

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



Succulent

Georgia Peach
Lena Matthews

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Georgia Peach

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GEORGIA PEACH

Lena Matthews

Dedication

To all the girls who like boys who like boys.

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Chapter One

"So don't hold back. What do you think?" The front door had barely closed before the unexpected question was tossed at Thayne Gerling.

It was a question to which Thayne had no real answer because right at this moment he felt incapable of thought. Harris Dayan, Thayne's ex-lover and current best friend, was now involved with a former coworker of theirs. A former female coworker Thayne had always been attracted to. Coherent thought right now was almost an improbability. "I'm not thinking much."

"You've been far too quiet this evening and I have to say, it makes me a bit nervous," Harris teased.

"Why would it make you nervous?"

"Because when you're this silent, it usually means you're plotting and up to no good."

Harris' comment made him chuckle. He knew Thayne so well. "Me. Up to no good?" Thayne tried for an innocent expression, but from the way Harris tilted his head to the side and arched a brow, he could see it didn't play well. "I'm not plotting. Just a bit in shock. I didn't know you were seeing Shay." Or anybody else, but he refrained from adding that part. There was no need to look like the lovelorn ex-flame when it was beyond obvious the torch had been snuffed out. At least on Harris' side. "How long have you two been dating?"

"We've been seeing each other for a while now."

Thayne stared at Harris and waited for more to come. He waited in vain. As usual his friend held back, playing his cards close to his chest. "How long is 'a while'?"

"A while," Harris repeated, as if Thayne were somehow slowwitted.

His flippant response was so familiar it made Thayne smile. "I leave town for a few months and everything changes."

"You were gone for over six months," Harris replied with unsuppressed sarcasm.

"No. Six months?" Thayne frowned. Had it truly been that long? Maybe that explained the inexplicable ache he had to see Harris again. "Really?"

"Regrettably so, my friend."

"Still...it's not that long."

Harris chuckled. "It's long enough."

"I'll say." Thayne sat on the couch and kicked his feet, shoes and all, up onto the secondhand coffee table he'd helped Harris cart here when he moved in two years ago. "I must admit, I don't remember her looking quite so good when I worked there."

"Good thing for me."

"Why do you say that?"

"If you had, you would have hit on her and I wouldn't have stood a chance."

"Nah, I think she always had a thing for you." Although he couldn't blame Shay. Harris was a very attractive man. "Even back in the day. In fact, I distinctly remember teasing you about her a time or two. I guess you took me up on my advice and asked her out."

"Something like that." His lips spread into a tiny, secretive smile.

"Something?" There was a story there. Thayne could tell.

"Put it this way, once Shay puts her mind to it, she can be very difficult to overlook or say no to."

"Headstrong and cute."

"She's more than cute."

"You're right. Gorgeous. Very." Even gorgeous was putting it lightly, though Thayne couldn't think of another word to describe the sable-haired woman. Shay Ramneil was a voluptuous beauty, with whiskey-colored eyes and hair that damn near

hung to her waist. She was physically the type of girl he would go for in a flash, and it made him wonder how he'd overlooked her before. "You're a lucky dog."

"I know."

Leaning forward a bit, he entwined his fingers then laid his head back, getting as comfortable as possible on Harris' yet-to-be-pulled-out couch. When he'd imagined visiting California, the thought of where he was going to sleep never really entered his head.

Harris had a very comfortable queen-size bed the two of them had shared plenty of times, but now that Shay was in the picture, Thayne assumed sharing the bed was out. As were his other plans of them possibly starting anew. To say Thayne had missed Harris would have been the understatement of the year. He'd hoped when he came back for a visit they could pick up where they'd left off. So much for that.

Opening his eyes, he peered over at the fair-haired man who was kicked back in the recliner with one of the silliest looks Thayne had ever seen on his face. No doubt about it, Thayne wasn't getting any this weekend. But if he wasn't going to get laid, the least he could do was give his friend a little bit of hell. "Not sure about her accent though. Every time she talks, I want to look over my shoulder to see if the General Lee is going to come bursting through the walls."

A smile ruffled Harris' lips. "Shut up. I think it's sexy."

"The car or her accent?"

"Do I have to pick just one?"

"Freak," he teased. "Seriously though, explain it to me. How can someone live in California and still sound like that?" Truth be told, Thayne was kind of partial to her soft Georgia accent, but he couldn't very well tease Harris about it if he admitted to liking it himself.

"Luck."

“Good answer.” Thayne chuckled and the two of them settled into a comfortable silence. Thayne had been looking forward to finally getting together with his friend, he just didn’t realize at the time he made the plans Harris was seeing someone.

To be fair though, it wasn’t as if Harris had to explain himself to Thayne. It wasn’t as if the two of them had ever been an item. They’d slept together on numerous occasions since first meeting four years ago, but Thayne, much to his chagrin now, had made sure it stayed light. For more than one reason of course, but mainly because of what he loathed to admit now, his fear to commit to just one person. One sex.

The feelings he had for Harris could not be denied, but as much as he loved being buried deep within the other man, Thayne knew he could never just be with a man. Nor could he ever be completely happy just being with a woman. He wanted both, as selfish as it was. As great as things were with Harris, it still hadn’t been enough to make Thayne want to settle down with just him. Not that Harris had ever insinuated he wanted to. In fact, Thayne was never quite sure what Harris thought about their freewheeling, fuck-buddy relationship. The other man seemed to just go with the flow of it, which in many ways made it easy for Thayne to take the job out of state but also made it hard for him to come back.

“How are things in Colorado?” The question came out of left field, rousing Thayne from his private thoughts.

“It’s not home, that’s for sure. I’m thinking of relocating back here.” Despite living there for the last six months, Thayne still hadn’t adjusted. The promotion he’d been very thrilled about getting didn’t live up to the hype or his expectations. Thayne didn’t think he was difficult to please but, try as he might, he hadn’t been able to find his niche in Colorado. He wasn’t unhappy there, he just wasn’t happy.

From the wide-eyed look Harris sent him, Thayne could tell his announcement surprised the other man. “Are they posting a new position?”

“No, but I can find another job,” he said with a shrug of his shoulders. It wasn’t as if the insurance company he worked for was the Mecca of all jobs.

"True." Harris studied him in his intense and quiet way. "Do you like anything about Denver?"

"The women." He grinned.

"Are you seeing anyone at the moment?"

"Nah." Closing his eyes, Thayne yawned and crossed his legs at the ankles. It had been a long drive and he was feeling a bit tired. Shay better hurry back with the pizza or he was going to be passed out before he had a chance to eat. "I leave that relationship junk to you."

"Fine. Let me rephrase. Are you fucking anyone?"

That caught Thayne's attention. He peeked over at the handsome man through one eye. "Why?"

"Just curious."

Harris was never just curious. Wide awake now, Thayne stared at his friend and wondered what was going on behind Harris' hazel eyes. "Curiosity killed the cat."

"But satisfaction brought it back."

"Looking...to be satisfied, Harry?" He infused his words with innuendo. Maybe he didn't have to wonder about where he was sleeping tonight after all.

"You know I hate it when you call me that."

"You don't seem to mind when we're in bed."

"We're not in bed."

"That can be easily arranged." Thayne moved his hands from behind his head, down to his sides then sat up a bit, leaning his weight against his elbows. The position made the T-shirt he wore tighten across his chest. A fact that wasn't missed by Harris if his lowered gaze was anything to go by. He had it bad for little Ms. Peach, but he wasn't over Thayne. Interesting.

At his words, Harris glanced up and met Thayne's unflinching gaze. Desire, strong and sure, radiated off the other man like heat off concrete as he watched Thayne

hungrily. It was the same type of look Harris used to send him when they worked together, the same look that had gotten Harris fucked, and fucked hard, at the first opportunity fate afforded them. It was also the same look Thayne was volleying back to Harris now. He wanted Harris. Always had, and he wasn't above pressing the home-court advantage he had with the other man to get him.

Unfortunately, Harris' defense system was a bit better than it used to be. After a few steady heartbeats, Harris glanced away. "I...I can't."

"Oh right." Thayne lay back down. He bent his right arm at the elbow and rested his head on it while resting his left hand on his flat stomach, inches away from the button on his jeans. "You're with Shay now."

"Yes. But she's not the reason."

Thayne didn't believe him for a second. "What would your little Southern belle think if she knew every now and then you enjoyed catching as well as pitching?"

"I don't like to —"

"Excuse me?"

Harris continued on as if Thayne hadn't interrupted him. "Catch and pitch every now and then. It's only with you. Always just you."

"You mean...you've never...with anyone else?"

"I've been with other women before, but never other men."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want any other man. It's always been about you."

Thayne knew he'd been Harris' first man, he just never knew he'd been Harris' only man. "I didn't know." It humbled him and excited him just the same.

"I take it from your response the same isn't the case with you." Gone was the easygoing expression, which once graced his friend's face, in its place now was a look of bottled rage.

It was good to see Thayne wasn't the only person with misguided notions. "Then you'd only be partially right. I've slept with other men before, but none since we hooked up."

Harris had the grace to look taken aback. "Oh."

Despite their announcements, or maybe because of them, the air was now filled with a bit of tension. Not wanting this awkwardness between them to last, Thayne cleared his throat. "I'm not going to, you know, say anything to Shay or anything. What we had is in the past and what the two of you have is the...future," he finished painfully.

"I wasn't worried you'd say anything to her."

"Good. It might make things a bit awkward at times, but I won't say a word." He'd just have to remember to rein in his desire for the other man when she was around and keep those emotions hidden.

"It shouldn't be awkward at all."

"You don't think so?" He cocked an eyebrow. Perhaps not for Harris, but for him it could be an effort.

"No."

He sounded so damn sure. "Why?"

"Because I already told her."

"You did what?" His announcement erased all traces of ease from Thayne's lounging frame.

The other man was now sitting up, stiff as a board, a look akin to horror on his face. Much to Harris' amusement. It wasn't often he was able to surprise Thayne. He was going to enjoy this moment to the fullest. "I told her about us."

"Which part?" Tension was visible in his square jaw.

“The part where we’ve fucked off and on for the last few years.” Just saying those words aloud has his cock tightening.

With a disgusted groan, Thayne dragged his hands through his tousled brown hair. Despite his desire to remain aloof where Thayne was concerned, Harris found himself following the gesture in an intense manner.

The new cut Thayne was styling suited him. It was a bit shaggy at the top, falling just above his compelling blue eyes, but tapered at the nape, giving Thayne a rugged, rakish look that matched his personality to a T. “Oh brother.”

Harris laughed at Thayne’s putout expression. His former lover wasn’t one for change. Lover. Hmm. Even after all this time, Harris found the word to be too casual when used in reference to Thayne. He’d never considered himself bisexual until he met Thayne. Hell, he still didn’t really consider himself bisexual. Somehow Thayne had done the unthinkable, made a heterosexual man question everything he ever knew as right. Thayne had turned Harris’ world on its axis with one kiss, to say nothing of what he did to Harris the first time they fucked.

Until Shay came along, Harris was beginning to think Thayne was the only person he would ever care for. Then Shay walked into his life and he realized how very wrong he was.

Unfortunately though, his desire and feelings for her in no way curbed his attraction to Thayne. Part of him hoped this visit of Thayne’s would serve to close that chapter of his life. He could finally put his longing for the other man to rest. But the minute Thayne walked through the door, Harris knew he was wrong.

He still wanted Thayne. Painfully so.

Maybe he always would. His arresting good looks and commanding manner made Thayne something of a force to be reckoned with. He’d been hell to resist, and Harris was willing to bet he was going to be even harder to walk away from. But oh well. It was something Harris was going to have to adjust to because he wasn’t going to lose Shay. With her there was a future, with Thayne only pit-stop sex. As much as Harris

might have hoped for more at one time, he knew Thayne would never settle down. Like Harris, he loved women too much to devote himself only to cock for the rest of his life. But unlike Harris, Thayne didn't crave relationship stability. Thayne was quite content to fuck his way through life.

That was no way to live. Not for Harris anyway. Lucky for him, he'd met his match in Shay. She was as kind as she was beautiful and accepting as well. A quality he thought never to find in someone so alluring. In fact, each day she proved more and more to him just how right they were together. Other than Thayne, he'd never felt so comfortable with someone in his entire life.

Sink or swim, he was with Shay now and he loved her. No matter what, Harris wouldn't risk what they had just because Thayne made his dick hard. Shay did that as well. It appeared as if his cock were of two minds about what it really wanted.

"So she knows." Thayne's eyes bore right through him, as if he were trying to get to the truth of the matter. There was a restless energy surrounding him that made Harris wonder just how uncomfortable his friend was with all of this.

"Yes, she knows." Harris laughed as he eased back in his chair. "I think she might have even handled it better than you are."

"She didn't say anything to me or let on that something was up." Wonder laced Thayne's words.

"What did you expect her to say? 'Welcome back, Thayne, and by the by, I know you used to shag my boyfriend.'" Although it might have made for some interesting conversation if she had.

"Maybe."

"Not her way," Harris said with a shrug of his shoulders. Even he had been a bit surprised at Shay's reaction, but it would do no good to share that bit of information with Thayne.

The less the other man knew about Shay's interest in male-dominated ménage action, the better they all would be. Thayne would see her curiosity as an invitation, and

knowing Shay the way he did, she might be willing to take him up on the offer. And Harris didn't think that was a good idea at all. Well, part of him did, but he wasn't going to let his cock do the thinking for him anymore.

"What is her way, coming back here in the middle of the night to gut me?"

The idea of Shay doing anyone bodily harm made Harris chuckle. She didn't even like it when he killed bugs. "I think you're safe."

"Are you telling me she's fine with it?"

"I'm telling you she's fine with it."

"She wasn't disgusted."

"No." Harris smiled faintly at the memory of just how not disgusted she was. When he first broached the subject with Shay, her eyes had lit up like a Christmas tree and she had begged him to tell all. At first he'd been a bit uncomfortable revealing the intimate details until he saw how turned-on she became. After he'd told her everything, they proceeded to have the most erotic encounter ever.

"What's with the smile?"

Harris shook his head, trying to clear the very vivid images from his mind. "Nothing."

"That was not a 'nothing' look."

Thayne's insistence was going to get him nowhere tonight. "Then consider it a 'none of your business' look."

"We have secrets now?"

What an interesting turn of phrase, especially coming from Thayne. "Since when did we become a we?"

Thayne shrugged matter-of-factly. "You know what I mean."

"No, Thayne, I don't."

"Fine then, what about the two of you? Are you and Shay a 'we'?" Thayne added air quotes to the last word.

Harris didn't even have to think about Thayne's question long in order to answer it. "Yes, we are."

Although Harris had never made his need for a permanent relationship a secret, Thayne seemed shocked. "Wow. You must really like this girl."

"No," Harris countered. "I love her."

"Love...what, does she come with a strap-on?"

"Everything isn't about sex." At least not to him.

"Are you saying you're cured now? Completely straight."

Harris was beginning to wish he'd never said anything. Thayne was turning this into a much bigger issue. "I never thought being attracted to you was a sickness."

"You didn't answer the question."

