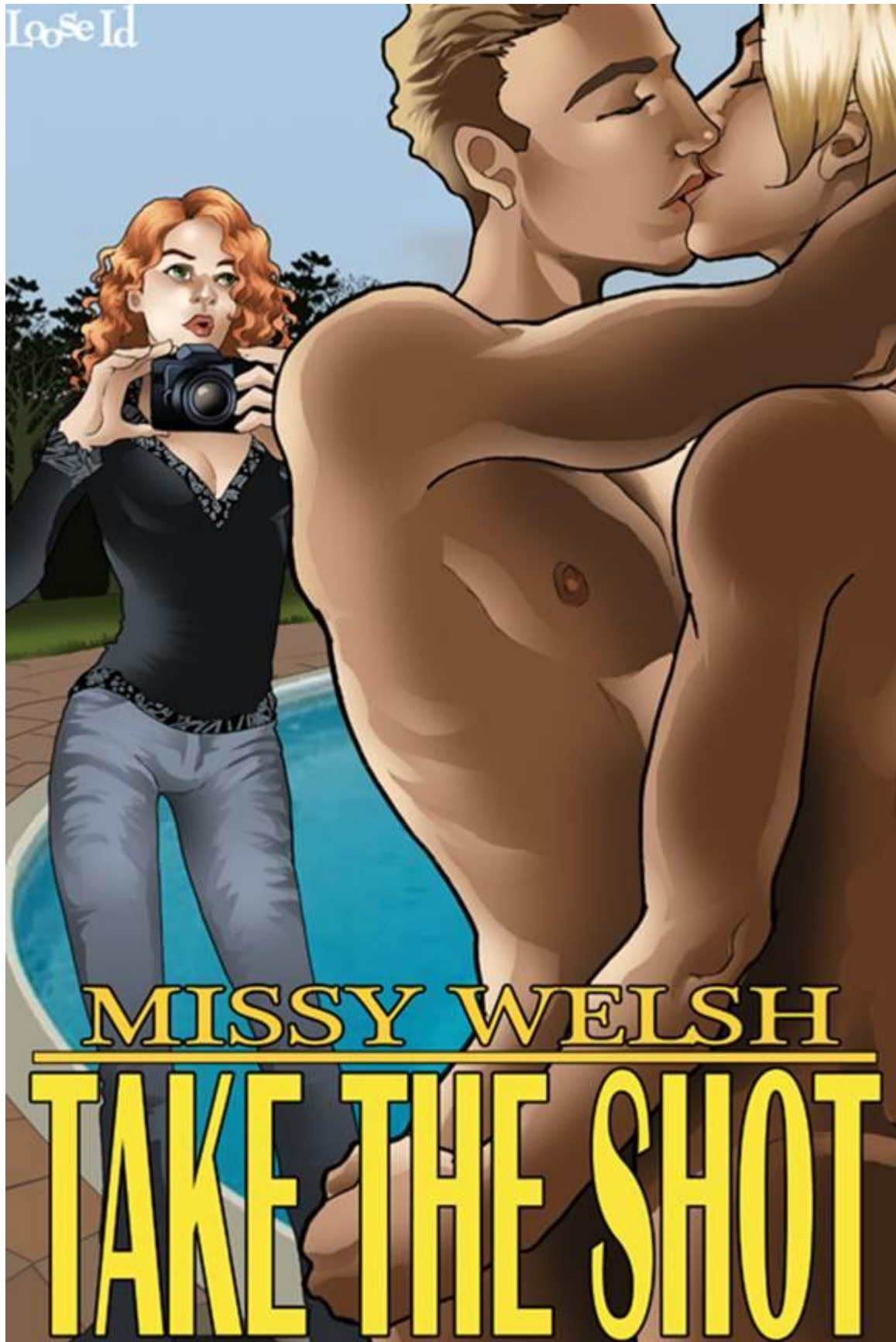


Loose Id



Take the Shot

Missy Welsh



www.loose-id.com

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Dedication

With thanks to Tara, LC, and Stacey for their time, suggestions, and general awesomeness. You helped me when I needed it, and I won't forget that.

Prologue

Eight Months Ago

I don't really know what I was expecting in a loan shark's office. Something from a movie, probably. Maybe a little back room in a barbershop. Maybe something cluttered and dark, with dust motes dancing in smoke-choked air. Ah well. What I got was a booth in a Denny's near the kitchen doors that let me see some kid burning toast that was no doubt supposed to be mine.

Across from me sat Ralphie Palmer. He was a whale of a man, big and squishy, with fuzzy, brown halo hair and dark eyes slowly being swallowed whole by the pudginess of his face. Boobs bigger than mine. As a kid, I'd had trouble deciding if he was male or female, before giving up in favor of eagerly hounding him for the lollipops he'd bring me when he'd visit my dad.

Uncle Ralphie wasn't happy with me right now, so there were no offered treats. In fact, I wasn't so sure he'd let me stick around and eat the breakfast I'd ordered.

"Your father know you're here?" he asked, picking at the middle tine of his fork with his fingernail. That was

annoying. "He send you to me?"

"No, he doesn't know, and he's not going to." I think he squinted disapprovingly at me, so I added a hasty, "Please don't tell him."

He nodded and sighed, sounding like a walrus. Thank God he didn't have a bristly mustache to add to the effect, or I'd have been giggling. How inappropriate that would be.

"What do you need ten grand for, Carrie?"

"To pay off some debt and get the creditors off me."

He gave me a quirky grin. "You do know they're the nicer of the options, right?"

I leaned forward on the table, ignoring the fact that I'd just put my forearm into something sticky. "I know what you do and for who, Uncle Ralphie, but I'm here as family asking for help. Nobody else has this kind of money. I know it'll have to be, you know, documented on your end, and I know there are consequences if I don't keep my end of things." I sat back, the little hairs on my arm pulling as I detached from the stickiness on the table. "I'd just rather deal with the people I know than these bastards who keep harassing me. I mean, if someone's going to take my car, I'd like it better knowing it was you."

After all, he'd done a sort of back-and-forth thing with my dad's cars for years. I wasn't going to let it get that bad, of course, since I already had a plan for paying Ralphie back, but if it did come down to that, Ralphie would hold on to things that would get returned once I paid up. The creditors wouldn't.

"All right. We'll do this," he said, shifting around in his seat. The table gouging into his gut like that couldn't possibly be comfortable. "I'll give you the money, and you've got ten months to pay me back. That's a very generous offer, young lady," he said, pointing one fat finger at me.

"I really appreciate it, Uncle Ralphie." I gave him my winningest smile. "You won't regret this. I promise."

He grunted. "I want monthly payments of no less than a thousand. I get that coming in, I can keep the higher-ups off my back." He looked at me hard, and it actually was a little intimidating. "But if they come down on me, guess what happens to you."

I nodded. "I understand." My father had sported the physical evidence of Ralphie's upset a time or two. I could take it like a man when I had to. "I won't disappoint you."

He shook his head. "Already doing that, kiddo."

He didn't let me stay for breakfast, but I didn't really want to after that. I knew this was all my own stupid fault, but there were some circumstances that had been out of my control. Yes, getting into debt in the first place had been all me. The school loans were a necessary evil, though I should've known better than to go into a field like English Lit. That wasn't going to actually take me anywhere. It was the credit card debt that was the really dumb part. They should teach kids about that in high school if they were going to pass out applications on the college campuses to any idiot freshman with a pen.

I'd been paying everything down slowly but steadily until I'd lost my job to this brilliant economy. A few missed payments later and the creditors had started calling. I'd worked my inherent Trent family hustler magic on them for a while, but they weren't buying it anymore. I wasn't sure what the rules were, but I was pretty sure they weren't supposed to threaten me. I was also pretty sure I could handle Uncle Ralphie's form of reminding a client to pay up, since it was the equivalent of whacking a dog on the nose with a rolled-up newspaper. Two of these creditors had mentioned kneecaps and broken fingers. Ralphie preferred steak dinners and a bottle of Chianti.

Obviously going to the mob for money was rarely a good idea, but I did trust Uncle Ralphie like family and knew he'd do what he could for me. My method of paying back his money was just as illegal as getting the money in the first place, but I was good at organizing a party and liked poker. Why not organize a poker party with some acquaintances from the nearby university who would willingly pay some kind of cover charge for booze and a chance to play for real stakes? Their money would become my money would become Uncle Ralphie's money.

I unlocked my apartment door, noticed the mail had arrived, and grabbed it on my way inside. Among the bills with big red lines all over them was a large postcard announcing my ten-year high school reunion. I felt a smile tug up my lips as I recalled the one person I would be happy to see there. Scotty Shadwell. He'd been everything masculine and beautiful at eighteen. Did he still look as good at twenty-eight? God, he probably looked better.

Was he still gay?

“Don’t be stupid,” I told myself, dropping the bills and picking up the phone. Sexuality wasn’t a choice. I could still remember sitting on the bleachers one lunch break and watching him struggle with telling me. I’d finally hugged him and told him I didn’t care who he loved, just to make him stop sputtering and shaking. Well, that hadn’t been the only reason. I’d wanted to touch that hard body for years, and ironically, once he came out to me, he’d had no problem cuddling me up all the damn time.

“Hello?” the voice on the other end of the line said.

“Hi, it’s Carrie Trent. I’d like to RSVP for the reunion.”

Chapter One

Today

“Carrie,” Tom said in that accusatory tone he had. He was a barrel-chested man with a shiny bald head and old Navy tattoos on his arms. Gay as a Mardi Gras parade, but in that rip-your-throat-out way that made sure his sexuality was never an issue. “You took some photography classes or something like that, right?”

Why the hell did he care? “Yeah, I did. In college.”

“Then grab that camera and take four shots of each actor during their scenes.” He turned and walked out, back toward the massive, rented beach house we were defiling this week.

“Wait! What?”

Six months I’d worked for this porn film company, but they’d never let me do anything more than filing, stapling, shredding, printing—anything and everything to do with paper, actually. I’d assumed it was due to the fact that I was a girl that I wasn’t involved in the actual filming, though why the actors would mind, I couldn’t figure out. After all, they were all gay.

“Use the camera,” Tom said slowly, frowning, “and take pretty pictures.”

I ignored his assholishness for now. “But isn’t that Brad’s job?”

“Brad got promoted up into marketing. Now it’s your job. Deliver the shots to someone there when you’re done.”

Well, congrats, Brad. He was kind of a jerk, but in a prissy way that made him easy to make fun of. He thought he was butch. I was a girl and had more butch while wearing a tiara and a frilly dress than Brad would have with a full beard and stained overalls. Not that I wasn’t adorable. I had girl-next-door looks, with curly red hair and big brown eyes that had been known to send a man to his knees a time or two. Not recently, but I still had hope.

This photo thing, though... I swallowed. Okay, I could do this. I’d never actually been on set for a scene before, but how difficult could it be to stand off camera and take a few pictures? They’d want good shots of the actors that they could use on ads and such, so they probably didn’t want me getting too graphic. I could focus on faces and stuff when the guys got down and dirty.

And if you’ve seen one naked and horny man, you’ve seen them all, right?

Besides that, today would be a cakewalk because they were doing a series of scenes where one guy would be alone, masturbating for the cameras. I figured that was a pretty tame live introduction to gay skin flicks. I had, um, sampled the merchandise a time or two, so I knew what this was all about.

Tom left, and I snatched up the digital camera Brad usually used. I took off the flash, knowing I wouldn’t be allowed to use it and disturb the lighting for the video. The card could hold two gigs, and the battery was fully charged. It had a manual focus, but it could also auto focus. There were other features that might be cool, but I’d figure them out later. Better to have really good basic shots than terrible experiments on my first day.

I wondered if I should look for Brad’s past photos to get a feel for what marketing expected, but my gaze snagged the clock, and I realized I didn’t have time. I grabbed up a shooting schedule and left the guesthouse for the bedroom in the main house where Cal Westmoreland would be for the first shoot of the day.

Cal was about my height and slim, pretty, a natural blond, and an absolute sweetheart. Definitely not shy about showing a lot of skin, but kind of bubbly about it. He’d probably tease me about having to take photos of him jacking off all by his lonesome. Which actually seemed an odd role for him. The other guys called him the company’s token twink, and he was usually under someone else. Or so I’d heard, because I’d made sure he

wasn't in any of the samples I'd viewed.

Cal and I had hit it off pretty much immediately upon meeting each other six months ago. We were both fans of all kinds of romance novels, and he'd even gotten me hooked on the male/male romances he read on his laptop. He loved that I'd jumped right into reading about two hot men falling in love with each other. Our discussions still made me blush, but I was sure he didn't know that it was because I had a huge, lusty crush on him. He was my very good friend, and I dearly loved him for his friendship, but I would've given anything to have him not be gay. I wanted so much to make him mine.

I arrived at the bedroom and, through the open door, saw a blond lounging on the bed, but he wasn't Cal.

Tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and bulging with muscles described the golden god who was Scotty Shadwell. He was the reason I was here. Scotty and I had bumped into each other at the reunion, and he'd told me about this film company he worked for that had an opening in the office. I could get my foot in the door, he'd said, and see where it took me. Later he'd had a good long laugh at my expense when I'd discovered the nature of the films Steele Pictures actually produced. We were back to being friends like we had been in high school, but I ached for him just as much as for Cal. Damn them both.

"Hi," I said, trying not to gawk at the perfection of him. Thank God he still wore a pair of gray boxer briefs, or I might've been toes-up on the carpet in a dead faint.

"Hi," he said, grinning. "So did you finally kill Brad to get out of doing any more paperwork?"

I rolled my eyes at him. "Tom said he got promoted into marketing."

"So is this a promotion for you?"

I knew he was thinking of the financial woes I'd shared with him a few days ago. I had twenty-five dollars to my name until payday, and that wasn't until Friday. All Scotty knew was that I was in debt and trying to pay it off. He didn't know the rest.

My brilliant poker game idea had been going strong until I'd heard whispers about cops getting wind of them. I was so not going to risk arrest, but now Uncle Ralphie was circling because my monthly, one-grand payments had stopped. I'd thought he was a family friend and would treat me as he'd treated my father, but now I was feeling increasingly like a baby seal in the deep blue ocean knowing something with lots of teeth was somewhere below me in the dark. Uncle Ralphie had my car already, didn't know about my laptop, and hadn't once invited himself over for dinner to discuss things.

I blushed now, though, and admitted, "I actually didn't ask if this was a promotion or something temporary."

"That eager to get away from the office, huh?"

"Here's hoping I don't screw this up and have to go back."

Man, he was beautiful. Cal was kind of androgynous when he wanted to be, but Scotty was all big, strong, masculine man. Laid out on the bed, one arm thrown up beside his head, legs relaxed and spread, he looked like an ad for...well, really hot porn. Cal and I had concurred more than once that Scotty would make an excellent cover model for our romance novels. Here Scotty was with the white of the bedspread making his tan skin honey colored, and he was already semihard beneath those gray briefs.

Yeah, it worked for me.

"It's pretty much point and shoot, honey." His grin went wicked as he started slowly stroking his six-pack with those long fingers.

I cleared my throat so I wouldn't moan and held up the shooting schedule. "I thought Cal was going to be in here now. That's what it says here."

Martin, the director, heard me and snorted. Here was a man who could've doubled for Dr. Smith from the old *Lost in Space* episodes I used to watch when I could still afford cable. "Nobody wants to see atwink jerk off when they could watch a stud like Shag."

Shag was Scotty's nickname. Shadwell had become Shagwell and then just Shag.

"Thanks, Martin," Scotty said. "But I love to watch Cal."

It was no secret that Scotty and Cal worked well together and, therefore, often. I'd heard it was because their affection for each other resonated with the customers. I guessed it might be easier to perform with your actual lover, though I couldn't imagine being comfortable with all those cameras trained on me. Cal had said what they did on set was different from what they did at home. Like a goob, I'd asked how so, and he'd patiently smiled while he explained that they fucked at work and made love at home.

I, of course, had sighed dreamily while he'd giggled at me.

Scotty looked back at me, and that lazily stroking hand was suddenly on his cock, smoothing the cotton briefs so they outlined the shape jutting toward his right hip. I gulped.

God, I didn't think standing around watching Scotty my first time out was going to be a good idea. Something would happen, and I'd swoon or moan or come or something equally embarrassing. I didn't want to be anything but completely cool about all of this.

"Take the shot," he said, his voice like a purr, and tucked both hands behind his head.

I swallowed, staring at him. He gave me a little smile I couldn't quite figure out, so I raised the camera and looked through the viewfinder instead of using the screen.

With his hands like that, the position emphasized his muscular arms. Biceps the size of my thigh, but he wasn't that overdone, steroid thing. He was just thick. Hard. Frickin' everywhere.

He bent both knees, but one stayed on the bed, flopped over like an invitation. I took a step to my right, getting better shadows across his abs and, yes, along that hardening cock too. There was just enough shadow to hint at the size of his balls.

A shiver snaked down my spine when I found him still wearing that smile. It looked kind of encouraging and sweet, so maybe that was all it was. If I stared too long at it, though, I might think he wanted me to climb aboard and really give the cameras a show. Would Scotty let me hold him down while I rode him hard? I bet Cal would.

I waited for my body to chill a second, then pressed the shutter button down. It took four rapid shots, and Scotty frowned at me.

"Don't tell me you're going to chicken out and take all four shots now." He sat up.

I shook my head, making red curls bounce into my eyes as my headband gave up. I fixed it one-handed and said, "When I've got a camera that can do it, I take a bunch of shots like that so I can pick the best one and delete the rest." I checked them. "See, in the first one you blinked, and in the last one you're already starting to frown."

"Huh," he said, grinning again. "She knows what she's doing."

A couple of the crew chuckled. Then Martin reminded Scotty about what he was supposed to do in the scene. It was a lot more than just beat off.

"Only a little time with the briefs hiding what you've got, teasing; then bring that thing out to play, balls and all. We'll move around for a few different angles, but it's pretty much up to you after that. Work yourself good, and make it last. Give me some direct looks into the camera, smile a few times, and make sure we can hear you. If you want to get up and change positions or take the briefs off after a while, that's fine. Just do it. You want a dildo?"

Scotty lay back down. "Nah, I'm good on my own."

I was already feeling a little too excited about what that meant.

"You." Martin pointed at me. "Don't step in front of the cameras, don't speak, and for God's sake, don't knock anything over in here. Take your photos whenever you want to, but quietly and without the flash. And that goes for the rest of you too. I'm not going to stand any whispering and shit like that this time. If your phone rings, I'll kill you all."

Then we took our positions, and those with cell phones got them out to silence them while Scotty waved me over.

I checked to make sure Martin wasn't watching, then moved close to Scotty as he leaned toward me. Figuring he wanted to whisper—God knew what or why—I let him hold the back of my neck to pull me closer still.

"Don't worry, Carrie," he whispered. "I know you can do this." Then he kissed my cheek and let me go.

I stumbled back, managed not to knock over a lighting stand, and then Martin turned and called for quiet and action. Everyone's eyes snapped to Scotty as he lay back again. His hand slid down his perfect torso until he was stroking his cock through the underwear. How he could look so relaxed while so many eyes watched him, while they recorded him, was beyond my understanding.

Then I realized he was staring at me. Staring at me and touching himself. I shivered again and felt sweat pop out on my forehead and upper lip. *Oh, that's attractive.*

I wanted to remind him that he was supposed to look at the cameras, not the only girl in the room, so I pointed

at one of them.

