



Going Down Hard

by

KyAnn Waters

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Cover Art by *Angela Anderson*

The Wild Rose Press
PO Box 708
Adams Basin, NY 14410-0708

Visit us at www.thewilderroses.com

Publishing History
First Scarlet Rose Edition, March 2011

Published in the United States of America

Dedication

R & R, you ladies rock.
You've given me experiences
I'll cherish for the rest of my life.
Thank you.

PRAISE FOR AUTHOR

KyAnn Waters

AND HER BOOKS

JOHNNY LOVES KRISSY

“This is a wonderful story full of love, passion, and a bit of bittersweet emotion that will keep you riveted to the pages.”

~Chrissy Dionne, Romance Junkies

TIE ME UP, TIE ME DOWN

“I wouldn't have believed it possible for such an excellent story to be fully told in such a short novel. This one is so hot, sexy and actually scorching that I couldn't resist it. I read Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down in one sitting, and I was sorry to see it come to an end it was that good!”

~Judy King, Veiled Secrets Reviews

HOT BLOODED

“The one thing I look for in a vampire romance is a good bite scene and Kyann Waters knows how to deliver the goods. “Hot Blooded” is sensual, seductive and contains a surprise at the end that simply made me smile in delight. Actually, I think I said, “Cool!”

~Xeranth, Whipped Cream Reviews

Going Down Hard

The barn door creaked open and a slash of sunlight cut through the drifting and floating dust. The scent of hay and leather hung in the air. Familiar scents. Hard work and horses. Hale Reston had been part of the Thunder Canyon ranch since he was old enough to rope and ride. It was where he belonged.

“Good girl.” The horse nickered as Hale loosened the bridle. He clicked his tongue to the animal, communicating with touch and whispers.

“Thought you’d be out here.”

Hale ignored the man and the grate of the barn door closing. Hay crunched on the ground behind him.

“Can we talk?”

“I heard you were back.” Hale backed out of the stall, sidling past Jesse Whitfield. “Thought you’d be in town.” Sundays were usually quiet around the ranch. The way Hale liked it. He flung a set of reins over a peg in the wooden beam between the horse stalls.

Jesse kicked up a bit of hard-packed dirt with the toe of his boot. “You don’t sound happy about it.”

Hale spit on the ground. “I don’t have an opinion one way or the other.” God, he wished that were true. But Hale had never made the right choices when it came to Jesse. He turned to the man who haunted his dreams, turned him inside out and pissed him the fuck off. “Unlike you, I just work here.”

Tension coiled in Hale’s gut, and his heart pounded like a stampede of wild mustangs. Jesse

Whitfield was his boss's son. The man Hale had been stupid enough to love, stupid enough to believe the whispered words of seduction from his lying lips. Damn kissable lips that had revealed deep secrets and darker desires.

Lips Hale *had* kissed.

"Did you need something? Because I have work to do."

"Yes, to talk." Jesse closed the space between them. "Please."

Hale steeled his resolve. He wouldn't bend, wouldn't give in to the man who'd ripped out his heart when he'd left. "I want to keep my job here. So we should stay away from each other."

"I tried and I can't. And don't worry about your job. My old man wouldn't be able to run the ranch without you."

"Braden runs the ranch now."

"Yeah, and Braden needs you, too."

Jesse had no idea how close to the truth his words were. "Unless it's about the ranch, I don't have anything to say to you." Because he just might beg Jesse to touch him, to kiss him, to climb into bed with him and forget about the past. Hale would rather hold on to his anger.

"I'm sorry." Jesse rested a hand on Hale's forearm. Warmth seeped into his flesh, yet Jesse's touch sent a shiver snaking along his spine.

"Apology accepted." He shrugged off the touch and took two steps away. "Now we can both forget what happened and you can move on." Hale braced a hand on a wood beam and bowed his head. It cut like a knife to utter the words, but he did. Maybe part of him wanted Jesse to hurt. "I already have."

Heavy silence hung in the air between them. Hale's chest was tight, and he couldn't breathe.

"Who?" Jesse's voice rose. "It's only been six months!" He turned away from Hale and raked his

fingers through his hair. “You have no idea how sorry I am.” He spun toward Hale, his eyes narrowing. “I know I hurt you. I’m so sorry. You know I love you.”

And that was the problem. Love wasn’t supposed to hurt and loving Jesse...losing Jesse had been crushing, worse than a kick to the groin. “Yeah, love sucks.” Hale grabbed a rake and began mucking out another stall.

“So who is he?”

Hale refused to answer. He didn’t owe Jesse an explanation. He didn’t owe him anything. All Jesse had done was take.

“Do I know him?” Jesse stood in the opening of the stall. “Do I fucking know him? If you’ve moved on and it’s no big deal, why won’t you talk to me? You’re acting like a scorned woman. Want to treat me like shit? Not talk to me? If you didn’t care—”

Hale shoved the rake at Jesse. “You want to know who I’m fucking? What *or who* I do is none of your goddamn business. Do I care? Hell, yes I care. You walked out, Jesse. We had something. I thought I meant something to you. You spent the night in my bed, and when I woke, you were gone. Not just from my bed. You’d fucking left the ranch...left the state. If you were that desperate to get away from me, I would’ve packed my shit and been gone. Now you’re back and I’m wondering if maybe I should start packing.”