He didn't answer it because he wasn't sure he could. "Is anyone 'completely' anything?"

"You're still not answering the question." Thayne showed no sign of relenting, as usual. He was like a whore with a boner, not content until he received the big payoff he was expecting.

"Because it's a stupid question. No, I don't think I'm straight. I don't think I'm gay or bi either. I'm just me, Thayne, and Shay's okay with that."

The sound of the key in the lock turned both men's attention to the door. "She has a key?"

"Let it go, Thayne."

"If you say she's so cool with everything, I won't have to."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

Before Thayne could answer, the door opened and Shay walked in. Unfortunately, Harris didn't know just what she'd walked into.

“Perfect timing.” Thayne rose from the couch as fluid as water and headed toward Shay with a smile on his handsome face.

“Thank you. I try.” From the stiffness in Harris’ frame, Shay would say her timing was anything but perfect. She’d obviously walked into the middle of something, and it was killing her to know what.

The undercurrent of tension that radiated between the two men was thick enough to cut with a knife. There was still something between the two of them despite what Harris said, and as twisted as it was, it didn’t bother Shay one bit.

When Thayne reached her side she handed him the boxes. “I’m much obliged. These suckers are hot. I think my fingerprints have been removed. I can now commit the perfect crime.”

“But if it caused you any harm, it wasn’t worth it at all.” To her surprise, Thayne set the boxes on the table next to the door, and raising her hand to his mouth, lightly brushed his lips against her fingertips. With his mouth still touching her, he looked up, peering intently into her eyes for a few heartbeats before releasing her hand. The featherlight kiss had been nothing more than a teasing, fleeting gesture, but it managed to make her insides swoon just the same.

Damn, he was good. A natural-born flirt. The type of guy mommas warned their daughters about. Who would have thought mommas might have needed to warn their sons, as well?

“Hmmm, all better now?” he asked just before he released her hand.

“Much.” The word came out a lot more breathless than she would have preferred.

“Good. Then my work here is done.”

Shay felt knocked off kilter. “Shall I get the drinks?” A bit dazed, Shay leaned back against the door, thankful for the solid support of the wood behind her. If it weren’t for the sizzling heat she witnessed between Thayne and Harris, Shay would have never believed Thayne was anything but heterosexual. “Harris has a vast collection of spirits for our enjoyment.”

"Spirits." Thayne looked past her shoulder and smiled at Harris. "You're so right, Harris, she is so much more than cute."

"What?"

"Nothing, love." Thayne picked up the boxes. "Let me take these in the kitchen for you."

"Thank you." Shay turned her attention to Harris, who was now standing as well, and looking a bit piqued. "Everything okay?"

"Of course."

Harris was such a bad liar. A quality Shay quite liked about him. "Good." She gazed intently into his eyes. "Did you two have a chance to catch up?"

"We're men, honey. We don't catch up." Harris came to her side and pulled her into his arms. "It's more like mutual grunts of Me fine. You fine? Hmph. Yes. Me fine. Let's eat."

"Grunts are good."

"Only in the right circumstances."

"And did those circumstances occur in my absence?"

"No, and they won't be anytime soon."

"Pity."

"Shay..."

Shay reached up and placed her finger over Harris' lips. "I was kidding." *Sort of*, she added to herself.

Music coming from his breast pocket broke the moment and he pulled out the slim, silver cell phone. After taking a quick glance at the number, he opened it and brought it to his ear. "Hello. Can you hold on please?" He grimaced as he pulled the phone away from his ear and pressed it over his chest. "I have to take this. It will only be a second."

"Okay."

"Will you," Harris glanced toward the kitchen, "be all right?"

"Yes, worrywart. I'll be fine." She left the room as Harris began to speak, wondering why he was so worried about her being alone with Thayne.

Shay couldn't help but wonder if he was still waiting for her to have an adverse reaction to the announcement he'd made a few months ago about his sexual orientation. If that was the case, he was in for a long wait. As unusual as it was, Shay could not and would not deny the immense curiosity his declaration evoked. And seeing the two of them together tonight only served to whet her appetite.

Entering the kitchen, Shay stood silently to the side and watched Thayne pour himself a glass of whiskey. She'd felt silly earlier, mentioning drinks like a good little hostess, when it was more than obvious Thayne was as familiar with Harris' kitchen as she.

Thayne glanced over his shoulder and flashed her a welcoming smile. "Would you like a drink?"

"Sure."

"What'll you have?"

"Whatever you're drinking is fine."

"Okay." Thayne opened the closest cabinet and pulled out another juice glass, setting it next to his own.

He worked as if he were at home in the kitchen, which surprisingly made her feel a bit out of place and forced her to fall back on the tried and true social graces she'd been raised on like momma's milk. "So how long are you staying?"

Thayne turned around to face her with an amused look on his handsome face. "Are we really going to do this?"

"What?"

"Small talk," he said as he handed her the drink.

"Isn't this the role we're supposed to play, polite strangers?"

"Well, we're not really strangers." Thayne crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back against the kitchen counter. "And I'm not all that polite."

"I've always thought you were, besides, what's so bad about small talk?"

"It's not the small talk, per se." Thayne uncrossed his arms and reached for his drink. "It's the fact I'm having it with Harris' girlfriend."

"Why," Shay held his gaze as he raised his glass to his lips and took a sip, "because you're his boyfriend?"

Thayne coughed on his drink, his eyes widening in disbelief. "I'm not his...whoa. I think you have the wrong idea about us. I mean...the former us."

Somehow, Shay didn't think she did. "Okay. Then tell me how it really is. Was," she added for his benefit.

"We were just friends."

"Friends who on occasion plowed one another."

"I did the plowing."

"Got it." Her lips twitched in unsuppressed amusement. As if it really mattered.

"Good." He looked a bit relieved, which delighted her beyond belief. Men were so funny when they tried to pull the macho card. "You know, this is going completely different than I expected."

"What were you expecting?"

"For you to be irate. Screaming your head off, warning me to stay away from your man."

Shay shrugged her shoulders. "Sorry to disappoint. Screaming goes against my upbringing. I'm from the South. We're ladies to the core."

"And apparently understanding to a fault."

Confusion furrowed her brow. "Why do you say that?"

"Because you're here."

"Where else would I be?"

Instead of answering her question, Thayne countered, "Be straight with me."

"Funny words coming from you."

Thayne chuckled and dipped his head in acknowledgement to the irony of his turn of phrase. "Touché. Are you really cool with me staying with him, given our past and all?"

"Of course I am."

"And you're not the least bit worried he might slip?"

"Slip." She couldn't help herself. She smiled. "Like accidentally fall with his cock out, into your ass?"

He visibly started at her crass choice of words, but as far as Shay was concerned, there was no way to sugarcoat the truth. Besides, "cock" was such a yummy word.

"Yeah, something like that."

"Harris isn't the cheating type."

"No, he isn't," Thayne conceded with a nod of his head.

"I'm sure his loyalty didn't stop you from offering though." Shay was willing to wager as soon as she left, Thayne had made his play.

"Let's just say our boy has willpower of steel."

"To resist you, he'd have to."

"That's your answer?" His voice held a hint of disbelief. "No fuss. No muss. As long as he stays out of my bed, you're happy."

"Pretty much."

"It doesn't bother you, not even a little bit, that Harris enjoys sex with men?"

"How can I penalize him for something I enjoy as well?"

"But it's different."

It amused her to no end Thayne was, in essence, arguing against his own desires. "Says who?"

"Society."

"I don't fret about the little things."

"You don't?"

"No," she winked. "It's another Southern thing."

"I think you're either the most understanding person on the face of the planet or you're the most deluded."

"I don't think it's either."

"Then what is it? Because I'm not buying this dedicated girlfriend thing."

"Then try this on for size. I find the very thought of you and Thayne making love very arousing." From the startled look on Thayne's face, Shay could only surmise Harris hadn't shared everything about her with his friend. And she had to wonder why. "I think you're missing part of the big picture here, Thayne. I knew about your little relationship long before you knew about ours. I've seen pictures of the two of you together. Heard anecdotes about you. I've held Harris deep inside me as he whispered to me the many ways you've taken him. Secure isn't the right word to describe me. More like—I'm a very interested party. The thought of you two kissing, touching," she lowered her voice, "fucking, arouses me as nothing else ever has before."

Thayne stared at her, mouth agape for several seconds before shaking his head as if clearing his thoughts. "This whole Southern belle thing is a ruse."

"It is not."

"Sure it is. Look at you, all sweet and pure, dressed in a conservative manner that would make any mother proud. Then you go and say something dirty."

"Dirty." She lowered her gaze in an innocent and demure fashion. "Do you mean fuck?"

"Yeah. That would be the word."

Shay laughed at his bemused expression. "They don't call it the dirty South for nothing."

“Long live the South.” He toasted, raising his glass to her.

Shay raised her glass and clicked his just as Harris cleared his throat. Startled, she looked up at him, surprised she’d missed his arrival.

“Did I miss anything?” Though the question was directed to both of them, Harris’ heated gaze was centered directly on Thayne.

“No, honey.” Shay walked over to his side, looped her arm around his and rested her head on his shoulder. “You’re right on time.”

Chapter Two

The three of them retired to the living room with drinks and pizza in hand after Harris' interruption. It didn't take long for the jokes to begin to flow as they chowed away at dinner, drinking and laughing loudly as the night wore on. The pizza boxes were soon emptied, leaving behind only a greasy reminder of what had once been. As did the full, bloated feeling at the pit of his stomach.

Filled to the brim, Thayne sat back in his chair and rubbed his hand over his belly. He was going to hurt tonight. "I'm stuffed."

"Me too." Shay pulled her feet up on the couch, folding them to the side of her.

"From what?" Harris teased. "The piece and a half you ate."

Shay pouted and slapped her hand against Harris' thigh. "Shut up. Don't you know it's impolite to comment on a woman's eating habits?"

"If you ate, the rule might apply to you."

"I eat. No one becomes my size living off water and air."

"What size?" Harris slipped his hand around her waist and pulled her in close to him. "You're far too thin, Peaches."

"Peaches?" Thayne asked, wanting to be let in on the inside joke.

Shay rolled her eyes. "It's a stupid nickname Harris won't stop using."

Thayne looked over at Harris, who was grinning like a loon. "What's up with the nickname?"

"She's my Georgia peach. The sweetest, roundest, softest fruit around."

"See. Round. Hence the no gorging on pizza."

"Round is my favorite shape."

"Dude, shut up," Thayne warned. "You're just digging a ditch, man."

"What?"

Shay smiled and shook her head. "The sad part is, he doesn't have a clue."

"Clue about what?" Harris asked, reiterating her point.

"No woman wants to be called round," Thayne lectured in a patient tone to Harris before turning to her. "Shay, let me translate for my friend here. When he says round, he means voluptuous and curvaceous. As in, you have the roundest, sexist ass in the world, and no man alive could possibly not see it and refrain from getting hard. And your breasts," Thayne dropped his gaze so they focused on the two tempting mounds in question, "look lush and full. Oh yeah...Peaches is a compliment of the highest order."

"Think so?"

"Trust me."

Shay glanced lovingly at Harris. "I guess Peaches isn't so bad."

"Wait a minute. How come when I call you Peaches, I get hit, but when he does it, you go all mushy?"

"Because you're my boyfriend, you're supposed to say nice things."

"I don't say it because I'm your boyfriend. I say it because it's true. You are the sexiest, hottest woman I've ever seen, Peaches."

"Awe." Thayne could see Shay melting. "Come here you," she said as she leaned into him. Harris met her halfway, bending his head to take possession of Shay's pouty lips. She didn't even hesitate at the public display of affection, slipping her hand around Harris' neck to pull him in close.

Shit. Maybe he shouldn't have tried to help after all. Jealousy rose inside Thayne as he watched them feast on one another. Thayne had taken the recliner on purpose, allowing the two lovebirds the couch so they could sit with one another. Big mistake. All his noble gesture did was drive home the point he was not getting laid tonight. Harris was well taken care of in that department. Lucky bastard.

And luck it was, because Shay was a firecracker. Quick-witted and full of sass, just the way he liked. Thayne once again had to wonder how he'd managed to overlook her all those years. But as Harris said, it was probably for the best. He could tell, just from the short time he'd been in her company, she wasn't a casual-fling type of woman. She was definitely the settling-down type, which made her more compatible with Harris than she ever would have been with Thayne. But it didn't make him desire her any less. In fact, after their little conversation in the kitchen, Shay had fast moved up on the list of people he wanted to fuck before he died. Not only was she sexy as all get out, she was experimental and open-minded, two of his favorite qualities in a potential sexual partner.

It wasn't helping that she was cuddled up next to his weak spot, Harris. The way the two of them snuggled against one another made Thayne long to settle down between them. He'd never bought into the whole "two is company, three is a crowd" bullshit. Unfortunately Harris did.

Although his friend had never point-blank stated he wasn't into sharing, he'd gone out of his way on more than one occasion to drive the point home. The two of them made quite a tempting package when they'd go out to clubs together, but despite the come-ons they received from men and women alike, Harris never agreed to bring someone back with them. So if Harris wasn't willing to bring a stranger into their bedroom, Thayne knew his friend would never agree to bring him into the serious relationship he had with Shay.

Some days it truly sucked to be him.

After a few very long and uncomfortable minutes, Shay and Harris pulled away from one another. Even though they weren't kissing anymore, they still managed to give out an intimate vibe that was as sensual as any kiss Thayne had shared. Well, shared with anyone else outside of Harris.

Clearing his throat, Thayne turned their attention from one another to him. "You two need to get a room."

"Already have one," Harris reminded him.

"That's right. I'm the one who needs to get a room."

"A room." Shay's brows crinkled into a frown. "No, you're supposed to be staying here."

"Yeah..." Thayne hedged. "I think the two of you need privacy more than I need a free place to stay. I can afford a room, Shay. I was just being cheap."

"No." Shay shook her head. "You're not going to go stay in a dingy hotel. I won't hear of it." The more upset she became the more pronounced her accent was until it was almost as thick as molasses. "Tell him, Harris."

To Thayne's surprise, Harris seemed as against his idea to leave as Shay was. "She's right, man, you don't have to leave."

The two of them seemed to be having a problem differentiating between "have to" and "wanted to". "I know..."

"Thayne, I will not be moved on this, you hear."

Amused, Thayne glanced at Harris. "Is she always this bossy?"

"Yes." Harris nodded his head. A small smile teased the corner of his mouth. "You might as well surrender now and save yourself a headache later."

"Fine," Thayne grumbled, giving in. "But I'm not going to like it."

"You are too." Smiling, Shay winked at him. "I guarantee it."

There was a twinkle in her eyes that took Thayne back a bit. If he didn't know better, he'd swear Shay was up to no good. And in spite of everything, it intrigued him.

There was something seriously wrong with Harris. He had the sexiest woman in creation sidled up beside him and he couldn't stop stealing side glances at his former lover. He could have stared outright if he wanted though, because Thayne's attention was fully on Shay and hers was on him. They were chatting as if they were old friends instead of the mere acquaintances they were.