He grinned oh so sexily, blinked lazily, and then bit his bottom lip as he made a low moaning sound that went straight to my core and nearly made me answer in kind.

The beautiful bastard knew exactly what he was doing to me. The big damn tease. So I raised the camera to my face and hid, pretending to wait for the next best moment to snap a photo of Scotty Shadwell, master tempter of horny boys—and at least one lonely girl.

Chapter Two

An hour later, I sat poolside and waited for them to set up the scene for Julio, a sleek Mexican with a loud mouth, who was going to tug himself to bliss on the edge of the pool. I'd already gulped down one bottle of cold water and was now sipping my second while I desperately tried to push the never-ending loop of Scotty's performance from my mind.

I'd taken seventy-two photos of him.

I hadn't been able to stop myself. Honestly hadn't. He had just been so beautiful, so fucking sexy, that I'd wanted to capture every moment. Like the one where he'd finally pushed those briefs down to bare his cock and balls. Or when he'd started teasing his ass through the bunched-up briefs while tugging on his plum-colored dick. Like when he'd almost violently shoved those briefs off so he could touch every part of himself uninhibited. Or when he'd sunk two spit-slicked fingers so far into his ass, his silver rings had disappeared.

I rested my head in my hand and took a deep breath, then let it out slowly. I'd been so turned on by the sound of him as he'd pleased himself that closing my eyes a few times had only made my longing worse. Greedy little noises, fully pleased groans, short gasps and grunts—Scotty hadn't held back a thing. He'd liked what he did to himself and let everyone hear it.

And the expressions on his face! Half my photos were of his face alone. The way he'd stared at me, those blue eyes heavy-lidded with desire. How he'd thrown his head back, arching his neck, when some move really got to him. The way he'd licked his lips, bit the bottom one when he was trying to hold off from coming for a little while longer.

It had taken everything I had to keep myself from climbing onto that bed with him and taking him into my mouth, my body. Oh, God, how I'd wanted him! Before this, it had just been a fantasy. Now I knew. I wasn't sure it was better.

When he'd finally let himself come, legs splayed wide against the bed, fingers deep in his ass, cock squeezed in a fist, the look on his face had been extraordinary. And I hadn't snapped one single shot, because he'd been looking right at me while his cock spat white all over his tight belly and he moaned long and low with blissful relief.

Looking right at me!

I'd bolted from the room the moment Martin had called an end to it all.

"Hey, you okay?" Cal asked me, suddenly standing beside my table by the pool.

I gave him the best smile I could muster. "Yeah, fine, angel."

Cal was the only one I used pet names with. He just seemed so happy when I did that I couldn't resist doing it all the time. Now was no exception as he smiled brightly at me, looking every bit his twenty-three years young, before he slid into the chair beside mine. All he wore was a loose pair of bright pink swim trunks. He really was scrumptious. Lean and toned but not really defined, so he looked young and fresh and, well, soft—but in a really good way. The few times I'd managed it, hugging him had felt wonderful.

"Scotty said you did a great job during his scene," he said, leaning forward on the table and giving me his full attention.

I snorted and rested my head on my arm on the tabletop. "A great job, huh?"

He grinned, petting my hair. That felt really soothing. "Said you didn't make a sound and just kept clicking. How many photos did you take?"

I felt my cheeks heat. "Officially I took four. I'm just not sure which of the seventy-two those four will be."

He laughed with delight, then laid his head on the table beside mine. I grinned at him, feeling young and conspiratorial as he whispered, "He's hot as hell, isn't he?"

"God, yes. Very intense. And..." I suddenly wasn't sure if I should say where Scotty's eyes had been. Talking

about sex and Scotty had always been two separate conversations. Until now.

“And?”

“He stared at me the whole time,” I whispered.

“He likes you, and you’re lovely. Would you have him stare at Turner instead?”

I laughed, sitting up again, feeling better. Turner was the rotund sound guy with the handlebar mustache.

“God, I didn’t even think of that. It’s not like he could close his eyes and pretend he was somewhere else.” *Or with you.*

Cal sat up too and tucked a lock of my hair behind my ear. He seemed to like touching me, and though it made me want of him harder to resist, I loved it when he did.

“Not for those solo scenes, no,” he said, now fiddling with the ties on the sleeve of my blue peasant blouse.

“It’s lots easier when it’s the two of us. Like this thing we’re about to do here. They want—”

“Wait a minute!” I stabbed the shooting schedule with my finger. “This is supposed to be Julio.”

He frowned at the paper. “Oh, this is an old schedule. They redid it almost completely this morning. Hold on.”

While he went to one of the crew, I closed my eyes and bit my lip to keep from whimpering. Another scene with Scotty? And Cal? No doubt Scotty would be fucking Cal through the deck and giving me the chance to find out if Cal really was a moaner and if the two of them really were perfect together.

I suddenly wanted to go home and curl up into a ball on my bed. To hell with Uncle Ralphie’s money. Let him repossess my clothes and my Cheerios. It was going to kill me to have to watch the two men I loved love each other. Sorry—fuck each other, since they were at work right now and not at home.

Heartburn spiked in my throat, making me chug water for a moment. God, I was slowly dying from being on the outside looking in, and it was still the first day. They’d be doing this stuff for a week!

“Here you go,” Cal said, giving me a crumpled piece of paper.

Yes, there it was in black-and-white: *Cal and Scotty, oral, poolside.*

“Well, alrighty, then.”

Cal sat down again and put his hand over mine on the table. He didn’t play at being sweet; he really was.

“Carrie, if you don’t want to do this, I’m sure—”

“No, I’m fine. It’s just, you know, intense. Watching. That’s all.”

He nodded solemnly, patting my hand. “Well, if it gets to be too much, just step back or turn away for a while.” He grinned. “You’ll have to pay close attention while Scotty’s sucking me if you have any hope of getting shots of that, though.”

I frowned. “Why?”

“Ever since our first time together, he’s made it some kind of personal challenge to see how fast he can get me off.” He shrugged. “It’s kind of our thing on camera. Of course, I have a really fast recovery time, and I think he gets a kick out of that too.”

I laughed to cover the groan. “I thought slow was key in these things, though.”

“Oh, well, he’ll get me off first. Then we’ll move on to me sucking him off.” He waggled his golden eyebrows at me. “We can make that last hours if I keep hydrated.”

My next laugh sounded a little hysterical. Hours? Had they tried that?

He smiled like maybe they had.

Scotty came sauntering over then, wearing black trunks and smiling brightly at both of us. It really was odd that the same heat and happiness was in his eyes as he looked at both Cal and me. Then he devoted himself to Cal for a deep kiss that made my toes curl as Cal demonstrated his moaning abilities. Oh, it was going to be a long afternoon.

“Come swim with me,” Scotty said, taking Cal’s hand.

Cal stood up but looked back at me and asked, “Want to join us?”

Christ, that was tempting. I shook my head, knowing I blushed, and said, “I don’t have a suit, but thanks for the invitation, angel.”

“You don’t need a suit, silly. You have panties and a bra on, don’t you?”

I laughed self-consciously. “And how many of these guys would love the chance to see a half-naked woman dripping wet for the next few hours?” I gestured at the crew, two of whom were looking expectantly at me. Not all of them were gay. “Phil, Roy, roll up your tongues. It’s not happening.”

When I looked back at Scotty and Cal, I was shocked to see Scotty giving me a heated once-over, like he was trying to imagine me half-naked and dripping wet. I gulped. What was going on with him today? He'd flirted with me before, teased to make me blush, but he'd never been so blatant about actual interest. Or was this more teasing?

Then Cal cupped Scotty's bulge and whispered something in Scotty's ear that made him groan before he said to me, "Bring a suit tomorrow, Carrie." He sounded like he was looking forward to it.

"I, uh—" was all I managed before Scotty tipped backward and took a squealing Cal with him into the pool. The splash was enormous, making me worry about the electronics on the table.

I sat back as they proceeded to swim around and splash each other, my mind still trying to figure out Scotty. I mean, if I didn't know better, I'd think he was interested in me. But that was impossible. One: he was gay. Two: he was in a relationship with Cal. There was no room for me, regardless of how much I might've wanted to be sandwiched between those two beautiful men.

"You're an idiot, Carrie," I mumbled and picked up the camera, using it to hide behind while I watched Cal and Scotty swim.

Chapter Three

By the time the crew had everything set up, I was a little more settled on the fact that this scene was going to rattle me but that I could handle it even while I was still confused about Scotty. And Cal now, for that matter. He'd tried to entice me twice more into the pool with them. I'd almost caved during the second attempt because he'd shimmied out of his trunks and thrown them at me. Following his pale, bare butt around the pool with my eyes, I caught glimpses of it as he dived. I had such an urge to put a handprint or ten on those round cheeks.

Someone made a sound of disgust behind me, and I turned around to find Brad sneering at Scotty and Cal.

"They just never quit," he said, shaking his head. He'd always struck me as neat and calculating, but today's outfit took that to a new level. His brown hair looked nearly black from the amount of product slicking it back from his high forehead. He'd never done that before, and he'd also never worn a suit before. He looked like some corporate schmuck.

I felt impelled to defend the boys' behavior—they were just happy—but I wasn't sure if I didn't sort of work for Brad now. So I went for distraction instead.

"Congratulations on the promotion."

The man actually puffed up a bit as he refocused his attention on me. His smile was thin and pleased. I wondered if I shouldn't have added a "sir" at the end. He probably would've let me kiss his pinky ring.

"Thank you, Carrie. I'm thrilled to not have to deal with that anymore." He hooked his thumb over his shoulder at the pool. "Well, except for collecting your work so far."

"Oh! Sure." I set down the camera and woke my laptop as my face heated. "I'm still going through the photos. I wasn't sure what marketing might want, so I took more than I needed to, just in case."

Never said I wasn't a good liar.

He bent and sneered at the photos, scrolling down one page at a time. Finally he nodded and stood back, then handed me a flash drive.

"Copy them on here."

"All of them?"

"Unless you've already chosen the best of them somewhere." He wagged the drive at me. "Otherwise I'll have to choose. We've been waiting for these."

I took the drive and connected it, not having realized I was supposed to deliver the results before the end of the week. "I'm sorry there are so many. I'll be better about it next time."

"Good."

Both of us watched the progress indicator on the screen. Then I realized the pool was awfully quiet and looked over. I laughed.

Scotty and Cal were up against the side, resting their arms on the tiles and their chins on their hands. No point playing if no one was watching? They grinned back at me.

Martin called for them just as the photos finished copying.

“Don’t stay in one place this time,” Brad said as the boys swam over to the far end of the pool, where the scene was set. “Move around for different angles.”

I smiled at him. That was almost nice. “Thanks, Brad. I will.”

I gave him the flash drive, and he walked back toward the house. Weird guy. If he didn’t like working with porn stars, what was he doing here?

When I returned my attention to the pool, Cal popped out of the water with Scotty’s help to sit on the edge with his feet dangling. Scotty used a towel to dry Cal off, and I could see that Scotty had succeeded in getting Cal hard. While Scotty listened to Martin, Cal looked over at me and slowly stroked himself. I felt the heat of my blush, stopped myself from biting my bottom lip, and then hid behind the camera again. Cal threw his blond head back and laughed, which made Scotty look over and grin at me.

Was it just teasing, or was it something more? I mean, for me it was more. I found myself zooming in so close on Cal’s dick that I had a frame full of just the head as he rubbed the slit with his thumb.

“For God’s sake,” I grumbled, zooming out.

“You all right?” Phil asked from the water, apparently assigned odd-angle/close-up camera duty. He was cute and flirty but didn’t do it for me nearly as much as Scotty or Cal. I had it so bad for them, no one else compared.

“Oh yeah. I’m peachy.” I kept myself busy by moving my chair around until Martin hollered for silence. Then I just sat up, braced myself, and took a fortifying breath.

They started with a thorough kiss, Scotty’s hand wrapped around Cal’s blushing cock, just holding on while their mouths mated. Cal made happy little humming sounds, smiling whenever his mouth wasn’t open wide, Scotty’s tongue inside.

I took a few photos, smiling myself since they looked so happy. There didn’t seem to be anything different about the on-camera kiss than there had been for the off-camera ones I’d already seen. Though I did wonder again how someone could do this while seven people stood around watching and recording it all.

Then Scotty started kissing his way down Cal’s neck, sucking and making Cal’s head roll back. Cal sent me a grin that made me grin too. I almost felt like we shared some kind of secret. Odd. I captured the look a few times as Scotty moved on to Cal’s chest.

I bit my lips when Cal told us all how much he enjoyed Scotty sucking on his nipples.

“Oh yes! Love that, Scotty.” He made little whimpering noises with every breath and hugged Scotty’s head with one arm—the arm that wouldn’t block the camera’s view of Scotty, I noticed. Cal let out a keen when Scotty clearly bit his nipple. I caught both the expression on Cal’s face and Scotty’s white teeth biting on that brown nub.

Scotty treated Cal’s other nipple to the same delicious torture—mine were hard enough to cut glass by then—before moving lower, tongue out to lick the head of Cal’s straining cock. For a while, that was all he did, just lick and lick and lick, all around from tip to root. Like Cal’s dick was a popsicle—a cherry-flavored one, judging by the color. I smiled, remembering how my lips and tongue always turned red when I ate a cherry popsicle. A real one, not—Never mind.

Wanting to get a better view of Cal’s face as Scotty kept on licking—and to take Brad’s advice—I stood up and moved as quietly as possible down the deck. From the other end of the pool, I had a direct shot at Cal’s face as he watched Scotty.

It suddenly struck me that Scotty wasn’t doing as Cal had said he normally did. There was no challenge here to see how fast Scotty could get Cal off. This was as languid as a float down a lazy river. Cal just looked so pleased, like what Scotty was doing to him felt blissful. Not intense, not driving him crazy, just a quiet kind of good.

Cal watched Scotty, petting his hair over and over again, then glanced up at me. He looked through his lashes and gave me a grin. I clicked the shutter, widened the shot, and clicked a few more times. With Scotty covering Cal’s erection, they made for some very good photos. I gave Cal a grin right back and moved around for more shots.

When I was back by my chair, Scotty seemed to change his mind about being slow. Cal threw back his head as Scotty swallowed him down, a moan escaping both of them. Great shot. Maybe even usable since Cal’s cock had disappeared inside Scotty’s mouth. I couldn’t help wondering if I could do it, swallow Cal whole

like that. He was good-sized, not obscene or anything. Actually he had a very pretty dick. I smiled at the thought.

Scotty lifted his head and put a hand on Cal's chest. "Lie back, baby," he murmured.

Cal leaned close first and kissed Scotty for a moment. Then they smiled at each other so tenderly, I had to snap another photo before Cal lay back.

The crew moved pretty silently, adjusting for the wider shot.

Scotty made sure Cal was comfortable with towels tucked under his head. Then he positioned Cal's legs with one foot on the edge of the pool and the other splayed over so the cameras could see what Scotty was about to do. Was it difficult to remember about the cameras? Maybe not for Scotty; he'd been doing this five years now.

I jumped when Scotty spit just below Cal's balls, my mouth hanging open as he smoothed the glob down to run a finger around Cal's hole. God, that was just so crude. I shivered. Apparently it was crude in a good way. Cal moaned, squirming as Scotty watched his finger slide around and around. Guessing what was coming, I lifted my camera and aimed at Cal, catching his face at the moment when Scotty's finger pushed inside him.

"Oh yeah!" Cal cried, canting his hips to take Scotty's finger deeper.

Now that was something to wonder about. Could I do that? What straight guy would even let me do that? Did I even want a completely straight guy?

Wait. What?

I sat back for a moment as Phil slowly moved in close, no doubt for an extreme close-up of Cal getting finger fucked. True to the rumors, Cal started moaning in time with each thrust of Scotty's finger. Then he cried out again. I couldn't see what Scotty had done, but I assumed he had inserted another finger when he spit. Phil moved enough for me to see Scotty twisting his wrist so his fingers turned back and forth while they went in and out.

Cal's cock got redder as he wiggled and moaned, clearly loving this. I recognized Scotty's movement and raised the camera to capture the moment when he took Cal's cock back into his mouth.

"Scotty!" Cal hollered, bowing his back. His moans turned into whining sounds of wonderful torture, and I had a feeling Cal was getting close.

Scotty bobbed his head fast, Cal undulating beneath him. He timed his strokes of cock and ass so Cal was always feeling either fingers going deep or his cock in Scotty's throat.

Scotty sucked so hard his cheeks hollowed.

"Oh fuck! Oh, God!"

Scotty's mouth popped off Cal's cock. Then his other hand was tugging on it, aiming it over Cal's taut belly.

"Come for me, baby," Scotty said with a grin, his fingers sunk deep in Cal's ass.

Cal's sounds hit a frenzied pitch, and then he grunted and started coming, his body tight and shuddering. Scotty kept stroking him, more gently now. spurts of cream shot out of Cal's ruddy cock as he jerked and groaned. I took a close-up of Scotty's hungry face as he watched and licked his lips. It really looked like Scotty wanted a taste. Did he normally, when they were alone?

And goddamn but I wanted a lick too.

Cal's sigh had a touch of whimper to it as he sagged against the deck. A little smile quirked up his lips as he looked over at me. I smiled back and took a picture. He was so beautiful.

"Come here," Scotty said, stretching his arms up Cal's body.

Cal sat up, and Scotty helped him get to the edge of the pool before lifting him and stepping back. Cal sank into the water, sliding down Scotty's chest, before wrapping his arms and legs around him. They kissed each other, and it was really sweet and loving. Seeing that, I realized, turned me on more than anything else they'd done so far. I think because I wanted that. Wanted to be a part of that tender love they had that was so strong they could display themselves like this but still seem to be devoted to each other.

I sighed with longing, and apparently it was too loud, because not only did Martin shoot me a withering look, but Cal and Scotty looked over too. Then they grinned at me, equal looks of knowing and triumph, before Cal giggled and let go of Scotty. "Your turn, lover," he said and nipped at Scotty's chin.

Scotty chuckled, moved around Cal, and propelled himself up out of the water to sit where Cal had been. Cal took hold of Scotty's trunks at his waist, and Scotty lifted up so Cal could tug them down. I got a photo of

that, with just Scotty's butt visible as they grinned at each other. I swear they looked positively giddy, but I was slowly breaking.

I suddenly longed for a thunderstorm. A flash flood. A blizzard. Anything to shut this down and send everyone home. I couldn't take much more.

Cal didn't waste time working his way down from Scotty's mouth to his dick. He just gave Scotty a little push, Scotty lay back, and Cal swallowed him. Scotty's moan shot a tremor down my spine, and I took eight photos before I realized I'd depressed the shutter button. Cal's moans might be frequent, but Scotty's were devastating to me.

I wanted to be Cal, help Cal, as he turned his head and sucked down one side of Scotty's cock to reach his balls. His pink tongue licked the bald sac, making it bounce, just bathing it like it was made of candy. Scotty's groans and gasps had my heart beating furiously. I had no idea if I was getting good photos as my whole body vibrated with want.

Then Cal dipped his sunny head and licked Scotty's ass.

I nearly said something, biting my lips shut to stop whatever it was. Who would've known I'd have such a strong desire to share in that task. Licking Scotty's asshole... Good God! But I knew he liked it from the way he pulled his legs back, baring himself to Cal's attention. And I found I'd zoomed in so close, I could see his hole pucker and relax over and over while a wet, nimble tongue darted and swirled, teasing it into tiny convulsions of pleasure.

