BONUS SCENES · ARETE RESORT

Arete Resort



Romeo Alexander

Best read after you've finished the series.

BEFORE YOU START

Author's Notes

Hello again,

That's right, it's time for another dose of bonus material for you all to sink your teeth into, a little something from me to you for being a subscriber. This time, though, we'll be covering the Arete series. Three bonus scenes for your reading pleasure. And yes, that's three scenes to cover four books. Trust me, it will make sense once you actually dig in.

A couple of notes before I stop yapping and get to the scenes. First off, if you are a text to speech reader or someone who reads this with a big font…be careful who's around, ha-ha. All three scenes are unapologetically horny as hell. So best to make sure you're alone, or at least around someone who'll enjoy it.

Alright, the discussion of whether bonus scenes are canon. Considering my bonus scenes can run the gamut from 'absolutely could be canon' to 'yeah, definitely could not be canon but it's fun', these three scenes cover that entire spectrum. The first one is what I would call 'safely canon.' As in, it didn't happen in the book but could be called canon because it doesn't contradict the books, and it's something that could have been a scene.

The other two scenes? Not so much. Scene two is the 'make it canon if you want' category. It's not outside the bounds of what's possible for the characters, but also not totally canon either. So I'll leave the judgement to you, my dear reader.

Third scene? Ha! Absolutely canon-shattering, it cannot work in the timeline given in the series, and especially that book, but you know what? That's half the fun if you ask me, so read that one intending to have fun. Do that with all of them, but don't go thinking I'm making the last bonus scene anything but a bit of spicy entertainment as a standalone piece.

I've rambled enough, so I'll shut up and let you get reading.

BONUS SCENE

Scene 1

"So..." Reggie began, and I looked up from my paperwork to squint at him.

"So what?" I asked in confusion and a little annoyance. I'd never acted like I didn't like Reggie; I liked him a lot and had even more respect for him. I also never hid the fact that he often got on my nerves.

"Really, Luka?" he asked, and I rolled my eyes.

"You know, as much as I love playing guessing games with you, and trust me, I *love* doing it," I said with a scowl. "Let's pretend I'm sitting in your office doing paperwork you insisted I do with you. On top of that, let's pretend I'm sleep-deprived, irritable, and not enjoying the backlog. So *then*, we can imagine I might not have the patience for the fascinating guessing game you've started and that it might be a better idea if we skipped it and hopped right to you telling me what the hell you're trying to say."

"Cranky," he remarked. "Slight correction: this isn't my office."

"It's one of your offices," I told him with a huff. "Intro room. Your office for the public, instead of the disaster of a closet stowed away at the back of the IT room."

"Very cranky," he corrected, raising a brow.

"Especially cranky," I clarified. "Save the cute act for someone else. Mr. Shepherd is a better option; he

might think it's cute since you seduced him."

"I did, didn't I?" Reggie asked, and I sighed, feeling a twinge of shame at my behavior. It was hard to be grumpy with someone so clearly head over heels in love that even the mention of his other half was enough to put dreamy hearts in his eyes. Especially when I was just as smitten with my man and probably just as prone to the heart eyes when I was in the right mood. "Wait, is that your problem?"

"Huh?" I asked, struggling for patience because, Jesus, when he wasn't irritatingly vague he was, well, no, he was still vague. "Are we still talking about the same thing?"

"No, the first thing was me asking how it felt to meet Rowan's family," he said, waving off the discussion with one hand. "Because it's been like two weeks since you got back. Something you haven't talked about the whole time, I might point out, and you're usually full of stories and who knows what when it comes to Rowan, and meeting his family is kind of a big deal. But now I realize it's been two weeks since you saw him, and I remember you can be a little testy when it's been too long."

"When I don't *talk* to him for a while," I corrected with a scowl. "I don't like the insinuation that it's because I haven't gotten laid… and don't make that face; I know that's what you were gearing up to say."

"Maybe," he chuckled. "Tell me I'm wrong."

"You're wrong."

“Liar.”

“Nope.”

“Uh-huh.”

“He’s been busy and we don’t get to talk except by text and brief phone calls while he’s…where is he?” I said, frowning in thought. “Korea? Or was it Malaysia? I can’t remember.”

“I’d give you shit for not knowing where your man is, but…that’s the nature of the beast when you have a man whose job requires a lot of traveling and long nights.” Reggie chuckled. “I’m familiar with it.”

“I forgot that Mr. Shepherd travels a lot,” I said. “I mean, I don’t see him much, none of us do…uh, that’s not me complaining, by the way, just, ya know—”

Reggie grinned. “I know. Even Marc knows he doesn’t show himself as much as he probably should, but that’s how it goes. He takes care of things that I wouldn’t want to touch with a ten-foot pole wielded by someone else, and he doesn’t have to socialize near as much as he might if he didn’t have me to deal with people.”

He looked at me expectantly, and I rolled my eyes. “I’m not going to comment about how guests are worse off for that arrangement just because you’re expecting one, Reggie. Bitchy comments at your expense are only enjoyable when I do them on my terms.”

