken offense when Trace suggested something more for their sex life. He thought he wasn’t pleasing Trace, but now he knew better. This was better, risky sure, but still worth it if the experience in the truck was any clue.

Trace laid his hand over Clay’s and squeezed. Clay looked up from his study of his plate. Trace smiled. “Tonight we’re going to have some fun.”

“How do you mean?” Clay asked, suspicion in his eyes.

Bo didn’t blame him. Their fun had been him sucking Trace’s cock while they forced Clay to watch. If it was more of the same, Bo was sure Clay would be out. He’d been pushed to his limit, and now it was time to give him what he wanted. Bo leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. “You’re going to get Trace.”

Clay’s eyes widened. “No joke?”

“No joke,” Bo repeated. “You let me take you, and now you get your reward.”

“Why do I get the feeling you’re not satisfied?” Clay demanded.

Bo chuckled. He picked up his beer and drank it down in a few swallows before he answered. “Because I’m *not* satisfied. I can go a long time, many rounds. Having you this afternoon was just a start.” He let his hot gaze roam from Clay’s face to his chest, openly lusting over the man. Clay squirmed in his chair. Bo bit off another laugh. He was sure Clay had never had to deal with this level of pursuit—not from a man like Bo. “You get Trace, and I get you. Well, the both of you, as often as I like, for as long as you’re here.”

Clay stiffened.

Bo nodded. “Yeah, I’m aware you packed up your things this afternoon. I pushed you hard, and you couldn’t take it.”

Clay scowled. “I can take anything you throw at me.”

“Is that right?” Bo teased.

“Yeah, that’s right!”

Bo stood up, pushing his half empty plate away. “Well then there’s no need to delay, is there?”

For a minute, Clay didn’t move, but then he shoved his chair back and stood up. He glared at Bo who only smiled back at him. Trace cleared the table with a straight face, but Bo hadn’t missed the expansion in his pants. He wanted this and had been waiting a while. Bo was glad he’d given in, in a way. Clay was never going to admit he wanted to be taken, and Bo wasn’t giving Trace up until he’d gone there with Clay. What he’d done on the side of the road was in some ways a surrender, but that was for him to know.

They showered separately because the small space didn’t fit Trace and Bo in it, let alone three of them. Bo instructed that they’d come together in their bed since it was king sized, and Clay’s bed was only a full. He stepped out the steamy shower and ran a towel over his damp skin. When he walked into the bedroom, he found Trace already there, sitting back against the pillows and headboard waiting. Bo paused to watch his lover stroke his cock slowly. Trace’s body was perfection. Not an ounce of excess flesh could be found, and his skin was taut over hardened muscle. He had just a hint of a tan since no matter how much time he spent out in

the Texas sun, his skin barely darkened. They had to be careful so he didn't burn.

He strolled over and joined Trace on the bed. When he was settled, Clay came into the room. Bo and Trace watched him move, enjoying the bounce to his cock. Already he was erect, but why wouldn't he be with them waiting for him. Bo crooked a finger at him, knowing it would irritate Clay. "Come here to me."

He thought Bo would disobey, but he crossed to the bed and climbed aboard. Bo reached out and took hold of his shaft. He laid his other hand alongside Clay's neck and guided him to his mouth. They kissed in silence for a few seconds before Bo released him. Trace scooted down the bed and wrapped his arms around Clay's neck. The two of them went back, Trace face up and Clay lying gingerly between his legs. Bo watched them kiss, tongues playing in one mouth then moving to the other. He stroked Clay's hard ass cheeks and pushed fingers between the crack but not enough to penetrate him.

Bo slid closer to the couple and leaned down to run his tongue along Bo's ass. He sucked the skin in his mouth and kissed it before moving to a new area. All along, he made his way to Clay's center. He paused when he reached the most prized spot and looked up at the two of them. Clay had risen up a little to get a hand between them. He stroked Trace's cock, causing his eyes to flutter close and his head to go back. Clay studied his face. Bo marveled that he liked the same thing that Bo did, watching Trace's reactions while he pleased him.

Trace's lips parted, mesmerizing Bo for a moment. Clay's eyes widened. "You're so beautiful," he muttered. Trace's cheeks reddened, and Bo chuckled.

He smacked Clay on the ass. "Suck him. You want to, don't you?"

He'd said it in a way that allowed Clay to obey him, but Clay knew what Bo was trying to do. His nostrils flared, and he cast a dark scowl at Bo, but at that point, he couldn't resist Trace. He scrambled down the bed until his face was in line with Trace's erection. One lick from top to bottom sent a shudder through Trace. Bo waited until Clay had pushed the

wide tool into his mouth before he went back to Clay's ass. Soon the sounds of licking and sucking filled the room, along with their moans. Bo pushed Clay's cheeks apart and teased the outer rim of his entrance. A tremor rippled through Clay's thigh.

Clay paused in his attentions to Trace, but Trace groaned and raised his hips toward his face. "Suck it, please," he begged, his voice gone husky with his desire. Clay stuffed him back into his mouth and took him deep. He pumped his head up and down in faster strokes. Turned on just watching it, Bo licked Clay with more enthusiasm. He reached under Clay to fondle his balls while he devoured him with his mouth.

Clay sucked in a breath, grunted, and pushed his ass toward Bo, but he didn't slow down as he sucked Trace. Bo ran his hand up Clay's back. He raised his head an inch. "Make him come. He needs it."

"Yes, yes," Trace shouted.

Clay sucked harder. Bo watched his jaws work and knew he put pressure on Trace's tip. Bo's own cock twitched. He'd need to get buried inside Clay soon or he'd come on the bed. He didn't want that. He loved emptying himself in a man, being the ultimate feeling of making him his own.

Bo sat up and continued to rub Clay's ass while he watched Clay finish Trace off. Trace gritted his teeth and clenched the covers under his fists. He cried out, and Bo knew he'd come. Clay moaned as he drew the thick cream into his mouth. He drank it down until Trace was empty, and then he too sat up.

"Got any lube?" Clay said.

Bo smiled. He leaned over to the bedside table, pulled the drawer open, and found their stash. He tossed the tube to Clay who popped it open and began greasing up his cock and Trace's hole. While he bent to kiss Trace because every man enjoyed his lover tasting himself off of his tongue, Bo greased himself as well. Anticipation had him jittery as if he'd had a few too many cups of coffee.

When he was done, he tossed the lube to the side and smacked Clay's ass then rubbed it. Clay complained, but Bo smacked it again. The skin on

his rear was just a little more reddened than Clay's cheeks. Bo knew he wanted to have words, but he wouldn't risk getting this whole thing called off.