What did that taste like?

I gulped and zoomed out, trying to remember I was supposed to be doing a job that would save me from ever having to wiggle a staple from a stack of papers again. *Take photos or get paper cuts, baby girl. Damn it. And remember to ask someone about a raise.*

So I tried to focus on the composition of two horny boys doing wicked things to each other even as Scotty threatened to come and Cal vowed to help him do it. When it happened—fucking finally!—Scotty sat up and aimed his dick at Cal's smiling face as he spat his load on his little golden lover.

Then Cal popped out of the water and knelt on the edge of the pool while Scotty devoured his mouth and slid his fingers through the cream on Cal's cheek and chin.

I became aware that I was panting and stood up, turning away even as Martin called an end to the scene.

"Jesus," I whispered, a hand to my forehead. I shakily set the camera down on the table and leaned there for a moment.

"Okay over there, Carrie?" Scotty called out.

I closed my eyes and tried to make my voice hard. "Shut up, Scotty!"

I heard splashing water and laughter before I scooped up camera and laptop and stalked inside. I was so very done for the day, whether they wanted to let me be or not. My heart and my frustrated libido agreed.

Chapter Four

The next day, after watching Julio and the bigger, all-American jock Travis fuck all over the green bedroom on the second floor, I sat again at my table by the pool with camera and laptop. I'd taken only eight shots of them—all usable and very professional—as opposed to the fifty-four I'd taken the day before of Cal and Scotty together. Half of those had been out of focus, and still more had been close-ups I hadn't realized I'd been taking. There were less than ten that anyone in marketing would even want to see.

So I lost it with Cal and Scotty but nearly fell asleep from watching and shooting anyone else. Understandable, I guess, since those two were the ones I wanted. If I didn't have huge crushes on them, I'd be just as immune to them as I was to Julio and Travis.

But there was a reason they were called crushes.

"Hey," Scotty said, suddenly standing beside me.

"Oh, hey." I gave him a smile but then frowned. "Wait. How come you're around? Don't you have today off?" *Please, God, give me a break!*

He slumped down into the chair beside me. "Yeah, I do, but I just found out that someone's been illegally selling photos and videos of us online."

"What! You personally or...?"

"All of us here. They're on CDs and DVDs with themes and everything." He wiped a hand down his face.

"Actually they're even trying to make them look legit, which is worse."

"That's terrible! Conner must be freaking out. Are the police involved?"

He nodded, and I realized he looked in need of a vacation. If he were Cal, I'd have pulled him onto my lap and cuddled him up. I just didn't feel like I could do that with Scotty, despite really wanting to.

"They are, to a point. It's a copyright infringement case, so it's mostly the lawyers investigating. They have to track these people down before anything can be done about them." He gave a small, kind of devious smile.

"There's talk of a sting operation."

I smiled too. "Well, if they need someone to go undercover and buy a few of those CDs, I nominate Julio."

"Why Julio?"

"He doesn't have to do a thing but stand there, and you know he's a little perv."

Making Scotty laugh when he obviously felt a little miserable seriously thrilled me. When he leaned in and planted a kiss on my cheek, I felt like every kind of simpering idiot for how I craved more. I actually gave a few seconds' thought to what else I might do to get another kiss out of him.

Pathetic? That's me.

"So there are photos of you floating around out there, and you're not getting paid for them, huh?"

He snorted. "Yeah, yeah. But I can't let them get away with it. They do, then everybody does, and I'm out of business."

Why did it sound like he was taking it so personally? I mean, yeah, I'd freak out if there were naked photos of me out there in the world, but letting those naked photos—and videos—be taken of him was his chosen job. It wasn't like he couldn't go work for another studio if Steele Pictures folded.

"Why are—"

"I'm also hanging around," he said with a grin, "waiting for Cal to finish his fitting."

Cal was being fitted for an outfit he'd wear for some fetish scene they were doing the day after tomorrow. I'd heard it contained a lot of ruffles.

I smiled at him, letting the illegal stuff go for now. "So what are you going to do on your day off?"

"Cal."

I chuckled to cover any chance of a groan.

"I reserved the botanical gardens. I'm planning on stripping him down and pretending he's an elusive little elf I've been hunting deep in the South American jungles."

I couldn't breathe as I imagined Cal romping naked through colorful flowers and wild ferns, Scotty hot on his trail with wicked intentions. What role could I play? Another elf or assistant hunter? I took a deep breath before I fainted.

"Think he'll like that?" Scotty asked.

I cleared my throat. "Of course he will. Cal loves to play."

"That he does. I had to pay extra to make sure all the security cameras would be off, because with Cal naked, there will be sex." He sighed happily. "I want to find out how he tastes and smells while he's surrounded by fresh dirt and tropical plants and flowers."

Damn.

"That must have, um, cost a lot?"

He shrugged and gave me one of those really intense and confusing looks. "I'd do anything for the ones I love."

Did he say "ones"? Plural? But before I could form a question, Cal came bounding out of the house and scrambled up onto the table, then dangled his denim-clad legs on either side of Scotty. He looked so fresh and young in his jeans and baby blue T-shirt, I wanted to scoop him up and kiss him all over.

"If you can get it up," he said to Scotty, "while I'm wearing that ridiculous outfit, you'll be my hero for life."

Scotty chuckled, smoothing his hands over Cal's thighs as he leaned in for a quick kiss.

"Seriously," Cal said, then looked at me. "Have you seen it?"

I shook my head. "I heard there were ruffles, though."

"They tell me it's buttercup yellow, and I look like Scarlett frickin' O'Hara."

Picturing that was so very wrong, I couldn't imagine what the real thing would look like. And judging from

Cal's frowning pout, Scotty might not be the only one who would have trouble getting excited about that scene.

"Who has a fetish about that?" Cal asked, throwing up his hands. "You're going to dress like Rhett. Come on," he complained. "The illusion will be totally blown the second you flip up my damn hoop skirt."

We laughed because, God, Cal in a ruffled hoop skirt?

"Oh my God," Cal said, pointing at Scotty's lap. "Look at you!"

I shouldn't have, but I looked and found a bulge building in the front of Scotty's jeans.

He shrugged. "What can I say? The idea of tossing up your hoop skirt and fucking you over a table does have some appeal."

"Horndog. And it'll be on the stairs. I'm supposed to be trying to get away from you."

Scotty frowned. "What?" His quiet question made me shiver for the anger behind it.

Cal shook his head and waved that away. "No, it's okay. Just a 'no means yes' thing." He sent his voice high and said, "Oh, my lawd, no! Please, suh, have mercy. Don't deflower me!"

Scotty smiled, shaking his head, and I was relieved too. There was a rumor Cal had been with a company that made films that... Well, he'd supposedly spent a lot of time bruised and bleeding before joining Steele Pictures. I figured, from Scotty's reaction, maybe it wasn't just a rumor. And it made me angry too that anyone could hurt such an angel of a man. I hoped this blasé attitude from Cal meant he'd laid that ghost to rest and was healthy. We were close, but how did you ask about that? Did I even have a right to ask about his past and whether he was okay?

"I'll have to be all loose and lubed up before we get started, though," Cal went on. "They want you to just shove in so it all stays in the moment or something. No cutaways. Time is money, blah, blah, blah."

I gulped. I could almost imagine them standing just off the set with a dildo in Scotty's hand, working Cal's ass so he'd be good and ready to receive Scotty's cock when the time came. Apparently, watching Julio and Travis had been educational and applicable in real life now. I was becoming very knowledgeable about gay sex. Not that it would do me any damn good.

"Maybe we could sneak a plug," Scotty suggested. "Do a fast swap with a wide-angle shot or something."

"A plug?" I asked, then realized that was probably a dumb thing to do. A moment's more imagination and I'd have figured out what that meant.

"Butt plug," Cal supplied, totally serious. "You can leave them in for a long time, and it just makes the muscles relax and get used to being open. Girls use them too. Especially if she's planning on double penetration."

Scotty was looking at me with a grin that said he was hoping I'd blush or swoon or something. I did blush but didn't give him the satisfaction of seeing me faint, even as my mind clicked on the possibility of having both these men inside me at the same time. I gripped the table to keep from falling off the world.

"Of course," Cal said with a twinkle in his eyes, "those are very naughty girls."

There was one of those waving madly inside me right then and screaming, *Me! Pick me!*

Clearing my throat first, I said, "Don't you need to get going?"

Scotty checked his watch. "Yeah, actually we do." He smoothed his hands over Cal's thighs and said, "We're going to the botanical gardens."

I smiled as Cal whooped and kissed Scotty.

"Maybe someone in props has a pair of pointed ears," I suggested. With the fetish shoot at the end of the week, it was entirely possible somebody would be fucking Spock or Legolas.

Cal gasped. "Do I get to be an elf?"

Scotty chuckled and pulled a little box from his back pocket. Cal took it from him and opened it, then lifted out a pointed ear topper.

Clearly excited, Cal asked me, "Are you going with us?"

"Why would—"

"No, she isn't," Scotty kind of growled, his hand gripping Cal's knee and giving it a little shake.

"Oh, um," Cal said with an apologetic look for Scotty. "I just meant for, um, photos. Since you take the photos now."

Scotty smiled patiently at him. "It's not for a scene, baby. This is for us."

And though Cal smiled in a dreamy sort of way and slid onto Scotty's lap for a series of sweet kisses, I could tell he had already known that. He'd known it was just for them, not a scene for the company. He'd been surprised but clearly happy when he'd thought I would be joining them.

Did Cal want me to join them? Was he maybe not gay after all? What about Scotty? But, no, that was dumb. Scotty had only ever dated men since the day he'd told me he was gay back in high school. I wouldn't have one without the other, and I definitely wasn't going to get that dream.

But since it sounded like they'd played elf hunter before, why had Cal seemed to want me along?

They said good-bye and walked to the gate hand in hand, smiling at each other like the pair of smitten lovers they were. They both had a hand free that could've held mine. That stupid thought made me ache as I returned to photos of horny, naked men who didn't appeal in the slightest.

* * *

At home that night, I was still looking at horny, naked men, but two of them were very appealing.

It hadn't been difficult to find the criminals selling pirated content from Steele Pictures. One of them even said he was the real Conner Steele. DVDs of movies and CDs of still photos were all over the place. Since they were packaging them as the real deal—which was actually only available from Steele's own Web site—a quick search inside a few online auction sites gave me a bunch of products. There were the themes Scotty had mentioned too. One was all about him and Cal, touted as the hottest scenes ever.

I bought it.

I regretted it immediately, of course. It was a betrayal of the company I worked for and added to the trouble Steele Pictures was already having. I felt like I was stealing from them all.

But since I wasn't going to stick around any longer, and I would never get to be with either Cal or Scotty in any way but this, I'd caved and clicked Buy Now. Yes, I was going to find new employment. I'd stayed this long because of the friendship they gave me and the regular paycheck to supplement the dwindling and now nonexistent poker games, but after this week... I just couldn't do this anymore, and going back to being in the office wouldn't help me forget what I knew was right outside that door.

My heart just couldn't take it. I'd lie and tell them I'd gotten a better opportunity that I couldn't pass up. They'd understand that, thanks to—

My kitchen phone rang. "Hell," I said as I saw the number, but answered anyway. "Hi, Uncle Ralphie."

"Where's my money, Carrie?"

He'd been getting surly lately, but he usually started with the small talk first. This was another reason I was feeling extra spooked. Granted, I hadn't been able to pay him for a few months now, but there was only four grand left to my debt. One or two good poker games—if I could find the damn players—and I'd be home free. And he knew that.

"In the mail?" I said.

"Why does that sound like a question?"

"It is in the mail."

"Carrie, in the mail is not in my hand. You're five days late. Again."

"Uncle Ralphie, I'm trying. I got a promotion recently." And, yeah, I realized right then that there was no way I'd be leaving Steele Pictures without another job lined up beforehand. I'd lose everything otherwise because Ralphie would be there to take it. My regret over buying that DVD now included wishing I had those forty-five bucks back.

"Did it come with a four-thousand-dollar signing bonus?" he asked. Look at him get a sense of humor. That was almost the Ralphie I knew from childhood.

"Don't forget those eighteen cents." He'd been kind enough to remind me last time that I'd neglected to pay the proper amount down to the penny because, yes, folks, he'd tacked on a bit of interest without telling me.

He sighed. He was as good as my mother at conveying disappointment and causing guilt through nonverbal cues. "It's forty-two cents now."

"Seriously, Uncle Ralphie," I kept calling him that in the hopes he would remember who I really was. As in, not some anonymous client mucking up his books. "I got a raise with this promotion, and I promise it's all going to go directly to you."

My lying was becoming second nature.

He snorted. Apparently I wasn't very convincing.

"When can I expect that money, Carrie?"

"Um..."

"Fine. I expect to see you with the full amount in three days."

"What?" I squeezed the phone hard enough to hear it crack. "Uncle Ralphie, I can't get the full four grand in three days. I can make the two-hundred-dollar payment we talked about, sure." Mostly. "UncleRalphie?"

The dial tone sounded in my ear. I called him back, my heart trip-hammering in my chest.

"Three days," some other guy said, "and four grand. Anything less and there'll be hell to pay, Trent."

"Who're you? Let me talk to Ralphie."

"Think about it for a second, honey," he said, his voice heavy on the menace. "Think about all the things I could do to a sweet little thing like you if Mr. Palmer doesn't get his money."

I froze with my mouth open, anger giving way to real fear.

His laughter was cruel as he hung up on me.

Okay, now I was worried. Jesus Christ. Ralphie had handed me off to some muscle who enjoyed fucking with my head and would probably spend time hurting me fairly soon. Even as I didn't want to, I thought about what he might mean, how this guy might define hell. As a kid, I'd heard stories I shouldn't have heard about Ralphie's boys beating a guy into a coma. A week after he was dead, they were there to collect on his insurance money from the man's wife. Dead or alive, you paid.

And being a girl made me just that much more fun to fuck with beforehand. Probably literally.

My hands were shaking as I dialed the only person who knew what to do when it got this bad. He answered on the second ring with his familiar, "Yeh-low?"

"Daddy?" I said, sounding a lot less like the grown-up I was supposed to be.

"Carrie! Hi, kiddo. What's up?"

"I need help."

"Where are you?" he said, clearly alarmed. "What's happened? Can you get out?"

"I did something stupid."

He chuckled. "Typical Thursday, then."

I tried to laugh, but it came out as a half-sobbed squeak. It felt like someone was watching me now, so I moved around my apartment, checking the locks and drawing the shades on all the windows.

"Carrie?" The alarm was back in his voice.

"I got a loan from Ralphie."

He gasped. "Fuck."

I'd never heard him say that before, and it made tears fall over my cheeks when I jerked. There was such horror, disappointment, and anger in that one word.

"Jesus, Carrie, why would you do that?"

I didn't point out that it was a family tradition for Trents to solve their monetary issues this way.

"I was in a lot of debt. I've paid it down to four grand, but my source of income isn't really available anymore."

"You lost your job?"

"No." I sighed. "I was organizing poker games and getting a cut."

"Son of a bitch!"

I honestly flinched. He knew where I'd learned how to do that, because he'd let me pretend to be a Vegas waitress a few times during his own games. I'd dressed up like a ballerina and delivered drinks to the players and changed out their ashtrays. And in between those tasks, I'd watched him work the room and collect the cash.

"I can't believe this," he whispered. "I'm a total failure as a—"

"Dad! No, you're not! I fucked this up on my own. I just...I just didn't realize he'd stop being Uncle Ralphie if I missed a few payments, you know? And there's this other guy now—"

"Shit." He cleared his throat. "All right. Why are you missing payments?"

"Word got around that there was an illegal poker game going on somewhere, and my usual crop of players from the college are spooked. Everybody's afraid the cops are closing in." And maybe they were, but not even

an arrest would stop Ralphie's boys from collecting. I'd heard that story too.

"What's your backup?"

"Nothing. I've been paying him from my normal salary, but now he wants the full four grand in three days."

"Carrie," he sort of groaned, the disappointment clear. "Okay. Your backup is you borrow it from somebody. You know a bunch of actor types now, right? Get them to loan you the money."

I curled over my lap, my forehead resting on the desk beside my laptop. "I can't ask them."

"You can, and you better. Why the hell do you think I let you hear all those stories about Ralphie while you were growing up? I wanted to make sure you never followed—" He cut himself off with a sigh.

"I'm sorry."

"Get the money from one or more of your friends, Carrie, and pay Ralphie in three days."

"Do you—"

"No. I'm...I'm in it too."

"Okay. I'll figure it out. I really am sorry, Dad."

He sighed again. "I know. I am too. And I hope you've learned your lesson."

I smiled at that. "Yes, Daddy."

He grunted. "This better never get back to your mother, you know."

"I know. You like your nuts where they are."

"Carrie," he said indignantly. "Watch your mouth." But I could hear the grin.

"Bye, Dad."

"Bye, kiddo."

I hung up and got out of the auction site before shutting down my laptop. I did not want to think about approaching Cal or Scotty about a loan. Mostly because I knew they'd give it to me. There was a shit ton of guilt to go along with something like that, not to mention how much I would hate to see concern or anger from either of them for doing this to myself. Never had I really considered it would come to this.

Since there was nothing to be done about it tonight, I resolved myself to one last task before I tried to put thoughts of debt, loan sharks, and lost love out of my mind for the night by gorging on carbs. I needed to check the shooting schedule for tomorrow.

I found the folded-up paper in my purse, smoothed it out on the table, and looked down. Immediately I groaned and wished I'd saved it for the next morning. The jolting shock would've done more than a triple espresso to wake me up.

Scotty and Cal, blue bedroom, full anal fucking.

Chapter Five

My nerves were shot. I'd never really known what that meant until the stress of last night's call from the new Ralphie was added to watching Scotty fuck Cal three different ways before they came all over each other. Yeah, my nerves were shot. So much so that, after the shoot, I'd willingly gone into the office and helped the temp they'd hired with her filing and photocopying.

What had me reeling was how loving they had been with each other. Four other sets of guys had done some of the same things this week, even kissing to start and end, but Scotty and Cal had displayed a level of caring that made the act look amazingly intimate. I'd really felt like a voyeur and had had to concentrate to remember I was there to do a job. I'd wanted so badly to strip down and join them on that black comforter. I'd wanted to be involved in the many reasons the wooden headboard clacked against the pale blue wall and made the abstract painting tilt to the left.

It had been the kissing that got to me first. The kissing and those hungry looks they gave each other as shirts came off before more kissing. I'd never used my mouth on anyone like they did with each other. It hadn't been over-the-top, raunchy lip-locks or anything like that. Just a sip of lips and a stroke of tongues that covered every millimeter of excited skin on faces, chests, taut bellies, and the jut of hip bones. And that had just been what Scotty did to Cal before working off his jeans and kissing down the man's long legs.

To suck on his toes.

Yeah, I hadn't known that could be such a turn-on for the one getting sucked or for me watching it. I mean, Cal had nice feet and all, so maybe what got to me was more his reactions to having Scotty blow his big toe.

How the position had his legs spread around Scotty, those damn low moans, and then Cal rubbing his palm over the cock trapped inside his baby blue briefs while he watched.