It seemed as if there wasn't a conversational subject either one of them didn't enjoy. They discussed politics as easily as sports teams and with just as much fervor. He watched with amazement as they jumped from topic to topic with the speed of light.

"So, Shay. Tell me something."

"If I can."

"How long have you and Harris been an item? I asked him earlier, but he went on full lockdown, as if the question were a state secret or something."

"A little over four months." Curiosity stole over her features as she tilted her head up to look at him. "Why didn't you tell him?"

"Because I knew it would drive him crazy wondering," Harris admitted, unashamed.

"Asshole." Thayne pulled a small pillow from behind him and tossed it at Harris, who quickly brought his arm up to deflect the oncoming blow.

"Watch it, buddy. You almost hit Shay."

"Maybe if it would have hit her, it would have given her the wake-up call she so desperately needs."

"Wake-up call?" she questioned.

"Yeah, to leave him. You're too good for him."

"Hey now," Harris protested, even though deep inside he felt the same way. "Since when did you become the fountain of truth?"

"It was the fountain of youth, idiot, and I don't think I'm telling her anything she doesn't already know."

"Think again, Thayne, I don't know anything of the sort. Harris is perfect."

"Perfect? Not even close."

"If I'm lying I'm dying." Shay raised her right hand as if she were under oath. "I can't think of a single bad thing about him."

See, Harris knew there was a reason he was mad about her. "Thank you, honey."

"I can think of plenty."

"Such as?"

Harris was interested in what Thayne had to say too. It wasn't as if he were under any mistaken impression he was perfect, but he didn't think he had plenty of flaws.

"He's bossy."

Shay wrinkled her nose. "He's a take-charge kind of guy. I think it's sexy."

"He's a neat freak," Thayne fired back.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

Harris was beginning to wonder if they even remembered he was in the room.

"He has OCD."

"He has an eye for detail," Shay countered.

"He hogs the blankets."

And in one fell swoop, Thayne sucked all the fun right of the room, filling it instead with an awkwardness that was thick as cream. Irritated, Harris shot his former friend an aggravated look. It didn't matter Shay knew of his and Thayne's past, that didn't mean it needed to be dragged up and placed in the middle of the room for all to see.

But before he could become too upset, Shay broke the silence with her melodic laughter. "I think he hogs the blankets just to make you snuggle up next to him. What do you think, Thayne? Was Harris a snuggle bunny with you as well?"

Was Harris the only person who didn't want to bring up his former relationship with Thayne?

"No, was he more of a slam bam, thank you, ma'am."

Slam bam...Good Lord. This conversation was quickly going from bad to worse. "All righty then. I think it's time we turned in."

"How come? The conversation was just getting good." Shay's eyes were filled with laughter.

Great. At least someone was enjoying this. "For who?" Harris couldn't remember a time when he felt more uncomfortable.

"Me."

"And me," Thayne said, adding his two cents. "I want to hear more about this snuggle bunny part of you."

"Thayne," Harris growled. Shay didn't need any encouragement.

"I can't believe he didn't snuggle with you."

"Maybe he likes you more."

"Maybe," Shay conceded with a smile. "Or maybe I'm just more comfortable to pillow against. I do come with extra padding."

"You think that's why?"

"Has to be."

"Or maybe," Harris interrupted their annoying banter, "it was because Shay doesn't hop out of bed the second she comes."

Thayne's smile dimmed a bit and Harris instantly regretted the crass remark. But Shay, with her eternal grace, filled the awkward silence. "It's because I'm too tired to move afterward, honey, not because I don't want to."

"Right." Harris didn't believe her for a second. "It's getting late." Harris rose from the couch and headed into the hallway. He opened the linen closet and pulled out a set of sheets and an extra blanket before shutting the door and returning to the living room. "Here you go."

"Thanks." Thayne and Shay were both regarding him with matching curious expressions on their faces.

"What?" he said as he set the bedding on the couch.

"I guess you're ready to go to bed." Thayne eyed the linens for a second before glancing back at Harris. "Seeing how it's nine o'clock and all, you're probably tired."

Harris felt the heat rising in his cheeks. "I...uh...had a long day."

"So I see."

The problem was, Harris wasn't sure what Thayne saw. Did he see the lie for what it was? Did he see the hunger still burning inside Harris for him? Did he see the confusion warring with anger and pride? Did Thayne see it all or just his usual whatever it was he wanted to see?

Before Harris could think too long on the subject, Shay rose from the couch and went to his side. "I'm a bit tired myself. Mind if I crash here?"

"Not at all." He smiled as he took her hand. "In fact, I was hoping you might want to."

"Shay, you're spending the night?" Thayne asked in mock surprise. "What would your mother say? Doesn't staying over go against all the good-girl rules?"

"That was your second mistake, Thayne, thinking I was good."

"I'm willing to stake my life on the fact you're good."

"I guess there's only one way for you to find out," she teased.

"Really?" Thayne arched his brow. "What would that be?"

"By asking me," Harris interrupted. Thayne sounded far too interested for Harris' peace of mind. The last thing he needed was to imagine all the ways Shay could show Thayne how good she was. "But I'm not telling."

"Poor sport," Thayne grumbled.

Harris didn't say a word, just gave a mock shrug before heading hand in hand with Shay toward his bedroom. Just before he opened the door though, Thayne called out Shay's name, prompting the two of them to turn back around and face him.

"Yes?" she asked.

"You said that was my second mistake. What was my first?"

Interested in the answer himself, Harris looked down at Shay, who merely smiled and said, "Good night, Thayne."

Shay opened the bedroom door and slipped inside, leaving both men staring after her.

"She's a handful, isn't she?" Thayne stood and stretched his arms high above his head. The movement caused his shirt to rise a bit and show off his abs, but just as fast as the sexy view came into sight it went away again when he lowered his arms.

Harris gave himself a mental kick in the pants for noticing his ex-boyfriend while he was talking about his girlfriend. Thayne was out of the picture now and he should be concentrating on Shay. "Yes, she is."

"I don't know whether I envy you or pity you." His words evoked a careless attitude that was missing from his body language.

"I'm sure it's a little of both." For so many reasons. But Harris was fine with that. Thayne may have the thrill of the chase and many notches to add to his bedpost, but Harris had a warm, caring woman to love who loved him back. He didn't envy his friend at all. "I haven't had the chance to say this yet, but I'm real glad you're here for a visit."

"Really?"

"Of course." Harris knew his actions of late probably said something different, but he really had missed Thayne.

"Why?"

"You're my best friend," he said, as if it were obvious.

"And is that all I am?"

"It's all you ever wanted to be." And for the first time, Harris was pleased with that. If Thayne hadn't wanted to keep things light and easy, Harris would have probably never met Shay. Things happen because they're supposed to.

"What if I want more now?"

"I'm not going to cheat on Shay with you."

"It wouldn't be cheating if Shay's there."

The mere idea didn't even bear mentioning. "I wouldn't ask her to do that."

Thayne gave a wicked chuckle. "What makes you think you'd have to ask? In the short time since we became reacquainted, I think Shay would be willing to be the filling in our sandwich."

Thayne's words were too close to the truth. "So it's Shay you're really after."

"Why, are you worried I'd forget about you too? Don't be."

"I'm not worried about me at all. Shay, on the other hand, has never had her heart broken by —" Harris stopped speaking abruptly as he realized what he'd revealed.

Thayne drew back, a speculative look on his face. "Broken by me? Is that what you were going to say?"

"Never mind. It doesn't matter anyway."

"I think it does."

Harris wasn't willing to talk to Thayne about this right now, even though he'd been the idiot to bring it up. Instead, he tried to turn the conversation back to Thayne. "I think you're just horny."

Thayne smiled in his sarcastic way. "It's possible. I haven't had sex since the last time we were together."

Harris couldn't believe his ears. This was Thayne after all. "I don't believe you."

"Why?"

"Because you're a hound dog. You never pass up a pussy or a cock when it's offered and you can't tell me you haven't had offers." Thayne was far too attractive to be passed up. Lord knew Harris hadn't been able to, and he didn't even know he was attracted to men before Thayne.

"You don't know me as well as you think you do." Thayne's quiet assurance and intent stare forced Harris to take the man at face value. Thayne was many things, but a liar wasn't one of them. Yet knowing that, Harris still had a hard time trusting the other

man. Of course, his apprehension had little to do with Thayne and a lot to do with Harris feeling the need to keep the other guy at arm's length.

"I think I know you better than most."

"Then you should know I have no reason to lie. It isn't as if it would win me any brownies points with you."

"You don't need points. We're friends."

"We were so much more."

"Until you left."

"At the time I didn't think I could stay. I knew there was something missing and I didn't know what it was or how to tell you."

The word "what" was on the tip of Harris' tongue but he held it back. He didn't need to know the reasons now. It wouldn't change a single thing. "Either way, you made your decision."

"And are you making yours?"

"If you mean by picking Shay over you, then yes." And Harris was happy with the decision, even if he still had thoughts of "what if" about Thayne.

"What makes you think you'd have to pick?"

"Not everyone is into casual sex, Thayne."

"Sex with you was never casual." Thayne jerked his head in the direction Shay had left. "And I'm willing to bet sex with her wouldn't be casual either."

"It isn't. Which is why I won't chance you hurting her."

"Playing it safe?"

"Yes."

"What if I promise not to hurt her?" Before Harris could answer, Thayne added, "Or you again."

"You can't make a vow like that, Thayne." Despite how much he wanted him to.

"No." Thayne looked away for a few pain-filled seconds before looking back at Harris with eyes filled with regret. "I never meant to hurt you, Harris."

"I believe you." Thayne was not the malicious sort, just a bit self-absorbed. Or at least he normally was. Even Harris would have to admit his friend seemed to have changed.

"But you still don't trust me."

"With Shay's heart? No." He wasn't going to apologize for his need to protect his woman.

"What about with yours?"

"I...my...my heart isn't the point."

Thayne shook his head with a look of regret. "I suppose my heart doesn't even bear asking about then."

Harris stared at him for a moment, unsure what to make of this new Thayne. Part of him wanted to comfort his friend, but the other part knew enough to keep his distance. Lost, Harris did the only thing he could think of. He made a joke. "I think the lack of sleep is making you loopy."

Thankfully, Thayne picked up on it. "You could be right. I should just get some sleep."

"Yeah, probably. Night, Thayne."

"Night, Harry."

He knew the other man added the last part in just to get him, and Harris would be damned if it didn't work.

* * * * *

Shay had removed her shoes and pants and was unbuttoning her blouse when she heard the door open and close again. Her heart pounded wildly in anticipation of what was to come. She'd pushed things tonight with Harris, but she was going to push him even harder.

"Come here."

Shay looked over her shoulder at Harris, who appeared none too pleased. "What's wrong?"

"I said come here." His voice was softer but no less authoritative.

"Okay." Curious yet aroused at his domineering demeanor, Shay walked across the room to Harris, stopping a few feet in front of him. "Is something wrong?"

"You tell me." Out of the blue, Harris reached out and grabbed her, pulling Shay closer to him. He wound his hand in her hair, using it as a lever to tilt her head back so she was looking up at him. "If I didn't know better, Peaches, I'd say you were flirting a bit out there tonight."

"Flirting." Shay licked her lips. Her scalp was tingling and her nipples were hard as diamonds. "Would I do something like that?"

"Yes."

"Jealous?" she baited, wanting, needing to see how far she could push him on this matter. Because she knew, without a doubt, she wouldn't be happy until they were all in bed with one another. Shay had a feeling Thayne was in line to join her parade, she only needed to find out what she had to do to ensure Harris was on the same page as well.

"Extremely."

"But of who, me or Thayne?"

He tightened his grip in her hair. "You're just full of sass tonight, aren't you? You just don't know how to leave well enough alone, do you?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Why don't I believe you?"

"I have no idea," she lied with a smile.

"I think you do." He cocked an eyebrow, his expression showing no hint of softness. "Just as I think you've been baiting me all night. Don't think I didn't notice,

Shay. Notice the way you flirted with Thayne. The way you crossed your legs so he'd notice them or the way you'd laugh in that soft little sexy way of yours at his pointless jokes."

"I was just being the perfect hostess."

"Were you being the perfect hostess when you made comments about his and my past? I thought I told you to let it go."

"You did."

"So why didn't you?"

"Because I didn't want to."

"Which is why you're in the predicament you're in now. It's also why you need to be taught a lesson."

Good Lord. In an instant her pussy became wet. "A...a lesson?"

"Yes." Harris released her and took a step back. He crossed his arms over his chest and stared at her with a stern expression on his face. "Finish undressing and go stand by the bed. I want you to lean forward and place your palms flat against the mattress and spread your legs."

Shay rushed to obey, lowering her eyes as she passed him so he couldn't see the excitement. The only thing she found sexier than Harris' taste in men was his habit of doling out spankings as a form of punishment.

After slipping her panties off her hips and down her legs, Shay stepped out of them. She took her shirt and bra off and dropped them on top of her underwear and then leaned, palms open, on the bed. Even though she planned on fully enjoying the feel of the flat of his hands against her ass, she had a part to play in their little game. "This isn't fair."

"What's fair have to do with anything?" Harris came up behind her and laid his hand against her upturned bottom. "Nothing. That's what. If you're going to learn anything tonight, Shay," he drew his hand back and she stiffened, waiting for the blow

to land, "it's going to be to leave well enough," Harris brought his hand in quick and hard against her tense flesh, "alone."

The sharp smack forced her forward. Shay gasped at the stinging sensation and closed her eyes. "Then I'm afraid we're going to be here all night."

"I was thinking." *Smack!* "The exact." *Smack!* "Same thing." *Smack!*

"Harris," she cried out, rising on her tiptoes to try to escape the blows raining down. "Wait...I'm..."

"No waiting. No stopping." Harris alternated between one cheek and the other in his quest to teach her a lesson. "Maybe next time you'll learn."

Somehow Shay didn't quite believe she would, and from the way Harris refused to let up on his punishment, she was willing to bet he knew the truth as well.

"Learn not to push."

"Wasn't pushing," she denied. Her ass was on fire, but so was her pussy, and his cock was the only thing that could douse her flame. "Just giving you what you wanted."

"I want you."

"And him," she insisted. He could spank her until the cows came home and it wouldn't change things.

"No, that's what you want." His voice was rough as he continued the spanking. "You think you can take the two of us. One in your cunt. One in your ass."

The image his words created fanned her desires even higher. "Yes. I can learn."

"Think so, do you?"

"Yes, but until I do..."

He paused. "Yes?"

"I'll just have to settle for him fucking you while you do me."

Harris brought his palm down firmly on her upturned bottom, causing her to gasp aloud. "Not going to happen, love."

Even though her ass still smarted from his smack, Shay couldn't keep quiet. "It could."

"It can't. It won't."

She heard him walk away, and for a split second, she wondered if he would leave her like this, but then she heard the bedroom door lock. The sound made her smile. "What if I ask nicely?"

"No," Harris insisted. "You'll just have to settle for me fucking you."

"Trust me. It's not settling." Shay didn't want Harris to think for a second being with him was settling. "I want you. I love you."