Clay moved awkwardly into position. After a few tries, he got his injured leg to lay right and then he raised Trace's legs, holding him at the backs of his thighs. His cock head pressed at Trace's opening.

"Maybe I should loosen him up a bit first," he said.

Trace grinned. "Trust me. I can take you." He looked at Bo, and Bo winked. Yeah, he'd been there plenty of times. As long as he was lubed up, Trace could take a cock all day and night, and Bo had been sure to test it out.

Clay took his time going in. His head eased past the entrance, and both men hissed at the pleasure they must feel. Bo watched while massaging his shaft. His turn would come. "All the way," he commanded.

Clay pushed in. He was as long as Bo was, comparable in thickness. When his body was flush with Trace's ass, he began an unhurried stroke—all the way to the hilt and then a retreat. After each thrust, he increased his speed. Trace began to pant, and Clay raised his legs even higher until they almost touched his chest. He leaned forward, and Bo watched his beautiful ass open up. He licked his lips.

Carefully, he scooted up behind Clay, leaned in, and kissed the other man's back. Clay shivered but didn't protest when Bo began feeling his cock tip around Clay's hole. Bo stopped in time to remember that Clay hadn't been taken back there often. Struggling to control his desire, he pulled away and began working a single finger in the pinched entrance. He worked Clay fast, adding a second finger and pushing up to his knuckles. He heard Clay grunt, and he flinched. Bo stroked the back of his thigh.

"Easy, just let it happen. It's going to be good."

As if he spoke to a skittish horse, something Clay would be more used to, he talked him through until he relaxed. While Bo readied Clay to take him, Clay had stopped pumping into Trace. Bo would get the three of them moving when he got inside Clay.

At last, he felt he could squeeze into Clay's hole without injuring him, and he pushed his cock tip forward. The head popped past the barrier and glided deeper. He let his head fall to meet Clay's back. The pleasure was unbelievable. Even Clay couldn't hold back the groan that escaped him.

"Uh, uh, uh," he stuttered, "I'm going to come."

"No," Bo ordered, "hold it."

Clay clenched his jaw. He dipped his head forward and held perfectly still buried in Trace while Bo was sunk deep into him. When the sensations must have eased, he began to move, and Bo matched his rhythm. They moved together, grinding and groaning. Bo couldn't keep his hungry gaze in one spot for long. He watched Trace squirm in his pleasure as he worked his cock with his hand. Bo took in Clay with his lips parted, eyes closed. His short breaths were a testament to his fight not to let go too soon.

Bo thrust harder and faster. He extended an arm over Clay's back and gripped his shoulder. Leaning as far back as he could, he watched his cock disappear inside Clay's ass. He was so close, and he no longer needed either of them to hold their orgasm.

"Go, baby," he said in general to both of them. "Come now."

Clay's body jerked, and he cursed. Trace shouted "yes" and Bo shoved all the way in and stayed there as his release burst forth. When he was done, he pulled out and fell to the side of the two of them. Clay withdrew as well and let Trace's legs down. He laid flat on top of Trace, burying his face against Trace's neck while Trace kissed Bo.

"Whoa," Trace said.

Bo chuckled. "Yeah, whoa." He looked at Clay, but he hadn't moved. He was still breathing hard, and he rested a hand at Trace's side. Bo thought he liked being right where he was, and he couldn't blame him. He reached over and tapped Clay's shoulder. The other man looked up, and Bo raised an eyebrow in question. "Well?"

"Well what?" Clay asked, his gaze skittering away from Bo's.

"You're not going to admit how much you liked it, are you?"

“Come on,” Clay said, “sex is sex. When you know what you’re doing, it’s always good.” But when he saw the expression on Trace’s face, he changed his tune. “It was excellent, better than I’ve ever had.”

Bo laughed. Clay didn’t have to tell him what he felt. A man in his shape wasn’t that out of breath from one session. The pleasure of being in a man while another was buried behind had drawn on incomparable ecstasy, and he knew it.

Clay moved and took the other side of Trace. Bo tugged Trace into his arms, loving the feel of his big chest wedged against his. They lay kissing and caressing each other. Bo tangled his fingers in Trace’s hair and kissed along his cheek down to his neck. He stuck his tongue out and teased the tip of Trace’s ear. Trace wrapped his arms around Bo’s waist and gave himself freely.

Bo clutched him tight and stroked his round ass while he looked past his shoulder at Clay. “You want more, don’t you?” he asked him.

Clay answered his grin with one of his own for the first time that day. “Yeah, I guess I do.”

Chapter Six

Clay stretched his arms over his head and worked out the kinks in his back. For the last few nights, he'd slept in Trace and Bo's bed with them. They'd spooned three across, with him as the meat in the middle of a man sandwich. Bo using every opportunity to try to make him bow to him still chafed, but he wasn't going to deny having it in the front and back wasn't hot as the Texas sun. He knew they couldn't keep this up forever. He had a life to get back to, and nobody was going to believe he was just another cousin. The idea angered him every time he thought of it. Bo wouldn't do anything against what Trace wanted, and Trace was afraid of the persecution they'd both suffered at the hands of bastards who couldn't accept them.

He sighed, hating the constriction that started in his chest now when he thought of leaving. He told himself it was all about the sex, and now that he knew how good it was with a threesome, surely he could find two willing partners out there on the road. Every town wasn't backward like Deadwater.

As the sun went down over the horizon, lighting up the front yard in shades of red and orange, Trace came out of the house with a tray carrying ice tea and beer. Clay watched the other man walk toward him, admiring his body. He had to be honest with himself. He'd miss the two of them more than just sex. Trace stopped in front of him.

"I'm sure you didn't bring me iced tea," he quipped.

Trace smirked. "The beers are yours and Bo's. I'm having iced tea."

Clay snagged one and popped it open. He leaned back and let the cool, refreshing liquid slide down his throat. When he'd drained half the bottle, he looked up to find both Trace and Bo watching him. He felt his face warm and concentrated on stretching out both legs. He'd forgotten they watched him the same way he watched them. Sexual attraction, or whatever it was, wasn't lacking around here.

Bo sat beside him, leaving a bare inch between their thighs. Clay thought of the last time, Bo had bent him over the couch. His complaints

and resistance were becoming more part of the game than anything, but giving in to Bo still embarrassed him.

“So, we’ve shared our history,” Bo commented, “what about you? What’s your background?”

Clay smirked. “Shouldn’t you have asked me that before we fucked like bunnies?”