Martin had all but swatted the back of my head to remind me to take some photos already. I'd snapped away dutifully, wondering all the while whether I wanted to experience having my toes sucked or if I'd rather do the sucking.

Getting Cal out of his briefs had taken Scotty something like twenty minutes. At least! Nibbling Cal's inner thighs, sucking up a mark on his hip bone, mouthing his cock through the cotton, managing to practically swallow one of his balls... I'd started sweating and had to concentrate on relaxing enough to get a photo that wasn't obviously taken while vibrating.

Then it was torturous déjà vu from their time by the pool. Scotty swallowed Cal down, making the blond beauty howl and arch up, muscles straining in devastating pleasure. And here Scotty demonstrated his ability to bring his little lover off like a rocket. Tick, tock, boom! It really hadn't looked like Cal ever had a chance.

After grinning like the deviant he was and cleaning Cal's abs and chest with his own black boxer briefs, Scotty had walked on his knees up to kneel over Cal and get his own blowjob. Or maybe it had been more like he was fucking Cal's lovely face. He'd held the back of Cal's head and thrust his hips to sink his cock past those stretched pink lips before withdrawing as Cal's cheeks caved.

And it hadn't looked like some kind of power play or like he was forcing Cal to do it. Cal had held on to Scotty's thighs and moaned as Scotty seemed to take care not to push too deep or too fast. I'd wanted to do that for Scotty. I'd wanted to make Cal do that for me.

A little later on in the scene, Scotty had gotten into position to take Cal while he was still on his back and facing Scotty. That had surprised me. The position, I mean. I hadn't expected the intimacy of it since they were at work. It was physically possible, obviously, and why wouldn't they want to see each other, kiss each other while their beautiful bodies came together over and over again?

And over and over again.

I'd been struck by how Cal was basically pinned down by Scotty's bigger, stronger body. He didn't seem able to move much at all, just receive. And it had been obvious here too that Cal had loved every thrust. He'd panted like he was in labor the entire time, but it had only sounded silly when I wasn't staring at his rapturously agonized face and the way his fingers bit into Scotty's arms and back.

Then they'd gone and held hands, threaded their fingers together, and stared into each other's eyes like nothing and no one else existed but the two of them before they came, Scotty right after Cal, and I'd had to hide behind the camera to wipe away a tear.

Now my nerves were shot and in desperate need of something to soothe them.

So here I was in a loud, flashy club with just about everyone from the studio. I knew I was drinking too much, but me drunk equaled me quiet and sleepy. Quiet would be excellent, since talking would only have me confessing to loving both of them. Maybe they'd excuse it as just me being drunk, ha-ha, but they'd wonder, and there would be strain and awkwardness and... Yeah, quiet, sleepy me was better because, after this afternoon, I was officially and irreversibly in lusty love with a pair of gay guys.

"Put that down." Cal swatted my hand when I lifted my next shot to my lips.

I looked at it, trying to decide if there was something wrong with the slightly bluish liquid. "Why?"

"How many kamikazes have you had, Carrie?"

"Is that what they are?" I giggled. "Should I crash into something now?"

Cal laughed too. "Come here. Let's see if you can still walk."

He plucked me from my stool, and I frowned at how close we were. God. He was just so...lickable. All sparkling blond and blushing pink in the flashing white lights of an honest-to-Pete disco ball. And his mouth was too level with mine. I'd barely have to tip up to capture it.

"Damn it," I said.

"What?"

I shook my head, and the room wobbled alarmingly. Cal laughed at me and gathered me up, managing to find a slow beat beneath the frenzy of whichever enhanced dance-mix song this was.

Leaning into Cal's embrace, just resting on him, felt meltificious. I was a little chilly, but Cal was all warm furnace chest and hot, banding arms. I sighed and closed my eyes but had to bite my lips to keep from telling

him, right there and then, that I loved him.

"You're all sleepy," Cal said into my ear. "Maybe sitting down would be better, after all."

I nodded and let him guide me to a stool beside Scotty. Gratefully I pressed into Cal as we sat, but then something amazing happened.

Scotty leaned against my back, pressing me into Cal, and kissed him right there in front of my nose. It was beautiful and made me ache to move just that little bit to add my mouth to the sensual play of theirs. Tears came to my eyes.

They parted and looked at me. I made to move away, but Cal's arms tightened, and Scotty leaned harder.

"Okay, Carrie?" Scotty whispered behind my ear.

I nodded and rested my head again on Cal's shoulder, glad to stay if that's what they wanted. Scotty smiled and kissed my cheek, being so very sweet.

Taking Scotty's hand from my arm, I tucked it with mine between my breasts, holding him close. I just wanted a little while more of this warm, male cocoon I'd somehow managed to find myself snuggled up inside. Cal in front, Scotty behind, and it was just perfect.

"Scotty?" Cal said. I couldn't tell if he was excited or worried.

"Tomorrow. When everybody's sober."

I didn't know what he was talking about and didn't want to ruin the moment by asking.

Scotty kissed the exposed skin of my shoulder before laying his head down and leaning against me. I sighed, so content, and closed my eyes to soak up the scent and feel of them all around me. It wouldn't last, I couldn't keep it, and it might never happen again, so I had to be selfish now. Just for a little while longer.

Chapter Six

The morning found me all too soon. It had been a long time since I'd had a hangover. The headache was there, and though I hadn't wanted much, I'd managed to give my stomach some toast to work on to stop the sick feeling. Memories of the night had blurred edges, but they were all there.

Cuddling up with the boys at the club. Scotty carrying me—yes, that's right—out to his truck. The wonderful sandwich ride back to my lonely apartment. Those moments when they'd helped me get undressed and into bed. I'd giggled a lot and cried a little. I woke up with only my bra and panties on. It would've been nice if one of them had "slipped" and groped me even a bit, but they'd been perfect gentlemen. Just like any gay guy would be. Damn them.

"There you are!" Cal exclaimed, bursting into the room we were using for breaks since someone had set it up with coffee, doughnuts, and a couch. He looked down at himself and mumbled something.

"You what?" I asked, staring at him all dressed up in his Scarlett O'Hara outfit. "God, you look ridiculous." Who indeed had a fetish for boys dressed like Southern belles? He could certainly pull off androgynous, though, in that frilly, hoop-skirted, buttercup yellow dress.

"Exactly!" he said, throwing out his arms and making his lacy bonnet fall off his head to bounce against his back. "I can't get it up feeling like this."

I gulped and tried hard not to look at all interested in helping him with his problem. After last night, I had to be careful not to ruin everything. But, Jesus, I really wanted to use the ribbons on his hat to tie his wrists to the couch before throwing up that stupid skirt and finding out what he had on under there.

"Do you want me to track down Scotty for you or something?"

"Or something. Scotty's off property. He's on his way back, but we jump in as soon as he gets here. We're already late and over budget!"

"So you want me to...?" My heart started pounding. Oh, God. Oh, God!

"Kiss me."

I shivered.

"It'll get me in the mood," he said, those big blue eyes imploring. "That's all I'll need. I just don't..." He looked down at his dress and sighed. "I feel like an idiot, not sexy."

"I, um... Wouldn't one of the other—"

"Eck, no!" His face scrunched up. "I need to feel desired right now, Carrie, not have somebody lick my tonsils because he's getting paid."

Lick his...? "Oh fuck."

"Please, Carrie," he begged, gently touching my cheek. "I need you."

I snapped. No control. Half of everything I wanted in the world was right there, offering himself up to me. Couldn't resist at all. Not anymore.

I pulled him close, wrapped my arms around him, and took his mouth. I wasn't sweet about it. My heart and head were reeling too fast for anything but the wild possession I delivered upon him. Lips, tongue, teeth, fingers digging into hard flesh to hold him still...

Damn him for getting this out of me. Damn him for tasting so good and making those low moans into my mouth as he gave himself up to me so completely. Damn him for showing me what I'd been missing all these lonely months.

I couldn't touch much of him, because of an actual corset and that fucking hoop skirt, but I could grab a handful of his soft hair and tug. When I did, popping our mouths free, I pulled his head back and ate at his neck. I didn't care what he was wearing; he was still what I wanted, needed, and the sound of him enjoying how I licked and bit at his throat, nibbled his jaw, sucked on his earlobe... I wanted to tear his clothes off and ride him into the couch behind me.

"Carrie," he said, panting. "Oh, Carrie!"

"Taste so good." I growled and latched on to his neck like a vampire. God, I was so gone on him!

He keened, gripping my shoulders, and I had enough of not being able to touch him. I thrust him back, bent, and grabbed up the edge of the hoop skirt. All he had on under it were black boots and a pair of cotton bloomers with the crotch cut out. I groaned at the sight of his dark pink erection and reached for it.

We both grunted and stumbled when the door bumped Cal into me. "What's going on with the door?" a male voice said from the other side.

"Oh, God," I said and backed up. I'd had Cal pinned to the door!

I hid my face and turned away, the sting of that kiss still on my lips. I was shaking so hard, my knees were about to give out.

Dimly I heard Cal talking to someone. Then I felt his hand spread over my spine. I dropped down onto the couch to stop myself from grabbing him again. Jesus, what was wrong with me?

"Stay here, Carrie. Just wait for us, okay?"

I nodded at him, covering my face with a shaking hand. My God... What had I just done? I'd flirted with Cal countless times, but this...this was inexcusable. I'd nearly raped the man! He'd asked for a kiss, and I'd manhandled and abused him.

I stood up, going for the door, but stopped when I heard Martin barking orders. I couldn't interrupt now. I'd wait. I'd wait and apologize to them both before I quit. Screw Uncle Ralphie; I'd flee the country or something. Scotty and Cal shouldn't ever have to look at me again. I wouldn't want to have Scotty watch me around his lover or have Cal worry that I might strike again.

A sob ripped out of me, making me double over as my face went hot. Oh my God! How could I have done that to him? It was Cal! The sweet man, my friend, who gave me smiles and support and let me talk about how sexy his lover was. The angel who had spent part of his life being abused!

Would I have stopped if the door hadn't knocked some sense into me? If Cal had been able to breathe, to yell, would I have heard him? Had I just dredged up nightmares from his past? Was he afraid right now? Was Scotty helping him get over what I'd done?

I found myself on the couch again, on my side, with my face buried in the crook of my arm as I wept out my self-loathing. How could I have done that to him?

Lust was no excuse.

I jerked and looked up when the door opened. Scotty came in, dressed in jeans and a turquoise shirt that set off the blue of his eyes. I wailed when Cal came in behind him, his lips looking bruised. He'd changed out of his dress and back into street clothes too. He was still putting on his shirt, and there were finger-shaped bruises on his shoulders.

They both approached me, and I stood up, moved away.

"Oh, God. Cal, I'm so sorry," I said around my gasps. "So sorry!"

"Carrie." Scotty stepped closer, reaching for me. "What's happened?"

I stared at Cal. "You didn't tell him?"

"I-I did, but—"

Why did he look confused?

"I practically... Oh, God! I nearly raped him!"

I covered my mouth to hold back my whimpering as Scotty shot a surprised look at Cal.

"Jesus, Carrie," Cal said, his eyes huge.

"Cal, what's she talking about?"

"I don't know. Carrie, that's not what happened."

"I forced myself on you! You asked for help, and I took advantage. I didn't stop. I didn't want to stop!"

Scotty stalked over to me, his face hard. I didn't try to get away. Whatever he wanted to do to me for assaulting his lover was justifiable. I'd take it. He grabbed hold of my wrists and held them against the wall beside my head. Then he pressed into my body. Rock-solid male. I welcomed the possibility that he would hurt me. I deserved it.

"Listen to me right now, Carrie. Are you hearing me?"

I nodded, stifling my sobs.

"Neither Cal nor I are upset by what you did with him."

"What?" That couldn't be right.

"Listen! I'm not mad. Cal's not hurt. You didn't do anything wrong."

I gasped and looked to Cal.

He gave me a tiny smile. "I'm fine, honey. Really. Everything's fine."

"I don't understand," I whispered to Scotty, seeing now that he wasn't angry but concerned. "Scotty?"

"It's all right, sweetheart." He pulled me into his embrace. "Just calm down and breathe deep. Everything's okay."

I wrapped my arms around his waist, leaning on his chest, strung out and exhausted. I stood on my toes to peek over his shoulder. "But... Cal?"

Cal walked over. His piercing blue eyes were concerned too, staring at me like he hated to see me so upset. "What you did, Carrie? Everything you did?" He rested his hands on my head and shoulder. "I wanted that. All of it. Carrie, if we hadn't been interrupted, I'd have given you anything you asked."

I leaned into Scotty and watched Cal smile. "You...you wanted...?" I pulled back to see Scotty's face. "And you're not mad?"

He shook his head. "If anything, I'm jealous."

"Jealous?" I asked as Cal chuckled.

"I've never kissed you," Scotty whispered, cupping my cheek.

I blinked at him, feeling like my head was floating away. "You want to?"

Scotty pulled my lips to his and kissed me. Kissed me like I'd kissed Cal. He demanded, and I gave. Opening up for him felt so natural, so right, that I moaned into his mouth as he devoured me. I clung to him and gave up everything until I felt fingers run through my hair and pull me back.

Cal took my mouth then, but his kiss was stronger this time, making his own demands. I didn't hesitate to give to him too. What he wanted was his.

But what, exactly, did either of them really want?

I pulled away, stepped around them, slid against the wall. "I don't understand!" I wailed, the tears and burn of upset and confusion back. And my fucking head was throbbing.

"We know you want us, Carrie," Cal said, following me until he positioned his lean body to stop my progress toward the door.

Scotty appeared on my other side, reaching up to stroke my cheek. Dry my tears. "And we want you too."

"What?" I gasped, not trusting my ears. "What?"

Scotty smiled. "We want to be with you, Carrie. Both of us."

"You do?"

"Very much," Cal said, kissing the backs of my hands.

My tears dried up as a sudden thought made me frown and smack their hands away. "Have you been orchestrating all this? Driving me crazy on purpose?"

They shared a somewhat guilty glance between them, making me groan.

"You bastards!"

Scotty moved to the side so he and Cal could both stand in front of me, fencing me into the wall. I wasn't sure if I wanted hugs or boxing gloves.

"I thought you guys were gay!"

Cal beamed at me and gave me a quick kiss. "Nope, totally bi."

"Well, son of a bitch."

They laughed at me while I fumed, but that drained away pretty quickly because, my God, they wanted to be with me!

"Come here." Scotty purred and ducked his head to kiss me again.

It was slower, tender and sweet. Then I learned how to kiss two people at once when Cal was there too. Lips and tongues played, and low sounds swirled in the air around us. I had one arm over each of their shoulders, fingers playing in their hair as they both held tight to me. I could've stayed that way forever, but a knock came at the door before someone opened it. We broke apart enough to see it was Tom poking his head in.

"Can we get back to work now, Shag?" Tom asked, giving me a grin. I hadn't known the man's face could accommodate that expression. And goddamn, had he known too?

Scotty asked, "Have we advertised this Rhett and Scarlett scene?"

Tom ducked out, no doubt asking someone else. When he poked his head back in, he said, "Not at all. Want me to cancel it? That'll put us back in the black."

"Yeah. Just shut us down, Tom. Thanks."

I was frowning at Scotty now. Why the hell was Tom taking orders from one of his actors?

"Yes," Scotty said as Tom shut the door, "there's one more piece to the puzzle."

Cal wrapped his arms around my waist and leaned his head on my shoulder. I had the distinct feeling he was getting in position to stop me from beating Scotty up.

"Conner Steele is retiring, and I'm buying him out. What Cal and I have been doing this week is creating some farewell videos because we're both retiring from being in front of the cameras at the end of the month."

I wobbled, and Cal held me tighter.

"You're retiring and taking over the company?"

Scotty nodded, taking my hand. "The only sex we want to have from now on is with you, Carrie. Just the three of us." He grinned. "And no cameras to hide behind."

Cal snickered in my ear.

That sounded so...permanent. Like they weren't just looking for a hookup or two but kind of maybe wanted to keep me around for a while. Jesus, that was a little overwhelming right there. I opened my mouth to ask for clarification, but then another thought hit me.

"Did you promote Brad?"

He nodded, totally unrepentant. "You needed a better job. All that debt scares you, so I found a way to help you pay it off faster since you won't let me loan it to you." He returned my glare.

I sighed. It wasn't like he hadn't done something great, but it also wasn't going to be enough now that I had Ralphie's threat hanging over me. Jesus, how was I supposed to ask them for a loan now? *I'd like to sleep with you, and would you mind paying me four grand after?*

Pushing that away for now, I made sure the craziness was over. "Will you stop manipulating me now? I don't think I can take any more."

They both grinned at me and promised.

I pulled Scotty back in, hugging them both. "Can we go somewhere else? I'm horny and would really like to get naked and have lots more kisses from both of you."

Cal groaned. "Thank God! You left me hanging, you know." He ground his erection into my hip.

I slid my hand down the back of his jeans to see if he was wearing any underwear. He moaned again as I discovered that no, he wasn't.

"Cal, my angel," I said, squeezing that plump cheek. "If you want, I'll blow you in the car."

He stared at me, his face suddenly flushed bright, and gasped as his body jerked into mine. "Oh goddamn it," he mumbled, resting his head back on my shoulder.

Scotty howled with laughter, petting Cal's hair as I looked at him with a frown.

"What happened?"

"He just came," Scotty said, leaning in to kiss Cal's forehead.

I gasped. "Really?"

Cal leaned back, glaring, then moved away. "You don't have to sound so happy about it," he grouched, heading for the sink and unzipping his pants. "Either of you. I've been on the edge since she kissed me."

"Cal, I made that happen," I said, practically bouncing in Scotty's arms as we watched him clean up. "I've been watching Scotty make you come all fucking week, and now I finally did it!"

They both laughed at me.

"Of course, I'd like a hell of a lot more hands-on action before you do it again, but you said yourself you have a really quick recovery time."

Scotty gave me a big kiss on my cheek and headed for the door. "I'll go see if one of those limos is still around."

Limos with partitions that could make the rear compartment all nice and private for wicked deeds? Yummy. Cal grinned, looking at me in the mirror. I gave him an exaggerated wink.

* * *

I got into the limo and looked around, admiring the wood paneling and leather seats and generally being a goob because it was my first ride in a limousine. Cal and Scotty got into the limo and dropped their jeans.

I couldn't help laughing at them as the two cocks I'd been drooling over all week bobbed at me. Then they started to argue with each other over who should be first.

"You already came once."

"That doesn't count, and you know it!"

"Not my fault you have a short fuse."

Cal gasped and moved in to flick the head of Scotty's cock.

"Hey!" Scotty hollered, batting him away.

"All right, boys," I said sternly. "All clothes off. Get on your knees on the seat, facing each other."

Well, that was nice. They hopped to it without a question.

As I watched, I couldn't help wondering what this meant. What were we to each other now? Was I a part of them? Were we an us? Or was I going to be a friend they fucked when they wanted a girl?

And that was depressing as all hell.

I knew I wanted to be with them. I knew what I felt was stronger than lust or friendship. I wanted to ask them what this meant, but I didn't want to know the answer. So, no asking. I'd just look at this as a one-time deal to scratch an itch all three of us had and do that whole living-in-the-moment thing. If more came later, so be it.

It helped when I had two naked men in front of me, their blushing cocks pointing at each other and excited grins pointed at me.