“My leaving wasn’t about you. It was about me.”

“Bullshit.” Hale drew in a ragged breath, willing his nerves to calm and his pulse to slow. He was pissed and, as much as he hated himself for it, aroused. His cock thickened behind the fly of his jeans and his balls were heavy. He faced Jesse and the moment stretched.

“Tell me who you’re fucking.”

“Braden,” he finally said.

Jesse glared at him, and his brows furrowed. "Why am I not surprised?" He shook his head as if he didn't want to believe the words. "I told you." He jammed his hands into his pockets. "I told you he'd had his eyes on your ass for months."

"Oh, he looked at yours just as much as he did mine, and we both thought about his. Back then I wasn't interested." But once Jesse had left, Hale had been fucked up. Braden had been a good friend. Not long after, there was more than friendship between them. Regardless of Hale's jacked up feelings for Jesse, he wouldn't give up Braden. "Guess you weren't the only one who changed his mind about what he wanted." Hale heaved a fresh bale of straw for the stall. "Or in my case, maybe I should say *who* I wanted."

Jesse blocked Hale, filling the space in the stall. "I'm home, and I'm not leaving again."

Hale's step faltered, and his back pressed up against the wall.

"You're going to see me every day."

Hale couldn't turn away from the intensity in Jesse's brown eyes. Those lashes and the dimples in his clean-shaven face. Sharp angles carved his square jaw. In the months he'd been gone, he'd gotten his hair cut. Now short on the sides and longer on the top, Jesse had lost the rancher edge and taken on a city sophistication. Damn, but it looked good on him.

Jesse leaned in closer. "I'm not walking away from us."

The subtle scent of Jesse's cologne reminded Hale of the intimate moments he'd spent kissing Jesse, of touching him and rubbing against him until they'd both come in their jeans. The bittersweet memories were more than Hale wanted to remember. "You already did."

The barn door swung open, flooding the area

with bright sunlight. Cowboy hat, worn jeans hugging slim hips, long legs and cowboy boots. Hale swallowed hard. Braden always had the same affect on him. As beautiful as Jesse was, Braden was rough and rugged. Jesse carried the scent of fine cologne...Braden smelled like sweat and man. He was hard, lean and tough as nails. And he wanted Hale.

"Hey, stranger," he said to Jesse as he came into the barn, his determined gait eating up the distance between them. Braden's friendly smile stretched across his tanned face, and his blue eyes sent heat into Hale's groin. These were the two men he wanted, but only one could he have. Braden. And he needed him.

"You can get out now," he said to Jesse.

Braden slapped Jesse on the shoulder. "You look good."

"Fuck you," Jesse spat and stormed out of the barn.

Hale's gut clenched as the barn door slapped the wall hard, bounced back, then swung on its hinges.

Braden leaned against the beam and cocked an eyebrow. "So much for a quiet Sunday morning. Do I need to ask how it feels to have him back home?"

Hale didn't want to feel anything at all, but he did. Seeing Jesse again hurt like hell. He knew it would because to see him was to want him. Nothing had changed. Except that this time, Hale had turned Jesse away. "I couldn't care less."

"You're full of shit." Braden tossed off his hat and closed in tight, pushing Hale against the stall wall.

Hale couldn't speak. Desire coiled in his gut and threatened to snap. Need of Braden and want of Jesse. Braden's whiskered jaw rasped against his cheek as Braden kissed his neck with his hot, wet

mouth.

"I know you too well." Braden nipped at Hale's mouth. Fine lines creased the corner of his blue eyes. Braden was a few years older than Hale, but thirty looked good on him. Bronzed by the wind and sun. Hard from work. And he was experienced—skilled in everything from ranching to sex. "You do care."

He slammed his lips onto Hale's. Firm and demanding. Together their passion was explosive, consuming, and mutual. But more than that, Braden did know Hale. When Hale was going down—going down hard—Braden was there. He watched Hale crash...then picked him up.

"Your dick is hard," Braden said, cupping Hale's cock and squeezing him with strong fingers.

"So is yours."

"My dick is always hard."

"But this is different. I've fucked him...you've always wanted to."

"And you're sweating because you want that pretty boy on his knees sucking you off while I fuck your ass."

Yeah, Braden knew Hale wasn't over Jesse. Hale didn't care. Their relationship was easy. No expectations. No regrets. Just incredible sex and friendship.

"I'm over him," Hale whispered against Braden's mouth. "I don't want him." He tugged Braden's shirt up his body, over his head, and tossed it to the ground. "I just want you."

And he did. His buttocks clenched, anticipating Braden's thick cock ramming into him. The burn...the pleasure. He braced his hands on Braden's hips and rolled his pelvis, grinding his erection into the faded fly of Braden's jeans.

Braden kissed him again, slicing the blade of his tongue along the seam and licking his way into Hale's mouth. Hale groaned and rocked into Braden.