"And I love you," he said as he came back to the bed. "Now get up on the bed. On all fours. Face the head of the bed with your ass toward me."

"And what are you going to do?" Anticipation washed over her body.

"Anything I want."

The domineering tone had her creaming even more than the spanking did. As she moved into position, Shay cast a discreet glance over her shoulder and watched him as he undressed. She marveled at the brawny beauty of his body. There was no doubt about it, Harris was a very attractive man. It amazed her that he let him get away.

"Eyes front and center, woman." He came around to the side of the bed and opened the top drawer of the nightstand.

"Bossy," she teased before doing as he said. She could still see him from the corners of her eyes, so she was a happy camper. It would have been a shame if she weren't able to ogle his nude body.

Careful to avoid being detected, thus risking another spanking, Shay slyly watched him reach inside the drawer. Harris pulled out a condom and ripped into the foil package with abandonment. After sheathing himself, he climbed on the bed behind her and placed a hand on her hip.

He moved between her legs and stroked the head of his condom-covered cock over her wet slit. Shay tilted her hips in an unspoken request for him to become one with her. Instead of plunging forth as she'd hoped, Harris merely butted the head of his cock against her slick lips. "Something tells me you enjoyed your punishment."

"Enjoyed isn't a strong-enough word." Shamelessly she thrust her ass back toward him. Shay was tired of foreplay. She wanted the real deal.

"So I see."

"Please, Harris. No more games. Take me."

"Take you." He pressed forward a bit, allowing just the tip of his crown to enter her.

That would never ever do. "Fuck me," she tried again, knowing Harris preferred a lady in the parlor but a whore in the bedroom.

"My pleasure." With an animalistic growl he thrust deep into her welcoming pussy.

She whispered his name as he began to power forcefully inside her. Every time they came together this way, Shay felt as if she were touching the gates of paradise. No other man had ever made her feel so loved, so cherished, or so aroused in her life. He had a way of touching her, of loving her that left her breathless and aching for more.

Gripping her hips tighter, he pulled her back on his waiting cock. The force of his thrust had her crying out with pleasure. Shay blindly reached for the nearest pillow. The second her fingers brushed against the pillowcase, she grabbed it and pulled it toward her. Gasping, she brought a corner of it to her mouth and bit down, trying her best to muffle the sounds of her moans.

"I don't think so," Harris said in a rough tone as he yanked the pillow from underneath her. "Isn't this what you wanted, Peaches? To make him wish he was in here. Inside you. Pumping away in your tight, wet cunt."

"No..." she clawed for the pillow. Shay needed something to stifle the moans he was dragging out of her.

"Lies."

"I didn't want—" Shay had to pause to catch her breath. She was having a hard time thinking, let alone talking. "To make him wish he was in here. In me."

"Then. What. Did. You. Want?" Each word was enunciated with a fierce thrust.

"Wanted you."

"Yes?"

"Wanted you to wish he was in here with," she gasped as he filled her deep, "with us."

"Is that what you really want, Peaches? To fuck the both of us?"

"I want him to fuck the both of us."

"Fuck," he growled. His pace quickened until she could no longer tell if he was coming or going.

Her hands clutched at the quilt as she fought not to drop face forward onto the bed. Any second now she knew she would break, cry out and promise Harris anything he wanted just to ensure he never stopped thrusting inside her. "Please, baby..."

"Please what?"

"Let me come."

He rocked against her, sliding in and out of her overheating sex. "Come for me, Shay. Don't hold back, baby. Come all over my cock."

With a fierce and extremely unladylike cry, she did just as he commanded, screaming his name.

Chapter Three

Fuck! Thayne stroked his cock faster as he listened to the erotic sounds drifting from behind the bedroom door. For as loud as Harris and Shay were, they might as well have stayed in the living room and had sex.

Not that he was complaining. He was enjoying their little escapade as much as they were. Okay, maybe not as much they were, but it was still pretty nice. If he wasn't going to get any, and Harris couldn't have made it any clearer that he wasn't, then Thayne was going to enjoy any thrill he could.

It was a little pathetic. He freely admitted it, yet at the same time, he was very aroused, listening to two people have sex, especially when it was two people as soul-shatteringly sexy as Harris and Shay. It wasn't his fault though. He'd tried to go to sleep and pretend all was well in his world and not the complete clusterfuck it really was. Then he heard it. A faint yet very telling moan drifting from the hall.

At first he wondered if he imagined it, but soon the first moan was followed by a second then a third then a fourth noise that was part moan, part groan and completely filled with pleasure. There was no denying what Harris and Shay were up to, which soon led to arousal, which led to him jerking off in the dark while his former lover fucked a hot piece of ass in the next room.

Closing his eyes, Thayne tried to imagine what was going on behind the closed doors. Thayne was as familiar with Harris' body as he was with his own, so it was easy to envision Shay caressing the broad length of Harris' shoulders. Maybe she would run her fingers down to his dark, beaded nipples and tease the sensitive peaks. Harris' body was one big smorgasbord of arousal zones. The lightest touch in the right place could have him hard enough to split wood, even if he'd just come. Harris had comeback

power like no man Thayne had ever fucked before. Just one more thing that made bedding him all the more enjoyable and losing him all the more regretful.

Oh yeah, Harris was a talented lover, but he wasn't one to broadcast to the world his likes and dislikes. It had taken Thayne awhile to figure out just what made Harris tick, but it had been well worth the wait. If she wanted, Thayne could teach Shay all he knew about pleasing the other man. In return, Harris could school Thayne about Shay and what she enjoyed in bed. From what he could hear, he could already surmise she was a screamer, now he needed to know what exactly made her scream. Did she enjoy it fast and hard, slow and soft, rough or gentle? Were her nipples as sensitive as Harris' or did she like it when her lover used his teeth to bite and nibble at her breasts?

The mere thought had Thayne aching. Damn, his imagination was working in overdrive tonight. Thinking about Shay had him envying Harris all the more. There was something special about a new lover, learning all their nuances, figuring out what turned them on. Right now, unfortunately, all it did was make his dick harder.

God, he wanted to fuck her. Fuck him. Fuck them both. It was more than want though. It was need. A deep, bone-breaking, balls-busting need to power into one of them, both of them, until he came in a torrent of sticky seed.

Aroused and ready, he took his dry hand off his cock and licked the palm, adding a bit of nature's lube for better flow. Thayne was close to coming, but he wanted to make it good. If he couldn't be in there, getting in on the action, then he was going to fuck his fist until he spurted to the symphony of their loving. Intent now on his release, Thayne began to stroke his shaft as he concentrated on the sounds coming from the other room.

"Oh yeah," he whispered in answer to another breathy moan. "Take his cock, baby. Take it all, Peaches. Every last inch of it."

Harris must have been fucking good and hard to make Shay moan that loud. For the first time, Thayne wondered how it would feel to be on the receiving end of Harris' cock. Would he be as fierce, as demanding with Thayne's ass as he obviously was with Shay's pussy? Would he pound Thayne and make him beg for more? And what would

Shay be doing during all of this? Would his naughty little Southern belle be a passive spectator, or would she be active and join the men as they fucked?

A new, dirtier fantasy popped into Thayne's head. One of him on his back, legs around Harris' hips as his former lover pounded his ass, as Shay squatted over his face with her pussy against Thayne's lips. Thayne would eat her out as she swallowed his length.

An involuntary groan escaped from him at the image. Thayne was willing to bet Shay would taste as sweet as her nickname. Her sticky sugary juices would coat his face as he tongued her cunt.

"Hmmm." Thayne licked his lips at the thought. After she came, he'd lean up and kiss Harris, sharing their woman's essence with his friend. "Fuck yeah."

Thayne was so close he could taste it. Any second now he was going to come. He could feel his balls drawing up in preparation to blast his semen in ropey jets across his taut abdomen. His hand was sweeping up and down his turgid length at a pace that rivaled the speed of light when he heard the faint creek of the bedroom door opening. Cursing to himself, Thayne quickly pulled the blanket up over his cock, not bothering to pull up his boxers, and closed his eyes. Fuck he hurt. His cock twitched, dancing against his flesh in a silent plea for release. But as much as he wanted to grasp his flesh and finish what he'd started, he couldn't. There wasn't time.

Aching, Thayne tried his best to calm his breathing. Acting wasn't his forte, but he did the best job of feigning sleep he could in hopes of not getting caught like a randy teenager with a dirty magazine.

There was nothing he could do about his erection but hope whoever was walking by didn't notice. It was dark enough he thought he might get away with it. With his heart pounding wildly, he waited until the footsteps went past him before peeking one eye open then grinned. The long dark hair gave away the identity of the late-night snacker.

Before he could allow that information to please him too much, the sounds of another set of feet approaching had him closing his eyes again. Fuck. At this rate he wasn't ever going to get off. And from the sounds coming from the kitchen, they were. Again. Not fair.

Thayne tried his best to wait them out, but after several minutes of concerted effort, he gave up. Rising from the couch quietly, he stood and pulled up his boxers. His cock was still at full mast and not pleased with Thayne, but he refused to slip into the bathroom to finish himself off. He was more interested in peeking in on the two of them than stroking his cock. Which to him said a lot.

Without making a sound, he went to the kitchen doorway but kept in the dark so he could watch everything going on. Instead of catching the two of them in a torrid embrace, as he'd half hoped he would, he saw Shay standing in front of the open refrigerator. The bright light illuminated the dark room, turning the white T-shirt she wore almost translucent, highlighting her curvy body in the sexiest of ways.

God, he loved women. Their soft curves. Their sweet scent. The way they could turn a simple T-shirt into a wet dream come to life. It was amazing how so much sensuality could be bottled up in one small package. God was definitely on the ball the day he gifted Adam with a mate.

Glancing over to the corner of the kitchen, he spotted Harris chopping something on a cutting board. With the refrigerator being the main supply of light in the room, Thayne thought his friend's actions were a bit on the careless side. But then he always thought Harris preferred to walk on the wild side. That was how they'd ended up together, after all.

Shay and Harris both appeared so relaxed from their lovemaking session while he stood there in nail-biting frustration. If he ever needed proof life wasn't fair, here it was in all its glory.

Still unaware of his presence, Shay bent over and pulled open the bottom drawer. The action caused her T-shirt to rise in the back, bringing her bare bottom into view. It took everything out of Thayne to bite back a groan. He needed to get laid. And soon.

"Are you sure they're in here?" Shay whispered, as if Thayne were still asleep.

"Yes." Harris' tone matched her own. "Behind the tomatoes."

"Got them."

"Good." This time Harris' voice was anything but low.

"Shh," Shay chastised as she stood and turned to face Harris, putting her back toward Thayne. Acting quickly, Thayne stepped around the corner, placing his back flat against the wall. He wasn't sure what would be worse, getting caught jacking off or getting caught peeping on them. Both acts reeked of desperation. "You're gonna wake Thayne."

It was a little late for that.

"Don't worry about him. He can sleep through a nuclear bomb."

"Here, catch. I guess I'll just have to take your word on that."

"Shay..." There was a warning in Harris' tone that even Thayne was able to detect.

"What?" She sounded innocent, but Thayne was beginning to see there was nothing innocent about Shay.

"I have your what, all right. I have it right here." His comment was followed by a soft giggle then an even softer moan. This time when Harris spoke his voice was far from cautionary. "You know what, I bet you're all talk. You think you can handle the both of us, but I bet if you had the opportunity you'd run from the room scared."

"Want to bet on it?"

"Maybe."

Hell, Thayne did if Harris didn't.

"Raise your arms and spread your legs."

"Why?"

"Because I think I want a little dip with my fruit salad."

Dip? This he had to see, but he was done with this cloak-and-dagger bullshit. If they were bold enough to fuck a mere few feet away from him, then he was going to watch. Turning the corner, he leaned against the doorframe and flipped on the light switch, flooding the kitchen with an unkind bright glow. "Munchies?"

Startled, Harris spun around and shielded Shay's nude body from Thayne's gaze. "What are you doing up?" Harris couldn't help but wonder if his question sounded as lame to Thayne as it did to himself. From the racket he and Shay had been making, it was only obvious why Thayne was up.

"Same as you. I suddenly had the urge to...eat." Thayne glanced behind Harris to Shay, who quickly pulled Harris back against her, reiterating the fact she was nude.

"Can you hand me her shirt, Thayne?"

"I could." Thayne didn't make a single move and Harris couldn't reach for the shirt himself without exposing Shay. Something he was sure didn't slip by Thayne at all.

"Will you?"

"No." Thayne didn't even spare the shirt a glance.

"No?" Okay, he wasn't expecting that. "Why?"

"Because I don't want her to put it back on." Thayne's heated gaze met Harris' stare dead-on. In Thayne's absence Harris had forgotten just how intense one look from the other man could be.

"Well, what if I want to put it back on?" Shay's voice was filled with amusement, and surprisingly not an ounce of embarrassment. The tight grip she used to pull him back against her was all but gone as she leaned into him more like a curious spectator.

Thayne looked at Shay and smiled. "Do you?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe isn't a yes," Thayne replied, echoing almost the exact thing Harris was thinking.

"It isn't a no either."

Shay seemed awful comfortable being undressed in front of Thayne. For that matter, so was he. Damn it, this wasn't good. He should be mad. At the very least he should demand Thayne leave the room, but for the life of him, Harris couldn't get the words to move past his lips. He didn't want Thayne to leave, but he couldn't work up the nerve to ask him to stay.

Shay's words from when they were making love earlier kept playing in his mind. She had made it more than obvious she was interested in Thayne joining them, and from the way Thayne was intently looking at them, Harris was willing to bet his friend was fine with it as well. They only left him wondering about what the right thing to do was.

"I want her to put it back on," Harris lied, trying to put things back on an even keel. If he didn't remind himself, and fast, about all the many reasons Thayne was no good for him, Harris was going to find himself in a situation he was very familiar with when it came to Thayne. Screwed.

"Then grab it yourself. I dare you."

"Grow up." Harris didn't move an inch, much as he expected Thayne wanted. He was caught between a rock and a hard place.

"After you." Thayne stepped closer, trapping them between the cabinet and himself. "Harris, I have to say your lack of manners is appalling."

"Are they now?"

"Yes. I'm a guest in your home. Don't you think you should offer me something to," Thayne looked over Harris' shoulder, "eat? Did I hear you mention something about fruit salad?"

Harris wasn't sure where this was going, and he wasn't sure he wanted to know, but he couldn't keep quiet to save his life. "That you did."

"Then do your best friend a favor." Thayne reached out toward Shay and brushed the back of his hand against her cheek. "Share."

A sane man might have answered Thayne's request with a swing from his fist, but Harris had never been accused of being sane. In fact, he was quite sure he was the exact opposite, and he had the arousal to prove it.

The kitchen was by no means large, which made the situation even more intimate than Harris would have preferred. And much to his dismay, Harris felt his cock begin to rise.

Son of a bitch.

This was not good on so many different levels. Erections and Thayne never really were a good combination for Harris' well-being. His cock was leading him down a path Harris swore not to wander again. And yet even though he knew all of that, he found himself responding to Thayne, the ultimate pied piper. "What do you want me to share?" The words slipped out much to Harris' chagrin. It was almost as if everyone were plotting against him, himself included.