On my knees on the floor beside them put me near mouth level with their groins. I watched Scotty's dick twitch and realized he shivered. Looking up, I found he had a very serious expression on that handsome face now.

He gave me a little smile and stroked my cheek. "Thank you, Carrie," he said quietly, and I could barely believe how vulnerable he seemed right then. Like he was nervous.

I caught his hand and kissed his knuckles, smiling up at him. "Just let me play a little bit. I've been seeing these two beautiful bodies all week." I flicked a glance at Cal too. "I need to touch for a while."

"Take your time," Cal said. "And by that I mean, please, God, hurry up and touch me!"

We laughed, and that seemed to ease Scotty enough to make him playful. He wiggled his hips and made his cock bob Cal's. They both gasped before cracking up at each other, and I had an idea.

Taking hold of their hard lengths, I also got some indrawn breaths and restless movement as I gently but firmly held silky, hot flesh. I rubbed those two red caps together, watching them slick each other as moans filled the car. It was wickedly fun to use their dicks like this, to have them dueling and smacking lightly as I played. *Carrie, you are so naughty!*

I looked up when Cal jerked forward. Scotty had caught him and pulled him closer, their lips locking together in a hungry kiss. I smiled, just watching, swirling their cockheads together a moment more. I stroked them,

one in each hand, pulling harder than I would have had I not seen the way Scotty tugged on himself that first day. They paused in their kissing to moan into each other's mouths, the sound like an electric shock to my system. My own panties felt like torture now.

So I leaned in and upped the game by licking both heads with the flat of my tongue at the same time. Mmm. Salty man flavor.

"Oh fuck," Cal said, his voice higher than normal. Scotty made a low, growly sound.

I looked up at one face and then the other, grinning as I held them at their bases and licked from Scotty's blond thatch to Cal's in one long swipe. I swear I felt the tremor move from one to the other like a live current. They moaned. I did it again, this time wiggling my tongue back and forth as I crossed this cock bridge.

"Jesus, C-Carrie," Scotty said.

I tugged them toward each other and sucked a little bit with soft, wet lips, still following the same path, back and forth. They were panting and watching, blue eyes wide and mouths open. It was a good look on both of them.

As I got to the center again, about to cross from Cal to Scotty, I increased the suction, popping off with a loud sound. Cal gave me a full-body twitch and a grunt before I left him and peppered Scotty's whole length with the same. Oh, he liked that! I chuckled in between sucks as my name came out of him in a shout. I did it all the way to where my fingers held him still, then backtracked and gave Cal the same treatment. Moaning with a little whimpering thrown in from Cal, and I was ready to change this up again.

I turned my head and took Scotty into my mouth. My lips wrapped tight and mouth sucking fully now, he moaned a long breath and whispered my name. I bobbed my head on him, hearing from Cal what he thought of my hair and the side of my face rubbing on him as I moved.

"Oh, God, that's good! Oh yes!"

Then I could hear them kissing again, loud, smacking kisses with humming. I could literally see Scotty's balls in their naked, wrinkly sac drawing up tighter with each bob and moved my hand down to wiggle them. I felt him tremble and groan.

Scotty's dick nice and wet now, I stroked it with my hand and turned my attention to Cal's. I'd barely wrapped my lips around him when he suddenly thrust deeper. I pulled back in surprise.

"Sorry," he said, gasping and dropping back to sit on his heels. "Sorry. I'll be still."

If he wanted to move, that was fine with me. "Go ahead, angel. It's good."

I took him back in and tapped his hip to reiterate my consent. He was tentative at first. Little bumps of his hips. Sweet man. Then he was moving more, pushing a little deeper. Scotty started pumping through my fist, and I had a flash fantasy of Cal in front of me and Scotty behind. I moaned around Cal, sucking hard, as I imagined them filling me up like that.

Both of them groaned. Then Scotty broke first.

"Carrie. Coming. Oh, God!"

I stroked Cal now too, wanting to watch Scotty come by my hand. He didn't make me wait long. I kept my hand flying over him, nice and firm, smacking into his groin and teasing the tip. His hand fisted the shoulder of my T-shirt, bunching the green cotton hard. He grunted and shook with each spurt of white that pulsed from his cock onto my hand and the leather seat. I smiled, watching how powerful each jerk of his hard body was, and spared a thought of apology to whomever was going to have to clean up after us.

As I slowed my stroke on Scotty, Cal exclaimed nearly the same words and bucked through my fist. I tightened on him, pulling harder and reveling in the keening sounds he made as his dick flushed bright red right along with his face and chest. I counted his shots, and number two went so far, it hit Scotty's thigh near his hip. And Cal was so lovely coming. Pink and gold and bellowing.

Scotty took my hand from him and flopped around to sit, sort of slumping as he licked at my palm. Yeah, that was hot. Then Cal whined like I'd nearly killed him, and crumpled like a disjointed doll. Taking my hand back from Scotty, I snickered in delight for having destroyed Cal so beautifully and helped him sit down too. Nobody really seemed to care about stray cum or sweaty skin.

As the limo slowed and came to a stop, I sat back on my heels and just smiled at them for a moment. It was a seriously powerful thing, wringing them dry like that. At the same time, though...

“You know it’s going to be all about me,” I said, looking at their panting faces, “as soon as we get inside, right? Like, door shuts and two beautiful men devote themselves to Carrie.”

Scotty’s mouth split into a grin. “You got it.”

“Whatever you want.” Cal winked at me.

I gave them each a peck on the knee. “Good boys.”

Chapter Seven

I laughed at them as they walked from car to front door naked and unashamed. Well, mostly. They did carry their clothes in front of their groins, apparently serious about no longer being interested in sharing the goods, just like they’d said. The driver never got out nor rolled down his window, making it seem like the car drove itself around the circular drive and back through the gate to the street.

I already knew this was Scotty’s house, though the distinction seemed unnecessary, considering Cal had moved in about a month before I started working with them. It was also just as big as the beach house we’d been using, though the inside was much more warm and homey. Dark woods, cream-colored walls, lots of light and real plants everywhere. There was even a baby apple tree in the living room beside the river-rock fireplace.

“Great,” Scotty groused, “your decorating skills have seduced her out from under us.”

Cal snickered and dropped his clothes to hold his hands out at his sides and thrust his hips forward. His semihard dick wagged at me. “Come on, Carrie. A tour or a *tour*?”

I ran to him and managed to lift him up enough to spin us around once. He was heavier than he looked, nice and solid for all the lean smoothness of his golden body. I put him down and patted his ass. “What do you think?”

Scotty grabbed both our hands and tugged us up the stairs. “Bedroom! I want my first time with a girl to be in a bed.”

I tripped and nearly went down save for Cal’s hold on my arm. “Your first time?”

Scotty blushed but didn’t stop pulling on us, moving down the hall to the back of the house. We were headed for a pair of pale blue double doors.

“I’ve never been with a girl before,” he said, and I realized this was the source of the nervous vulnerability I’d seen in the limo.

I looked to Cal as we reached the doors, and Scotty let us go to throw them open.

“I started with girls,” Cal said and shrugged.

That hadn’t been my silent inquiry, but it was good to know too.

I walked to Scotty inside their big cornflower blue bedroom and rested my hand on the warm bulk of his shoulder. “Are you sure about this? I mean, really sure?”

He smiled and tucked me against his chest, clasping his hands at the small of my back. “I’m sure. When I told you I was gay back in high school, I figured it was because I’d found myself attracted to Morris more than I’d ever been attracted to a girl. I just didn’t look back after that.”

It stung a little bit that he hadn’t been attracted to me back in the day. But then I supposed that, if he had been, neither of us would now have Cal. I looked over and reached for him, pulling his happy self into the circle of our arms. We were a toasty little triangle.

“Carrie,” Cal said, “you’re wearing an awful lot of clothes.”

“Hmm. It’s a shame there isn’t someone around who could help me with that problem.”

Cheesy, yeah, but it got me what I wanted—the two of them laughing and stripping me like it was a contest to see who could remove what fastest.

Cal stood behind me, assisting Scotty with things like my bra, and I had to wonder if he was taking a backseat so Scotty could get the whole experience of being with a woman for the first time. I wanted to give that to Scotty too—the look of unabashed delight on his face as he filled his hands with my breasts for the first time was amazing to see—but I definitely wasn’t going to turn Cal into some kind of assistant. I wanted them both. So while Scotty drove me a little wild with his tongue on my nipples—*holy hell, that’s good!*—I hooked my arm around Cal’s neck behind me and gave him some deep, sucking kisses.

“You’re so beautiful, Carrie,” Scotty said, his blue eyes fixed on the sight of his tan hand surrounding the

porcelain of my breast. His thumb passed over my wet, tender nipple and made me tremble.

"She is," Cal said, lifting my red curls over my shoulder so he could kiss and nibble on the other one and my neck. "Beautiful Carrie."

Right there. Right there was when I opened my mouth and almost told them how much I loved them. I turned it into a moan, but oh, how I wanted to say it!

Then Scotty started working me out of my jeans, and I forced myself to pay attention to the moment. Especially since Cal helped Scotty tug my jeans off by sliding his hands down my lower back to my ass and stopping to squeeze. I went up on my toes as the little bastard chuckled at me and squeezed a few more times. I reached behind me and gave back as good as I was getting, grinding my ass into his groin.

I heard Scotty laugh as he finally freed my feet from my jeans. "You two are so much alike."

Cal and I smiled at each other before Scotty was pulling my hand to make me move up onto the bed that was covered in a fluffy, butter-colored comforter.

"How do you want me?" I asked him.

A blush pinkened his cheeks.

Cal said, "He's embarrassed to admit he likes missionary best."

"Why embarrassed?" I said, flopping onto my back. "I like it too."

Scotty moved over me on hands and knees, seeming tentative. "I'm a porn star. Shouldn't I like something more crea—"

"No," I said, fingers covering his lips. "Here with Cal and me, you're just Scotty. Just the man we both"—*don't say love!*—"want so much."

His smile looked relieved, and he gave me a sweet kiss. We looked over as Cal started tearing into a new box of condoms. I smiled at the fact that they were designed for my pleasure, wondering how long they'd been planning this, the sneaky jerks. He handed one to Scotty.

I saw Scotty's hands trembling as he ripped the package open and tore the condom too. His cheeks flushed brighter as he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. I took the second condom from Cal and mouthed for him to kiss Scotty. He did, leaning in and kissing him softly, petting his hair and shoulder. I rolled the condom onto Scotty's cock, realizing it'd been about a year since I'd done this last, and listened to him moan into Cal's mouth.

I smiled up at both men looking down at me and resisted the urge to say, *Ready, set, go!* I did reach up, and that got Scotty moving into position between my legs. Poor baby still looked nervous, and Cal patted his back as he lay down beside me.

"Come here," I whispered to Scotty. "I promise you can't do anything wrong, so just put that out of your mind right now. And I so want this, Scotty."

He gave me a little smile that was almost wicked but still a little unsure, then dipped his hips down to rub into my damp curls. I shuddered.

"Do I have to do anything to prep you?" he asked, then bit his bottom lip.

I shook my head. "Just go slow to start. It's been a while."

He nodded, wicked gone and serious returned. I let him be serious and move me how he wanted until he positioned himself right where I needed him. I think it helped that we both sighed when he finally eased inside me.

"Oh," he said, seeming mildly surprised, and closed his eyes as he swallowed hard.

Cal giggled quietly, slowly stroking himself as he watched us. "Soft, huh?"

Scotty nodded, slipping deeper. "Tight too."

"You're hung like a horse," I said a little breathlessly and not to boost his ego. It was a bit uncomfortable, but wonderful too. I'd been empty and aching for so long.

He gave me a crooked grin and pressed up close to me, all the way inside and filling me up so perfectly. I sucked in a deep breath and sighed, petting his back and the swell of his tight ass. I grinned then too and hooked my legs around him.

"Okay?" he asked as he ground into me, and I shuddered.

"Yeah," I whispered. "Oh yeah."

He pulled back some, starting that beautiful friction. I watched his face as he closed his eyes, glad this virgin

wasn't really a virgin. I'd seen demonstrations of his control and could already tell this was going to be one hell of a ride. Made all the more wonderful for him and Cal being the ones I loved.

I turned my head, seeking Cal, and he was right there to kiss me. It was almost chaste at first, just lips playing, but then Scotty was sucking at my neck. I moaned when he found a spot that could make me tremble as I opened my mouth for Cal's slick tongue to invade. Scotty increased the speed of his hips, his mouth no doubt drawing up a mark on me. I wanted that so much! When I left, I could look at it and remember I had belonged here once.

Scotty lifted his head, and I turned to him, gasping now from the heat of pleasure as those hips of his kept a perfect pace to drive me insane. Cal moved in to kiss my neck, his hand bumping my hip as he stroked himself, while Scotty and I stared at each other. When Cal's fingers tweaked my nipple, I cried out and suddenly came, surprising both of us, I think.

"Oh shit," Scotty said, his eyes wide as he held still.

Cal giggled. "Congratulations, honey! You made a girl come."

I laughed too as Scotty's wicked grin came back. My laugh turned into a moan, though, when those hips started jackhammering his cock into me. "Oh, God, Scotty!"

"Again," he sort of grunted. I nodded at him. Yeah, he'd get me again.

At some point I'd closed my eyes, reveling in sensation and the fact that I was really there. I opened them again when I heard my boys kissing and Cal moaning. Looking over, I felt myself start to come again while I watched Scotty fondling Cal's balls as Cal stroked himself faster. Their kissing was desperate and broken by ragged breathing.

I couldn't help the cry that left me as I tensed and came under Scotty. Fingers digging into his back, I felt him shudder too and press into me hard. I moaned as he came with me and memorized the sight of his face all scrunched up and then slowly smoothing out as he groaned. When his bright blue eyes blinked open, we grinned at each other.

Then we looked to Cal, who was no longer stroking himself but just staring at us. Still hard, still gasping, but just watching.

"C'mere," Scotty said breathlessly. "Lemme finish you."

I watched as Cal pushed up onto his knees and came close, breathing fast and trembling all over. He was on the edge. Scotty, still buried inside me, took Cal in his mouth and sucked as Cal's hips pumped. It was arousing to watch, to be a part of Scotty pleasuring Cal, and the little movements of Scotty's pelvis against mine as Cal thrust past his lips gave me tiny aftershocks of sensation. I was gasping right along with Cal.

Scotty sucked, Cal pumped, and I fondled Cal's balls. The noises he made! I was seriously developing a crush on Cal's voice when he was having sex. Deep, throaty groans—that Scotty answered—then high whines that I clued in to being Cal about to come. I reached back and rubbed his taint.

Cal came with a howl at the ceiling, and I sighed as Scotty sucked fast and swallowed. He didn't grimace or resist in any way, just hummed and drank down everything Cal gave him. Seeing this, them loving each other here, made what I'd seen them do by the pool seem fake and hollow. This was so much better. This was love.

Cal pulled free of Scotty's mouth with a pop, the two of them grinning at each other before Cal bent down and kissed him. Thoroughly. He was definitely getting a taste of what Scotty had sucked out of him so eagerly. Then Cal released Scotty and turned to me. He hesitated.

I reached up and pulled him down, diving into his mouth. The taste of Cal, a hint of Scotty, and the very obvious flavor of cum swirled into my mouth. I smiled as I licked the roof of his mouth on the way out again.

"You are a naughty girl," Cal said, smiling back at me.

"Took you long enough to figure that out."

He chuckled at me as Scotty lifted up enough to sort of melt over onto his side. I sighed, missing his wonderful weight, and then he pulled me over and tucked me in close to him. My nose was under his chin, and we were plastered back together again. That was nice, but it got even better when Cal cuddled up to my back. I smiled into Scotty's collarbone when I felt Cal's semihard and fiery cock against my ass as he threw his leg over my thigh and hooked it behind Scotty's. I lazily petted Cal's thigh and Scotty's hip.

Snuggled between them so totally blissfully, I almost forgot that I had no idea what the plan was now that we'd all had the sex we'd wanted. I squeezed my eyes closed and willed sleep to come so I wouldn't have to

think about it.
Chapter Eight

I smiled as I woke up, blinking in lazy, warm contentment because that had been the best dream ever—Cal and Scotty both loving me half to death in their big, fluffy bed...

I pushed up on my elbows, swinging my head around, trying to focus. Heart pounding, I jumped when a palm pressed against my bare shoulder.

"It's okay," Cal said softly as I turned toward him.

"Not a dream," I said, relaxing back into the pillow.

"No, not anymore." He stroked my hair, my neck, down my back, and under the covers.

I rolled over to face him, give that arm a tug so he'd scoot closer, and sighed as he enveloped me in his heat again. "You're a happy little furnace," I mumbled against his lips.

He chuckled and teased my mouth with his. Cal liked to touch and be touched, I was learning. His hands roamed constantly, just petting my skin. He was a hugger. The kind of person who held me close and sighed just for having me with him. That was an entirely new experience for me.

I wanted, again, to tell him I loved him. Then I realized it was just us in the bed.

"He's downstairs waiting for the pizza-delivery guy." He grinned and wagged his eyebrows at me. "We needed fuel after all that amazing sex."

I grinned back and felt really naughty. "Can I experiment?"

"Ooo, really? What?"

I suddenly felt childishly conspiratorial. But this wasn't kid stuff, and that made me blush.

"Uh-oh. It must be dirty if you're blushing."

Unable now to say it, I slid my hand down his back until I was sliding my middle finger between his cheeks.

His smile grew, those blue eyes seeming to twinkle.

"You can say it," he whispered. "What do you want to do?"

I found his hole and pressed on it. "Lick here."

He shivered and bit his bottom lip. "Did I get you curious when I did that to Scotty?"

"Is that okay?"

"Of course it is! I absolutely love getting rimmed."

Rimmed. Okay. I could maybe say that next time—provided there was going to be a next time—easier than I could ask to lick his asshole. That sounded so wrong. Not pleasant. Or maybe it was just that I wasn't talented when it came to talking dirty.

Then Cal was pulling away and getting up on his knees. The sheet fell off, revealing all his light honey skin and the way he was down on his elbows with his ass presented to the world. Well, to me anyway.

"Come on, bad girl. Show me what you can do."

I scrambled around behind him, mostly so he couldn't see me blushing, and then there he was. Or rather, there was that puckered little dusky pink opening. Talk about a wink. I chuckled at myself and put a hand on either cheek, spreading him just a bit more. He hummed, and I peeked to see he'd shut his eyes and was resting his face against his hands. Totally at ease. Patiently waiting. I leaned in and licked over that slightly fuzzy area and the wrinkled skin.

Oddly enough, he just tasted salty, kind of musky. Male, really. Huh.

He giggled, which wasn't the reaction I was looking for. I lapped at him, wanting to hear his famous moaning. *Oh, there we go.* And it no longer seemed wrong or unpleasant. It felt good for Cal, so I liked doing it. I was practically drooling on him, in fact.

I looked over when I felt the bed dip and discovered Scotty sitting down beside me.

"Aren't you adventurous," he said with a grin. His hair was all over the place as he brought the scent of pepperoni into the room. He wore only his jeans. God, the man had amazing abs.

I hadn't realized pausing was a big deal, but Cal did.

"Carrie," he snapped. "Focus!"

I chuckled and leaned in to scrape my bottom teeth along that slightly sweaty crease. Cal hollered as if in startled pleasure, then adjusted his legs to spread a little more.

Scotty said, "Yeah, nibble around some. He likes that."