He ran his hands over the rippling muscles of Braden's broad back. Smooth and hard. Hale dizzied on the power of having this man in his arms. This man that gave him almost everything he needed. The rest he could live without. He could.

"Don't lie to me...and you don't have to hide from me." Braden banded his arms around Hale, locking him in a tight embrace. "Do you think it hurts me to know you have feelings for him? I know you want to pretend you're dead inside. He fucked you up...but baby, he might be the only one who can heal you."

Hale shook his head. "Whatever I had with Jesse was in the past. I can't go back." Having Jesse leave him was a hell he wouldn't revisit. Hale would rather not let anyone in. He could give his body to Braden. It was all he had to offer because he wouldn't give his heart to anyone again. This was all he wanted. Physical pleasure. A hard cock to pound his ass.

"Haven't you considered maybe you need us both?"

"No." Braden and Jesse were different. Hale cared about Braden, but he wasn't attached. He wasn't.

And he wasn't still in love with Jesse.

"Stop talking," Hale snapped. "I don't need my emotions explored or my feelings validated." He fumbled with Braden's buckle. "I just need your cock in my ass." He jerked the belt loose and unzipped Braden's jeans.

"Fucking me won't work Jesse out of your system."

Hale knew that. He'd been fucking Braden for months, and it hadn't banished Jesse from his thoughts yet. Nothing ever would, but that didn't mean he had to cry in his beer like a pussy. "Do you need a written invitation?"

“Your oral persuasion will be enough.”

“I’ll suck your cock, but you need to shut up about Jesse. I don’t want you to talk about him.” Although Hale would think about him. “Not while I’ve got your dick in my mouth.”

Hale peeled open the fly of Braden’s jeans. Braden’s swelling cock unfurled into his palm, hot and heavy. Hale dropped to his knees onto the fresh straw covering the dirt ground and tugged Braden’s jeans down his muscular thighs.

Dark hair bisected his corded abdominals and fanned out over his groin. Wiry curls surrounded the base of his erect cock. Long and thick, with a flared rim. A bead of moisture gathered at the slit. Hale leaned forward and drank in Braden’s earthy scent. Unable to resist, he dragged his tongue over the head and tasted him.

Braden growled. More than physical strength, the power and dominance in the guttural sound held Hale immobile. Mouth barely closed over the head, he closed his fist around the thick shaft and breathed against Braden’s heated flesh.

“Take it,” Braden bit out through gritted teeth. He cupped Hale’s skull and slid his dick between Hale’s lips. Soft, hot flesh filled his mouth. Braden thrust deeper, into the back of his throat. Hale relaxed his jaw and took more. “Damn.” Braden moaned and leaned his head back against the wall.

Hale lashed his tongue over the head and down the shaft. Soft and tender wouldn’t scrub Jesse’s image from his mind. The hurt in his eyes, the defeat in his slumped shoulders and then the anger as he stormed from the barn. Hale had felt the regret just as acutely.

Pressure built in Hale’s chest, and something he didn’t want to acknowledge churned in his gut. Dammit. He sucked Braden harder, wild and aggressive. He pumped his fist, squeezing,

needing...something. Or someone.

“Fuck.” Braden flinched and tightened his fists in Hale’s hair. “You want it rough?” He bucked, shoving his cock deep in Hale’s mouth. Hale choked but wanted more. “Did Jesse fuck you rough?”

God, why did he have to mention Jesse?

“Is this how you want me to fuck you now?” Braden grabbed Hale by the shoulders and shoved him away. “No.”

“What the fuck?” Hale tumbled to his ass in the straw of the stall.

“No more denials.” Braden dropped down beside him. “If you want him, go to him.”

Heat flared through Hale. “If I wanted him, I would be with him right now.” He shifted to his knees. “Yes, it hurt to see him.” With Braden he could be honest. “I can’t shut off how I feel.” He sat back and leaned against the wooden wall. “I’m trying.” He glanced to Braden, desperate for him to understand. “I made a choice four months ago when we were tested, when we threw out the condoms and made a promise not to fuck around.”

Braden hiked up his jeans and sat next to Hale. “We did make a choice, but it doesn’t have to be the only choice.” He rested his palm on Hale’s thigh.

“If you’re asking if I’d rather be with Jesse, then the answer is no.” And he meant it. Jesse held a piece of his heart, but Braden was no less significant. He turned to Braden, leaned in and kissed him. The intense need was momentarily banked, but the simmering heat between them still smoldered.

“I’m not insecure when it comes to us.” Braden linked their fingers. “You’ll turn me into a love-sick sap.” He smiled. “I care about you, and I don’t want to lose what we have, but baby, you’re not happy.”

“Nothing can be perfect, but what we have is pretty good.”

Braden shook his head. "I don't think you'll be happy without Jesse."

Hale shrugged. "How can I trust him?"

Silence stretched between them. How could he trust Jesse? *How could he trust himself?* And how was Braden able to sit here with him and talk about...what? Adrenaline spiked his blood and his heart pounded. A shudder ripped through him and his stomach rolled. What was he really trying to say? "Are you breaking up with me?" Although Hale had never labeled Braden his boyfriend, that was what he was.