He smirked and picked up his phone as it buzzed a couple of times, then raised a brow. “Interesting.”

"I'm sure," I said, looking at the tablet I had propped up on his desk. "Is it so interesting that I have to keep getting pulled away from my paperwork?"

"You hate paperwork," he pointed out after tapping his phone and standing up. "Or are you just *that* eager not to talk to me you're willing to throw yourself into something you once described as *the personal hell of anyone who doesn't jerk off to numbers*?"

I'd forgotten that conversation. "If it beats you asking me about my love life or how it went meeting his parents."

"Damn, it's so bad that you want to do paperwork?" he said with a shake of his head. "That's sad. But I guess that tells me how the visit went."

"No, it doesn't. His family are lovely people and they were very kind to me," I said. "But I'm not going into details with you."

"Why?"

"Because you want me to."

"You know, as your boss—"

"You don't get to ask me personal questions and expect an answer."

"True, but still…you're so mean to me."

"And something tells me you love it," I said, noticing the way he kept shifting his weight. "Do you have somewhere important to be or something?"

"Sort of," he said with a grin that made no sense considering the conversation, but that was also very much Reggie's style—insufferably difficult. "I'll be back."

“Please don’t linger on my account,” I said with a snort and bent over my screen.

I wasn’t sure I liked his chuckle as he walked out of the room, and then I had to consider whether it was worth worrying over. I wasn’t going to argue with people’s assessment that he and I behaved like siblings, if only because it kept them from wondering if we were…lovers.

Ugh.

I had just gotten into the flow of writing when the door opened, and I gave a heavy sigh. “You know, you could have been gone a lot longer; I wouldn’t have minded.”

“And here I grabbed an overnight flight to have the chance to see you,” came a voice I was *not* expecting.

I twisted around, eyes wide. “Rowan?”

And there he was, smiling in that quiet way that told me he was glad to see me, and that he was enjoying my shock when I hadn’t expected him for another week, perhaps two. His work took him all over the world, and sometimes there were long stretches where all we could do was talk long distance because I couldn’t just up and go wherever I wanted while working at the resort.

“Hi,” he said with a smirk, glancing over his shoulder. “Hm? Oh…no, that’s fine. I’m in no rush…no, I had some rest on the way here.”

I could tell it was Reggie he was talking to. Reggie spoke quietly enough that I couldn’t hear what he said,

but I glimpsed him as he walked away, not toward the elevator, but toward the hallway that led either to IT or up to Mr. Shepherd's office. His destination depended on whether he was in business mode or…boyfriend mode.

Yeah, I didn't want to think about what the latter meant, no thank you.

"Do I want to know?" I asked, leaning over to see where Reggie was going, even though I'd just gotten done telling myself I didn't want to know.

Rowan snorted as he stepped into the room and closed the door. "If there's one thing I've learned about Reggie, it's not to ask too many questions. The answers will either be more than you want to hear or leave you lost, and the explanation will be as energetic as it is confusing."

"Sounds…about right," I muttered with a shake of my head, and then looked up at him with a smile. "You love these little surprise visits, don't you?"

"And despite having done this a few times, you're still caught off guard every time," he said, and slid his hand along my neck to grip the back of it firmly. "And so far? It hasn't gotten old, seeing that look on your face."

"My surprised face can't be *that* funny," I muttered, leaning into his hand. I could have stepped closer, but I knew from experience that when I'd been away from him too long, it could be…hazardous to physically

touch him. Or at least, hazardous in the sense that what followed was not family-friendly.

"It's funny," he chuckled, thumb running along my jaw, his eyes searching my face as if looking for something specific, "but it's more…the way you look while you're surprised. Because it's not like you're shocked. Your surprise…it's more like when a kid opens a present and it's the exact thing he wanted. Your eyes get all wide and bright, like—"

He stopped, eyes darting away, and I smiled at the embarrassment on his face. "Like it's the best thing I've ever seen?"

"I suppose," he said, and I chuckled. It was so like him to get close to speaking openly, to touch on emotions he had once held back from, and then to back off at the last second. I knew it wasn't because he was still the reserved, prickly man he had been before—not with me, anyway—but because he was actually…shy when you dug under his layers of professionalism, propriety, and standoffish attitude.

"Because it's exactly like that for me when I see you out of the blue," I told him. He needed to hear it sometimes, to understand that he didn't have to shy away from knowing what I felt for him. He had grown so much more comfortable expressing how *he* felt; it was important to make sure he knew I was just as joyously wrapped up in my feelings for him…that he deserved the love I felt. "Like Christmas and my

birthday got rolled into one and walked into the room in this big, amazing…sexy package."

"You just had to throw in that last bit," he said, and only as he moved closer did I realize what I'd done.

"My bad," I said, unsure if I should stop him, considering the circumstances. Rowan was a reserved man, that was true…but when he wasn't reserved? God, he was *not* reserved, especially when it came to sex. His emotions and reactions might be measured, but sex had probably been the first part of his life where he'd ever felt comfortable enough to be himself, and that had only grown truer with time.