Bo glared in silence. Clay chuckled. “It wasn’t *you* opening up, was it? Trace told me. Nothing much to my story. I was an orphan. Never had nothing. Had to pretty much fight for what little was passed along in a group home of several others. No family.”

He shrugged as if the memories didn’t get to him of times when he had to defend himself against those that didn’t understand him. He realized that he was a lot like Bo in that respect. He told them about always being big for his age but not knowing how to fight.

“I knew early on that I liked men rather than women. I don’t know why, but I was never ashamed of it, didn’t think I had to pretend to be something I wasn’t. Maybe it was the pigheadedness I was accused of having. Who knows. Like I said I couldn’t fight, so I got my butt handed to me a few times. That is until I met a particular person.”

Trace leaned forward, interest in his eyes. “A lover?”

Clay looked away. “Yeah. He’s also the one that got me into bull riding. Started with breaking horses though. I worked at a ranch doing it, and he trained me. Those were some good times.”

Clay closed his eyes remembering the long days, the sweat, working with the horses and other odd jobs around the ranch. All of it was hard on a body, but the nights made up for it, nights of powerful sex between the two of them. Clay had fancied himself in love and thought it would last. Was he ever naive.

“So what happened?” Bo interjected.

“Nothing.”

“Come on,” Bo goaded. “Don’t chicken out now.”

Clay frowned. “I’m nobody’s chicken.”

“Then you don’t mind sharing all of it.” His eyes challenged Clay in silence. Bo wouldn’t stop pushing him, he thought. No matter what happened, he’d make Clay face everything, whether it hurt or he was scared. He wasn’t like that with Trace, but then from what he’d learned in the short time he’d known them, Trace wasn’t afraid to admit how he felt—not to Bo anyway.

He sighed. “I got silly visions in my head of us working side by side on his ranch. All domestic-like. He saw me as nothing more than a ranch hand, and when he was tired of me in his bed, he tossed me out of it. The job went with the sex. But by then I’d learned quite a bit and talked my way into a job at a rodeo passing through. From there, I moved up one step at a time until I got where I am now.”

“You say it so matter-of-fact,” Bo said, his gaze riveted to Clay to the point that he felt trapped. “You were in love. That had to hurt with him dismissing you like that.”

Rather than answer, Clay sat his beer on the table beside the swing and pushed to the edge of his seat. He got to his feet and wobbled. Bo stood and zipped in front of him. His hands came up to grasp Clay’s waist, but he pushed him away. “Stop molly-coddling me,” he griped.

“I wasn’t aware that I was.”

Clay left his crutch where it had fallen and hopped into the house. Bo followed, and before Clay could get far, he came up behind him and wrapped his arms around Clay, pulling him against his chest. Clay froze in place. Bo’s breath warmed his face beside his ear, and he rubbed a hand over Clay’s stomach.

“It’s fine,” Bo whispered. “It’s all fine.”

Clay turned his head toward Bo, but he kept his eyes low. They kissed in silence, Bo holding him tight. Did he do this when Trace was hurt? For a little longer, Clay allowed himself to be cuddled, and then he broke out of Bo’s arms. Trace came in and shut the door.

“I think we should grill for dinner. What do you boys think?” he asked.

“Sounds good,” Clay agreed. He was glad the awkward moment had passed, and he took the crutches Trace handed him.

Soon the three of them were at the back of the house with the outside lights on and the grill fired up. He noticed when it came to working the grill, Trace stepped back and let Bo have at it. But Clay considered himself a mean barbeque-er himself, so he had no problem giving his opinion as he stood over Bo’s shoulder.

“You sure you want to lay that steak on there now?” he commented.

Bo cast him a look. “Don’t question my methods.

“Hey, I’m just sayin’ I don’t want to break a tooth on your tough as nails beef.”

The grill top clanged closed under Bo’s heavy hand, and he swung to face Clay as he waved a grilling fork. “You think you can outdo me? I’ve been at this for years, and Trace has never complained.”

“That’s because he doesn’t want to hurt your delicate feelings,” Clay snapped back.

They scowled at each other, tossing insults back and forth. Their argument grew louder, and when Trace came out with a plate of more steaks and chicken, Bo snatched it from his hands. “Okay smartass, put your money where your mouth is. This side of the grill is yours, and this one over here’s mine. You do it your way, and I’ll do it mine. We’ll see at the end whose tastes better.”

Trace rolled his eyes. “Is this really necessary, you two? How about we agree that you’re both great?”

“No way!” Bo and Clay said in unison.

Trace threw up his hands. “Fine. I’ll be the judge.”

Clay hesitated. To his surprise, Bo reached out and squeezed his shoulder. “Don’t worry. He’ll be honest. Won’t you, Trace?”

“Yeah, but I’m only agreeing if the two of you shut the hell up. They can hear your racket in Abilene.”

“Fine,” they both said glaring at each other.

Clay set to work. He didn’t have his coworkers smacking their lips and begging him to grill for nothing. He knew he was good and could see that

Bo's methods were different. Showing up the loudmouth would be fun, bring him down a peg. Hell, he was feeling pretty good, and just maybe tonight, he'd get Bo on his knees.

"We'll bet," Clay said with sudden inspiration.

Bo's eyes glittered in the reduced lighting. "If I win, you have to admit who's your daddy."

Heat rose in Clay's face and neck. He had to clear his throat before he could speak. "And if I win, *I take you.*"

Trace whooped. "Now we have some excitement."

"Is it a deal?" Clay insisted, waiting on pins and needles for Bo to answer.

For the smallest moment, Bo hesitated, and then he stuck his hand out. "It's a deal. Trace, get my seasonings."

* * * *

Clay heard the front door slam, and he grinned. A couple days had passed since the bet, and still Bo hadn't given in. He'd lost fair and square, but he wasn't living up to his part of the agreement, to let Clay take him. They slept together in the same bed and had sex like usual, but Bo didn't bow. He'd had Clay every which way, and damn if it didn't feel good to Clay, but when he and Trace mentioned the bet, Bo scowled and changed the subject. Of course his pride had been knocked for a loop what with Clay's grilled food being so good. Trace had emptied his entire plate before he could voice his verdict. But Bo should have gotten over it. Clay wondered if it was also a matter of him not wanting to be broken, but Trace had said once in a while they switched who would bottom. Bo did it more for Trace's pleasure, and Bo had no problem with it.