Braden chuckled, launched himself onto Hale and toppled him to his back. "No." He wedged his hips between Hale's thighs and rocked his pelvis into Hale's. "I'm saying that I get off when you do." He spread his knees and widened Hale's thighs. "You told me you always topped Jesse, but you'll only bottom for me." He braced his weight on outstretched arms and swiveled his hips in a slow dry fuck. "He's the one you want to fuck. Just like you want to be fucked by me."

"Oh, God." Hale's ridged cock bucked against Braden. "Yes, I want to fuck him." He didn't want to penetrate anyone else. Just Jesse. "Damn you, but yes, I want you both." He held tightly to Braden as emotions washed over him in crippling intensity. Braden was right. This wasn't enough, would never be enough.

"Then tell him."

Hay rustled near the stall opening. "He doesn't have to."

Jesse.

Hale froze. He stared into Braden's eyes. Fear and need warred for dominance in his head...and in his heart. He'd fought his feelings for so long, contemplating letting go had his gut tight and his

dick throbbing.

Braden shifted, sat up, and glanced from Jesse to Hale. "I don't think either one of us is leaving."

Hale glanced at Jesse as he stood. Even his fingers trembled. Those full lips weren't smiling, but along with his soft brown eyes framed with thick long lashes, Hale knew Jesse's thoughts. They mirrored his own.

"I missed you," Jesse whispered, and Hale broke.

"I've missed you, too." He glanced over his shoulder to Braden. Then he turned back to Jesse. "We need to talk. I think maybe I've been wrong. It wouldn't be the first time Braden made me face a few truths."

Braden stood behind Hale.

Jesse took a step closer. "I've been listening long enough to know that I'm not intruding where I'm not wanted."

Jeans hugged Jesse's long legs, and his Henley clung to the curves and contours of his chest. He wasn't muscular, not like Braden, but he still made Hale ache with need—the need to drive his cock into Jesse's ass, to piston hard and fast until they blew their load. But unlike his relationship with Braden, he'd always worn a condom. For months, Braden had been riding him bareback. Hot skin to hot skin. Exclusive in body, even when Hale hadn't always been exclusive in thought.

Because of Jesse. "Stay."

"I'm not leaving," Jesse said. "But I know in staying I've lost what I had with you."

"But maybe you could have something more," Braden said. "With both of us."

"I hope so." Jesse smiled, and the tension between them lessened.

"Good." Hale bent over, his ass bumping into Braden. Braden chuckled and stabilized Hale by

holding his hips as Hale tugged off his boots. He straightened and jerked open the fly of his jeans. "Because my feelings for you haven't changed," Hale said to Jesse. "But they have changed for Braden."

Jesse turned his gaze to Braden. "I can't blame either of you for my fuck up. When I walked out earlier I was pissed. But mostly pissed at myself. I knew I'd lost him."

"You haven't," Braden said. "But I'm not giving him up." The possessive tone in Braden's voice was unmistakable. He slid his palms into the seat of Hale's jeans, pushing them onto his hips. "This ass is mine." Braden's splayed fingers cupped Hale's ass, the tips tracing the seam of his cheeks.

"So what do you want?" Jesse asked Hale.

Braden answered for him. "He wants your ass."

Pressure constricted Hale's chest like a python. "I do." He backed his ass into Braden. "I want to cram you full of cock as Braden fills me full of cum." Hale trembled, his buttocks flexing and his passage clenching, hungry for Braden's thick rod. He shoved his hand into the front of his jeans, forcing them down and releasing his cock.

Jesse sucked in a sharp inhale, his gaze locked on Hale as he closed his fingers around his dick.

"No regrets," Braden whispered in Hale's ear. He shoved Hale's jeans down his legs until Hale stepped out of them and kicked them to the side. He widened his stance, bracing for an aggressive ride. Braden's cock rode the seam of his ass, sliding through his cheeks, but not probing for penetration. "I love you," Braden said with a growl. "I know you don't want to hear it. Tough shit."

Hale closed his eyes, feeling the words he couldn't say on the tip of his tongue.

"But I'm not fucking you *and* Jesse, just for you." He glanced to Jesse, bringing him into a moment heavy with emotion. "This is for all of us."

Jesse stepped into the stall. "I feel like an outsider, that I'm interfering with you two."

"You've been with us even when you weren't here," Braden said.

Hale released a shaky exhale. Maybe they all needed each other.

Braden kissed Hale's neck, sliding his lips to his shoulder. "No bringing up the past. No punishing Jesse...or yourself."

Hale reached behind him and rested his hand on the outer flank of Braden's thigh. Braden's muscle flexed. Hale gripped him tighter and ground his ass hard into Braden's groin. "You don't have to worry, Braden. I'm right where I want to be. Are you?" Hale asked Jesse.

Jesse stepped in close, cradled Hale's face in his palms and nipped his lips. "Yes." He kissed him softly again.

"Then kiss me like you mean it." Hale flung his arms around Jesse and pulled him in hard. Jesse's mouth opened and Hale thrust inside. Tongues parried, rubbing together...remembering the way it used to be between them. Hale ate at Jesse's mouth. Hot, wet, delicious.