Cal groaned, tilting his hips up higher as I nibbled as instructed. He made these little humming-whining noises, and I loved that he didn't hold them back.

"Wiggle your tongue in too."

That made me pause, but since he looked all pink and glistening, I gave it a try. Cal groaned and pushed back, clearly loving that, so I poked at him with my tongue over and over.

"You could try getting a finger in him."

This should be interesting. I slowly wormed a wet finger inside him, and Cal put a hand down to ring the base of his cock. He was amazingly smooth and warm in there. His body seemed to just open right up and tug me in. I smiled, dropping a few sucking kisses on his tight cheeks.

I heard Scotty's throaty chuckle but kept my focus on Cal. It was nice knowing Scotty was cool with me doing this, something that could have been his territory alone. I mean, Scotty was the only one who could penetrate Cal.

Except...wasn't that what I was doing?

I reached over and grabbed up the lube. Scotty gave a deep, breathy laugh, and Cal groaned when I dribbled the cool slick down his crack. My plunging finger worked it inside him. Now he was hot, silky, and as wet as me. I smiled as I slowly worked in another finger, making that tight flesh open up for me. He moaned and squeezed on me, seeming to draw me in deeper. Oh, this was so naughty good! I straddled his leg and leaned over his back, wanting him to know what I thought about this.

"That's me inside you, Cal," I said against his shoulder as I kept working my fingers in and out. "I'm doing this to you."

Oh, I did love his moan right then. He knew it was me, and he loved it. I pressed tighter to him, rubbing myself on his butt cheek in time to my strokes. Could I come like this?

"Carrie," he said, his voice dropping deeper than I'd heard it before. "More. Please!"

He pressed back into my next push, so I added a third finger. We groaned together as his muscles tightened and released, kind of fluttering on me like they were overwhelmed by sensation. Could he come like this?

"Hook your fingers down," Scotty said, and I looked over to see him sitting there with his pants off and his hand slowly stroking himself. "There's a little bump in there. Find it, and you'll drive him wild."

Cal whimpered and shifted, seeming to try and help me find what I knew was his prostate. He started grunting, sort of panting, when I found the little guy and gave it a nudge. He worked his hips with me, all that slick, tight heat pulling on me. I moved enough to rub myself harder against his hip now, feeling the pleasure of that along with the knowledge that Cal was loving this too. His sudden reach back to grip my ass, holding me to him, said so.

I snuck my other hand around and found his cock, all hard and pulsing and hot. He cried out when I stroked him, a startled sort of need, then chanted, "Please, please, please," as he rode my fingers and stabbed through my fist. I wasn't going to come, but oh yeah, Cal sure was. I took my hand from his dick, smiled at his desperate protest, then spit in my palm to give him a better sensation. He groaned in appreciation when I returned to tugging on him.

His hips moved faster, that tight body straining. He was sinking down, my knuckles now rubbing the sheet under him as his knees spread wider. I think he was losing himself in pleasure, just moving and groaning. Hoping to add to it, because I needed to do this, I lay nearly on top of him as I kept on pegging his ass and stroking his cock. I was losing myself too, in claiming him as mine as well as the pleasure I got from knowing he wanted me like this.

"Carrie," he said, breathless and shaking. "Carrie!"

I bit into his shoulder and squeezed his dick. He came with a howl, and I gasped on top of him to feel his ass clamp down on my fingers. Jesus, what that must feel like on Scotty's cock! Speaking of...

While Cal slicked my hand four sweet times, I peeked over at a moaning Scotty to see him coming all over his abs as he leaned against the headboard. When one hard shot from his red dick hit his jaw, I knew what I'd be doing in a few minutes.

Cal shuddered and pressed his face into the mattress, moaning. I kissed the back of his neck and pulled my fingers out. Except for the lube, there was nothing there to freak me out, so I rolled Cal to his side. That lovely

cherry popsicle jutting from between his twitching thighs made me grin before I leaned over to kiss it. He groaned, arms and legs moving restlessly, so I sucked on the crown to taste what also coated my hand.

“Oh, Carrie,” Cal whispered, sounding reverent.

I moved up to kiss his lips, all sweet and soft. He gave me a sleepy grin and sighed, so I turned my attention to Scotty.

I stepped over Cal and walked to stand on the bed in front of Scotty, one foot on either side of his thighs. He looked up at me with wide eyes and parted lips, probably cluing in on what his mouth was now perfectly level with. A novice when it came to girls he might be, but Scotty wasn't stupid. I gave him a grin I bet was as wicked as it felt and got a grip on his hair with the hand still covered in Cal's cum. Scotty groaned and ran his hands up the back of my thighs, sticking his tongue out and pulling me closer.

“Yeah, that's it,” I said, rubbing cum and lube into his hair as I watched him lick me. Felt glorious and looked sinful. Little pink tongue lapping at me and blue eyes watching my face. I smiled at him, loving how eager he was to please me.

I let him lick for a while, enjoying the soft flick of his tongue on my flesh, until I was throbbing and needing more. I pressed him into me, rubbing into his upper lip and the flat of his teeth. Oh, Christ, that felt amazing! I'd had men go down on me before, but not like this. None had ever let me do this.

I could feel his fast breaths against my wetness as his tongue tried to lick into me. That slick thrust and his rhythmic gripping on my ass were the only movements from him. He just held still and let me ride his face. If I hadn't loved him before, I most definitely did now.

Groaning at the wall, I felt that hot, tingling sensation taking over. I knew I was grinding into his mouth, but I could feel his vibrating moans as he managed to suck and lap at me. Swollen and inflamed in the best possible ways, I came on his face with a holler, nearly conking my head as I bent over him.

My legs gave out in the next instant, but he caught me and lowered me gently down onto his lap. Humming and shivering in pleasure, I leaned against his chest and tucked my sweaty face into his neck to moan against his skin. His pulse pounded on my nose, and I remembered that splash of cum on his cheek that had inspired my wicked ride. It wasn't there anymore, but my hand was sticky now with Cal's cum, lube, a few strands of blond hair, and Scotty's sweat. An homage to sex with my boys.

“Damn, Carrie,” Cal said, and I looked to find him wide-eyed, like he'd just discovered something and wasn't sure if it was a good thing or not.

“Amen,” Scotty said, relaxing back into the headboard and giving me a squeeze.

“Okay, Cal?” I asked, afraid I'd read all the signs wrong.

He nodded slowly. “I just...didn't expect that.”

Scotty grunted. “You loved it.”

A little grin pulled on Cal's lips, and I leaned over to give him a kiss as my stomach gurgled. “Oh, I almost forgot about the pizza!” I said, pulling away and getting up.

They both laughed as I went to wash my hands.

Chapter Nine

I hadn't wanted to sneak away in the dark by getting dressed and just leaving, though I wasn't sure taking a shower first was the greatest idea. I was admittedly smelly from all that sexual romping with my—But they weren't my anything, really. Friends with benefits?

While welcome, my shower that morning felt like a ritual ending to the experience of being in Cal and Scotty's bed. The large, tiled space and multiple showerheads, steamy water reaching me from all directions, was a wonderful way to wake up. Normally. I had been awake for a while, though, and mentally saying goodbye to them.

Standing under the water, feeling it reignite skin that had never spent so much time being touched, I didn't know what else to do. I'd gone into this expecting it to be for the night and had gotten exactly that. Was I supposed to wait in bed for one of them to wake up and see how they reacted to me still being there? I dreaded seeing that awkward morning-after look on either face that said he wondered how he was supposed to get me out of the house politely.

So I would just wash up and leave it to them to invite me back the next time they had the urge to play with a

girl, while convincing myself that it was just the water cascading down my cheeks and not tears. The shower door popped open, making me spin around to find Scotty stepping in. I couldn't help returning his smile, all my desire for him spiking as that burnished skin flushed under the hot water and he moved close to hold me. He kissed me gently, sliding his hands down my back and tucking our wet bodies against each other. It was a good sign that he was here instead of waiting for me to leave, right?

"Morning," he said, his voice rough.

I couldn't speak, so I just tried to keep smiling and squeezed him. I wasn't fooling him, though.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know what to do," I said, my voice sounding strained.

He frowned, cupping the back of my head. "What do you mean?"

"What was last night?" I made myself ask. "Was it just for fun, or—"

"Carrie," he said, sounding and looking aghast. "This isn't some thrill we're getting. It's the start of a real relationship."

With a gasp, I crumbled against him, shaking as my worry and fear left me in a rush of relief and hope and astonishment. He murmured sweet reassurances into my wet hair, holding me tightly, but when he mentioned love, I pulled back to see his face.

"Yeah, I'm falling in love with you," he said with a smile. "And so is Cal. We've had long talks about what we want, and it always includes you."

"I'm already in love," I said, reaching up to touch his face, wanting to memorize how he looked the first time he said those words to me.

His touch changed, becoming firmer as he pulled me tight to his chest and kissed me. I was instantly overwhelmed by the soft press of his lips to mine, those strong arms banding me, and the delicious cascade of water on my skin and his.

Scotty loves me.

I gripped him tight, fingers digging into his back muscles. I wanted to keep him, crawl inside him, so it felt perfectly natural to reach down and grab his ass. Our kiss went hungry and harsh before he lifted his head with a cry. I realized I had a hold of both butt cheeks, my fingers clawing the crease. I let him go.

"Sorry," I muttered, resting my hands on his hips since his were tangled in my wet hair and I couldn't back up.

His chuckle was rough as he looked down at me like he thought I was nuts. "You think I won't let you do to me what you did to Cal?" He grinned that playful grin. "I've already shown you what I like, Carrie."

Steele Pictures might make the masturbation session we'd shot on Monday into a sellable product, but Scotty's goal had been to give me a show. I reached back down and scraped my fingernail over that puckered skin just to make him gasp and twitch.

"You," I said, "are a very bad boy."

He laughed, and the lights blinked out. I could make out a vague shadowy shape moving into the room.

"Cal, honey," Scotty said over the water. "Turn on the little light."

There was a minor grumble, and then a night-light went on, giving the room a golden glow that didn't quite reach all the corners. Now I could see Cal in front of the toilet, one hand braced on the counter as he aimed.

Into my ear, Scotty said, "He is very much not a morning person."

I smiled and left his arms enough to open the door. "Good morning, angel."

My answer was a moan before he leaned over and flushed. Fortunately the shower water didn't change as I looked to Scotty now washing his hair and body with the same liquid soap. *Men*. When I looked back, Cal had straightened up and was shuffling over to me with a sleepy grin on his red lips. Laughing quietly at his pink cheeks and spiked hair, I gathered him up and moved us into the water.

While Scotty spent a few minutes scrubbing and rinsing, I slowly gave Cal sweet little kisses all over his face and neck. I had a wicked urge to mark him as I nibbled and licked that slightly salty skin right there. He brought that secret side out of me like few had before him.

"Are you done with filming?" I asked him.

"Uh-huh." He had his head tipped back, giving me everything.

I cupped the back of his head, holding his hair firmly, and latched on to his neck just above his shoulder. He

moaned as I sucked, paused to bite, then sucked some more. When it was a nice purple spot, I wrapped my hand around his cock and tugged. “Mine,” I said near his ear.

“Oh yes!”

“Go, Carrie,” I heard Scotty say just before something slick coated my hand and Cal’s dick.

I looked down, not understanding how he might’ve come without my realizing, only to find blue liquid soap all over us. Cal groaned as I renewed my stroking and discovered Scotty up behind Cal, thrusting against his ass. I moved in close, intrigued to see if this might work, and rubbed myself into Cal’s cock. Oh fuck yeah, it was going to work!

“Carrie! Scotty!”

We smiled at each other over Cal’s shoulder, watching him lose it as he bucked between us. My plum mark on his neck made me smile as I held on to them both. I still came first, though, gasping and clutching at them, bowled away by the basic rutting I could get away with having with these two. When Cal came, I kept moving on him, loving the look of rapture on his beautiful face as he wobbled, clinging, and shot stripes of heat on me. Scotty had a hand wrapped around behind me, squishing me to Cal, his other hand holding on to the top of the shower door. I watched him curl and stretch as he roared, no doubt coming all over Cal’s back.

Cal’s mouth quirked up in a dazed grin as his head lolled back onto Scotty’s collarbone. “What a way to wake up.”

I laughed and gave him a kiss, reaching up to stroke Scotty’s flushed cheek. He turned his head to kiss my palm, panting. “Can you reach the soap, Carrie? I’m afraid to move.”

I rolled my eyes at them and mumbled about having to take care of them, to cover how much I liked that. I got handfuls of soap and washed them at the same time until Scotty washed Cal’s front while I got to play around back. The bathing turned hilarious instead of steamy for some reason, the three of us laughing and tickling each other clean.

It only quieted down when they decided to wash my hair. I felt pampered and precious to them as I let them gently scrub and sift the long, dark red strands. I smiled, so very glad this shower had turned into more than I’d set out to get this morning.

Cal watched my face, a pleased little smile on his lips, as he rinsed my hair and Scotty stepped out to gather towels. Did Cal love me too? I didn’t want to thrust it out there if he wasn’t ready to declare it like Scotty had. So I just said it with my eyes and the soft touch of my hands, getting a sweet kiss from him that I took to mean, yes, he loved me too.

Chapter Ten

I made them take me out to breakfast after that. There were things we needed to talk about, really talk about, and I knew that would never work if we stayed around the house. I’d touch one of them, he’d touch back, and suddenly we would be plastered together and trying to find a rhythm. So we dressed in separate rooms—me in a shirt borrowed from Scotty to compensate for my chest and jeans from Cal that fit just like a well-worn pair of boyfriend jeans should. I felt all sunny inside when I made them groan just by trotting down the stairs. Okay, and letting them know I wasn’t wearing panties.

It was ironic to me that we went to the same Denny’s restaurant where I’d initially set things up with the scary bastard formerly known as Uncle Ralphie. We didn’t take the same booth, preferring a table near the windows instead. While Scotty and Cal ordered their artery-clogging meals, I admired their hip-hugging jeans and chest-molded T-shirts. They looked more edible than anything on the menu. See? It was a good thing we were out in public. The desire was there, but no way was I going to actually crawl under the table and pull out even one cock to suck on.

“So,” Scotty said once the waitress wandered off. “I’m guessing you want a little more information about what’s been going on this week.”

Cal hummed contentedly into his nearly white coffee, still looking half-asleep and so damn cuddly. “It was all his idea.”

“Oh no. That Scarlett stuff was all you.”

“Yeah,” I said, leaning forward but stopping short of putting my arm on the table—I remembered the sticky of before. “If you’re running things, why did you have to do that fetish scene if you weren’t into it at all?”

A blush bloomed on Cal's cheeks, making his eyes bluer. "I knew you'd want to save me." Scotty chuckled as my face heated too. "And he was so right about you, he got a rewarding bit of molestation out of it too."

"I've already apologized for that." Oh yeah, now I was really blushing.

"That's just it," Cal said, taking my hand. "You never needed to. It was wonderful."

I smiled at him, squeezing his fingers. Cal liked being dominated. And by me, of all people. That was very definitely something we were going to have to talk about. The most we'd done, talkingwise, was when we read our romances that included some BDSM stuff. I'd always wondered about the way we danced around that topic, only ever sort of talking about it without getting too specific. I guessed we'd been feeling each other out all this time.

"Now," Scotty said with a devilish grin, "would you like to know what happens after we officially take over and make Steele Shag Pictures?"

I refrained from mentioning the name sounded like painful carpeting.

"Of course I do! The gods of gay porn are retiring. What's next for you?" I grinned as they puffed up a little bit. "Going to live on a yacht like Conner? Skinny little twink in their tighty-whities serving you martinis and giving you happy-ending massages all day long?"

Cal nearly spit coffee at me as Scotty laughed so loudly he startled our nearest neighbors.

"How do you know," Cal managed, "that's what it's like on Conner's boat?"

My jaw dropped. "I'm right?" Just went to show you never did know about some people. Uncle Ralphie was a heartless bastard, and Conner Steele, a man who could stand in for Santa Claus in both looks and jolliness, was just another pervy old queer.

Scotty nodded, still chuckling. "We'll take you next time."

Cal pointed at me sternly. "Look. Don't touch."

"Oh, you're the only twink for me, darling." I used the collar of his white T-shirt to pull him in for a kiss. The waitress chose right then to bring out our food, saving the room from too much of Cal's moaning.

We ate in silence for a few minutes. My grocery budget had been tiny lately, and this pile of hashbrowns, bacon, scrambled eggs smothered in ketchup, and a huge glass of orange juice was way more satisfying than the tiny apple and piece of cheddar I'd been eating for breakfast lately. I hoped the rich ex-porn stars knew they were paying.

Which made me remember I had a request I was supposed to be making of them. Had it been three days? No, just two. I had until tomorrow.

God, but I didn't want to do it! Before yesterday, I might've been more okay with it, but now? Starting off our relationship with a financial transaction? My stomach tightened, and I must have grimaced.

"You okay?" Cal asked.

"Fine. I, um, think I'm eating too fast."

He rolled his eyes. "Probably the ketchup. I can't believe you put that on your eggs."

Scotty made a gagging noise. I stuck my ketchup-and-egg-covered tongue out at both of them. I couldn't eat eggs plain. That was gross.

A few more minutes and a few discreet belches of thanks for the cook later, I opened the doors to talking about money. I really didn't have a choice, after all.

"So with your retirement, who's going to get the star slots now?"

Scotty actually bounced in his seat. "We're getting Weber Vincent," he said with a hushed excitement that made me want to squeal—if only I knew what that meant.

"Who's Weber Vincent?" The only Weber I knew was a grill.

"Aw, she's so innocent." I kicked Cal's shin before he'd finished that last word.

As he chuckled, Scotty said, "Web's huge—"

Cal held his hands about a foot apart, and Scotty swatted at him.

"—in the industry. The straight-porn industry."

I frowned and opened my mouth to ask what the hell, but he answered before I could.

"Web's agreed to give the whole 'guy thing' a try." I swear his blue eyes were sparkling. "We start advertising on Monday, but the rumors are creating one hell of a buzz already."

“People want to see the straight guy go gay?”

“Oh hell yeah,” Cal said, just as starry-eyed as Scotty now. “It’s a huge fantasy, turning a straight guy.”

Hmm. Maybe a bit of role-playing was in order later on. Scotty playing it straight while Cal seduced him and I egged him on...and then watched Scotty give in and maybe get fucked. *Oh my, yes.*

Scotty’s excitement faded a little bit as he said, “Of course, that’ll bring a lot more of these pirates out of cyberspace, but, well, that just means we’re doing something right.” He offered another grin and went back to his breakfast.

And didn’t I feel like moldy shit all over again for that damn DVD on its way to my door.

“That’s not, you know, going to break you financially or anything, is it?” Because, oh my God, if I’d contributed to that...

“No,” Cal said around a piece of bacon. “It’s not that bad. We just can’t let them get away with it. When we do catch the ringleaders, we’ll probably never see the whole amount of the lawsuit, but it’ll make a statement for the others to back the hell off or else.”

I’m not a ringleader. I’m not a ringleader.

“It’ll be nice, though,” Scotty said with a devilish smirk, “to toss around notice that we’re suing for one-point-seven million dollars. That ought to make a few people think twice.”

Hell. How was I supposed to ask for a loan after that?

Scotty’s cell phone chirping from his waist didn’t give me a chance to figure it out. “Speak of the devil,” he said and answered his phone. “Conner, you know it’s Saturday, right?”