"I notice that wasn't an apology," he said, his pupils swelling as he leaned in closer, his thumb going from my jaw to my bottom lip, tugging gently.

"Rowan," I said in a voice full of warning…well, maybe not *full*, and certainly not enough to signify that he needed to back the fuck up…but enough to remind him we weren't exactly in private.

"I think about you all the time. But lately? Lately I've been remembering the sight of you napping after I'd fucked you into my bed at my parents' estate. You were…so comfortable, your ass in the air as you hugged my pillow and pressed your face into it. Like you were searching for the smell of me in your sleep despite the fact that you'd had all afternoon with me," he said, and the huskiness in his voice told me there was no way I was going to make him stop without smacking him over the head.

“Rowan,” I repeated, but he was kissing me and pushing me so my back hit the edge of the desk. Despite my flimsy, half-hearted attempts to stop him, my hands were in his hair, yanking him down into the kiss and making him growl. “Bad fucking idea, just saying.”

“Reggie said he was called into a quick meeting with Marc,” he told me, tugging at my pants to undo them. “And we both know that a ‘quick’ meeting between the two of them is going to be anything but. We have time.”

“Do we?” I asked, untucking his shirt and shoving my hands up to stroke the flat, hard plane of his stomach and suck in a desperate breath.

“We do,” he said as he yanked my pants down to my thighs and pushed his hands into my underwear to wrap around my cock, which had been hard from the moment he kissed me. Hell, from the moment he’d touched me, even though that first touch had been sweet and sentimental, rather than sexual. But that was the nature of our relationship, as dirty as it was sweet, and God, I had missed him touching me.

“And if we don’t?” I asked, gasping when he sucked a finger before shoving his hand down the back of my pants and pushing his wet finger into my ass. “Jesus, okay, hello.”

“Hello,” he said, and his smile was as evil as what he was doing right now. “And do you think I care if we don’t have time? Think of it as a chance to scar Reggie, if that helps.”

"A little," I said, and let out a laugh as he picked me up like I was fucking *nothing* and dropped me on the edge of the desk. God, I loved when he did that; it always sent a thrill through me, terrifying and erotic. "Jesus, are you—"

Then he pulled the small bottle out of his jacket, and I realized I was about to get fucked right into Reggie's desk. It was a horrifying, weird thought, and yet not enough to stop me. And it certainly wasn't enough to stop him as he used the lube to push two fingers into me, making me groan. There was no ache, not in the literal sense, but there was the ache in my body that had everything to do with the anticipation of feeling him inside me again.

The third finger was met with the press of his lips against mine, and I whimpered when he curled them inside me, knocking away the vague discomfort with pleasure as his fingers rubbed against sensitive nerves. My pants and underwear were still on, so I knew where this was probably going, but I didn't care as he forced his digits deep.

"Missed you so goddamn much, so fucking much," I groaned against his lips, and then his fingers were gone and sure enough, I was nudged and rolled over. I'd once dated a man who refused to do any position that didn't allow eye contact because it wasn't 'romantic' enough for a relationship. It had always felt weird, even then, though I'd never been able to put words to why. After being with Rowan, I finally knew.

Yes, it was important to remember that I loved this man, and he loved me, but not every time we had sex required romance. It was vital to keep that sense of romance and love in the sex, but not *every* time. Sometimes you wanted to be loved and caressed, to be made love to, and other times? Like now? I wanted to be fucked hard and 'used.' Hell, he might be using my ass now for his own pleasure, but I was using his cock for my own, and that was perfect.

Which was why, when the lube-slicked head of his cock pushed into me, I pressed my forehead against the desk with a groan as a literal ache radiated from our point of contact and I felt the desperate need for *more*.

I couldn't count the inches sliding into me; it was too much to focus on anything beyond the feeling. When he was seated inside me completely, my hands stretched out to grip the desk, even though there was no point. Then he pulled back and thrust in, making me gasp as he buried himself. It was a measured thrust, meant not to hurt me, but he knew I could take the burn, and oh God, did I need to.

How did you explain needing the hurt that came from someone so desperate to be inside you, when it meant so much more than a forgettable level of pain? Especially when that pain meant the amazing sensation of someone like Rowan deep in my guts. And it was awkward, uncomfortable, and a little painful at first, but as I quickly opened up to the familiar feeling, I welcomed it. Actually, no, I demanded it.

Not that I could demand much, pinned to the desk by his weight and the force of his thrusts, but God knew I could enjoy it. I could savor it and groan, whimper, and cry out for it, and demand even more. And Rowan? He was always willing and able to do just that. Each hard thrust was exactly what I'd wanted, and I pressed my face against the uncaring surface of the desk as my body wound up for the release I had denied myself for the past few days.