So it's just that it's me, he mused. Well, he wasn't getting away with it. Trace wrapped his leg in plastic and sealed the opening so he could take a shower. When he was done, he dressed in jeans and a black collared shirt. A splash of aftershave and a comb through his hair and he was ready.

He dug out the number Katie had given him on one of her visits and called, hoping she didn't mind being his chauffeur. She answered on the first ring. "Hello?" Her voice came out breathless although he couldn't imagine why since she'd picked up so fast.

"Hi, Katie, it's Clay," he said, forcing charm into his voice.

"Clay," she chirped. "How are you? You're still in town? I thought you'd be gone by now. People in your line of work never stick around long."

He frowned. Had he detected a note of bitterness? "Yeah, well my cast doesn't come off until next week. I'll be able to get into therapy after that, and then we'll see."

"Oh, so you're planning to leave."

"I hadn't thought any different."

She remained silent. He knew he'd annoyed her with that answer.

"Well, I was wondering if I could be a bother and have you run me down to *Ruckus* tonight. I've been cooped up in this house for weeks and feel a need to get out. Maybe you can be my accomplice in my escape?"

Why the hell had he said it like that? Now, she'd think he wanted her to go with him.

"Just a ride," he emphasized without hope that she'd say yes since it wasn't a date.

"I guess I can do that," she said after some time. "Give me an hour, will you? I'll be over."

When she arrived forty-five minutes later, Clay let go of all hope that she didn't want to go with him. She wore a dress that clung to her slender figure with bare legs and feet stuffed into cowboy boots.

"I figured it's Friday night, I might as well get out myself," she explained, "and *Ruckus* is as good as any place." *The only place*, he corrected in his head, unless one wanted to drive to Abilene.

"Sure," he said and followed her out to her truck.

From what Clay had seen, half the population of Deadwater drove pickups. The area was populated with small ranches, farms, and homesteads—not big, but a country atmosphere. The two men rented their

house on the edge of one such farm, and the owner, they'd told him, lived in a bigger house a couple miles down the road. Katie was their nearest neighbor, and it was nothing for her or anyone else, he'd noticed, to walk a mile to visit.

Clay had assumed his two lovers owned their property and the bar, but the night before when Bo was avoiding discussing the lost bet, he'd revealed that they didn't. Being together contented them. Clay chose again not to tell them about his dream. Not because he didn't trust them, but because he didn't think they'd understand. For so long, he'd kept it to himself as he traveled from place to place, owning nothing. Bo and Trace might be satisfied with what someone gave them, but he couldn't do that forever. He needed his own. He needed to belong. They might have settled in Deadwater, but they didn't belong if they couldn't be themselves. He would never last here. But that was okay. They hadn't asked him to stay, and he made no promises.

He hoisted himself up in the truck and closed the door. Within a few minutes, they pulled up to the bar, and Clay leaned on his crutches to get inside. The place was packed, music blaring. The lights were low with a dull yellow glow from the ceiling, especially over the bar so Bo and Trace could see what they were doing.

"There's nowhere to sit," Katie whined.

Clay paused just inside the door. He couldn't help focusing on the couple behind the bar more than looking for a spot. In the middle of spraying club soda in a class, Bo glanced up and looked right at him. Clay's heart raced. They'd spent all their time together except when the two of them had to work, and yet Clay felt something inside upon seeing them. If he didn't know better, he'd suspect he missed Bo and Trace when they weren't around.

"Hey, bud, here's an extra seat," someone yelled over the din.

Clay turned and spotted a man nearby indicating there was a chair next to him. To his relief, Katie had been dragged off to dance by a half drunken guy. Clay dropped into the offered seat and took the man's hand that he held out to shake.

“Clive Johnson,” the man said.

“Clay Daniels.”

A crash of something breaking interrupted them, and Clay glanced over to the bar. For a second he caught Bo’s angry glare, and then he turned his head at the whoop of praise from the customers. Bo lifted a dramatic hand and bowed. Whistles burst out from several directions.

“Well, that don’t happen often,” Clive said.

“What’s that?”

“Bo breaking a glass. He’s really good at it, better than Trace or any other bartender I’ve ever come across. Natural-like, know what I mean?”

“Yeah,” Clay answered, only half listening. He’d caught the look. Bo didn’t like him sitting with Clive, and he reexamined the man. No, he wasn’t gay. Bo was just jealous. Clay grinned to himself. He sat by Clive most of the night drinking and chatting. When the night had grown late but not enough for Bo and Trace to be off yet, he asked Clive for a ride back to their house, and the man agreed. Katie seemed content with the fun she was having, so he didn’t think she minded him leaving without her. Clay was careful not to look Bo’s way as they left, and he thanked Clive with a friendly smile when the other man held the door open for him as they left.

They rolled up to the house, and Clay looked at Clive in the darkened drive. “I appreciate the ride, man, and the comments you made about my work. Always glad to have a fan.”

Clive shook his hand. “Of course. I saw the accident, and it got to me. I hoped you were okay, and I’d been meaning to get down here. What with the ranch and all keeping me busy. I’m glad to know you’re okay. Listen, if you ever get back through—”

“I’ll look you up,” Clay finished with a smile.

Clive chuckled and shook his hand again. “And I’ll be at the show, guaranteed. Need help getting in?”

“Naw, I got it,” Clay assured him. “Night.”

“Night,” Clive echoed.

He was driving along the dirt path leading back to the main road when another truck barreled past him, scarcely missing scratching his paint.

Clay winced watching. He imagined Clive was cursing Bo right about then.

Clay waited until Bo jumped down from his truck and charged over to him, kicking up dust in his wake. “What do you think you’re doing?” he demanded.

Clay raised an eyebrow. “Standing here about to go in the house. What are you doing, and where is Trace?”

“I’ll go back for him,” Bo snapped.

“It’s not time for you to be off.” Clay glanced at his watch. “You’ve got another hour yet.”

“And you could have waited, but you decided to leave with another man.”

“Don’t make it sound like something it wasn’t,” Clay countered. “And even if it was, that’s my business. It has nothing to do with you.”

They glared at one another almost nose to nose. Clay felt awkward standing so still, but if he moved and stumbled, Bo would surely grab him and hold him. He didn’t want that right now. Bo treated him like he was weak or like he needed to be taken care of, and he didn’t appreciate it.

“I thought...” Bo began. His eyes narrowed. “It’s my business if you think you’re bringing another man to fuck in my house. You’re a guest, and you’re going to respect me and Trace.”

“Oh is that how it is?” Clay demanded.

“Yeah!”