Hale moaned into the kiss. Braden had dropped to his knees, spread Hale's cheeks and tongued his hole. He shivered and clutched at Jesse.

"I'm nervous." Jesse trekked his palms along Hale's sides, across his chest, and scraped his thumbs over Hale's nipples.

"Why? It's not like we haven't done this before."

"That was different...we were different."

Yeah, their relationship had been a secret. Hale afraid of losing his job...and Jesse afraid of losing his father's acceptance. Jesse's dad had to know about Hale and Braden. They hadn't hid their relationship. They worked together, shared their off time together...and lived together. He'd never

interfered with their personal space so long as the work was getting done. But would he feel the same about his own son?

“What’s it worth? Our being together?” He tugged on the hem of Jesse’s shirt. “We have history...but maybe we have a future, too. An open future.” He thought of the man playing with his ass. Braden loved him, trusted him, wasn’t ashamed or afraid of him. Hale wanted the same with Jesse.

Jesse ripped his shirt over his head and fumbled with the buckle of his belt. His gaze never wavered. He stared hard at Hale as he stripped out of his clothes. Once naked, he folded Hale into a hug and kissed him, saying more than any words could. He kissed and tasted his way down Hale’s torso, sucking hard on his nipples as he gripped Hale’s cock.

Hale sank his teeth into his bottom lip. As Jesse rained hot kisses over his body, Braden’s tongue darted into his hole, circled the pucker then flicked against the opening again. Hale was sandwiched between the only two men that had ever mattered to him.

Jesse knelt in front of him. His touch was hesitant but determined.

“I dreamed of this every night,” Jesse whispered. Warm breaths caressed Hale’s cock a moment before wet, silken heat surrounded the corona. Jesse rolled his lips over his teeth and slid his mouth down the length.

Braden moaned behind him, licking his hole. Hale glanced down at Jesse, and his heart skittered into a rampant pace. As Braden rimmed his ass, prodding into him with his long strong fingers, he stroked Jesse’s cock.

A flash of heated jealousy melted into an erotic acceptance. This wasn’t just about him. Braden and Jesse were also becoming lovers.

A frisson of need sizzled up Hale’s spine. Jesse

ate his cock, licking the shaft, sucking the head, and swirling his tongue over his sac. He was wet and throbbing. Jesse moaned around the shaft and cum churned in Hale's nuts. Braden's and Jesse's tongues were everywhere, twining together, licking and sucking Hale's ass, his cock, his balls.

Dizzy with lust and trembling from the intense pleasure, Hale released a growl and fought the surging rush of heat. He didn't want to come in Jesse's mouth. His need to fuck him, to possess him intimately, bordered on pain. He wondered if Braden felt the same desperation to be in his ass.

"Jesse, I need you." Saying the words didn't scare him, not when he had the strength of Braden behind him.

Jesse glanced up, and the smile on his face punched Hale in the gut. "I need you, too. I'm just sorry it took me so long to figure that out."

Braden stood and held out a hand to Jesse. "That you're here now is all that matters." Jesse stood and Braden tugged him close. "I've known you a long time," he said to Jesse and trailed his fingers up the lean muscles of Jesse's arm.

Hale joined in the touching, rubbing his palm over Jesse's pectorals. "What he's trying to say is that he's wanted to *fuck* you for a long time."

Jesse smiled at Braden. "The feeling is mutual."

Braden leaned in and kissed Jesse. Jesse's mouth opened, and Braden's tongue invaded. Braden wasn't aggressive. The kiss was a hypnotic dance of tasting. Braden dipped in for a deeper exploration, and their open mouths sealed. Hale felt the kiss to the tips of his toes. His cock flexed and his hands balled into fists to keep from touching either of them, from breaking the spell weaving around them.

When the kiss continued, Hale couldn't resist. He moved in behind Jesse and aligned his cock with the smooth seam of Jesse's ass. God, he felt so good,

so familiar and so right. Jesse moaned and pressed back, rubbing his ass against Hale's cock.

Hale rested his hands on Jesse's waist and rolled his pelvis. "I need to be inside you."

Jesse turned away from Braden's kiss, breathing hard. "What are you waiting for?"

Hale suddenly remembered his promise with Braden. A lump formed in his throat. He swallowed, but the pressure mounted. "Condom?" He couldn't be with Jesse without one.

"Shit." Braden kept his hands on Jesse, but his gaze rested on Hale.

Jesse stepped away, bent, and grabbed his jeans. "I have one." He stood and turned to them with the condom. "But I only have one."

"That's all we need," Hale said. "For now."

"So you don't glove up when you fuck Hale?" Jesse asked Braden.

"I trust him." The statement wasn't meant to imply anything except the truth. Hale and Braden had made a promise. A crushing heaviness rested on Hale's chest. He wanted the promise to include Jesse.

"And I trust Braden. As much as I want to be here with you, I wouldn't without him." Hell, Hale couldn't be sure where he'd be if Braden hadn't come into his life after Jesse walked out. A warm radiant fire spread heat throughout his body. Heat for Braden...and for Jesse and all they could share together. If Jesse wanted it. "I trusted you once, Jesse."