When it came, it was with the crashing force of a rockslide, slamming into me and dragging my senses down with it as I cried out. His body stiffened against mine as he undoubtedly felt me tighten around him, probably sucking him in and surrounding him with my warmth. His warmth, however, filled my insides as he came, his cock jerking noticeably to my heightened senses, and he bent forward, yanking my face toward him so he could kiss me fiercely.

I had just found my breath when the door opened and a cry echoed through the room. "Oh, what the *fuck*!"

Jerking up, I glimpsed two people in the doorway and Reggie's horrified expression before the door slammed, the sound of deep laughter lingering. I groaned. "Did I just get caught by my supervisor and the big boss getting fucked?"

"You got caught getting fucked by the man who forked over a whole lot of money to your supervisor

and big boss," Rowan told me, breath warm against my ear. "I think they'll ignore it."

"Are you leveraging your altruistic and well-meaning donations to the Arete Foundation to get away with fucking me?"

"No, but I'm not above letting that be a factor."

"That's very…corporate of you."

"I'm okay with that."

"Mmm, so am I."

BONUS SCENE

Scene 2

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Alright, so now we've moved from the easily canon scene to the one that's a little more…ambiguous.

I already talked about it at the start, so I won't yap your ear off further, but yes, this scene is definitely not canon, but…hey, considering the characters involved, it could be. So again, I leave it up to you to decide if it happened after the books, because that's when this scene would take place, or if it's something that definitely wouldn't and didn't happen.

That said, I am dealing with what's supposed to be a brief scene with four main characters, and while I wasn't sure who to go with, there seemed to be a clear answer. Isaac was, after all, the one you would most likely find in this sort of situation, so hey, it worked.

Whatever the case, here is the scene for your reading pleasure.

"Hey, Walker," I began, tapping my beer bottle and watching our other halves laugh and talk on the balcony as they looked out on the city. We'd all made sure we would have the entire week for the four of us, and it had been great. Actually, it had been beyond

great, like something out of a dream or someone's fantasy.

That was probably because it had been over a year since any of us had needed something like Arete to get us through life. It had been weeks since Clay had had one of his 'breakdowns,' as he liked to call them, with decreasing self-deprecation. Cade's legal troubles were well behind him, while Walker and I had finally gotten on our feet and started forging our own paths. Being able to come together as friends and spend what felt like flawless days was…well, the perfect culmination of where we'd come from, to show where we'd ended up.

And now I was in the mood to share a thought or two…maybe.

"What's up?" Walker asked from his spot on the stool next to the counter, heel thumping lightly against one of the legs. There was a fogginess in his eyes and a slur at the edges of his words. We'd started the day with a hearty brunch and plenty of drinks, had a small nap before lunch and a few cocktails, and then we'd spent the afternoon nursing beers. "Huh, you've got that look."

"What look?" I asked, not worried about what my face was showing. People were usually surprised, touched, and sometimes unnerved or uncomfortable with how well I could read them or glean insights into their character, never realizing that I found it fascinating when someone did the same to me. Walker was actually pretty good at it.

"Like you're up to something," he said with a snort, tapping the bottom of his bottle against the counter. "And you've been watching those two long enough that I dunno if I should be scared or intrigued."

"Why would you be either?" I asked with a laugh.

"Because you've got an idea that involves them and that could be worrisome; even Clay gets worried when you get ideas that involve him," Walker explained, his brow creasing in what I hoped was thought and not concern.

"You don't *have* to be worried," I told him with a smirk. "I mean, I wouldn't blame you, but I was thinking about the jokes Clay and Cade keep making."

"Christ, that doesn't narrow down a goddamn thing," he said, setting his bottle down and leaning back on the stool. Which should have made me nervous considering how much alcohol we'd all had, but hell, he had probably drunk three times as much during his time in the military. He and Cade could drink like it was water, somehow reaching a point of drunkenness that let them function while being loose and wild, yet never getting any drunker no matter how much they put away.

"Oh, you know," I said, swirling the contents of my bottle. "Clay telling me that Cade and I should get a room because the big oaf felt the need to throw me in the pool half a dozen times for the crime of 'looking too comfortable.' Or Cade making jokes about 'stealing' me and how that meant he was going to have to steal you

at some point. Not to mention the slightly gayer than usual cuddling they were doing the past couple of nights."

Walker clicked his tongue, turning to me with full attention. "You thought the cuddling thing was more than usual?"

"Sure did," I said, draining my bottle and getting up to grab a new one. "That's why I asked if they wanted me to get the lube."

"Huh, okay, that makes sense," Walker began, and then cocked his head. "Wait…where is this going?"

"Sounds like you have an idea where it's going," I said, pulling out two beers, sliding one across the counter to him and opening mine. "Feel up to sharing?"

"Sounds like you're avoiding saying your idea and trying to make me look like a degenerate asshole by voicing my suspicion," he said, wrinkling his nose when I smirked at his telling vocabulary choice. "Fuck off."

I laughed. "Degenerate, huh?"

"Taking advantage of a drunk man is just wrong."

"Right, because I'm the picture of sobriety, aren't I?"