"What do you think?" Thayne beamed a devil-may-care grin at Harris. It was the sort of smile that had been responsible for Harris giving up his anal cherry to Thayne in the first place.

"As much as I want to be the perfect host, this dip isn't mine to give away."

"Isn't it?"

"No." Harris wouldn't make this call for Shay. Hell, he couldn't even be trusted to make this call for himself. Part of him hoped she would be the wisest of the three and end this before he did something he'd regret. "She's her own woman. No one speaks for Shay but Shay. And no one fucks her without her okay."

"From what I heard, one might think she was all fucked out. From the sound of things, you did a bang-up job of it too. Made me horny. Made me slip my shorts down and stroke my cock as I imagined watching the two of you fuck, imagined you fucking me."

Harris' eyebrows shot up in surprise. From the way Shay dug her nails into his shoulder and let out a little gasp, Harris could only surmise he wasn't alone in feeling as if he were getting sucked into a black hole. Thayne had never expressed any interest in bottoming for him before. The idea sent a bolt of lust straight to his straining cock. "As I went down on Shay. In my fantasy, fun was had by all."

"Sounds like it." Harris could barely get the words out. All his blood had rushed from his brain to his rock-hard cock.

Thayne reached out on either side of Harris to place his hands on the counter, effectively trapping Harris and Shay in place. Thayne was so close, Harris could almost swear he felt the heat from the other man's cock. "So what's your answer, Shay?" Although Thayne was speaking to Shay, his gaze was locked firmly on Harris. "Can I have a taste of your down-home cooking?"

"I'm...I'm not sure there's enough for three."

Thayne licked his lips and pressed his hips forward, brushing the tent in his boxers against the one in Harris' pajama bottoms. Reacting intuitively, Harris pressed forward and groaned. He needed to put a stop to this. It was the right thing to do, but he'd be damned if he had the power to resist.

Smiling, Thayne glanced up at Shay. "Oh, I'm sure between you and Harris, I'll be well fed."

"Then by all means," her voice was husky and low. "*Bon appétit.*"

From the way her heart was pounding profusely, Shay was sure any second now it would come bursting forth. For someone who was nude, she felt very hot, and she was more than sure it had nothing to do with the temperature of the room. Her overheating

body was all thanks to the undeniable sexual desire filling the room. The mutual craving was so thick she could almost taste it.

Fantasies of the three of them had marinated in her mind since the moment Harris had opened up to her about his relationship with Thayne. Still, it didn't keep Shay from being nervous now that the moment was upon her.

Her apprehension surprisingly had little to do with her taking two men. It was more about what would happen between the two men afterward. There wasn't a doubt in her mind Harris and she would be fine come morning. Whether he admitted it or not, she knew he wanted this, almost as much if not more than she did. They could experience this special night with one another and be fine, but she wasn't so sure he and Thayne would be able to say the same.

"That's a gracious invitation. I just have to wonder if everyone agrees." Thayne glanced at Harris, whose skin was damp and clammy under her fingers. "I have Shay's permission, Harris. All that's missing is yours."

"As I said, I can't spea—"

"But you can speak for yourself. Do you want me?"

Shay wanted to hear this answer for herself as well, but instead of responding to Thayne's question in a direct manner, Harris hedged a bit. "I haven't kicked you out, have I?"

"That's not an answer."

Harris let out a heavy sigh before answering. A sign, to Shay, he wasn't too pleased with the tone of the conversation or by the way he was being put on the spot. "I've always wanted you."

Shay waited for the green-eyed monster to rear his ugly head. But she waited in vain. Instead of being overwhelmed with jealousy, she was filled with excitement and lust. For whatever reason, it wasn't in her nature to feel angry about something so beautiful. She didn't feel a need to be the only person in Harris' heart. Just the only woman.

What that said about her or their relationship, she wasn't sure. All she knew was she didn't want to spend the rest of her life wondering "what if". If tomorrow brought a downpour of regret and angst, she would still have tonight to look back on for the rest of her life.

The silence that surrounded them had her wondering who was going to speak now and what was going to happen next. Should she make the move to show Harris she was more than okay with this, or was she just supposed to sit back and let them make the first move?

Before Shay could work herself up to much more, Thayne leaned forward. For a second, she thought he was going to kiss Harris, but he surprised her by moving past Harris and kissing her instead. The simple touch of his lips against her unbalanced her in the nicest of ways. There was nothing subtle or teasing about the way he devoured her mouth. Shuddering, she released her death grip on Harris' shoulder and reached around him to pull Thayne closer to them.

From Harris' gasp, she knew Thayne must be pressing hard against him, trapping Harris between the two of them. In the midst of her pleasure, Shay wondered if Harris was uncomfortable. She didn't let the thought weigh her down too much because he didn't utter a single word of complaint. In fact, the only sound he did make was a mixture of a groan and moan. Apparently she wasn't the only one enjoying the kiss.

When Thayne broke the kiss and pulled back, Shay noted all three of them were breathing heavily. Thayne's heated gaze connected with hers for a brief moment before he glanced at Harris.

"Kiss me, Harry."

Harry. A smile graced her lips for a millisecond before disappearing altogether when Harris followed Thayne's orders. Sweet Jesus. Whatever image she'd built up in her mind was nothing compared to the real thing.

There was nothing as good as the real McCoy.

Her pussy throbbed and begged to be filled by one or both of the two men passionately kissing in front of her. And if the sight alone wasn't enough to make her knees tremble, the hungry little groan radiating from between the two of them surely would have done it.

Unsure of what the rules were for threesomes, Shay willed her fingers away from her pussy and waited almost impatiently for her turn again. This watching thing was going to take some getting used to, but she was more than sure she was up to the challenge, especially when the perks were as nice as hers were.

And although she was waiting on the sidelines, she never felt as if she weren't part of the big game. Harris' pleasure was her own. It was almost as if Thayne were kissing her through Harris. If she closed her eyes, Shay was sure she would feel the rough flesh of Thayne's slightly chapped lips against her own softer ones. Before she could delve much further into her fantasy, Thayne pulled back, breaking the kiss.

His breathing was haggard, but his face was flushed with joy. "That was a nice little treat, but I'm ready for more."

"What do you have mind?" Harris' voice was rough and filled with need, much how Shay imagined her own would be.

"Appetizers."

"You don't say?" Shay couldn't have kept quiet to save her life. Not when such a yummy proposal was put on the table. "You have a taste for something?"

Thayne glanced from Harris to her. "Yes. You."

She swallowed and her heartbeat kicked it up a few notches. Thayne was able to say so much with so few words and still leave a big impression. Harris had warned her about this, but she didn't really get the gist of it until right now. Thayne was going to be lethal to her libido.

"I think we need to move this to a more comfortable location." Thayne took a step back, giving Harris and Shay breathing room. It was almost as if this were his way of allowing them space not just to breathe but to think and possibly to make a sane,

unpressured decision. But for Shay, pressure wasn't what she was feeling at all. Just desire.

"Okay," she said, proud to note her voice hadn't trembled once. Instead, she bottled all her nervous energy and used it to put the ball back in Harris' court. She refused to be the downer for the night's festivities. Not when she was so close to having her fantasy fulfilled. "I'm a fan of comfort."

"Harris?" Just his name. That was all Thayne said. But the simple word held a wealth of meaning for all involved. There was one person who held all the power, and they all knew it.

The responsibility of it all must have weighed a ton on Harris' broad shoulders because he didn't speak up as quickly as Shay did. And just as she began to suspect the night would end before it really had a chance to begin, he spoke, quietly, but his words were as steady as the man himself. "Comfort has my vote as well."

And there it was. The final nail that signaled not only the end of the now but also the beginning of what was to come. If Shay was sure of one thing, it would be this. Neither of them was making the leap into this little erotic foray with blinders on. There would be a cost to pay come morning, but it appeared as if she weren't alone in her willingness to pay the piper for a sample of heaven's offerings.

"Good." If Thayne had expected Harris to beg off, no one would have ever suspected it from the confident tone of his voice. "I'll bring the fruit." Thayne shot Shay a devilish grin. "And you bring the dip."

Chapter Four

Despite the bravado of his words, Thayne wasn't sure he shouldn't just book it out of the apartment before he lost it completely. Fear held quick to him as Harris turned and helped Shay from the counter, giving Thayne his very first glimpse of the supple beauty. No matter what Harris thought, Thayne wasn't going to be able to treat Shay so cavalier.

There was something special about her that even a cold-hearted gigolo like him could see. Something that made her shine and made him want to cuddle up next to her so her inner light could warm him. Keep the loneliness at bay, even if for a second longer. Without doing anything, other than being accepting and loving, she'd reeled Thayne in, hook, line and sinker. Where Harris and she might only see this as a kinky night of fun, Thayne felt as if this were a step, a step in the direction he'd needed to go for so long. Maybe, just maybe if he were lucky, Shay would be the answer to all his prayers. She could be to him, be to Harris, the one thing they'd needed all along. Their other half.

Feeling a bit out of his depth, Thayne cleared his throat and put on his trademark rogue grin. "Why don't the two of you head in? I'll follow shortly."

"Don't be too long." Shay's sexy full lips parted in a come-hither smile, bringing to Thayne's mind all the nasty, wicked things she could do with said mouth. "We might begin without you."

"You better not." He might be unsure of the ramification of everything, but he was damn sure he didn't want to miss a single second of it.

Thayne waited until the couple left the room hand in hand before releasing a deep breath. He wanted this so bad he could taste it. Yet he didn't make haste. If by some

vengeful act of God he just had this one night with them, he was going to do everything in his power to make it one he would never forget.

After making another trip to the refrigerator, Thayne sliced and diced a few more edible treats before making his way to the bedroom. He held the tray with care, mindful to walk slowly so the empty wineglasses didn't fall over and break. Thankfully, the bedroom door was open and he didn't have to try to balance the tray in order to turn the knob.

"Did you mis—" His words died when he caught sight of Harris and Shay on the bed.

Harris was leaning back against the sleigh headboard naked with Shay equally unclothed, between his legs. Shay's long, dark hair was tossed over one shoulder. The thick tresses slightly covered one side of her pale, ivory flesh, giving him glimpses of the sexy, curvy body that languished beneath. Her back was pressed against his chest, with knees bent and feet pressed flat on the bed on the outside of Harris' legs. Leaving the view to her hidden valley only obstructed by Harris' fast-working fingers.

Her head was tilted up and her lips were covered by Harris'. They were lost in one another, leaving them open and raw to his eyes. Thayne had had blowjobs that were less arousing than this. His erection had waned a bit while in the kitchen preparing the tray, but it was now raring to go once more.

Thayne wished he'd taken time to the pour the wine so he could quench his suddenly dry throat. Clothed, Shay was beautiful—naked, she was a sight to behold. Her breasts deserved sonnets and lyrics that a simple mind such as his was incapable of writing. She was perfection brought to life, and for tonight, she was his. As was Harris.

Quietly, Thayne stood still for a few seconds, taking in the sight before him. He wanted to join in, but at the same time he just wanted to watch. The intense emotion he saw displayed as they took and gave to each other was something that tugged at him. There was no artifice here. It was real and pure and he wanted, no, needed, to be part of

it. But it was as if he were frozen, waiting for an invitation, hoping they would ask him to join them. Not just for tonight, but join them for all time.

He must have made a noise, a minute movement of some sort, because Shay broke her kiss and turned toward him. Her gaze was heavy-lidded, her full lips even plumper from Harris' kiss.

"We tried to wait." The words were low and throaty, and Thayne took a step forward as if drawn to the bed by an invisible bond.

"Doesn't look as if you tried too hard." He'd meant for his words to sound teasing, but he feared they sounded hungry instead. It was one thing to crave something he might not ever have, and another to allow the two people who meant the most to know it. Smiling in a false manner, he moved closer to the bed and set the tray down on the floor next to it. "What should I do about this blatant disobedience?"

"Deal with it?" Harris' voice was dry, but his eyes were bright with anticipation, telling Thayne everything he needed to know. Harris wanted this. Possibly as much as Thayne did, but nevertheless, he was a very willing participant, not just someone dragged in reluctantly to fulfill his woman's fantasy. And that was all Thayne needed to know.

"Punish the two of you. Wonderful suggestion, Harris."

"Hey," Shay's voice bubbled with laughter, "that's not what he said."

"It's not what he says that matters. It's what he means." Thayne hooked his fingers in the edge of his boxers and shoved them down his hips. The amusement, which filled the room just seconds earlier, all but dissipated in the wake of his revelation as two sets of eyes zeroed in on his arousal. "You have to learn to read between the lines, Shay, when it comes to Harris."

"I guess..." Shay paused, her gaze still held in rapt attention on his groin. "You'll...uhh...have to teach me the difference."

"I can't wait." Wanting to take advantage of the moment, Thayne gripped his cock and began to slowly stroke himself. Under the intense stare of his former lover and

soon-to-be lover, his cock grew even thicker in his hand. The tip of Shay's pink tongue slipped out and slid erotically around her lips before disappearing inside once more. The telltale gesture drove home how enthralled she was. Even he, who'd been in situations tantamount to this before, had never felt as excited as he did now.

Somehow this time it was different. No matter what he pretended, Harris and Shay made this circumstance a whole new ballgame. And he couldn't wait for his turn at bat.

After giving his cock a final stroke, he released his death grip and joined them on the bed. He knelt on the bed, edging closer until his knees were aligned with Harris'. "Now for your punishment."

"Punishment for what?" Harris asked, looking up at Thayne.

"Bad manners for one." Thayne made a *tsk* noise and shook his head, feigning disappointment. "Harry, don't you know you're not supposed to play with your food?"

Reaching forward, Thayne took hold of Harris' wrist and pulled, moving the other man's hand away from Shay's pussy. His friend's fingers were damp and glistening with her nectar. "Now look. You've gone and made a mess."

Raising his gaze to meet Shay's, Thayne brought Harris' fingers up toward his lips and slowly took first one then the other into his mouth, cleansing them of any evidence of her arousal. Closing his eyes, Thayne savored the tangy flavor marinating on his tongue. In a word, it was delicious. Knowing he wouldn't be satisfied with just a taste, Thayne opened his eyes and met the heated gaze of the supplier of his new favorite snack. "Shay."

"Yes." Her voice was low and husky, much as he imagined his sounded.

"Can I just say your dip is divine." He let the word roll over his tongue, taking pleasure in it just as much as he had in her taste.

"Thanks. It's a secret recipe."

"I bet. Although..." Thayne took Harris's middle finger into his mouth once more and rolled his tongue around it, much as he had done to the man's cock in the past. He

toyed with his friend for a moment, making sure to remind Harris just what was in store for him later on tonight before taking it out once more. "It's missing something."

"Such as?" she asked.

"Cock," Harris offered.

"Cock is always a good ingredient, but I think we should start off with something a little different."

"Such as..." Shay enquired once more.