"I trusted you, too." Jesse's gaze softened. "And I'll prove to you that you can still trust me." But he acknowledged that they weren't there yet when he ripped open the condom and fit the ring to the tip of Hale's cock. He carefully rolled the rubber down the length then turned around.

"I do trust you." Hale believed Jesse when he

said he regretted his choices. "We all make decisions we regret." He swallowed, knowing he meant the words. "I won't regret today." He ran his palm over Jesse's buttocks and thigh with his left hand. With his right, he spit on his fingers and sliced between Jesse's cheeks. "You're tight," he said, circling Jesse's pucker and breaching his passage. Tight, hot, and soft.

Jesse moaned as Hale pressed past the gripping rim and screwed his finger in, probing Jesse's inner tissues. Braden stood in front of Jesse, kissing his way from one nipple to the other, kissing Jesse's stomach, and circling his tongue around Jesse's navel. Jesse gripped Braden's head and gently pushed him lower, silently asking for Braden's mouth on his cock.

Braden dropped to his knees, curled his fingers around Jesse's shaft, and licked him from root to the pronounced ridge of the crown. Braden moaned, closed his mouth over the head, and sucked.

"So tight." Hale carefully inserted a second finger. Jesse's core contracted hard on his fingers.

Jesse groaned. "Should be tight." He backed into Hale's hand. "I haven't been with anyone else."

Hale paused. "Why?"

Braden swallowed all of Jesse, sucked him deep until his nose was flush to Jesse's groin. A sigh of longing slipped from Hale's lips. Hale knew how it felt to have his cock sliding deep into that moist, heated haven. His own cock throbbed, wanting, needing to be inside Jesse.

"I don't want anyone else. Just you...and Braden."

Flames licked Hale's loins. His balls tingled and tightened. He probed deeper into Jesse. "He's too tight," he said to Braden.

Braden bobbed his mouth on Jesse's cock as he pumped his fist hard and fast.

“Ah, I’m going to come.” Jesse gasped. His chest rose and fell with rapid breaths.

“Good,” Hale whispered, locking his arm around Jesse, Jesse’s back to his chest. Muscles tensed throughout Jesse’s body. Hale held him tighter. “Tell him when. I need lube to get my dick in your ass.”

Jesse leaned his head against Hale as he bucked his hips, driving his cock into Braden’s mouth. “Oh fuck.” A low guttural groan rolled from Jesse. The vibration of his body, the tremble of his building release seeped into Hale. “I’m there.” He tensed, his hips jerking as he rushed toward orgasm.

Braden took his mouth from Jesse but continued to pump his fist. Jesse’s cock stretched and the head darkened. Jesse convulsed with the first spurt. He shivered and quaked, his release ripping over him. Hale continued to hold him flush, kissing his neck and his shoulder.

“God, I’ve missed seeing you come.”

Braden’s hand wedged between them. As Hale kissed and whispered to Jesse, Braden smeared Jesse’s cum over Hale’s cock. Jesse widened his stance and Braden slicked Jesse’s hole.

“Hale.” Jesse’s voice quivered.

“Shh. I won’t hurt you.” Would never hurt him. “Let Braden guide me in.”

Braden banded Hale’s cock in a fist. Hale bent his knees and let Braden position his cock at Jesse’s tight, slippery entrance.

Hale’s heart pounded. Months melted away, and he was back where he belonged, slowly penetrating Jesse. Jesse’s hole was tight, the rim unforgiving. But Hale was patient, knowing the pleasure to come. He pushed in, slowly...so slowly, until the muscles relaxed and his cock slid into Jesse’s hot sheath.

He closed his eyes and just relished the moment.

“Feel good?”

Hale opened his eyes and stared at the man who

had become his best friend, his lover...his partner. Emotions surged through him. He had the man he ached for in his arms and the man he needed leaning in to kiss him. His mouth opened and Braden was there, his tongue thrusting into his mouth as Hale began a slow retreat from Jesse and a strong surge forward. Together they were a wave of erotic motion, but they weren't complete. Not yet.

"Will you fuck me?" he whispered against Braden's lips.

Braden grazed his thumb over Hale's bottom lip and lowered his voice. "Baby, I'll do anything for you."

Jesse leaned forward and braced his arms against the wall. Hale rocked and swiveled his hips in a slow gyration, screwing his cock in and out of Jesse. Sweat trickled down Jesse's spine, slicking his skin. Hale ran his hand over the hard contours of Jesse's back, his lean hips and up over his ribs. He couldn't stop touching Jesse.

Braden bracketed his hands on Hale's hips. Hale stilled his thrusting and reached around Jesse's and grabbed Jesse's dick. "I want you hard again." He gasped. "Oh yeah." Braden parted Hale's buttocks and spit on his clenching pucker. A few strokes from Braden's thick fingers had Hale relaxing and his body begging for penetration.