"Clearly sober enough to be a sneaky shit," he chuckled and then paused. "Wait…does that mean *your* idea is degenerate?"

"Fine, fine, I'll play nicer," I said with a snicker as I leaned on the counter. "So, you're a good-looking man."

"I'd say average at best."

"I'll be sure to check with Cade about that. Give me a moment."

“Don’t you dare. Jesus, in the state he’s in right now? He’ll start off being sweet because he is sweet, and then he’ll make one comment about my ass and it’ll be all horny comments from there because he’s also a horn dog.”

“And hung like a goddamn horse.”

“Someone’s been paying attention,” Walker said, but there was no annoyance in his voice.

“Oh, please,” I snorted. “You’d have to be blind not to notice. The guy walks around in his underwear sometimes, and no bathing shorts would ever be loose enough or water cold enough to hide what he’s got between his legs.”

“True,” Walker said. Then he raised a brow. “You’ve totally guessed how much, haven’t you?”

“And I’d be shocked if you haven’t measured it just to be sure.”

“I have. You want to tell me your guess?”

I told him.

He smirked. “Damn, you’re good.”

“It was a game I played when I met a new client,” I said with a shrug. “Not that I wasn’t prepared for whatever was in a man’s pants; I was quite the boy scout in that regard. But over time, with different clients, I got pretty good at it.”

Walker nodded, glancing at the two men standing side by side, leaning on the railing and laughing at who knew what. “I asked him once if he wanted to be with other guys.”

"Makes sense. It's not like the rest of us, who've had time before our current relationships to be with other guys, to get a feel for the variety. Has he settled on being into men, or just you?"

"He was worried when I told him that," Walker said, shaking his head and rolling his eyes. "Like I was trying to break up with him, or I was tired of him. When I explained it, that pretty much, yeah, we've had our time in the sun before and I was *open* to the idea of him being with other guys sexually, he calmed down. Know what he said?"

"Hmm, let me see," I said, thinking about what I knew about Cade. "He doesn't need it to be happy, but he's not against the idea if it's something you'd want to do, but if he's going to be the one with another guy, it definitely has to be the two of you doing it together, not apart."

"I know I've said it before, but Jesus, how does Clay do it? I'm sure that psychic shit is nice when someone needs help, but that's got to be the creepiest shit," he said with a sigh. "And yeah, that's basically what he said, and then—"

"What?"

"We ended up fucking, and he asked me what I'd like to see him do to someone we were sharing, or what I'd like to do with him and a third person."

"He got off on the fantasy."

"He did."

“Now, see, I wouldn’t have predicted that. Clay? Absolutely. Cade? A little surprising, not shocking, but not expected either.”

“Of course you and Clay talked about it,” he said in amusement. “That’s…very on-brand for you two. Have you ever?”

“Shared someone?”

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

“Not surprising.”

“Nope,” I agreed. “For several reasons, neither one of us has ever had cause to be shy about sex.”

“Oh, Cade isn’t shy,” Walker promised with a glint in his eyes. “Not when it counts.”

“Good,” I snorted. “Now let’s circle back to the fact that your suspicion was apparently of a…degenerate nature.”

He rolled his eyes. “Sure, so long as we can talk about the fact that your idea was probably degenerate.”

“Was it? Is it?”

“Were you going to suggest the idea of luring them into a foursome?”

“I think it’s group sex at that point.”

“I feel you should have at least five to count as a group. Group sex is too close to an orgy, and four do not an orgy make.”

“This is a hair-splitting conversation that is better served another time.”

“Another time,” he mused. “Like, say, pillow talk?”

"Are you saying you suspect me of offering the idea of some variation of a foursome and are also telling me you'd be down for it since you're bringing up pillow talk so casually?" I wondered, enjoying the game.

"I *could* point out that I was simply rolling with the jokes," he said, taking a drink. "But that would be… disingenuous to say the least. I think that, yes, I'm curious to see where you're going."

"You already know where I'm going. The four of us —"

"Now?"

"Why not? Should we schedule it?"

"We should at least have a discussion with them before agreeing to anything."

"All I'm asking is if you're down for trying. Then I have an idea how we can talk to *them* about it."

He was curious, and from the way the corner of his lip turned up slowly, he was prepared to find the answer. "Fine. I admit to having a soft spot for redheads, and hell, even without the hair, Clay is hot. And I have to be honest and say you're damn good-looking yourself and well…it might be the drink talking but hell, I'm curious about what kind of fun tricks you've learned from being an escort."

"So yes to now, then?"

"If it means finding out what idea you have…yes, it's a yes."

"Trust me?"

“Famous last words,” he said with a laugh, and Cade and Clay turned at the loud noise, peering in on us. “Sure. Why not?”

I knew I had an audience now; Clay was watching me intently, having sensed something was afoot and apparently deciding, correctly, that I was the source. Which, of course, meant Cade was paying attention as well, both of them peering into the lit room as I walked around the counter to lean my back against Walker’s front. Not that I’d ever been shy about touching either of them before, but this was different since I was practically sitting on his crotch and he was wrapping an arm around my middle, clearly comfortable following my lead.