"Such as," Thayne sat up and reached over the side of the bed and grabbed a piece of sliced fruit. "This." He held the peach slice between two fingers and lowered it a few inches away from the apex of her thighs. "Harris, your punishment is to hold Shay down while I feast."

"How exactly is that punishment for him?"

"Because that's all he's allowed to do."

Harris groaned. "That's just cruel."

"I know. It's great, isn't it?" Intent on his erotic task, Thayne grew silent as he parted her slick bare lips and moved the fresh fruit between them. The yellow flesh of the fruit looked obscene next to the pink surface of her labia, and very, very mouthwatering.

Mindful of Shay's delicate tissues, Thayne refrained from dipping the fruit deep in her well. Instead he ran it across her damp opening, coating one edge of the peach with her pussy juice.

When it was slicked to his satisfaction, Thayne slipped the unlubricated side into his mouth and rose onto his knees. With his gaze centered on Harris, Thayne moved forward, stopping when he was within kissing distance of the other man. Without making a sound, he brought the peach to Harris' lips. To his satisfaction, Harris opened his mouth and leaned forward, taking the offering as Thayne had hoped. When Harris

bit down into the fruit, his lips brushed against Thayne's, kissing at the same time he savored Shay's essence.

"Mmm..." Harris said as he pulled back, chewing the slice as if it were the finest of cuisines. Thayne followed suit, eating the other half as he watched Harris. After swallowing, Harris licked his lips. "Peaches and cream. My favorite."

"I can see why."

"Are you two planning on driving me crazy all night?" Shay's voice quivered with need.

"That's not my plan at all."

"What is?"

"First," Thayne lowered himself onto his stomach and moved until his mouth was just inches away from her pussy, "I'm going to eat your pussy until you come screaming my name. Then I want to watch Harris fuck you as you take my cock between those pretty lips."

Shay's eyes widened and her lips parted in a breathless, wordless sigh of awe. "Then when I can't take another second more of your sweet mouth, I'm going to move behind Harris and rim him as he fucks you. When I see him trembling the way he does right before he shoots, I'm going to slide my cock deep inside his ass, and be the conductor of this very hot train."

Her speechlessness dissipated in a heartbeat. "I see you've given this some thought."

"Once or twice since dinner."

"Wow, I'm not sure I'll be able to handle that."

"Wait 'til you hear what I have planned for round two."

Round two? Harris wasn't sure he'd be able to handle round one, and so far he'd only eaten a slice of fruit slicked with Shay's essence. Tonight was turning into a scene

he hadn't even dared dream of. Shay wasn't repulsed by the things Thayne was suggesting, she was turned-on by them. Her skin was flushed and her breathing labored, sure indications of her desire. And Harris was right there with her. His erection had been poking her in the back since they'd settled themselves on the bed, but at Thayne's kinky description, his cock had stiffened to the point Harris could probably drive nails with it.

He could turn into his usual logical self and try to analyze the situation. Or he could just go with the flow and let Thayne take them all on the ride of their lives. Harris was ready to ditch reason for roller coaster. "Are you going to talk her to death, or are you going to eat her?"

"Eat her." That was exactly what Harris wanted to hear. But instead of diving in as he'd expected, Thayne looked up at him and quirked a brow. "Tell me something, Harris."

"Yes," Harris spoke, a bit hesitant to be the focus of Thayne's attention. He wasn't sure if he was prepared to answer just any old question from Thayne.

"How does she like it?"

There was no need to ask what "it" was. And Harris was more than happy to answer. "It's all about the clit with Shay. Pressure and consistency."

"Two of my favorite words." And that was all Thayne said before he buried his head between Shay's legs. At the first touch of his tongue, Shay bucked, but Harris did his job well, holding her legs wide and keeping her in place. Not just because Thayne had ordered him to do it, but because he wanted to. There was a sadistic streak in Harris that enjoyed holding Shay down as Thayne pleased her.

He loved the fact she was at their mercy. Although he'd never say it aloud, he loved it as much as when Thayne turned the tables and treated him in much the same manner.

From the looks and sounds of things, it seemed as if Thayne were taking heed of the advice Harris had given him. Even though Harris held her fast to him, it didn't stop

Shay from trying to move. Nor did it stop her from burying her hands in Thayne's hair and holding him tight to her as she did her best to grind her pussy against his face. Every wiggle of her hips sent Harris' senses reeling. His cock was trapped between her back and his abs, giving him a broader version of a hand job.

Her subtle movements were driven by Thayne and what he was doing to her, and in effect doing to Harris.

"Ahh...mmm..."

Harris couldn't see what was going on, but from the new sounds Shay was making, he knew something good was. "Tell me, Peaches. Tell me what's he's doing to you."

"He's..." Shay's back bowed and her nails dug into his thigh. "He's fucking...my ass with his finger."

Harris would have given his left nut to have a better view. "One finger or two?"

"Two. I think." Shay bit her lip and closed her eyes. Everything she was experiencing, feeling, was written on her very expressive face. There was no doubt in his mind Shay was enjoying this to the fullest.

"Does it feel good, baby?"

"So good. So good."

Unable to help himself, Harris released his grip on one of her thighs and moved his hand up to cup a breast. Her nipple was pebble hard against his palm. So hard he couldn't resist taking it between his fingers and squeezing it the way he knew Shay preferred. "Ohhh..."

"Tell me, Shay. Is this what you hoped for? What you thought it would be like to be between two men?"

"Yes. Oh...oh..."

Releasing her other leg, Harris moved his free hand to her chin and tilted her face up to his. He knew she was close to coming and he wanted to swallow her moans as she came for them. As if she were of the same mind, Shay hungrily took his mouth with

hers. He delved his tongue between her parted lips, filling her the only way he could at the moment as she dug her nails deeper into his flesh. Without a doubt he knew he'd wear her mark come morning, but Harris didn't mind at all.

Thayne continued to tease until Shay broke away from Harris, bowed her back and shouted her release. Her cries of pleasure echoed in his ears and warmed his heart. He needed this. Needed to know Shay was here not just for him. And if her cries were anything to go by, she was having a very, very good time.

Eyes closed, Shay leaned back on him in obvious exhaustion. Her body trembled in his arms with the aftereffects of her climax. Her breathing was shallow, her grip slack. She was the epitome of a sated woman. His sated woman, and she was beautiful.

Tenderness filled Harris as he released her breast and wrapped both arms around her waist, pulling her in tighter to him. "You okay, Peaches?"

She tilted her head back and looked up at him with a wide smile. "Ohhh yeah."

"And to think that was just the beginning," Thayne said, rising to his knees. His motion drew both their gazes his way. Where Shay looked spent, Thayne appeared anything but. His erection jutted out, long and thick, much as Harris knew his would have been if it weren't for Shay leaning back against him. There was a hungry look in Thayne's eyes, which spoke of a need Harris was well acquainted with.

"I see you brought your A game with you this evening," Harris observed with a hint of pride. Thayne was a talented lover.

"I aim to please." Thayne glanced at Shay as she lay in Harris' arms in obvious pleasure. "As always."

"So..." Shay moved away from Harris and sat up. "Quid pro quo, Thayne. You've had your taste of me. Now I want to taste you."

Once again, Harris waited for jealousy to fill him. And once again, the feeling wasn't there. What did come though was an innate need to see the very act she'd just described. He wanted to watch Thayne sink his cock deep in Shay. He wasn't even

particular about the hows and whys. He just wanted to watch. To see her soar as he had so many times under Thayne's skilled hands.

"Who am I to deny a lady? On your back, Peaches. And open wide." Thayne edged off the bed. He had a determined look in his eyes that made Harris' cock ache. He wasn't sure if would survive the night, but he couldn't wait to find out. If they only had tonight, he was going to live it to the fullest.

Shay felt as if she'd waited a lifetime for this moment. The mere idea of being sandwiched between these two men had her pussy pulsing as if she'd gone years instead of mere minutes without a man buried between her legs. This entire situation was working for her. And not just on a physical level. It was fulfilling in both a mental and emotional way.

No matter how deep her feelings were for Harris, or his for her, Shay had always felt as if something were missing. Now she knew it wasn't a something, but a someone. There was a look in Harris' eyes as he held her while she came down from her orgasmic high that she'd never seen before. A look that spoke of contentment and happiness unbridled. He loved her. Of this she was sure, but he also loved Thayne. With the both of them in his bed, Harris was truly happy. It was a feeling Shay could relate to as well.

This was meant to be. The three of them. And she was going to do everything in her power to make tonight's little fantasy turn into a lifetime event.

"Lie back, Peaches." The bed depressed under the weight of Harris moving from behind her to beside her. "On the pillows."

"Wouldn't want you get a crick in your neck." Thayne winked as he moved into position next to the pillow.

"Heaven forbid." The sight of his erection caused her mouth to water. She couldn't wait to have him inside her. Shay edged her head a bit closer to Thayne and licked her lips in anticipation. "Come here."

Her hoarse, needy words caused Thayne to smile. "Not yet, little one. First I want you to spread those sexy legs of yours wide," Thayne took his cock in hand and began to stroke himself as he spoke, "so I can watch Harris fuck you deep and hard. I like a good show. Gimme one, Peaches, and I promise you I'll make sure you don't regret it."

Thayne ran his thumb over the crown of his cock, gathering the glistening evidence of his desire, and then brought it down to Shay's mouth. With a hunger that surprised even her, Shay lapped at his finger, laving his thumb with her tongue as she quenched her thirst on the salty goodness he offered her.

With a deep-seated chuckle, Thayne moved his hand. She frowned in disappointment, which prompted Harris to ask, "Hungry, baby?"

Was water wet? "Yes." Her desire was surpassing want and running headlong into need. "Please."

"Don't worry, Peaches, between the two of us, we plan to make sure you're stuffed full."

His plan sounded like a good one to her. Her arousal was unparalleled to anything she'd ever experienced before. Her body felt as if it were going to combust at any given moment. Something Shay couldn't allow to happen. It would be wrong on so many levels if she died now before she fully partook of this fine feast before her.

"Harris." Shay turned her head in Harris' direction and stared up at him with pleading eyes.

"Yes, Peaches."

"Fuck me." She wanted the words to come out as an order, but the hunger in her voice gave it more of an entreating tone. But begging was okay, especially if it allowed her to get what she wanted in the end.

A wicked grin spread across his lips. "Yes, Peaches."

As much as she wanted Harris to rush and sink inside her, he didn't. Ever the responsible one, Harris took a few minutes to seek out a condom and slip it on. While

he was busy preparing himself, Thayne stayed active, stroking his erection. His motions were driving her crazy, which, from the knowing look he sent her, told Shay it wasn't an accident. The man was a cocktease of the worst sort.

Before she could become too worked up about it though, Harris moved between her thighs and centered the crown of his shaft against her sex. Unable to wait a second longer, Shay wrapped her legs around his waist.

"Greedy little thing, isn't she?"

"Yes." Harris drove deep into her with one swift thrust. "But she has the tightest pussy in the world." The sudden invasion of his thick shaft had her crying out in delight. "So I...forgive her." Harris' words were halted as he pulled partially out before plunging back in deeper than before.

"So would I."

This, if she'd been capable, would have been the point where Shay told them to shut up, but since she was having trouble breathing, let alone talking, she was just going to let it go. For now. Lost in the heady sensation that was Harris, Shay blindly reached out and grasped his hips in her hand, needing him closer, deeper.

"Ease up a bit, Harris. I want to watch."

"In a minute," Harris grunted as he continued to power into her. He fucked her with hard, even strokes that set her blood to boil. "Need to get the edge off."

"Tsk, ts, tsk," Thayne chastised. "I thought you had better staying power."

"Fuck you, man."

"The night is young. Grip her hips and raise them a bit. That way you can fuck and I can watch your cock slide in and out of her."

"Bossy," Shay groaned. She didn't care who did what where. She just wanted to come.

"And you love it." Thayne reached and brushed the back of his hand against her beaded nipple. "You both do, don't you, Harris?"

Harris did as Thayne instructed but didn't say a word. A move that seemed to amuse Thayne. "You don't have to answer. We all know the truth."

"Stop teasing...him...Thayne." Shay didn't want Thayne to push Harris. Not until she was well and truly fucked, that was. "Tease me instead."

"You want my cock, Peaches?"

"Yes."

"Then ask for what you want."

This she could do. "Fuck my face...while...Harris fucks my...pussy." The more she said, the harder and faster Harris thrust, making talking almost impossible. But there was one more thing she had to say. One more thing she needed to get out. "Now."

"Just because you asked in such a pretty way."

Releasing her grip on Harris, Shay reached out and took hold of Thayne's hard shaft. His answering moan spurred her on as she stroked him, implanting the feel of his cock in her memory bank. He was a bit longer than Harris but not as thick, which would make oral a lot easier, but penetration more intense. His erection bobbed under her fingers as she brought him in to her mouth.

Harris pulled back until just his crown remained inside her. Surprised at his sudden action, Shay turned her head to look at him, and the lust she saw swimming in his eyes damn near undid her.

"Suck him, baby," Harris whispered. "Suck his cock."

His heated words were all the encouragement she needed. Turning back to the sexual task at hand, Shay engulfed Thayne's cock and took him as deep as she could in one fell swoop.

"Ohhh yes." Thayne's groan of approval was met by Harris' downward stroke and answering moan.

If Shay could speak, she would have joined in the chorus of pleasure, but her mouth was otherwise occupied, as was her pussy as Harris began anew to plunder her.

Closing her eyes, she surrendered to the onslaught of pleasure filling her at both ends. The two men worked in tandem with one another, keeping her off balance in the sexiest of ways, but at the same time they were careful of her and the delicate position she was in. Never before had Shay been so thankful for a pillow during oral sex as she was now. It kept her at a good angle so she never felt overwhelmed in a bad way by Thayne sawing away in her mouth. Not that she had time to think much between the two of them. She was too busy feeling and enjoying this wild roller coaster of a ride she was on.

Shay had wanted this, had fantasized about it, but her imagination was no match for reality. The three of them together, the moans, the movements, everything passed by in a blur until Shay felt as if she were going under and fast.

Unable to hold out any longer, Shay turned her head away, breaking Thayne's thrust into her mouth. Her movements were so quick that it caught Thayne unaware, and he had to catch himself from falling into her. "I...can't..." she whimpered. "So good..."

"That's okay, baby. Come for us. Shower Harris' cock with your sweet dew." Gripping Harris' hips, she held on for all she was worth and undulated her hips, meeting Harris thrust for thrust. "Fuck her good and hard, Harry, and make our Peaches come. But don't you. I want to bury my cock in your ass and ride you as you come inside her. Ride you long and hard."

Thayne's seductive words sent her soaring. Out of her mind with pleasure, she cried out Harris' name as her orgasm ripped through her with an intensity that made her weak and incoherent.

Undaunted by her release, Harris powered on. He didn't let her orgasm slow him down or bring him over either. He was a good little soldier, fucking her as commanded by their fearless perverted leader. But even Harris had a breaking point.

"Thayne," he choked out, obviously as close as she'd been. "I'm not sure how much longer I can last."

"You'll last for me though. If for nothing more than to have me filling you again."

"Fuck," Harris groaned. "Shut up if you don't want me to shoot."