Hale stroked stiffness back into Jesse's cock. He curved his chest to Jesse's back as Braden fed his thick, hard cock into his ass. The sweet burn didn't detract from his pleasure. He ached for the stretch, the full feeling of having Braden buried within him. He eased out of Jesse to drive Braden deeper.

Hot, silken tissues caressed his dick, and hard, steely cock speared his ass. He drew in a deep breath and began to move.

"Together." Braden reached past Hale's hips, grasped Jesse and anchored them together. They

were joined, a continuous flow of pleasure.

Jesse grunted with each plunge of Hale's cock. Hale's mind numbed to everything but the euphoria. "Braden."

Braden thrust harder, knowing Hale like sex rough and aggressive. Braden braced a hand on Hale's back and plowed into his ass. Hot skin to hot skin. The force of his thrusts drilled Hale into Jesse. Grunts and heavy breaths filled the air. Hale's. Braden's. Jesse's.

Faster. Harder. Hale slid his hands to Jesse's flanks. Sweat-slicked skin slapped against sweat-slicked skin. Hale gritted his teeth, slammed home, and erupted. Hot spurts pulsed through his shaft and into the latex barrier. Jesse moaned, reached between his legs and furiously stroked his shaft. He came hard, the rhythmic contractions milking Hale's cock. A smooth glove of fiery heat.

Braden growled. "Feels so good," he said with his jaw clenched and his body tense. He was driven—a fierce and powerful man claiming what was his...what would always be his.

"Don't stop," Hale pleaded. Braden thrust deep. His cock was thick, hard, and fit Hale perfectly. Hale held tight to Jesse, taking the punishing intensity, reveling in the potency of the moment, hanging on for another stroke.

Braden pistoned rough and fast. And then with a shout, he came. Braden's cock jerked and throbbed within Hale's rectum. Hot cum slicked his passage. Braden continued to thrust.

Hale clung to Jesse and Braden held them both. The way they belonged. Together.

Spent, Braden gulped in air and his body melted against Hale's.

"I don't want to be the one to shatter the moment, but my legs are about to give out," Jesse said with a laugh.

Hale straightened. Braden pulled out of his ass and Hale slipped from Jesse. He slid off the condom. With trembling legs, he crossed to the burn barrel and dropped the rubber into the trash. He grabbed his jeans and tugged them on.

When he turned around, Jesse was in Braden's arms. Braden had one hand on Jesse's ass and the other cupped Jesse's skull as he kissed him. Tongues, lips, teeth. They made love with their mouths. Their beautiful bodies pressed against each other. Hale's heartbeat matched the tempo, a slow but heavy beat. Pressure built behind his eyes. For so long he'd denied that Braden meant anything to him and that he was over Jesse. He'd been so wrong. He loved them both...needed them both. A warmth settled in his chest and filled his heart.

And they needed him.

Hale stepped closer. Braden broke from the kiss. "Are you okay?"

Hale shook his head. His tongue was thick and his throat tight. "No, I'm not."

"What's wrong? Oh fuck, I'm sorry. If this isn't going to work—" Jesse backed away and searched for his jeans. "I mean, I don't want to come between you and Braden." He stepped into his jeans. "I was pissed earlier, but I can see now, you two have something special."

Hale stared at him. "We had...have something special, too. Maybe your leaving before wasn't a mistake." He glanced to Braden. He couldn't regret Jesse's leaving when it was what brought Braden into his bed...into his life. He turned back to Jesse. "But leaving now would be."

He looked at Braden. Saliva filled his mouth as his heart raced. His hands shook and his gut tightened. "I love you."

Braden grinned.

Hale had never said the words before, yet saying

them now felt right. He didn't want to hide his emotions—didn't want to pretend he didn't care.

"I should go." Jesse took a step back.

Hale grabbed him by the waistband of his jeans. "Oh no, you don't." He tugged him close, nearly touching chest to chest. He stared into Jesse's brown eyes. "No more secrets between us. I love you...I never stopped loving you."

"So you want to love us both...together?"

Braden wrapped his arm around Hale. He kissed Hale's neck. "Yes. He does and so do I."

Hale curled his fingers around Jesse's neck. "Yes." He leaned in. "God, tell me you want that, too." Hale kissed him, parting Jesse's lips with his tongue and sliding into his wet heat.

Who needed words? With one hand, Jesse palmed Braden's ass and with the other, he held Hale close. Yep, Hale was going down again, but this time, going down was going to feel damn good.

About the Author

Multi-published author KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children, and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen, and hot scenes between the pages of her books.

Visit KyAnn at
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To chat with KyAnn and other Wild Rose Press authors of erotic romance, join us at www.group.yahoo.com/group/thewilderroses.

Also Available

Mercy Of The Dragon

by

KyAnn Waters

Ja'darien, slayer of Dracs, will stop at nothing to banish his deviant desire for the dragons. He won't rest until he rids the world of the beasts. On the edge of a ravine, he waits for his prey.

Kerkira, a winged dragon, hunts the slayer. Yet, when given the chance, he can't kill his enemy. The man is his mate. However, because of Ja'darien's sins against the Dracs, Kerkira vows the slayer's submission will not be pleasant.