They took a second to register what they were seeing before opening the door. Clay looked at us, squinting. “What are you doing?”

“Sitting,” I told him, feeling Walker’s arm tighten, but his hands stayed in ‘safe’ places, which was probably for the best. While I’d considered being more forward for the other two, I had decided that was the drink talking. Common sense told me it was better to set my toe right on the line, rather than cross it, and see what the two of them did.

It was Cade who snorted. “We should’ve stayed outside. You two are lookin’ real cozy.”

“We could be more comfortable,” Walker said. “Or less. Kinda depends on you two.”

“Us?” Clay wondered, and then blinked, his eyes going wide as he stared at me. “Isaac?”

“What?” I asked innocently, purposefully making my eyes wide. “Is he wrong?”

Cade cocked his head. “I got the feelin’ I’m the only one not in on the joke right now. Someone wanna take pity on me?”

“They’re…” Clay began, then looked at Walker. “Seriously?”

“It’s a yes-or-no answer; there’s no need to make things complicated,” Walker said, and I felt him shrug. “I think we’re all grown enough to roll with this without making it weird.”

Clay hesitated before turning to Cade. “They’re… trying to seduce us.”

“Trying,” I said with a laugh and ignored the dirty look I knew he didn’t mean. “What? I can see you’re interested; those shorts are a little thin there, Clay.”

Cade, bless his heart, looked down, then snapped his head up toward Clay, then at Walker and me, his mouth falling open in understanding. “Wait…Walker?”

“Now we’ve got them,” Walker said. “Excuse me a moment.”

“Sure,” I said, standing up and chuckling when he let his hand graze slowly along my waist as he got off the stool and made for Cade, who was staring at him with a look I couldn’t quite decipher.

Clay walked over and rested his hand on the middle of my waist, as if trying to feel the warmth Walker’s

touch had left behind. His eyes were dark, the swelling of his pupils overtaking the normal color as he leaned in close. “Seriously? Them?”

“Is there something wrong with that?” I asked, making sure he could see I was genuinely curious.

“I mean…it’s Cade,” he said with a frown. “Doing stuff with him would be…weird.”

“Bad weird?” I wondered.

“I think so,” he said, but there was something else in his eyes, something that didn’t make his answer an immediate no. I waited, letting him sort it out while I tried not to listen to the conversation between Walker and Cade. “Well, *with* him, me with him…yeah.”

“But?” I asked, sensing the word ready to drop from his lips.

“But…I don’t object to Walker,” he admitted, glancing over his shoulder. “Or you know, you and—”

“Cade,” I finished, and when he nodded, swallowing thickly, I wondered if he was feeling nervous or excited at the idea. “So, you’re good with having some fun with Walker, and me having fun with Cade, but you don’t want to touch or do anything with Cade?”

“Sounds bad when you say it like that,” he said with a snort.

“Hey, Isaac?” Walker called softly, and when I leaned around Clay to look at him, he wore an amused expression. “We have a yes…with an asterisk.”

“Let me guess,” I said, seeing how Cade and Clay struggled to meet one another’s gazes. “He’s perfectly

okay with you and me, him and me, you and Clay, but not him and Clay?"

"Have the same caveat over there too?" he guessed, and when I nodded, he laughed. "They're like two peas in a pod."

"Two bros in a foursome," I said.

"All I know is if I get double-teamed, there'd better be no fist bumps or high fives," Walker said wryly, then looked around with a heavy sigh. "They're going to be useless, aren't they?"

"For the moment," I said with a laugh. "Hmm, swap or meet?"

He stared, then snorted. "Meet then swap."

"Good deal," I said, and we, unlike the other two, moved.

We met halfway as agreed, and I could sense that while he was completely into the idea, he was taking a slightly submissive position, letting me dictate what happened next. Which made it easy to pull him into a kiss. His hesitancy didn't last long as his lips met mine and his hands settled on my body, tugging me closer by my hips as our mouths opened and our tongues slid over one another.

"Okay," Cade said slowly. "That's kinda…am I crazy?"

"I've already been here, done that, Big Guy," Clay said.

"Uhh," Cade said, and I could hear his tone.

Walker heard it too and snorted. "He means them and someone else, not me, sheesh."

“Right. I knew that,” Cade said in a tone that told me he had not meant it like that at all.

I leaned back, raising a brow at Walker, who nodded his agreement, and we broke apart, him moving toward Clay and me toward Cade. The big man—and he was big in every way that counted—was looking at me the way I imagined an antelope stared at the lion it had just spotted.

“You can say no at any point,” I reminded him as I placed my hands on his chest, feeling the strength of his muscles…mostly because the big lug was tense like he was expecting a blow. The man had fought in a war, risked death, been forced to save his own life and the lives of others, had his leg blown off and his body scarred as a reward for his bravery, courage, and grit… and now he was looking at me like he was afraid I’d break. Wait. “No, not you…me.”