Now Clay was angry. Before he’d been glad to tease Bo, kind of flattered by his jealousy, but to be relegated to a damn visitor when they’d all been lovers pissed him off. “Well, I figure I’m free to do whatever since you’ve proven your word means nothing.”

Surprise registered in Bo’s face and then his expression darkened. “Is that what this is about? By all means, you’ll get what you want. Stay here. I’m going back to get Trace.”

“Is that an order, sergeant?”

Bo snarled and hopped back into his truck. His tires spun in the dirt, and he was off. Clay sighed. He maneuvered on his crutches and headed

inside the house. Once he entered his bedroom, he prepared to wash away the scent of the bar from his skin and hair. Even though he was chafed at Bo, he couldn't help wanting what was coming. Bo's words convinced him more than ever that this was temporary, so he might as well enjoy it all he could.

Chapter Seven

Clay lay on his bed with one leg bent and his arms behind his back. He'd purposely not gone to Bo and Trace's room. And barely an hour had passed when he heard them come into the house. He didn't move. Their voices reached him but not what they said. He listened as they moved through the house and to their room. The shower turned on. Shuffling around in their room, and then at last his bedroom door opened.

Bo stood in the entry staring at him.

"Something I can do for you?" Clay said.

Bo clenched his jaw. "You want it in here, huh?"

"I'm sure you'd like to control where, when, and how."

"It's your night." Bo shrugged as if no biggie, but Clay saw the tension in his shoulders and anger in his eyes. Bo had gotten off on having two men bow to him, Clay realized. It cheesed him to bend over now for Clay.

"Come and suck my cock," Clay said.

He thought Bo would put up a fight, but he left the doorjamb and moseyed over. He bent when he was alongside the bed and kissed Clay's already-erect shaft. "You think I don't like tasting you? Of course I do."

He swallowed Clay deep, sucked hard, and pulled back. Clay groaned. For some reason, he still didn't feel like he was in control. When Bo came down again, he held him off. "Wait."

Bo drew back and met his gaze.

"Sit on it facing me. I want you to ride it," he instructed.

Trace came in as Bo was greasing his hole and Clay's cock. He climbed on the bed and hugged Bo from behind. Clay enjoyed watching them as Bo turned to take Trace's mouth in a hungry kiss.

"So we're in here tonight?" Trace asked.

"Yeah." Clay saw the amusement in Trace's face. He must know they were fighting again like usual.

When Bo got up to put the tube back on the bedside table, Trace leaned down on Clay and kissed his lips before whispering in his ear, "It upset him to see you with another man that wasn't me. Go easy on him."

Clay had no intention of following Trace's plea. Bo had promised to let him take him, and take him he would. He'd command him every step of the way and make Bo cry out in total submission.

Bo climbed back on the bed and threw his leg over Clay's hips. They stared each other in the eyes, each defiant, as Bo began guiding Clay's cock into his ass. He noticed the other man didn't ask him to loosen him up with his fingers or do it himself. Clay gasped from the first tight squeeze. Pleasure exploded all over his body. Bo wasn't a virgin back there, but he didn't get it often either. Clay was close to coming just from how Bo's insides hugged his shaft.

Bo descended slowly and then pushed up. He kept up a steady but slow rhythm until his muscles began to relax. Breath hissed between Clay's teeth. Bo leaned back a little and rested his hands on Clay's thighs. His eyes never left Clay's face. "Is this what you wanted, baby?" he said.

Clay gasped. That didn't sound like submission to him, he thought in anger. "Faster!"

Bo picked up speed. His abs were tight, and his cock bounced with each grind. Clay howled his pleasure. Not to be left out, Trace moved beside Clay upside down with his ass facing Clay. He spanked Trace's rear a few times and then parted his cheeks. Holding both sides open, Clay began licking at his hole. Trace squirmed and groaned. With hunger and desire, Clay devoured him. All the while, Bo drove into his lap, pounding up and down until Clay couldn't hold back any longer. He shouted once, and then his juices spilled inside Bo.

Bo kept him buried to the hilt until Clay was done, and then he climbed down. He turned and got on his hands and knees facing away from Clay. "You want more?"

"Bastard!" Clay swore.

He let go of Trace and moved to the side of the bed. In a bag he kept there, he had a dildo he'd never shown them. He whipped it out and held it up for Bo to see. The piece was long, thick, and curved. "Hell, yeah, I want more. Trace, get under there and suck his cock. But you don't suck Trace, Bo. Right now, me and Trace get you."

Bo's face reddened, but he didn't back talk. Trace did as he was told, and Clay readied the dildo, getting it nice and lubed. He slid closer to Bo and put a hand on his lower back. Bo arched so his ass went higher. Clay teased his entrance with the tip of the dildo and then pushed in. Bo gasped. His head went back, and he scratched at the sheets. Trace had already started in on sucking his cock, and Clay knew the sensations he was feeling—getting it from the front and back, bombarded on all sides until he couldn't stand it.

"Do you like it?" he asked, but Bo bit down, baring his teeth. Clay shoved deeper. Bo cried out. "You do, don't you? Feels good, baby?"

Clay worked the tool in and out faster. He wiggled it in a circle and let his fist wrapped around it bump Bo's rear every time he went in. Bo groaned and began working his hips, pumping toward Trace's mouth and then pushing onto the dildo. When Clay was hard again, he discarded the toy and replaced it with his cock. He held onto Bo's hips to drive into him.

"Fuck!" Bo shouted.

"Careful, Trace," Clay said. He wanted to pound into Bo without worrying about hurting his other lover. Trace withdrew but kept a fist around Bo's shaft. He worked it between licks at the tip while Clay ground into Bo's ass.

"Damn it," Bo hollered, and then his come shot between Trace's waiting lips. Clay went at him a while longer until he too reached his peak. When Trace was out of the way, he pushed Bo flat on the bed, still sealed inside him. They lay together like that panting and struggling to catch their breath.

After some time, Clay pulled out and rolled over. Bo eyed him, but Clay only grinned.

"You done?" Bo demanded.

Clay chuckled. "Yeah, I'm done...for now."

"Good. Get 'em up."

Clay quirked an eyebrow. "Huh?"

Bo stretched and snapped his fingers in Trace's direction. Trace hurried to give him the lube. Clay watched, leery. "What are you doing? This is my night to—"

He found himself whipped around and dragged to the edge of the bed. Clay raised his legs up to rest on his shoulders and greased a finger to push into Clay's hole.

"Bo, what are you doing?" Clay asked again. His lover ignored him and threaded a finger inside him, then another. He didn't wait until Clay was all the way there but began filling him. When had he hardened enough to do it? He'd just come. Clay realized Bo hadn't gone down. What he had done to the man just fired him up, made him more determined to show Clay who was boss.