“If he has to go visit Conner,” Cal said quietly to me, “I’ll go with you to your place.”

“Why are we going to my place?”

He grinned at me, his nose scrunching up like I was the adorable one here. “To pack you a bag so you can stay with us for the weekend, of course. Not that I don’t really enjoy seeing you wearing my jeans and knowing you’re naked underneath them.” Bold as brass, he reached under the table and adjusted himself.

“You are so bad,” I whispered, smiling around my juice glass as I took a sip.

Scotty promised he’d go see Conner, but only for an hour, and gave me a funny look before he finally smiled and hung up. Cal told him what we’d be doing while he was gone, and it was decided that Scotty would take the car and we’d get a cab.

Out on the sidewalk a few minutes later, Scotty pinched both our butts and said, “Don’t take all day with your ‘packing.’ I’m going to want to help you ‘unpack’ when I’m done at the office.”

I gave him a saucy salute. “Innuendo received and acknowledged, Captain Obvious.”

Cal gathered me up in a cuddle as we laughed, everyone accepting kisses before Scotty went around back for the car. Weird. It was delicious to be wrapped up in Cal, but I already kind of missed Scotty. Then Cal leaned back against the building and started nibbling on my neck. Attention diverted, I snuggled in and petted the skin of his lower back just to feel him shiver. We laughed quietly when he did the same and I reacted the same.

Then his hand slid down the back of my jeans.

“We’re in public, Cal.”

“Mmm, I know.”

Ah. Somebody had quite a few kinky fantasies. I looked into those blue eyes and licked his bacon-flavored bottom lip. Good thing I liked fulfilling fantasies. Maybe a little naughty-cop thing? Chasing a fugitive Cal down a back alley and letting him convince Scotty and me not to take him to jail? They had uniforms and handcuffs in props at the studio. Would a nightstick be too kinky?

“What are you thinking about?” he asked, grinning at me.

“Bad cops and a thief desperate not to go back to jail.”

He frowned for a second; then his eyes and mouth popped open wide. A little sound like air slowly leaving a balloon issued from his pink mouth. I saw the cab pull up from the corner of my eye, gave his upper lip a lick, and wiggled my way to the curb. When I looked back with the door open, he was walking toward me with his hand pressed to his crotch. I giggled and got in.

“Vixen,” he whispered at me before giving the driver my address.

I met the woman’s eyes in the rearview and smiled as she wagged her eyebrows at me. Yep, we both knew

Cal was going to get some as soon as we got to my place.

* * *

“Bedroom,” I said to Cal, shoving him through my door first. “Get naked.”

He didn’t walk—he ran.

Laughing, I turned to shut the door, only to have it come flying at me, knocking me nearly on my ass as I stumbled backward. I gave a little scream when I saw a big, blond, angry-looking man in the doorway.

“Where’s Mr. Palmer’s money?”

“Oh, God.”

He advanced on me as I staggered farther away.

“Hey!” Cal hollered behind me.

Ralphie’s muscle pulled a gun.

“No! Cal, stay back!”

“Money,” Muscle growled, the gun aimed at Cal. “Now.”

I was shaking so hard, my teeth were clicking. “I don’t have it.”

He took a step toward Cal.

“I can get it! Just have to make a phone call. Please!”

Muscle shifted so the way to the door was clear and he wasn’t near us. “There’s a black sedan out front. Go get in the back. Fucking now!” he yelled when we didn’t move.

Cal rushed forward, grabbed my arm, and hustled us out the door and down the hall. We took the stairs, and I didn’t really remember the journey that got us back outside and up to a car across the street. It was all fear, tense body, and *oh my God, look at what I’ve done!* It wasn’t just me potentially getting really hurt. I’d gotten Cal involved, and he didn’t even know why.

“I’m so sorry, Cal,” I whispered as we sat in the backseat with another big guy, this one black and glaring from under a caveman’s browridge. “I’m so very—”

“No talking,” the Neanderthal snapped.

Cal just hugged me as I hugged him back, and we sat trembling against each other while Muscle drove us deeper into the city.

* * *

“So,” Ralphie said, “is this one of your little actor friends?”

It turned out Ralphie’s real office was a cluttered mess just like something out of a movie. It was on the top floor of a storage warehouse near the docks that was suspiciously active for a Saturday morning. And all the loading guys seemed to be armed.

“Actor friends?” I asked, confused. “How do you know—”

“Sam called me last night.”

My father. Jesus, what had he been thinking? No, wait, I knew. He’d wanted to let Ralphie know he didn’t need to come down on me, because I was going to ask one of my actor friends for the money. See? No problems here. Just please don’t hurt my little girl. My stupid little girl.

“If I can just use the phone,” I said, disentangling my fingers from a very reluctant Cal, “I’ll see about getting your money right now.”

“Carrie?” Cal whispered.

“Shut it,” Muscle said, poking Cal in the back.

“It’s okay,” I risked saying and tried to give him a reassuring smile.

Ralphie turned his desk phone around, and I dialed Scotty’s number.

“Hello?”

“Scotty, it’s me.”

“Oh, hey. Where are you? I don’t recognize the—”

“I’m in trouble. I need you to bring me some money.”

“Money? Carrie, what’s going on?”

Ralphie started drumming his fingers on his desk. His look was impatient.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t explain right now. I need four thousand dollars brought to...” I raised my eyebrows at Ralphie, then repeated the address he gave me to Scotty. “Can you do that right away, please?”

“And no cops,” Ralphie said, pointing at me.

“No cops, Scotty.”

“Jesus, Carrie.” He took a deep breath. “Do you have four grand in cash?” he asked, and I nearly snapped at him that if I had it, I wouldn’t be calling him. Then I realized he wasn’t talking to me. Scotty was still with Conner Steele.

“Carrie, I’m on my way now. Just...do what they say, all right? And keep Cal safe.”

I nodded, tears choking me up for a second. “Thank you, Scotty,” I whispered, swiping at my eyes and realizing I wasn’t wearing any makeup.

He didn’t respond. I heard the dial tone a moment later and hung up too.

I cleared my throat. “He’s on his way,” I told Ralphie, just to make sure.

“Good. Go have a seat with your scrawny boyfriend.”

I got as far as opening my mouth to defend Cal before realizing that wouldn’t be a good idea. Meekly I turned around and saw that Cal was sitting on the very edge of a battered and stained army green couch. I hurried over to him, and we wrapped our arms around each other. He tucked his face into my neck, his warm breaths pushing fast against my skin. I rubbed his back and tried to stop panting myself.

“All this time,” Ralphie said in that dangerous voice I’d only heard over the phone until now. “All this time, you’ve been working for a film company and telling me you don’t have any money to—”

“I worked in the office. Filing and stapling and stuff. It doesn’t pay that much.”

“Sam said you were running a poker game.”

Goddamn, my dad had a big mouth.

“The cops got wind of it. I had to shut it down. I told you about that.”

“Jesus,” Cal whispered into my neck. Thankfully, he didn’t let me go, but I had to wonder if I was losing him. No, I didn’t have to wonder, because I knew I was. Look at what I’d done! I hugged him tighter just so I could remember later what it had felt like.

Ralphie was shaking his head. “You told me you got a raise and you’d get the money in three days.”

“It’s only been two!”

He slammed his fist on the desk. “I had to find out from your father that you’ve had the money the whole time!”

“I did not!” I untangled from Cal and got up even though he tried to stop me. “I’ve never had enough to pay you back fully. Why the hell would I hold out if I did?”

“You’ve never been that smart.”

“I called him!” I yelled, stalking toward Ralphie. “What the fuck else do you want?”

Muscle was there to grab at me. It must have been instinct that had me dodging his beefy fingers. Then he gave a snarl and actually swung at me. I flinched back. Suddenly Cal was in between that thick fist and me. He gave a yelp, his whole body snapping around to follow his head, before he went down to his hands and knees.

I saw blood drop from his mouth onto the floor.

I launched myself at the son of a bitch who’d hit my Cal. It wasn’t planned. I didn’t know what I was doing. But I fought with every weapon I had, from fingernails to teeth to knees. Every curse and gasp out of the bastard fed my rage. No one was going to hurt my Cal. Fucking no one!

Then my luck ran out, and he clocked me but good.

I went down, landing hard on my ass and knocking the breath out of myself as my brain bounced around in my skull. My vision went hazy. A moment later, trembling arms gathered me close to a heaving chest and squeezed me. Cal. He sort of folded himself around me, tucking my legs up to my chest and hiding my face in his neck. Protecting me from further attack. I wrapped the arm I could get free around his back, holding tightly.

“Couple of little bitches,” Muscle snarled just before Cal jerked and gasped from a dull thud landing somewhere behind him as, I bet, that fucker kicked him. I just hugged him tighter and tried not to pass out from the pain in my head and the way-too-fast beat of my heart. And I couldn’t catch my breath.

“Enough,” Ralphie said, sounding bored. “Leave them alone while we wait for the money.”

My heart didn’t slow and my head didn’t ease in the stretch of silence that followed. We shook together, our

breaths loud to my ears, and I felt a gathering weightlessness. Oh, God...
“Cal,” I said between panted breaths. “I’m...so sorry. Think I’m...fainting.”
I felt him squeeze me as I jerked involuntarily, a rushing sound in my ears.
Chapter Eleven

No idea how long I was out. I heard voices first, too low to be clear. Then I realized I was still tucked tight into Cal, in the same position as before except for my arm being slack and dangling. I moved it back to hold on to him, and he whimpered near my ear as he gave me a squeeze.

He moved his head to look at me. I felt like every kind of loser asshole all over again for doing this to him. His blue eyes were bloodshot and puffy, his cheeks damp—my cheek too, from pressing to his—and his bottom lip was cut, blood on his chin. And yet the first words he said were, “Are you okay?”

Tears burned my eyes as I cupped the back of his head and nodded. “You?” I said, my voice all raspy.

“I think so.” His gaze cut toward Ralphie’s desk. “Scotty’s here.”

I looked too fast, my head spinning a bit, and saw him. I could only see the back of him, but his spine was ramrod straight, fists clenched, legs braced apart. Raring for a fight. He was bigger than Muscle. Part of me really wanted to see Scotty kick his ass, but I had a feeling Scotty’s anger was just waiting to be directed at me.

I held tight to Cal’s shirt, suddenly worried Scotty might separate us and only take Cal with him when he left. He’d have every right to, of course. I didn’t deserve either of them after this. I could’ve gotten Cal killed, and all because I was too stupid—prideful?—to ask for their help.

Then I realized Cal was holding on to my shirt too, stretching the cotton across my chest as he balled it in his fists behind me. Did he want to make sure we stuck together too?

“Get up,” Scotty suddenly barked above us. His eyes were still on Ralphie and Muscle. “Let’s go.”

I hoped like hell he’d brought them exact change and real money and no scams or something brave and crazy like in a movie. Cal and I helped each other up. My legs had pins and needles as the blood rushed back into them, but I wasn’t about to wait around for full feeling before walking away from all this.

It had to mean something good that Scotty let us cling to each other while he got our backs and guided us to the door with hands on our shoulders. As we stepped out into the sun, I had to admit that, right then, I loved these two men more than I’d ever thought it would be possible to love someone.

I just didn’t deserve them. At all.

* * *

I could see Scotty shaking as he gripped the steering wheel. Only when Cal unbuckled and leaned into Scotty’s shoulder did he even seem to take a full breath. Then he drove one-handed so he could, presumably, hold Cal somewhere with the other. I couldn’t really see, since I was in the backseat and too busy trying not to break down.

It didn’t take long to figure out that Scotty was driving to my apartment. I wasn’t disappointed. That was fine. I was just glad he’d bothered to take me home instead of leaving me at Ralphie’s. I probably needed to call my dad anyway.

When we arrived, I barely waited for Scotty to stop the car before jumping out onto the sidewalk. Since my eyes were burning and my throat slowly closing up, I wasn’t going to last much longer without bawling like a baby. That was fine too. I just didn’t want them to see me do it.

I was completely thrown when Scotty was there to hold the security door open when it buzzed. Looking up at him, I saw the red puffiness of his eyes. One tear slipped out. “Go inside, Carrie,” he whispered.

My head swam, and I bumped into him, catching his shoulder and fisting his shirt. Cal was suddenly there too, both of them surrounding me. I split open like a piñata, my mind going blank. There were tears and snot and shaking so bad I couldn’t walk and had to be carried. I was vaguely aware of being in Scotty’s arms, Cal digging my keys out of my pocket, doors opening and closing.

Then I was sitting on the one square of available kitchen counter, my body near to convulsing, and Scotty went and made it worse by standing between my dangling legs as my heels beat a twitchy rhythm on the cabinet below me. “Did you think we’d leave you here? I love you and Cal, Carrie. I just wanted to get somewhere safe and make sure you’re both okay.” He then waded through the mess on my face and kissed me

gently on lips that couldn't even begin to reciprocate.

I saw Cal beside us, the bruise blooming on his jaw, the cut on his lip, and I leaned over and tossed my breakfast into the sink. It hurt like hell, making me gag and shake even more violently. I heard them talking but couldn't make out the words. The water turned on just as I finally stopped, and Scotty grabbed my shoulders and shook me.

"You stop this right now! You're making yourself sick." He hugged me tightly. "Stop it, baby. We're not going anywhere."

It was that last sentence that did it for me. Another switch flipped somewhere inside me, and I leaned into him hard, slowly getting a grip and doing that child-coming-down-off-a-tantrum gasping thing. Something warm and wet traveled over my face, making me open burning eyes to see Cal again. He was wiping up the tears and whatever else now clung to my skin. He gave me a little smile, and I grabbed him so I could have one of their heads on either side of mine.

"It's okay now," Cal said as somebody's hand rubbed up and down my back.

"I'm so sorry," I finally managed. "I could've gotten you killed."

"You could've gotten both of you killed," Scotty sort of growled in my ear. "I could've lost both of the people I love."

"I'm sorry, Scotty." God, I was whining! Where was that tough chick I used to be?

He pulled back, making me let them go. "I know you are. I'm mad, and I'm going to get some answers. But I still love you, and I'd like to kiss you." He grinned suddenly. "Right after you brush your teeth."

I managed a pretty hearty laugh, and that seemed to help get me back together again. It felt like I'd been reassembled with wet duct tape, but I got up and followed Cal into the bathroom. While I brushed, Scotty helped us both deal with our cuts. Apparently the blow from Muscle that had sent me to the floor had included a cut on my cheek and a bruise that was blooming and swelling under my eye.

Cal babbled about the fight, sort of working his way backward through what had happened to us, until Scotty Band-Aided his mouth shut to stop his lip from bleeding. I took up the story then, finishing the explanation of why Scotty had seen us curled up on the floor like that when he'd arrived. When he found out I'd been unconscious, he started trying to haul me to a hospital, but I assured him it hadn't been from getting hit in the head so much as pure panic that overwhelmed me and made me faint.

"So she's a real girl after all," Scotty said with a smirk.

I just rolled my eyes and leaned into him again, wanting that kiss he'd promised now that I was minty fresh. He held my face very gently and kissed me just as sweetly. It felt so perfect, I nearly started crying again. He gave me a glare that said I'd better not, then took my hand and Cal's and led us into my bedroom.

There really wasn't enough room on the bed for all three of us, but we made it work by the both of them being half on top of me. It was a very warm, safe place to be, and I had to fight down tears again as I snuggled between them. I'd never been much of a crier, so this had to knock it off, like, soon. Scotty helped me do that by making the suggestion that I finally tell them both what the hell had prompted our day's adventure.

They were disappointed that I'd ever thought getting the loan had been a good idea, that I hadn't come to them sooner, and that I'd been living in one state of fear or another for months now. They were horrified at my method of paying that debt back, though glad I'd gotten out of the poker games when I'd started hearing the whispers about cops. My desire to come clean soon had me confessing one other thing.

"I bought one of those pirated DVDs on Thursday night."

"Bought one?" Scotty asked.

I frowned at him. "Why'd you say it like that?"

"With your penchant for illegal activities and the evidence they found today, I was sort of expecting you to say you'd been making them."

My heart might have skipped a beat there.

"She wouldn't dare," Cal said in a very dark, un-Cal-like voice before resealing his Band-Aid across his lips.

"I wouldn't! I don't even know how!"

"Why did you buy one?" Scotty asked, his voice going soothing, like he thought I might bolt or cry again.

I glared at him. "Because I thought I was in love with two men I couldn't have. Two men who'd been showing me all week long just how hot they are and making me half-crazy with wanting them so badly, I

ached all the damn time.”

Cal was grinning, not at all apologetic for their scheming. He took the Band-Aid off completely this time.

“What was on the DVD?”

“Best of Cal and Scotty.” They thought that was funny, the bastards.

“Wait,” Scotty said. “Why did you buy it if we were making you crazy?”

I sighed. “I was going to quit.” They gasped. “Then Ralphie called me, and I knew I couldn’t quit.”

“Okay,” Cal said. “I’m sorry for pushing you to that. We wanted you to see us with each other, to make sure you could handle that part of a relationship with us.”

“I’m sorry too,” Scotty said and kissed my cheek.

I smiled. “I’m not sorry. Not anymore, anyway. You two are seriously hot together.”

We passed out kisses to each other and cuddled up a little tighter, everybody touching everybody else. I ended up having Cal’s face so close to mine, all I could see were his bright eyes and that bruise.

I had to whisper, “You’re the bravest man I’ve ever known, Cal.”

“Me? I nearly pissed myself, I was so scared.”

“You protected me. This,” I said, tracing his bruise without touching, “was meant for me, and you took it instead. Then you took a kick to your back while holding me.”

Scotty leaned over me and lifted Cal’s shirt up. Cal obediently lay more on me so Scotty could see. We took a little intermission then while Scotty went to fetch some ice packs and towels.

“I love you, Carrie,” Cal whispered. “I’d do anything for you.”

I smiled, swallowing back tears. “I love you too. I’d do anything for you too.”

We kissed very carefully so we wouldn’t hurt his lip. I smiled as I said, “Stick your tongue out.”

He did, eyeing me with curiosity. I leaned in and sucked on it like I’d seen Julio do to Travis. Cal, my beautiful man, moaned deep and long for me. But when I cupped his cheek, he gasped in a bad way.

“Oh, sorry!” I’d pressed on the bruise.

“It’s okay. I’ve had worse.”

I nodded and took that as an opening. “Your last company?”

“Yeah,” he sort of sighed out.

“That’s why I got so upset at the studio, when I thought I’d hurt you.” Had it really only been yesterday? “I’d thought maybe I’d reminded you of that.”

He gave me a little smile. “Let’s talk about that, okay? There’s some stuff you need to know about me.”

Scotty came back, and we settled in again. Finally Cal leaned his head on his palm, denting the pillow beside my shoulder, while I held the towel-wrapped ice pack to his back. Scotty lay with his head on my shoulder, his breath gusting warmly across my skin, and tangled our fingers together. It felt safe, and I think that helped me not tense up as Cal spoke.

“When I was eighteen, I left home and met Roan. I still don’t know, but I’m pretty sure that wasn’t his real name. Anyway, he was into the Dom/sub lifestyle, like in some of those books we’ve read.”

I felt my eyes go round. We’d been reading about something he’d lived?

“It’s okay,” he said. “I’ve been in therapy for a while, and those books are all romances. I can’t read the other ones, but the ones with love are good for me.”