Thayne chuckled and moved off the bed. "Maybe it's time I put my mouth to better use then."

Chapter Five

Although this was the exact situation he'd been hoping for, Thayne never in his wildest dreams believed he'd actually be here tonight with Harris and Shay in bed, all three ready and willing to be together. He'd been sure one or the other would have bowed out by now. Instead they both were not only here but following his every direction and command. It was a heady feeling. And being the person in power made him realize something. They needed to make a change.

"This is never going to work," Thayne sighed with regret. As much as he wanted to bury his tongue in Harris' ass as Harris fucked Shay, he knew it wouldn't work out.

"What?"

"The second I touch you, you're going to go."

"You say that as if it's a bad thing," Harris choked out with laughter.

"It is. I want to draw this out." Thayne didn't know if he'd get a chance at a repeat performance so he wanted to savor this experience. "Let's switch things up. Pull out and lie on your back."

With a guttural groan, Harris pulled out of Shay and collapsed on the bed next to her. Thayne enjoyed the view of Harris lying there in all his glory, his erection glistening with the evidence of Shay's desire. He licked his lips as Harris held his hand out to Shay. "Come here, baby."

Shay let loose an exhausted laugh. "I...need a minute. Or five."

"What's wrong? Having a hard time keeping up, Peaches?"

"In a word. Yes." Easing up on her elbows, she gave her head a little toss, shaking her hair out of her eyes. "No more Wheaties for you two."

Harris reached out and caressed her arm. The gesture was innocent and loving, and Thayne couldn't help but be envious of them both. The strangest part was he didn't know whom he envied more. Harris, for being able to touch Shay, or Shay because she was the recipient of Harris' touch. "We can sto—"

"The hell you can." Her eyes twinkled with unfiltered mischievousness. "Don't you know how long I've waited to see this?"

"But if you're—"

"I'm taking a second to catch my breath before the two of you steal it away again." She rolled over to her side and lightly ran her fingers across Harris' chest. "Give me a show, baby. Show me how much you love Thayne's cock."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh for Pete's sake." Thayne could only be good for so long. "She's fine with it. Don't make me park her pussy over your mouth to shut you up."

Harris wiggled his brows. "Don't threaten me with a good time."

"Hey, leave me and my pussy out of this."

"Only for now." Thayne was just as intent on fucking Shay as he was Harris, but first things first. Moving to the end of the bed, Thayne dropped to his knees and gestured for Harris to scoot closer down toward him. Without uttering a word, Harris did as requested, moving down until his legs dangled off the bed, one on either side of Thayne, and his ass was at the edge.

"Perfect. Now let's get rid of this." Thayne grabbed the tip of the slick condom and tugged the prophylactic off Harris' thick length. As soon as it cleared Harris' cock, Thayne tossed it carelessly over his shoulder. "Better. As much as I adore you, I refuse to blow you through the rubber."

His comment won him a smile from Shay and a smartass reply from Harris. "Might want to skip oral altogether. Latex is not famous for that 'tastes great, less filling' effect."

"I'll take one for the team." Thayne moved forward to take Harris' cock in his mouth but was stopped by the other man, who sat up and held his hand out to ward him away.

"Seriously, man. Don't."

"Why?" There had to be more to this than an unpleasant chalky taste.

"I..." A deep flush stained his cheeks. "I'm on a thin string as it is. Just fuck me so I can come."

"Poor baby," Shay teased. "So worked up and nowhere to blow...I mean go."

"I'd be as cocky as you if I'd come twice too."

"I think you're cocky enough." Thayne put his hand on Harris' shoulder and pushed him back. "And a bit forgetful. This is my party. We play games my way."

Ready to claim what was his and what would be his again, Thayne walked over to the nightstand and opened it, extracting a couple of condoms and the lube that was lying on top.

"So you want me to just fuck you. No prelims. No fun."

"Fucking me will be fun."

"True." Thayne dropped back to his knees and tossed the goodies on the bed next to Harris. "But you know what would be even more fun?"

"What?"

"Torturing you."

"Bastard." When Harris had a point, he had a point. And just to show his friend how right he was, Thayne took Harris' cock in his hand and fisted him roughly, the way he knew his lover preferred. He did it fast and hard, dragging a deep moan from Harris, just as Thayne wanted. "I'm. Going. To. Kill. You."

"Now why would you want to do something so cruel?" Satisfied with the reaction he pulled from Harris, Thayne slowed, turning his fisting into soft stroking. Careful of the edge Harris was riding, Thayne stroked his hand up, stopping just before he

reached the weeping tip of Harris' crown to slide back down. "I'm nothing but nice to you."

Harris snorted in lieu of answering, bringing a quick grin to Thayne's mouth. "Scoot down a bit more and open your legs wider. You know how I want you." He nodded his head in satisfaction when Harris did as he requested. Then without breaking his rhythm, Thayne brought his free hand to his mouth and engulfed two fingers, slicking them with his saliva. When they were as wet as he could make them, he pulled them out and brought them down between Harris' spread thighs and up between his ass cheeks. "Mmm...perfect. See...isn't this nice."

"Yeah."

"Good," Thayne said. Harris shuddered as Thayne fucked him, scissoring his fingers inside to open him. They'd made love countless times, but somehow this seemed more intense thanks to the length of time between their last get-together and the concentrated way Shay was staring. Her breathing was erratic, her eyes wide. Her arousal was written all over her face like a dirty little secret. "Shay?"

"Yes."

"Open the lube." Thayne looked over at her, wanting to see how comfortable she was in her new role. If she was going to freak, then things would never evolve past tonight, and he wanted them to. Badly. "Help me prepare him."

"Okay." Her eyes were wide with curiosity, wonder and excitement. A fun mix for sure.

Thayne switched hands, gripping Harris with his left as he held out his right to Shay. "Pour it on my fingers."

"How much?"

"As much as you would want to be poured on my fingers if this were your ass and not Harris'." Smiling, Shay squeezed just a tiny dab before setting the bottle back up right. Her action garnered Thayne's attention in a way nothing else might have. "Really?"

"I'd prefer you to use your mouth on me to get me ready." She tossed it out there like a challenge, one Thayne was more than willing to take up.

"I'll keep that in mind, for next time."

"Please do." She tilted the bottle back over and poured a liberal amount of the clear liquid on his fingers.

"Perfect." Turning his focus back to Harris, Thayne moved his slick fingers between the crease of Harris' buttocks. Even though Harris was open to receiving him, it took a moment for Thayne's fingers to breach him.

"Damn you're tight." Although Thayne seemed to be complaining, he was reveling in the sensation as well. "When was the last time you were fucked?"

"You know when."

He did, but he still wanted to hear it. "Tell me anyway."

"With you. In the bathroom of that sleazy bar. Over the sink. At your going-away party."

"What a party," Shay said.

"I'd say. You should have seen him, Shay." As he talked, Thayne began to move his fingers in and out, slowly stretching Harris so he could take him with ease. "He was so greedy for my cock, he begged me to take him then and there."

"Forced you to, did he?" Even though her words were jesting, her gaze was a smoldering den of unbanked desire.

"I wouldn't quite say forced." Harris' protest fell on deaf ears.

"Oh, but I would. I had to cover his mouth to keep him quiet." The memory from their last encounter was the only thing that had kept him going all those months away.

"Mmm...seems as if I miss all the fun."

"I'd say you're just in time." Satisfied Harris was ready and able to take him, Thayne pulled his fingers free. To his immense amusement, Harris let out a little sigh of disappointment.

Thayne rose to his feet and held out his hand to Harris. "Come here, Harry."

Like someone drunk off cheap, sweet wine, Harris rose shakily to his feet. "What?"

"This." Thayne pulled Harris close and kissed him. The sudden movement seemed to startle the other man for a second, but he recovered quickly and became a very willing participant. Harris' tongue swirled and danced as the two men delved into each other. What was meant to be a quick little kiss morphed into much more, but as much as Thayne would have loved to make it just about them, he couldn't. Because it wasn't. There was someone else in the room who was just as important to what he hoped was their future happiness as Harris was. With that in mind, he broke the kiss and took a much needed step back. "Shay."

"Yes?"

Thayne glanced over Harris' shoulder at Shay who was staring at the two of them with eager delight. "Recovered yet?"

"Fully."

At her enthusiastic answer, Thayne smiled and walked the short distance to her. The way she was lounging on the bed made him want to toss her on her back and turn the good girl bad. But as much as he wanted to fuck her and fuck her hard, Thayne didn't want to overstep his bounds. He felt comfortable in his role as Harris' debaucher, but he wasn't so sure how his ex-lover would feel about watching the two of them having sex. He hoped one day he'd find out, but for tonight, Thayne would have to quench his lust with Harris and wait patiently for his turn at bat with Shay. "Harris, come fuck her before I forget my place."

"Which is?" Shay's brow was cocked in question.

"For tonight, buried deep within you—your man." The slip had been as natural as breathing, and from the way Shay's eyes widened, not lost on her at all. Instead of pondering long on her response, or lack thereof, he moved on. "Speaking of which, we better hurry, before all my hard work is in vain."

"We wouldn't want that."

"No." Thayne glanced over his shoulder at Harris and smiled. "We wouldn't want that at all." As much as he enjoyed it, the time for teasing was at an end.

"Why do I suddenly feel as if I'm the main course?" Harris observed with wry humor.

"Because you are." Shay moved to the center of the bed and lay back, bracing her upper body weight on her elbows. Shooting Harris a come-hither smile, she beckoned him to come closer to her with a jerk of her head and a wink. She looked so happy, so at peace, that Harris stayed where he was for a second and just stared his fill.

No matter how many times they'd discussed it, he couldn't help but worry that if the time came to really act out this fantasy of hers, Shay would bolt. That she would be disgusted at what he craved. Who he craved. But from the way she waited, with desire in her eyes for him—for them—to join her, Harris knew he had nothing to fear. Even though he would have never thought it possible, Harris found himself falling even deeper in love with her.

"Harris," Shay patted the bed, "are you coming?"

"Not yet, but I will be." He winked before turning his attention to Thayne. "Well, Obi-wan, teach us your ways. Or should I call you Darth since you're leading us to the dark side?"

"There's no dark side, no light side. Just the right side."

"Good to know. You know what else would be good to know, what's next? Shay and I are newbies here, remember?"

"Oh, I remember. That's what makes this so much fun."

Harris could feel the smile on his face freezing. For a second there he was almost fooled into believing this wasn't just a kinky game to Thayne. That maybe, just maybe he was in this for more, but as usual when it came to Thayne, Harris was obliviously

seeing things the way he wanted to, not the way it truly was. This was nothing more than one night of fun for the other man. And he'd be wise to remember.

As if sensing his newly sour mood, Thayne tilted his head to the side and regarded him with inquisitive eyes. "What?"

"Nothing." Harris wasn't going to ruin tonight for Shay. "How are we doing this?"

For a moment Harris thought Thayne was going to pursue the matter more, but to his relief, Thayne refrained. "Same position as earlier. Shay on her back, you over her and..."

"And you behind him," Shay said, finishing the scenario with graceful confidence.

Chuckling, Thayne joined her on the bed and lay next to her on his side. Harris had never seen Thayne in this element before. Sure he'd seen him flirt with both men and women in the past, but never had there been this level of tenderness involved.

Thayne trailed his fingers over her collarbone and then down the valley between her breasts, barely grazing the flesh but drawing a very immediate reaction from Shay. His caress was tentative at best, but there was nothing cautious about her reaction to him. Shay arched her back and whimpered as his hand moved between her legs. From the way she was responding to Thayne's touch, Harris could almost believe it was she who'd been teased and tortured by the other man instead of him. Then again, Harris supposed in her own way, she had.

Shay had never once hid her feelings on the subject of him and Thayne fucking. It seemed as if she too were at the brink of madness, just waiting to go over with the slightest of strokes. Harris could see her bottom lip quivering and he knew she was just as ready as he. Even in the midst of watching the two of them and analyzing the situation, his cock had never wavered. He was still as hard and eager as he had been when Thayne was finger-fucking him.

Just thinking about that had his channel clenching. Harris was ready, and from the frantic look on Shay's face, so was she. The smell of her arousal drifted up and played havoc with his senses, making his mouth water and his cock ache.

"Stop teasing. I want you to fuck Harris. Fuck him so hard that I'll be able to feel it when he fucks me."

"Do you now?" Thayne leaned down and brushed his lips across a beaded nipple. "Doesn't sound as if she's a newbie to me."

"I'm a newbie who's fantasized about this for a while..." Shay closed her eyes tight for a few seconds as her hips undulated on the bed to the tune Thayne played out between her legs. "Now."

"Umm...good." Thayne eased his hand out and brought his damp fingers to his mouth. "Let's see what we can do about bringing your fantasy to life."

"Please," she whispered, opening her eyes to stare hungrily at Thayne. Harris couldn't have agreed more. Thayne was acting as if he had all fucking night, instead of acting as if they should be fucking all night. There was a subtle difference that Harris was sure Thayne was missing. Or deliberately putting off to drive them all mad. Either way, Harris was about two seconds away from jumping on the two of them and fucking the first person he landed on.

"Do you want Harris to fuck you while I fuck him?"

"Very much so."

"Let me see what I can do about that. Take the pillows and prop them up under your hips, and Harry," Thayne eased up until he was sitting, "suit up. We wouldn't want to leave her wanting for long."

"Longer than this?" Harris couldn't help but add. His frustration level was almost as high as his arousal.

"Impatient, Harry?"

"Hell yes."

"Good." Thayne grabbed a condom and tossed it to him. "Now you know how I've been feeling since the second I walked into your apartment."

Bastard. Always had to have the last word. Well this time, Harris was going to let him. He had more important things to do. Like fuck and get fucked. Without saying anything, Harris ripped into his third foil wrapper of the night then sheathed his cock. While he readied himself, Thayne did the same, the only difference was Thayne added lube to his condom-covered cock while Harris was counting on Shay's self-made lube to make his ride smooth.

Once he was ready, Harris climbed onto the bed, cock in hand, and moved between Shay's thighs. Her elevated hips made it possible for his own hips to stay higher up, much as he assumed Thayne wanted. It was all about easy access, and Harris couldn't wait to be accessed. But still, despite his mounting need, he couldn't act without knowing if Shay was ready. "You okay?"

"Yes." She licked her lips as she reached out and pulled him down to her. "I'm ready. Fuck me, Harris. Don't stop this time until we both come."

That he could do. Beyond ready now for everything about to come, Harris once again centered himself against her slick opening and pushed in. Shay was so wet he easily slid deep inside her, just where he belonged.

Her pussy clenched around him, cinching him to her. Before he could become too lost in the sweet sensation of her sex though, Thayne came up behind and laid his hand against the small of his back. "Stay right there. We're going to take this slow. I want you both ready."

Harris wanted to shout out he was ready, but he knew Thayne was right. Keeping his cock in check was a lot easier said than done though, because as soon as Thayne slipped his gel-cooled fingers deep inside him once more, Harris almost buckled. Gasping, he stared down into Shay's eyes, sharing this experience with her in ways words never could.