“Huh?” he asked, his hands hovering at my shoulders.

“I don’t break easy,” I told him, caressing his face and drawing him down gently. “Say no or get your butt down here and kiss me.”

“Sure,” he grunted, and although his eyes darted nervously toward Walker and Clay behind me, he bent down and hesitantly wrapped me in his thick arms.

He was more wary than Walker, but it didn’t take him long to warm up to the idea and return the kiss. His hesitancy melted away at the first taste of my tongue, and I caught the flavor of the beer he’d been

drinking, different from my and Clay's preferred brand. It made the kiss slightly sweet, and I wondered if the bitter brand I liked was a problem for him.

When his hand grabbed my ass and I heard a low rumble, I realized he had other, more important things on his mind than whether my beer was too bitter. A soft laugh came from behind me, and I knew Clay was probably groping Walker with more confidence than Cade was showing me, but that made sense. Clay had always been bold with sex; only his deep feelings for me had made it difficult for him at the beginning of our relationship.

"Oops," I chuckled as Cade swung me around with an ease that made Clay look weak in comparison. I found myself pressed against the back of the armchair, Cade's fingers tugging at my shirt. I had no problem letting him pull it off, and a glance showed me it was Clay's shirt that had come off rather than Walker's.

"Sorry," Cade muttered gruffly when his nail clipped my skin in his haste, and I snorted.

"Shush," I told him, making him grow still when I tugged at the string of his shorts, loosening them. They didn't drop, and I was amused to see that although they sat loosely, his cock was holding them up. His decidedly hard cock, which was no less impressive for my having guessed the dimensions.

"Noted," I said as I tugged them off and let them drop, his cock revealed and only able to bob slowly and heavily before I wrapped my hand around it. "Walker?"

“Yes?” he called, his hand down the front of Clay’s shorts, while Clay’s hand was shoved down the back of Walker’s, and I would have bet good money that he was knuckle-deep in the man.

“Want to bring him over here? I think we could up the ante a little.”

“Deal.”

Cade stayed wary until Walker was near him, but Clay came with a smirk on his face, grabbing hold of me for a kiss before he dropped onto the couch at a gesture from me. Walker said something to Cade. I couldn’t make out the words, but I could see the last bits of tension leave Cade’s shoulders as he too sat down. Clay had already shucked off his shorts and shirt, and nudged Cade, gesturing toward his shirt.

“Really?” Cade asked, his self-consciousness as amusing as it was endearing.

“C’mon, man, just because I’m not into you like that doesn’t mean I’m *blind*,” Clay said. “And hey…c’mon, all of us know what you look like. Walker clearly loves it, and I’ll bet Isaac will feel the same. Trust me, I would know.”

“Yeah,” Cade grunted, and I realized I’d been wrong; there had been more tension in his body, and it eased at his best friend’s reassurance. Walker and I exchanged a knowing look because, of course, the two of them were still as close as ever despite the circumstances taking a sudden turn.

I focused on the 'job' at hand and gripped the base of Cade's cock, meeting his eyes and raising a brow to tell him that yes, it was an impressive specimen. Even if Clay saw me, he knew damn well his dick was forever my first choice.

It was less impressive trying to fit the damn thing into my mouth, but I had the experience, and I appreciated the grunt he gave as I slid down further, working my throat to fit him. Looking to the right at a low sound from Clay, I watched Walker do the same to him. His eyes met mine, and I winked as I sucked down more of Cade, and Walker matched me, the two of us almost in competition, but really, we were just enjoying the sounds the men were making as they felt what we could do to them.

Cade's hand came down on my shoulder with a firm grip as I pulled back before pushing down again, feeling the way he filled my throat. It was difficult to choose where to look, whether up at Cade's face, which betrayed that he was letting go of his hesitations and enjoying himself, or over to watch the man I loved be pleasured by a man I had grown to trust with my life. Their thick, heavy sounds were intoxicating, and I felt a sudden rush of affection and trust in these three men as we enjoyed ourselves.

"So," Walker drew out suddenly, pulling off Clay's cock and eyeing me with a smirk.

I knew what he was asking, and with a flourish and a wink, I revealed a bottle of lube. He snorted, clearly not

impressed by my showmanship as he took some of the lube and moved over to me. I glanced over my shoulder as Clay leaned down, gripping my neck and kissing me, my face lingering near Cade's cock, and then fingers slid into me. I groaned into his mouth as the pleasure went from mental to physical.

"He's going to need help," I told Clay, chuckling when he nodded, grabbing the lube and using it on his own fingers before disappearing from sight. When I heard a soft noise from Walker, signifying he was getting the same thing he was giving, I assumed he had to be kneeling behind me for Clay to do his thing. I put my attention back on Cade's cock, letting the other two get on with it.

I had to admit, Walker was thorough in making sure I was stretched, but then again, he was probably used to doing the same to himself with Cade. It was enough for me, and with a gesture, I pulled myself up to sit halfway in Cade's lap and stare down at him, seeing eagerness…and caution. I felt movement and realized Walker had lubed Cade's cock, holding it steady for me.