Clay pushed at his strong arms and didn't get a budge. Not that he had much strength. Bo taking him had made him weak from the first second. He moaned and held on as Bo thrust into him, but he could do nothing else. Bo was rough and unrelenting. The slap of their bodies coming together filled the room.

"Ah, Bo," he moaned, angry at himself for giving in. Bo didn't say a word, nor did he stop for a long, exhausting time. When Clay lay limp on the bed, Bo withdrew and nodded to Trace. Clay watched as Trace slipped up beside him, on his back, knees raised.

Bo prepped him and went in. Trace cried out his bliss. He moaned and squirmed, stroking his cock in tune with Bo's movements. Trace was riveted to the sensual scene until Bo came for the second time, and Trace soon followed.

* * * *

Clay opened his eyes to sunlight and the protesting cry of every muscle in his body. His rear hurt the worst, and not just the hole either. His cheeks were sore. Bo had something to prove and man did he ever prove it. After trying to shake the cobwebs out of his head, Clay realized he was in Bo and Trace's bedroom and not his own. He vaguely recalled

being carried, which annoyed him and was probably why Bo had done it. Sure, the bed in his room was too small for the three of them, but Bo could have left him in his bed. After all, he was just a guest in the house.

The memory of Bo's angry words stirred something in him that had the same impact the night before. When his cast was off, then what? Would they say it was fun and then expect him to leave? He couldn't stay long term. Not there anyway.

He grunted through until he sat on the side of the bed. Behind him, Bo snored softly, and Trace had risen earlier. From the scent of coffee brewing, he figured the other man was busy making breakfast. Clay stretched and sighed. He'd enjoy someone like that, a man to wake up to every morning. When he was on his feet, he balanced on his knuckles until he got his cast right.

Bo lay on his back, one arm tossed across his face, probably to block out the sun pouring through the window. His broad chest rose and fell as he rested. Naked and sexy. Clay found another sigh coming on. The truth was, he could go to bed with Bo every night too, even with their fights. He wished he could believe Bo cared about him from the way he treated him, but it was more likely that he was used to coddling Trace and just followed that pattern. Besides, he'd gotten off track. Time to get back on it and keep moving.

When he was showered and dressed, he entered the kitchen to find Trace cooking. He spun from a pan of eggs to take Clay by surprise with a kiss. A cup of coffee was plunked down before him, and he muttered his thanks.

"Sore?" Trace said knowingly.

"A little," he conceded.

Trace nodded. "When Bo gets in a mood, like when he's mad at me, he gets...enthusiastic in bed. It's good, but it leaves you worn."

"I can take it fine," Clay assured him and sipped his coffee.

Trace laughed. "Yeah, you've ridden rougher, huh?" Clay's face warmed, and Trace broke up again. "I meant bulls."

"Oh," he said, allowing a hint of a smile, "yeah."

Trace busied himself about the kitchen while Clay watched. He thought he could drink in the man for hours on end. If he weren't so tired, he'd want another round right here. Trace turned and caught him staring. He seemed to take it in stride like he was used to being ogled. Remembering his first look in the bar, Clay didn't doubt he was.

"Tell me something," Clay said. "Do you think you and Bo will ever move from this town?"

Trace stopped in the middle of spooning scrambled eggs into a large bowl. "From here? Well, Bo said—"

"Coffee, please!"

They both turned to the kitchen doorway. Bo looked like hell. Clay thought he deserved to. Trace poured the hot, steaming brew into his favorite mug and handed it to him. Bo took a few sips and then sank into a chair sighing.

The fact that Bo had interrupted what Trace had been about to say annoyed Clay, but he wasn't sure he wanted to know. They were content to leave things as they were. Bo had made his view clear last night. Clay was temporary, and Trace was probably going to say Bo said as much to him, so they could go back to their normal lives. They'd been in Deadwater for a while, and there weren't any problems. They had a good job and were comfortable.

As the three of them sat together eating, Clay couldn't shake the funk he was in. Trace tried to keep a lively conversation going, but he gave up when Clay and Bo grunted more than formed words.

"Damn," he complained, "you two are just alike." Bo glared at him, and Trace scowled right back then stood. "You can clear the table and wash the dishes. I'm going into town." He didn't wait to hear if they needed anything but banged through the front screen door and was gone. Clay caught the sound of the truck firing up moments later.

"That's your fault," Bo accused him.

"How is it my fault?"

"You and your sour attitude."

“Yeah, because you’re Mr. Sunshine.” Clay began clearing the dishes from the table. “What’s your problem anyway?”

Bo didn’t answer.

“Well?” Clay snapped.

“Drop it.” Bo rose and began to help him. “Anyway, you got a call on your cell. That’s what woke me. I answered since I recognized Dr. Sanders’s number.”

“And?”

“And he just got word that a family member is dying. He has to travel out to where she is. He wants to remove your cast tomorrow. Says everything should be fine, a couple days early won’t make much of a difference.

Clay didn’t respond. He pushed fingers through his hair and stared down at the greasy dish that had been piled high with bacon and sausage before they devoured it. He shifted his shoulders against the weight that had suddenly settled on them and then perked up. “Great. I can get back to work faster.”

“That’s all you think about,” Bo said.

“What else is there?”

Bo threw a plate in the sink, shattering it into thousands of pieces. “Whatever. Don’t get yourself killed next time.” And he left the kitchen. Clay sighed.

While he picked broken plate pieces from the sink, Trace came back in. *Quick trip*. He walked over and discovered the mess. He scooted Clay out of the way and finished himself. “Let me guess, Bo’s temper tantrum.”

“Yeah,” Clay answered. “Does he do it often?”

“No, just when something’s really gotten to him.” Trace seemed to be thinking about it. “Did you two argue more after I left?”

Clay weighed telling him their clipped conversation about Bo taking the call then decided against it. “Not much. Do you mind taking me to my appointment tomorrow?”

Trace started in surprise. “Bo usually takes you.”

“I don’t want to fight there and back.”

He accepted that reasoning and agreed. Clay thanked him for the ride and went to his room to make some calls. He had arrangements to make. Now was the time to get back to reality. The threesome had been fun, but his regular life had been put off long enough.

Chapter Eight

Clay lifted his duffle bag off the bed and let it drop on the floor. He searched the room one last time and then picked up his cane to go recheck Bo and Trace's room. When he entered, the two men's natural scents filled his nostrils. He leaned heavily on his cane and closed his eyes a minute. "When am I going to admit it?" he whispered to himself and the empty room. "I love them."