And she shared back. She moved her hands from his shoulders to his face, cupping his cheeks, centering his gaze directly on hers. Harris wanted to say something to her,

but words escaped him. All he could do was feel and absorb everything around him. From the feel of her pussy surrounding his cock, to Thayne stretching, it was all heaven.

"I'm going to slip my cock in now, Harris. I'm going to go slow and easy. Get you accustomed to me again." Thayne climbed on the bed behind them and replaced his fingers with the tip of his cock at the entrance of Harris' slicked opening. "And then I'm going to fuck you hard."

Finally, was all he thought. Then Thayne pushed forward and Harris stopped thinking altogether. Bracing his weight on his knees and hands, Harris held as still as he could.

He was ready, God knew he was, but the six months apart was very telling. Even though Thayne had warmed him up and good, there was still an intense burning sensation that accompanied Thayne's slow but steady thrust forward. It took everything in Harris to stay up on his knees and not sink his chest forward to brace himself as he usually did when in this position with Thayne. There was no bed to rest on, just Shay, who was watching him so intently he feared she could see into his very soul.

"You okay, baby?" she asked, removing her hands. Her voice was filled with worry, making Harris wonder just what emotion was racing across his face.

"Yes." He nodded just in case she couldn't hear his muttered word. Harris was willing to bet he looked like hell, although he felt anything but.

Even though the pain rivaled the pleasure, Harris had to fight his urge to slam back into Thayne. He knew his body could take the other man. It had on numerous occasions. Which made the wait even more unbearable. "Thayne."

"Yeah." Thayne's voice sounded as intense as Harris felt. Good, at least he wasn't the only one suffering, but maybe he could do something to put them all out of their misery.

"Fuck slow and easy."

"I will."

"No," Harris would have laughed if he'd been capable. "I mean, fuck the plan of slow and easy."

"You. Sure? Might hurt."

Harris didn't care. He would take a sliver of pain for the reward he knew was to come. Lowering his gaze so Shay couldn't read his eyes, he surrendered and asked for what he wanted. "Yes. Fuck me."

"Move against me," Thayne murmured as he pulled back then powered forth with an intensity that took Harris' breath away. "Fuck Shay. And I'll fuck you."

There was nothing Harris wanted to do more. "Peaches." Her name was a mere cry on his lips as he eased back and did just as Thayne suggested. It took a few practice strokes to figure out the mechanics of the motions, but Harris had always been a quick learner. With long, measured thrusts, Harris began to move inside Shay. Thayne let him lead for a while, but just as Harris became familiar with the swing of it, Thayne reversed it.

For every thrust he made, Thayne withdrew, only sinking balls deep when Harris retreated. "Yeah. Like that," Thayne hissed, his nails digging into Harris' hips as he worked his cock deeper and deeper into him. "Just like that, Harry."

Thayne's heated encouragement sent shivers racing down Harris' spine, but his weren't the only words spilling out into the night. Shay, sweet Shay was doing some talking of her own. Although, in her case, the words were less wordy and more of a guttural rambling that resembled vocabulary of some sort. It didn't matter though. Harris knew what she meant even if she couldn't quite say it.

It was good. So good.

Closing his eyes, Harris dug his fingers into the bed and picked up his speed. He rocked into Shay again and again, fucking her as Thayne fucked him. Their movements weren't pretty or exactly choreographed, but it was hot and real and completely mind-blowing.

"God," Harris muttered, his head spinning round and round. He wanted to say more. Do more, but all he could do was move his hips and pray he had the strength to hold out.

This was everything he'd ever dreamed of but dared not hope for, and it was beautiful. It was wonderful. And it, as all things, couldn't last. His limbs trembled under the weight of it all.

The dual sensation Shay and Thayne created with him was unlike anything Harris had ever imagined possible. An overwhelming sense of rightness filled him as he took in the wonder of his situation. This was where he was meant to be, not only filled and filling the two people he loved more than life itself, but with them just in general. This was his destiny in life, to love these two and be loved by them in return, both physically and mentally.

He wanted it to last, this moment, but also this feeling. Shay, on the other hand, was hurtling toward the edge and taking him right along with her.

"Harris. So close. So..." Shay trembled beneath him. Her eyes wild. Her breathing ragged.

Finally words with real meaning. "Going to come for me? Come for Thayne?"

"Yes. Oh God, yes."

"Take it," he urged her on with his words and hips, so close to his own release he could taste it. "Do it, baby."

Harris bit back expletives as he pistoned back and forth into her. He wanted to bring her off, but at the same time it was an impossible situation. He felt himself falling toward the same abyss he was desperately trying to avoid, all to no avail. The faster he fucked her, the faster he fucked his ass back on Thayne's waiting cock. The edge he wanted to take Shay to was creeping up on him stroke after stroke. "That's it, Peaches. Flood my cock with your sweet nectar."

"Harris. Harri—" Shay cried out, tossing her head back as she cried out his name.

Her pussy clutched at his cock when she came, clamping down on his thick shaft, gripping him tighter than any hand ever had.

“Fuck yeah.” The feel of her coming undone was the catalyst to his own release. He fought it for as long as he could but his will was no match against Thayne’s thrusts and Shay’s climax. Unable to fight any longer, Harris surrendered to the onslaught of pleasure and came, grinding his hips into Shay.

Thayne was mere seconds behind him, coming in a torrent of moans as he pounded Harris for all he was worth. “Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he muttered, sinking one last time inside Harris before pulling out altogether and dropping down on the floor next to the bed.

Harris felt as if he just had the best experience of his life. But also the worst, suddenly feeling bereft without the arms of both the people he loved around him. No matter what he said or how he’d felt in the past, Harris knew he couldn’t let this go without a fight. He needed them both in his life—he just had to figure out how to make it happen.

* * * * *

It was going to be up to her. Shay knew that as surely as she knew the sun would rise in the east and set in the west. If she wanted things to go beyond tonight, she was going to have to speak up or forever hold her peace. Because if she had to wait on Harris and Thayne to make the first move, she’d be waiting a long damn time.

Sipping on her less-than-chilled wine, Shay waited for the men to return to the bedroom. In hopes they might talk more if she wasn’t around, she’d slipped off to the bathroom to shower as quickly as her still-wobbling legs could manage. For a brief moment she’d lost her mind and thought sex would open up their collective eyes. Apparently all it did was open the gulf between them even wider.

Well, that didn’t fly with Shay. The three of them were going to come to an understanding, even if she had to tie them down to do it.

Wait. Tying them down. That had merit. Maybe she could use handcuffs. The furry kind, and instead of cuffing behind their backs she could cuff them to the be –

“I see I beat Harris out of the shower.” Thayne’s cool voice broke through her very dirty thoughts, bringing her out of her fantasy quicker than a bucket of cold water could have. But just as quickly as she was chilled, she was warmed up again from the sight of him standing so rugged and handsome in the doorway in just boxers. His skin was rosy, and the fresh scent of cucumber drifted in the room as he walked toward her.

His vitality captivated her, as did the easy grin that sprang often to his sexy lips.

Oh yeah, he was definitely worth fighting for.

“Yes.” Shay cleared her throat, hoping, trying not to let it show how much she was affected by his mere presence. “But he’s always been a bit of a diva.”

“You’re telling me.”

There were many things she wanted to tell him. Such as how much she and Harris, even though he may not be willing to admit it, needed Thayne in their lives. It might have only been one night, but it was a night that had changed Shay in ways she couldn’t yet fathom. But she wasn’t quite ready to share all those feelings. Instead she went with the tried and true, making small talk.

“Would you like some wine?” Shay pointed to the tray he’d brought in with him earlier in the evening. With the exception of a few pieces of fruit and the glass she was sipping, it was practically full. It wouldn’t be that way long though. Shay had worked up quite an appetite.

“Sure. Why not?”

Thayne picked up an empty glass and poured himself a liberal amount of wine before setting the bottle on the nightstand. Carefully, he lowered himself next to her, mindful not to nudge the full snack tray with his feet as he settled back against the headboard.

His bare arm brushed against hers as he made himself comfortable. Warm to the touch from the shower, his skin still felt soft and smooth, and in many ways reminded Shay of the way his cock felt in her hands right before she'd brought him to her mouth.

Stop it, she warned her wayward mind. This was not the time for sex. It was the time to heal wounds, not time to imagine the way her nails pressed into his buttocks would make such nice marks.

"Shay."

"Yes." Her voice sounded less than steady to her own ears. She could only imagine how it resonated with Thayne.

"You don't have to stress. I'm not going to attack you."

Frowning, she glanced over at him. "I don't think you're going to attack me."

"Really? Because you're as stiff as a board."

"Sorry. Just thinking."

"About?"

"How I'm going to break the bad news to you."

"Let me do it for you." Thayne took a sip of his wine before turning his jaded gaze toward her. "You don't want me to get the wrong idea about tonight. Harris is yours. I was merely a guest player in tonight's festivities."

"I hope you weren't thinking of changing jobs and becoming a fortune teller, because I hate to break it to you. You suck."

Thayne shot her a stunned glare of disbelief. "You weren't going to tell me to hightail it out of here?"

"Nope. Quite the opposite in fact." Shay grinned at him in smug delight. "I was just trying to figure out the best way to let you know I'm keeping you."

"Keeping. Me."

Was it really such a strange concept? "Yep. I'm keeping you."

For a split moment, Thayne was thunderstruck in his surprise. It was only for a few seconds, but it was long enough to amuse Shay. "You...can't just keep me."

"Really? Just watch me."

"But..."

"We can discuss my butt later. I'm open to kink."

Thayne stared at her in stunned disbelief for a few seconds before shaking his head and chuckling.

When he didn't say anything more, she finally had to ask, "What?"

"You have a comeback for everything."

"That's why you like me."

"It's not the only reason." Thayne sighed and sent her a look as tender as any caress she'd ever received. "I can see why Harris loves you."

"Funny, I was thinking the exact same thing."

Thayne's expression stilled and grew serious. "He doesn't love me. He loves you. He even said so."

"Harris," Shay paused, searching for the right words to describe their very complicated man. "He loves deeply. But he's also very loyal. He needs to realize the two aren't mutually exclusive. But between the two of us I think we can convince him. If you're willing."

"I'm willing, but I'm not so sure he is."

"I think he might surprise you."

"What if you're wrong?"

"Better question. What if I'm right?"

Before he could respond, the bathroom door opened and Harris stepped out. The steam seeped out from behind him as he walked into the bedroom damp, hair mussed, a towel wrapped low around his waist.

Just watching him walk into the room was enough to make her heart pound and from the deep breath Thayne took, Shay was willing to bet she wasn't the only one affected by the sight. She also couldn't help but think her nightshirt was lacking in the femininity department. Because suddenly she felt as if she were an ugly duckling in a room full of hot, sexy swans.

Their rapt attention obviously wasn't lost on Harris as his gaze traveled back and forth between the two of them. "Drinking without me?"

"Here you go. You can have mine." Thayne rose from the bed and offered his glass to Harris.

"Why? You leaving?" Harris' voice was heavy with criticism.

"No." Thayne paused as if he were thinking twice about his answer. "Not unless you want me to, that is."

"I didn't say I wanted you to go."

"You didn't say you want me to stay, either. This time or the last."

"To be frank, I didn't think it would've mattered one way or the other to you."

"You thought wrong. Both then and now."

Shay watched as curiosity filled Harris' eyes. "Good to know."

Good to know. Was that all he was going to say?

Thayne stood there awkwardly for a moment. "All righty then. I think I'll turn in. The couch's calling my name."

"K."

Annoyed, Shay rose to her knees, refusing to let this carry on a minute longer. Harris' stoicism was as welcome as a social disease, as was Thayne's willingness to let things fade away. It was no surprise to Shay how the two of them ended up in the precarious situation they'd found themselves. But she was here this time, and there were three in this budding relationship, not two. She wasn't going to let either one of them get away with that crap on her watch.

"The couch isn't the only furniture calling your name, Thayne. You can sleep here. With us. If you want."

"Nah, you know the old saying, two's company and three's a crowd."

"Didn't seem crowded half an hour ago," she reminded him.

"Yeah, well..."

"Do you want to go?" she asked, putting the question on the table for all to see. "Do you?"

"It's what's best." He looked at Harris as if waiting for him to intervene, but the other man didn't speak, Thayne silently turned and headed for the bedroom door.

Shay opened her mouth to call him back, to plead for him not to leave, but she was beaten to the punch by Harris, who simply uttered one word. "Stay."

The quiet baritone voice did what seconds earlier Shay thought was impossible. It stopped Thayne from leaving the room. "Don't go."

Unfortunately, instead of turning around as she hoped he would, Thayne stood stock still. "Why?"

"Because Shay wants you to."

"As much as that means to me, it's just not enough."

"Because..." Harris took a step forward. "Because I want you to."

"Why?"

"You said earlier the reason you left was because something was missing. I have to tell you, the thought of that has been eating at me. For the life of me I couldn't figure out what you meant, but tonight while the three of us were," Harris glanced over at the bed, at Shay, and smiled before continuing, "making love, it came to me. It wasn't something. It was someone."

"Yes." Thayne turned back around and faced Harris. "Someone."

"But not just anyone." Harris walked over to the bed and held out his hand to Shay, who took it gladly. Once she was on her feet, he pulled her into the circle of his arms,

pressing her back against his chest. Maybe she wouldn't have to break out the handcuffs after all.

"Definitely not just anyone." Thayne walked toward the bed, stopping when he was standing directly in front of them. There was a profound look of peace and happiness in his eyes. A look Shay knew was echoed in Harris' and her own. "It would have to be someone who was willing to put up with the highs."

"Great sex," Harris chimed in.

"And the lows," Thayne volleyed back.

"Oh yeah." Harris nodded, nudging her slightly in the head as he spoke from behind her. "Let's not forget the occasional tussle for the top."

"And most definitely would have to have a slow Southern accent, voluptuous, sexy body and a heart," Thayne glanced down at her, with love in his eyes, "big enough for two."

"Good luck finding this paragon of virtue." Mock curiosity filled her voice, eliciting laughter from the two men.

"Luck has nothing to do with it. It was just a matter of picking the right fruit at the right time, Peaches."

"Speaking of picking," Shay reached out, snagged the band of Thayne's boxers and pulled him closer to them. "I'm calling dibs."

"On?" Thayne reached out and wrapped his hand around Harris' waist, anchoring them all together.

"On being in the middle."

"You think you can handle it?" Harris asked.

"I know I can, the real question is, can you two handle me?"

"Probably not," Thayne chuckled. "But I'm not leaving this apartment until I find out."

"I can live with that," Harris said.

"So can I," she said with a smile. It was a start. A very, very good start. "So can I."

About the Author

Lena Matthews spends her days dreaming about handsome heroes and her nights with her own personal hero. Married to her college sweetheart, she is the proud mother of an extremely smart toddler, three evil dogs and a mess of ants that she can't seem to get rid of.

When not writing, she can be found reading, watching movies, lifting up the cushions on the couch to look for batteries for the remote control and plotting different ways to bring Buffy back on the air.

Lena welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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