The bond of mating is more intense than either is prepared for. Will Kerkira forgive him because Ja'darien is at the mercy of the dragon?

An Excerpt From
Mercy Of The Dragon

Fear stabbed at Ja'darien with the sound of the dragon man's voice. Deep, rich and seductive. A sexual assault on his senses. Only Kerkira wasn't just a man. He was more. Something more dangerous dwelled within Kerkira. More alluring. More menacing to Ja'darien's psyche.

The dragon's eyes glared from the shadows. Lust simmered in the swirling amber depths. Lust Ja'darien reciprocated. Thick pearly cream leaked from Kerkira's thick and solid cock. And between his legs, his tail—yes, the tail of a dragon—rolled and teased his succulent sac. Skin, more like the flesh of a human but hairless, carried the markings of the Drac from the ridge. Not only had he lost the battle with the beast, he was now the Drac's captive—at his mercy.

"Release me." Either physically or by death, but he couldn't fight the images boiling in his mind. Visual fantasies of submitting to the dragon, of being a sexual servant and letting the beast ravage his body.

"Never." The Drac approached the pallet. "You can no longer deny our connection."

Ja'darien shook his head. Shivers broke over his flesh. "No. We are *not* connected."

"Do *not* deny what you are!" Kerkira's gaze roamed over Ja'darien. Bound to the pallet he was defenseless. Yet the vulnerability heightened his awareness of the Drac's sweet breath. The dragon man's aroused body was carved of hard muscle and was the deep color of copper.

Lust robbed Ja'darien of breath, of thoughts other than of the Drac. He burned, ached for all he'd

denied himself. He could no longer fight the forbidden. “Kill me, dragon.”

“I have no intention of killing you, Ja’darien, slayer of Dracs.” He dropped to the ground and sat on the edge of the pallet. His tail snaked around Ja’darien’s calf, the node inching higher up Ja’darien’s inner thigh, scoring a heated trail into his flesh. Ja’darien flinched with the touch, but his cock jumped and more cream trickled over the bulbous head. The binding kept Ja’darien’s legs spread. Kerkira slithered his tail, teasing as he ventured closer to Ja’darien’s center. Ja’darien would resist this torture. He was stronger than his desires. The tail curled around his shaft, squeezing with exquisite pressure. The node on the tip dipped into the slit of Ja’darien’s cock and gathered slippery cream.

“What do you want from me?”

“Today...your body. Tomorrow...your submission...and then eternity.”

To purchase *Mercy Of The Dragon* and other erotic titles, visit www.thewilderroses.com.

Also Available

Up Close & Personal

by

KyAnn Waters

No way is Nate Sheppard attending the office celebration to kiss his new boss' ass. He's already been there and done that. And it literally screwed him out of a promotion. Now he's done with interoffice affairs. Especially when the only man he truly wants is off limits.

Graham Eddins knows Nate isn't opposed to office romances, but Nate's been screwing the wrong men. Until now Graham hasn't been willing to risk their friendship. However, if he wants more, he's going to have to offer Nate a new position...one that's up close and personal.

An Excerpt From

Up Close & Personal

Nate could see Graham's pulse fluttering in the strong column of his neck, the flush of color in his cheeks, and feel the warmth of Graham's breath against his face. His lips looked soft, soft enough to kiss. Mesmerizing eyes to drown in, to forget about everything but seeing those smoky irises darken with passion. "You're the most serious man I know."

"Graham," he whispered, afraid to say more, afraid to reveal too much about the rioting sensations firing through him. *Kiss him. Touch him. Tell him how you feel.*

"You're driven by your job, but not enough to fuck for it." Graham rested his hand on Nate's hip.

Breath froze in Nate's lungs, his chest tightened, and his gut clenched. He found voice to whisper, "No."

Graham's fingertips hesitantly inched higher, onto Nate's waist. "What will you fuck for?"

Nate swallowed, but his tongue thickened and his mouth watered. Graham was touching him in a very non-platonic way. Graham's face was close, his body closer. Sliding his hand onto Nate's ass, Graham pressed his groin into Nate's, and Nate groaned. Graham's cock was solid and beyond tempting. But..."I can't fuck you."

"Can't or won't?"

"Where is this is coming from?" Nate had always been attracted to Graham, wishing Graham felt the same.

"You never let on you were interested, so neither did I." Graham nuzzled Nate's neck. His stubble rasped against Nate's flesh. "But I'm interested."

Oh, damn, Graham's touch was determined and his lips persuasive. Moist air caressed Nate's flesh,

then Graham licked him, an elusive flick of the tongue, but the effect had Nate on fire. His cock raged and his balls tightened. Every nerve tingled, and his mind dizzyed with the possibility of sex with Graham.

“I won’t believe you if you tell me you can’t.” Graham gripped Nate’s hips and anchored him hard against his groin. Their cocks ground together. “Your cock is hard, and as you stated...you like to fuck.”

“I won’t do casual,” Nate said, letting his head loll to the side. Graham gently bit the tender flesh of Nate’s neck. “Not with you.”

To purchase *Up Close & Personal* and other erotic titles, visit www.thewilderroses.com.