But it made no difference. They didn't belong together. Bo and Trace were going in another direction from him. *I need to take on a few more eight seconds to hell to get my ranch. I can't afford to play it safe now.*

A horn blasted at the front of the house, and he went back to his room to gather his bag. His stomach knotted. He hadn't told the others he was leaving so soon, but he'd taken out money from his savings to hire a physical therapist for a few weeks. He'd be on the road with him until he was well enough to ride. Things were better this way. Knowing he loved Bo and Trace would make every day harder, so cutting ties would keep him sane.

He walked out to the front of the house in time to see Bo opening the door to his therapist. His face was like a thundercloud when the man asked for Clay. Both Bo and Trace turned to face him. He knew right away, he should have told them a lot sooner than now.

"I've hired a physical therapist to work with me until I'm strong again," he said simply. "This is Jerry. We're driving down to Austin. I won't be qualifying just yet, but I'll be there when I can. Thank you for taking me in and looking after me while I was hurt."

"You're leaving?" Clay thought he heard anguish in Trace's tone. His eyes were bright, but no tears fell. "I'll miss you."

Clay didn't have a moment to think before Trace was in his arms, crushed to him from head to toe. He wrapped his arms around the other man's waist, squeezing him closer. When Trace looked into his face, Clay captured his lips with his own and pushed his tongue into Trace's mouth. This was the last time he would taste him, and it hurt like hell.

“Trace!” Bo shouted in warning.

After a moment, Clay looked up. “It’s okay. He knows, meaning Jerry, but Trace didn’t know that before he’d thrown himself against Clay. He’d forgotten their secret, or perhaps since this was a stranger soon to be leaving the area, it didn’t matter.

When Trace left his embrace, he felt cold and lonely, way more than the occasional bout when he was on the road and before he came here. Trace bent to pick up his cane and his bag where he’d dropped them. Clay took the offered cane and made his way to the door where Bo stood. He expected Bo to ignore him, but he too folded Clay against his chest. They kissed, and this time, Clay picked up the sharp intake of breath from his therapist. Everyone had seen gay men kiss before, but an obvious threesome must have been too much for the man.

Bo held him at arm’s length and glared into his eyes. No love there, Clay thought in sorrow. He was probably pissed that Clay hadn’t told him. Bo couldn’t control the situation and resented it. Clay waited for him to say good-bye, but he said nothing. He stepped back and held the door.

Clay tightened his lips and stepped out onto the porch. Trace followed him and handed him his bag. Jerry took it and tucked it into the trunk of his car. When Clay moved off the porch to follow, Trace cried out behind him.

“Clay!” He turned, and Trace’s face was a mask of misery. He took a couple strides in Clay’s direction. “Clay, do—”

“Trace,” Bo said in a clipped tone. Trace fell silent, and Clay looked from one to the other. He drew in a deep breath and then walked to the car. When he was settled, Jerry turned over the engine, threw the car into gear, and they were off.

* * * *

The just over five hours on the road with stops were not kind to Clay’s disposition or his stiff joints. He’d been immobile too long when he was

used to working out hard to keep his thighs strong. Aside from that of course his heart ached.

They turned onto a narrow two-lane road and headed back between overhanging trees about five miles before he caught site of the grounds where the other rodeo participants had parked their vehicles and trailers. Clay stepped out of the truck and talked to who he needed to about his and his Jerry's accommodations. When they stepped inside the rented trailer, Jerry paused.

"We're staying in this?" he asked looking around as if he thought he might be attacked.

"Yeah, sorry it's not the Hilton," Clay said. "We discussed it. Traveling the rodeo circuit with me isn't the lap of luxury, and it won't be forever."

Jerry frowned. "For this, I'm working you like an animal."

Clay smiled for the first time that day. "Good. I look forward to it." He tugged a curtain back so they could both see down the aisle where the trailer was parked. "Up there and to the left is where they'll be serving food. Not the healthiest, but it will have to do until I can get out and get some groceries. I busted up my truck a few months ago and haven't had it replaced, so I'll have to see whose I might borrow."

Jerry looked doubtful. "Can you really afford me?"

"No, but I don't have a choice. I save every penny I make and take only what's necessary for living. Hey, you're not the top of the line either, bud. Remember that."

Clay left Jerry offended and went to the back of the trailer where he would sleep. Jerry could have the couch which pulled out into a bed. The man had been told everything of what to expect, and he'd named his price, which Clay accepted. He couldn't complain now.

He tossed his bag on the bed and sat down beside it. When he opened the zipper, the first thing he spotted was the dildo he'd used on Bo. He slammed a fist down on the bed and leaned over to shield his face with one hand. The emotions refused to let him go, so he shoved the bag on the floor, not caring that the contents spilled out, and he threw himself on his

back. A long time passed before he fell into a restless sleep. Only a loud banging woke him. Clay sat up realizing it was the door.

“I’ll get it,” Jerry called.

Clay didn’t move. Down the narrow interior of the trailer he watched Jerry, shirtless, move to get the door. Clay couldn’t help noticing he had a good form, but that only reminded him of Bo and Trace’s physical perfection and how much he missed touching them and lying in bed with them. The bed he occupied could scarcely be called full size, and yet it felt big with him alone.

Jerry pushed the door open and then stepped back, his eyes wide. Clay sat up wondering what he saw that made him look surprised. And then Clay heard “What the hell is going on here” from a familiar voice, and he smiled, his heart racing with excitement.

Bo rushed up the steps, crowding Jerry. “If you touched him, I will ring your fucking neck.” Jerry appeared sufficiently cowed.

“He’s my therapist,” Clay barked as he threw his legs over the side of the bed. “I told you that before I left.”

Trace’s head appeared in the entrance, and he pushed past Bo and Jerry. Clay was just getting to his feet when Trace threw himself into his arms. Clay crushed him close, breathing in his scent. “What are you doing here?” he rasped between kisses. “How did you find me?”

“We were right behind you.” Trace grinned. “I dragged Bo down here.”

Clay broke away and looked to the front where Bo hadn’t moved from the entrance. His angry gaze said a multitude. “Why did you do that? He doesn’t give a damn about me.”

“Who says?” Bo barked. “I’m here, ain’t I?”

“For Trace.”

Bo glanced over at Jerry. “Leave us alone.” The words were a clear command, one that Jerry had no problem obeying. When the door shut behind him, Bo crossed the space between it and the bedroom in a few strides. Trace squeezed out of the way to let Bo get close to Clay. If he’d

thought the bed was small, the bedroom seemed more like a sardine can with all three big men in it.