I nodded for him to go on, despite having questions already.

“So another thing Roan was into was filming his scenes. I knew what he did in them, and I knew he recorded them when I asked him to do one with me. I was curious and turned on and didn’t see any reason why I shouldn’t.” He sighed, and I had a feeling he was wishing he could’ve told that younger him to stay away from Roan.

“Basically I trusted him, and I shouldn’t have. I didn’t know he sold the videos, and I didn’t know I was nothing but a prop to him. I thought I was in love, and I thought what we did was normal for people like us.”

“You liked the pain,” I whispered.

He nodded, not holding my gaze now. “Apparently I’m what some call a pain slut. I like regular sex like anyone would, but I like it even more when sex includes domination.” He paused to swallow, nervousness mixing with the embarrassed flush on his cheeks. “And I like it even better when sex includes bondage, a spanking, flogging...or cutting.”

I couldn't have hidden my surprise, so I didn't bother trying.

His gaze flicked up and away from my face. "Yeah, I know."

"We've tried it," Scotty said, his hand gripping my fingers like he meant to keep me where I was. "But I'm not that comfortable with doing those things. Top him, sure, but the rest..."

"And I am," I said because it was the truth. As freaky as it was for me to say it out loud, I owed it to them both to admit it if we were going to make our relationship work.

"Really?" Cal whispered, and there was such hope on his face.

I nodded, swallowing hard myself now. "I've never done much, some bondage and spanking, but I've liked it when I have done it." I offered up a little smile. "You seem to bring it out of me. The first time I saw your naked ass, I wanted to spank it red."

Cal sort of whined as he sighed and dropped his head to my shoulder, the rest of him sinking into me too. I tossed the ice pack and held him tightly as Scotty curled around us and gave me a kiss to my temple that seemed grateful.

I took a chance that there really weren't any stupid questions and asked, "Do you want me to do things like pick out your clothes or—" I stopped because he lifted his head, and his look told me, yes, there were stupid questions. "Right. Sorry."

He chuckled. "Dominate me in bed, Carrie. That's the only place I need it."

"I just wanted to make sure. We've read some pretty involved submission stuff in our books, so I wanted to understand where you want this to go."

"I don't want it to go anywhere you're not comfortable taking it or—"

"No, it's fine. This is good." I tucked him close and kissed his forehead. "I've wanted to make you mine since I met you, Cal."

"And now you can tie me up too."

I laughed, the sound low and naughty to my ears. "God, angel, if I wasn't on my way to a nap right now, I'd tie you to the headboard and do very wicked things to you."

I sincerely loved the look of total lust that filled his face right then.

Scotty chuckled, stroked Cal's uninjured cheek, and said, "I think he's hoping that's a promise for later, Carrie."

I grinned. "Promise, Cal. You and me, we'll figure this D/s-in-bed stuff out in the best, safest way possible. And, occasionally, we might let Scotty play too."

They laughed even as Scotty pinched my stomach.

I actually felt really good right then, and I think it was because I'd found my place. Not just the girl they loved, but an important part of the group because I could do something Cal needed that Scotty couldn't provide. I was needed here. Needed and loved.

Epilogue

Four Months Later

I hadn't seen him naked yet, but I had no doubt Weber Vincent, the new star of Steele Shag Pictures—I'd tried; I couldn't talk them out of that name—was very well hung and knew exactly what to do with his equipment. His charming personality, dark good looks, and dimpled smile had gotten me halfway to coming just from talking to the guy.

And my new job—yay!—as director's assistant in addition to being lead photographer was to acclimate the new guys and help them set the scene. I got to spend a lot of time around Web—and Julio, the little freak, who was all but humping Web's leg even now.

"Down, boy," I said to him and smacked his bouncy ass. "Save it for the cameras."

"Actually," Web said with those strawberry lips as his sapphire eyes twinkled. "Would it be okay with you both if Julio and I spent some time off camera getting comfortable with each other? I know you want to capture all the newness of me being with a guy, but..."

"That's fine with me, Web," I said. "We certainly don't want to see you struggle or—"

"And it is so fine with me." Julio practically purred as he slithered his way onto Web's lap. "I could cream my

shorts right now, *mi amante*.” Man, his accent came out thick when he was turned on.

Web laughed and seemed just fine with palming Julio’s ass and pulling him closer into his chest as Julio snuggled right on in. I had to admit, they made a lovely couple. Web’s skin was damn white against Julio’s natural teak, and they had matching sexy grins at the moment.

I rolled my eyes. “Julio, save the cream. You owe me a thicker cum shot than I got last time.” He giggled at me. “Web, you can do whatever you want, so long as nobody comes. That’s for the cameras.”

I got up and left them to it, walking out of the gazebo on this picturesque little farm. I’d gotten to choose the location and was really pleased with myself. Rustic barn, squeaky old-fashioned beds, wood everywhere, actors strutting around in boots, cowboy hats, and nothing else. They knew they looked hot, and the fans were screaming for cowboy videos. Save a horse, you know.

Passing Everett, the newest member of the marketing team, I gave his shoulder a squeeze and told Travis not to scare him off. They made a beautiful couple too, though no cameras would be filming what they did anytime soon. Everett was even more adorable than Cal because he blushed at everything. Travis seemed to really enjoy putting color in those little round cheeks—like now, when he stuck his hand in Everett’s back pocket and hauled him in close while smiling at Everett’s squeak of surprise and accompanying red face.

Cute as Everett was, he was still great at his job—the job formerly occupied by Brad. A few weeks ago, that sting operation Scotty had told me about caught Brad trying to use more of my photos to get himself a permanent position within the ring of people making the illegal CDs and DVDs. It hadn’t been difficult to figure out who had stolen my original set of photos. Some bit of computer data had shown them being copied only the one time I gave them all to Brad on his flash drive. That hadn’t been enough evidence, so they’d baited and trapped him like the dog he was. I was still a little upset that he’d gotten off with hardly any punishment simply because he’d given up a few other people in the ring. But whatever. They’d wanted the bigger fish, and now they had some of them. And the company was getting a fair amount of free advertising with the announcement of the lawsuits against the bad guys too, so it was all good there.

My illegal and deeply regretted purchase had never been delivered. The people selling it had been running a scam or something, just taking money and never delivering a product. It made me feel better, really. Besides, I had the stars of that DVD in my bed every night, and it was so easy to get a performance out of them whenever I just wanted to watch.

My cell phone vibrated at my hip. I’d taken to wearing it on a clip whenever we were on a shoot and now felt like some kind of modern gunslinger since I too wore the cowboy stuff. Well, cowgirl stuff. I was damn cute in my baby blue Stetson.

“Hi, Dad,” I said into my cell. He and I had managed to move beyond saying things like “*What they hell were you thinking, turning Ralphie on me like that?*” a while ago. He’d been trying to help; I could appreciate that. The fact that I’d never again be in such a situation negated demands that he never rat on me again. We were back to normal.

“Hi, kiddo. I just wanted to let you know I’m done with what’s-his-name. For good this time.” He refused to say Ralphie’s name anymore.

“That’s great news. I’m really glad.”

“I mean it.”

“I know.” He always did. “What’s-his-name doesn’t deserve any more Trent cash, so I’m glad you’re through with him.”

“Completely through with him.”

“Yeah.” I really hoped so.

“Are you still on schedule to come visit next weekend?”

During our discussions to mend our relationship, I’d told him about the one I had with Cal and Scotty. Neither he nor my mother had understood it at all—Two men? Two men who loved each other too?—but they were coming around. We were even scheduled for the whole meet-the-parents thing now.

“Yeah, we’re still looking at being over next weekend.”

I spotted Cal by the corral beside the old barn, decked out in a cowboy’s finest duds from Stetson to boots, and gently patting the nose of a big blond horse lazily munching on something Cal had no doubt given it. He was completely in love with farm life—he’d had a blast riding a tractor the other day—and I had a feeling this

would be what we'd get instead of a yacht like Conner Steele had. No skinny twinkies in their undies for us; we would have horses and cornfields and bowlegged old cowboys who thought we were all crazy but left us to it anyway because we paid well.

"I think Mom would love it here," I told Dad, heading toward Cal.

He laughed loudly in my ear. "The farm and animals, yes. The naked men, not so much."

I snorted at that, thinking of Web for a moment and coming to a sudden, creepy conclusion. Mom would have liked him because, if you squinted and aged him about twenty years, Web looked a lot like my dad. Yep. Web was no longer so hot.

I walked up behind Cal and firmly touched his back. He gasped and turned his head, giving me a smile when he saw it was me. As he pressed into my hand, I felt him shiver and heard him moan. Under his pale blue chambray shirt, he had a set of crisscrossing stripes I'd given him with the flogger he loved so much. I couldn't feel the welts with my fingers anymore, but the fading lines still gave him a thrill when I played with them.

"I'll talk to you later, okay, Dad?"

"Sure thing, kiddo. Tell whichever boy that was, I said hi." He snickered, and I did too. I didn't tell Cal Dad had heard him as I ended the call, though. I wanted him turned on, not embarrassed.

"Where have you been all morning?" I asked him, easing just one finger down the side of his back.

He rested his head on the rail, sighing as his cheeks pinkened. "Shopping," he said and held up the thick plastic bag in his other hand. I knew those bags. The nearby town of Dufford didn't have much, but it did know its kink.

"That's too bulky to have the crop you've been looking at. What did you get?"

"Something for both of us. Something you've mentioned before."

I made an intrigued sound and snatched the bag to peek inside. "Oh my God." Yep. That was a strap-on in there.

He giggled at me. "You busy right now, ma'am?"

A shiver snapped down my spine because, when he called me "ma'am," he wanted to play. And he'd been putting a Southern twang to the word since we'd been on this farm.

I grabbed his collar and shuffled him in the direction of the main house, where we were staying. "Inside. Naked. Ropes." I gave him a shove. "Run."

He held his hat on and ran, not even stopping when Scotty came out of the barn and Cal had to zigzag around him to keep going. His boots hitting the porch steps sounded like gunfire before he disappeared inside.

"Is he okay?" Scotty asked when I sauntered over as only someone wearing cowboy boots can.

I grinned at him and opened the bag so he could see our newest toy. He laughed, reached in, and did something, then laughed more when the whole thing started vibrating. I joined him, even as I turned it off before anyone else noticed. There was a whole crew of people behind him setting up the barn interior for filming later this afternoon.

Scotty looped our arms together and walked with me up to the house. "So what part can I play, because I definitely want to see you use this on him. And can I just say, I love that it's pink."

"I know. He adores getting me pink toys." The paddles were both pink, the silk ropes were, and even the flogger was deer hide dyed pink. I thought Cal might like knowing his Dom was a girl.

"And you," I said, "can take the lead after I get inside him with this." I shook the bag as we walked up onto the porch. "I'll have him all trussed up on the headboard, I think, and get him from behind so I can play with his back. You can then get up behind me. Okay?"

Scotty wasn't comfortable watching when I actually hit Cal, but he was getting better about seeing the evidence of it and occasionally tormenting Cal by doing things like I had when I pressed on his back. Cal loved it when Scotty participated, so Scotty was making a valiant effort to do so. That I'd have Cal on his knees now meant Scotty would be seeing the flogger's marks pretty close-up.

"Yeah, I'm good with that." He gave me a grin and let me go into the house first.

We found Cal being a good boy in the bedroom. He was kneeling on the floor with his legs wide apart, his cock already pointing at me, and the pink ropes coiled neatly beside him. Hands clasped behind his back, he kept his head down as we walked in. I heard him swallow hard and watched as his stomach muscles tightened

and made his cock twitch like it was waving hello.

“Well, isn’t this a beautiful sight,” I said, taking off my hat.

Scotty leaned in and whispered in my ear. “Leave the boots on for me.”

I laughed silently and rolled my eyes at him. I’d have to remove them to get my painted-on jeans off, but then I’d put them back on again. Literally again. The man hadn’t once let me have sex without my cowboy boots on since we’d gotten here.

“Angel, pull the bed away from the wall about two feet.”

Cal rocked up to standing and did as ordered, tugging the big brass monstrosity toward the center of the room. Scotty and I got undressed while Cal checked the distance and then tugged a bit more. When he was done, he stood at the foot of the bed just as politely as any of the subs we’d ever read about in our romance books. We’d been learning a lot together in the last few months, and I swear every encounter improved on the last.

“Up on the bed now, angel,” I said, putting my damn boots back on. “Face the headboard, and rest your arms along it as you lean over it.”

He did as I said, and oh yeah, that looked amazing. Scotty made a sound of appreciation beside me, already stroking his cock, as we looked over Cal on display. The marks on his back were pink and faintly purple but not so many or so bold that they distracted from the lovely golden hue of his skin. He bent over so his chest and arms rested on the flat brass bar across the top of the headboard, his legs far apart, and that pert ass open so I could see his pink pucker and naked balls below it. As soon as I had him tied down, I’d be licking all that I could reach.

Cal’s blue eyes watched me as I tied one end of the rope to his wrist, then wound it around his arm and the headboard. I asked him to test it, which let him tell me if it was too tight or not tight enough. He tugged and said it was perfect, so I gave him a kiss before walking around the bed to tie down his other arm. He closed his eyes this time, letting his head hang down, smiling so sweetly. That smile had been what made doing this perfectly fine with me. Cal loved what we did and made sure I knew it. I gave the back of his hand a kiss after he confirmed that arm was perfect too, then went over to figure out how to get the strap-on...on.

Scotty helped and then laughed when he made me jump by switching on the vibrator feature. I switched it off and swatted him out of the way so Cal could see me. I thought I looked ridiculous with a pink dick poking out from my groin and white leather straps hugging my hips and ass, but this wasn’t really for me.

“What do you think, angel?”

He groaned. “God, please get up here and fuck me with that. Please, please!”

That was the other thing Cal was really good at—begging. Got my blood pumping every time. So up on the bed I went, feeling like I had a tail on the wrong side of my body as I maneuvered into position behind him. Scotty got the lube and sat on the bed somewhere behind me while I leaned over and rimmed Cal like we both loved so much.

Cal moaned and wiggled. I licked and sucked and nibbled. Since he’d returned this particular favor a few times, I now knew a bit about why he loved it so much. It was still so very naughty to me, though. I might paddle his ass red, but this felt way more wicked than that, for some reason. And it was a surefire way of getting a lot more begging out of him.

“Oh, God, Carrie, please! So good! So fucking...” He moaned, and I looked over the swell of his ass to see him tipping his head back and making the ropes bite into his arms. I reached between his thighs and ringed the base of his cock with my fingers and thumb, rubbing his balls gently with little movements of my wrist. His voice went up at least an octave. “Yes! Oh Christ! Carrie, please, please fuck me. Please? Please fuck me, Carrie. I need it!”

I sat back, not letting his dick go, and turned to get the lube from Scotty. He made me smile as he came over and slathered my dick—*so weird!*—with lube while his rubbed into my thigh. I gave him a nice slow stroke and a kiss in thanks, knowing that big cock would be mine in a few minutes, then refocused on Cal.

We’d used a dildo a few times before, so I knew the drill. I touched it to him, and the feeling of using my hips to slowly push it inside him was actually kind of cool. He widened his legs and tipped his hips, helping it find his prostate as I kept on pushing slowly and steadily deeper. My pink dick was only about three inches into him when he let out a very satisfied groan as we found his spot. I slowly moved back and forth on it, keeping my hand on his cock tight so he couldn’t come. He loved the denial.

I heard Scotty whisper how hot we looked and realized he was standing on the floor beside us, watching from that angle. I gave him a grin, then watched as I spread my free hand out on Cal's back and raked over his marks. He jerked and howled.

"You're so beautiful," I said, lying over his back and sinking deeper into him. His skin felt like fire on my breasts. "Now Scotty's going to ride us both until we shatter."

"Oh yes," Cal whispered with such heartfelt longing as he looked at Scotty getting on the bed behind me. Cal's flushed face and excited grin didn't distract me from peeking back to watch Scotty myself.

"You're beautiful too," he whispered in my ear and hauled my face up and around for a deep kiss while other gently demanding fingers guided his sheathed cock inside me.

It was still a wonderful stretch, and I had to pull my mouth away from his to mindlessly vocalize that before falling over Cal's back again. Both men groaned, and then Scotty was off, doing what he seemed to do so very well. I swore his hips were double-jointed or independent from his brain or I don't know what, but he could work those things in a way that had me seeing stars. And I was pretty sure Cal was seeing some too, since Scotty knew exactly how to move me to make my little pink dick thrust into Cal.

I wasn't going to last much longer like this, knew from experience now that I'd be taking Scotty with me, and wanted Cal right there too. I kept my hand on his cock still but used my other one to pinch his nipple in time to Scotty's pumping hips and let that movement also help decide where my tongue went over the marks on Cal's back.

"Oh Jesus! Yes! Carrie, please let me come! Please!"

I grumbled when I felt Scotty's fingers messing with the strap-on. He was working them between it and me, so I sat up enough to find out what the—"Oh fucking hell!" I hollered as the vibrator kicked on against me. I fell forward like somebody had snapped my spine and had to let Cal's dick go so I could wrap my arms around his waist and hold on tight. Then I was coming hard, shaking with the seizure of it, and crying out like they were killing me. Cal screamed, and I felt him cream my arm and Scotty push in hard one more time before he hollered like a bear and shuddered, his arms somehow still strong enough to keep from crushing me into Cal.

Humming contentedly, I gave Cal's hot cock a few strokes to finish him completely as he twitched under me. I loved his moan. Scotty slowly eased away, then fell onto his back beside us with another long bear noise. I sat up and switched the vibrator thingy off first, since it was heading toward ouchy, then pulled slowly out of Cal.

A few minutes later, I had him untied, his arms massaged, and lying on his back beside Scotty. He looked delightfully stoned, like he was still swimming in sensation. Smiling triumphantly, I managed to get the strap-on off and then tugged off the boots too. I was rather proud of myself that I hadn't passed out after all that work, since I was still twitching and panting just enough to notice. Cal grabbed my hand and tugged me to crawl up and lie down beside him. I did so willingly, the three of us quiet except for our breathing.

Finally Cal said, "That was awesome."

"Woo, baby," I said, snuggling into his chest.

"Can I try it sometime too?" Scotty asked.

"You need two dicks?" I teased. And then I thought about that and smiled with my clever naughtiness.

"You use it on me, you dork." He reached over Cal and bopped my head.

I hummed, filing my other imagining away to imagine that. "You got it. I'll do that, and you can suck Cal off at the same time."

"Yee-haw," Cal whispered. I looked up to find him heading toward sleep already.

It wasn't long before I heard both of them doing their synchronized snoring routine. I didn't mind it, really. They weren't very loud, and after so long of wanting to be right here, I wasn't going to complain about a little thing like mild stereo snoring. I got to listen to it every night since I'd given up my apartment and moved in with them. It was becoming comforting. So I just snuggled in and relaxed, absorbing the love and trust we shared and knowing they'd be there when I woke up.

Missy lives in Akron, Ohio, near the university and has an evil day job that, thankfully, leaves her plenty of time to write her little heart out. She discovered M/M in 2009 and finished writing her first story in January of 2010. It was accepted by Loose Id Publishing in May 2010, and Missy states she's still flying high from that. She's currently working on a bunch of other stories because her muse will not be silenced. Find out more about Missy at <http://missywelsh.com>.