"I'm going to make this real clear, and I'm only saying it once, so pay attention," Bo said. Right away, the anger in his expression drained away, and the rough hold he'd taken on Clay's shoulders gentled. He slipped his hand up Clay's neck to his jaw, and he stroked his cheek with his thumb. A tremor passed through Clay's body, and he turned his lips into Bo's palm.

"I'm in love with you," he said, focused on Clay. "If you want this rodeo thing, this traveling from one place to another all the time, then Trace and I will come with you."

Clay's jaw dropped, and he looked up at Bo then at Trace and back again. "You mean you'd leave Deadwater?"

"Why not? We're not tied there," Bo said. "Sure, we prefer to be settled somewhere, but..." His plain speaking about how he felt seemed to have fizzled. Trace picked up where he left off.

"We love you so much, we don't want what we had to end, and it doesn't matter where we live as long as we're with you," Trace finished.

Clay stood there with his mouth hanging open. He couldn't believe what he'd just heard. "A-Are you sure, really sure? I mean I knew I loved you both, but..." He shook his head and looked at Bo again.

Bo, ever ready to prove something, rushed him and gripped him around the hips. He ground hard against Clay and captured his mouth in a hungry kiss. Clay threw his arms up over Bo's shoulders and gave as much as he got. He circled Bo's warm mouth with the tip of his tongue and pushed into his chest. Bo let a small grunt escape, and then he bent to yank Clay's legs off the floor and encircle his waist with them. He climbed on the bed dropped Clay on it before following him down. His knee just missed Clay's nuts, and Clay glared at him. Bo grinned. He ripped the button apart that closed Clay's jeans and stuffed a hand down the front.

Clay closed his eyes and gasped. The tight squeeze Bo had on his cock drove him insane, but he laid a hand over Bo's. "Wait," he begged. "We have to be clear on everything."

"We can get clear later," Bo said. "I want to get inside you now!"

He went to move but Clay stopped him again. "For once, would you listen?"

Bo stilled, but he kept his hand where it was, which made it damn hard for Clay to concentrate. Trace sat down beside him, and Clay frowned at Bo.

"Mind letting me up? I can't talk like this."

Bo blew out a breath like it was a hassle, but he released Clay and sat on his heels, firmly planted between Clay's legs. Not that he minded much. Clay examined both their handsome faces and felt love inside him. "Not in a million years did I think I'd find what I did when I walked in that bar. I wasn't looking for love, but I found it in the two of you. I've had my dream, but I never shared it with you. I never really admitted how bad I wanted something of my own when I grew up with nothing. That wanting led me to work for my dream no matter the cost."

Trace leaned in and kissed him before resting his head on Clay's chest. Clay ran his fingers through Trace's hair as he spoke. "First, I don't want you two to have to travel all over creation. I saw how you lived. You were content and happy. You had what I've been wanting forever—some place to belong. I didn't think you did belong in Deadwater because you couldn't be yourselves, but that house and being with each other is what matters most."

Bo opened his mouth to speak, but Clay held up a hand. "Let me finish, please."

Bo nodded, though his jaw was tight like he suspected where the conversation was going and he didn't like it. Clay forged ahead.

"Like I said you'd be miserable on the road, especially Trace. I don't want that for you. My dream has been to own a ranch, and I am that close." He held up his thumb and forefinger an inch apart. "I just need to stick with bull-riding a little bit longer, and I'm there. Then—"

“No,” Bo said.

Clay blinked. “What?”

Trace moved off Clay’s chest like he knew Bo needed to get to him. Bo dragged Clay up to him by his shirtfront, and Clay fought it. Bo’s eyes glittered with his anger in the dim lighting of the trailer. “You’re not riding a bull again. I said okay when Trace wanted to come down here, but I won’t let you do that. You can rope calves or whatever, but not that.”

Clay swore. “Who the hell do you think you are!”

“One of the men who loves you,” Bo spat.

Clay froze and was quiet for a moment as he stared at Bo. He saw the hurt and fear he never imagined he’d see, not with Bo. The emotions rocked him to his core. He spread his hands over Bo’s fists still clutching him, and he rested his forehead on Bo’s. “Will we always fight?”

Quick as a flash, Bo countered with, “As long as you don’t do as I say, we will.”

Clay laughed and then sighed. “You know you’re trying to take away what I am. I thought love was less selfish.”

“Do you love it?”

He shrugged. “There’s a certain amount of thrill.”

“Do you?” Bo insisted.

“If I ranked among the best, I’d have had the money for the ranch in a heartbeat. I’ll never be that guy, and it’s not my aim. I want the ranch, more than just about anything, but I don’t have all the funds. I have a seller who’s coming up on the time he chose to retire.” Clay’s vision grew blurry as he remembered the ranch, four hundred miles from there. “The place is still in Texas, and it’s a small town, but I tell you they are more open. I visited there countless times, and I’m always free being myself.” He looked up at Bo. “I have to have that place, Bo. I have to.”

Trace seemed to wait on Bo’s response along with Clay. They sat side by side, hanging on his next words.

“How much more do you need?” Bo asked.

Clay named the figure. If he could get back in shape, there was no reason he couldn’t make that. *Stay on—no more injuries.*

“We have that,” Bo said.

“Wha—?” Clay had been focused on calculating time and how well he needed to perform when Bo spoke. “What did you say?”

Bo reached out and stroked his cheek. With the soft caress, Clay remembered he hadn’t shaved that morning. Bo’s finger scraped over his stubble.

“I said, we have that,” Bo repeated. “In savings. We can buy the ranch together...as life partners.”

“Are you serious? Are you sure?” Clay babbled.

“I’m sure that I love you, and I’m not letting you go.” He glanced at Trace. “That is, if Trace agrees?”

“Absolutely,” Trace pitched in. “If you didn’t offer, I was going to.”

“I can’t believe...” Clay stuttered. “Thank you, thank you.”

“Now,” Bo said, flicking a hot gaze over Clay’s body. “Where were we?” He pounced on Clay, knocking him flat on the bed. His hand found its way between Clay’s legs and inside his jeans to stroke his cock. “Oh yeah, I was showing you who’s your daddy!”

The End

About the Author

Eden Cole is the author of several erotic works including male/male and ménage, and she has many more on the way. Please visit Risky Ink to find out more about her First Time Series of male/male novellas and other published works. Website: <http://riskyink.blogspot.com>

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