"What a gentleman," I piped up as I lowered myself, feeling the bump of his thick cock against my hole and pushing myself down with more force. The head punched in with a speed that spoke to the job Walker had done preparing me, but it still caught me off guard. Cade reached out and steadied me as I sank another inch with a groan. "And another gentleman."

"C'mon, you," I heard Walker say, and despite the thick feeling growing inside me as I tried to go lower, I still had to laugh watching Walker make his way around the couch, his hand wrapped around Clay's cock as he led him by it. There he bent over, and the invitation was obvious as he wrapped his arms around Cade's shoulders and kissed his neck, whispering words I couldn't hear, though I could sense the heat in them and feel the way Cade's cock twitched halfway inside me.

Walker groaned, and I knew Clay was pushing into him. I smirked, gripping one of Cade's shoulders as I lowered myself so I was seated completely in his lap. His eyes were wide, but if he was still worried, he was thoroughly distracted by everything going on, not least of which were Walker's kisses along his jaw and the way he kept groaning in his ear. I stayed there, waiting and watching as Clay slid forward, his expression changing with every inch he sank into Walker. When he was finally in, his eyes opened and searched me out, his face twisted with pleasure, and then he winked my way.

"There you go," I said softly, rising up and slowly dropping down. I took hold of Cade's face and turned it toward Walker so their lips could meet. I kept shoving Cade as deep into me as possible with each roll of my hips, and when I took one of Walker's hands, the way his fingers flexed and relaxed told me Clay was doing his job superbly.

Of course he was; I would know.

“Fuck,” Walker groaned, and I leaned forward to catch his lips with mine.

Only to make Cade groan, shoving himself up with a sudden snap of his hips that forced a cry of pleasure from me. Apparently, Clay was not to be outdone, and I felt Walker’s body jerk as Clay picked up the pace, using his leverage to pound at the man. Walker’s hand clenched around mine as he held tight, sweat breaking out on his forehead.

“Fuck,” Walker repeated, and I realized Clay’s hand was under him, and the desperation in his voice was for a good reason.

“Yeah,” Cade said to him gruffly. “C’mon, fuckin’ come, c’mon.”

“Fine, in your mouth,” Walker grunted.

There was no argument, and Clay pulled out, allowing Walker to clamber over the back of the couch, getting between Cade and me to shove his dick into Cade’s mouth. Cade was clearly no stranger to that, his hands gripping Walker’s ass tightly. I shoved my face between his hands, my tongue in Walker’s hole, ignoring the taste of lube as Walker gave a cry and I felt his muscles contract rapidly as he poured down Cade’s throat.

I wasn’t surprised when Cade’s thrusts turned erratic as he swallowed Walker’s load, his cock jerking and twitching inside me as he came with a hard thrust of his hips to bury himself completely. I could feel the pulse inside me as Clay appeared at my side, and I felt

him pull away, grunting as the feeling of fullness was taken from me and I was flipped onto my back.

Except it was replaced with the all-too-welcome feeling of Clay's cock shoving deep into me with one quick snap of his hips, making me cry out. Everything up to that point had been erotic, hot, shared between me, my friends, and the love of my life, but this? This was just him and me, and I arched my back as he wrapped his hand around my cock and began jerking me off with the same intensity he was fucking me with.

"Fucking gorgeous," he crooned as he hunched over and buried his face in my neck, giving a cry, his hips stuttering for a moment before they slapped against my ass and stilled, and I felt him add to the mess already inside me. But this was Clay, this was the man who had fought through his own personal hell to be with me, to be the best version of himself he could be. I cried out, holding him tight as I spurted over his hand and my stomach, slamming my mouth into his as I covered myself and he painted my insides.

We were all sweaty, out of breath, and perfectly content once the haze of our orgasms settled. We'd curled up, all four of us, on the couch. My head in Clay's lap, Walker half sitting in Cade's, his and my legs tangled around one another while Clay and Cade had fingers on each other's shoulders.

"So…that was different," Cade said slowly.

"Bad different?" I wondered, catching Clay's eyes and seeing that yes, it had been weird for him, but…not

the kind of weird we needed to address quickly. He knew how to sort through his own feelings without needing me there every time, or throwing them away and ignoring them. He was better.

Cade thought about it for a minute. “Nah. Weird, but…good weird.”

“Our good weird?” Walker asked.

Cade scrunched his nose. “Not the same.”

Walker chuckled, poking me in the ribs with his toe and making me wince and wriggle away. “He means that was hot as hell, he loved it, and would probably be willing to do it once in a while.”

“And so, not friendship-ruining or so weird it’ll hang in the air,” I said with a laugh and a wink, because I realized we were speaking for our men, but speaking to both of them.

“Seems that way,” Clay said, his hands in my hair.

“Sounds about right,” Cade muttered, rubbing Walker’s chest.

Walker and I looked at each other and chuckled. They were sometimes awkward, uncomfortable with emotions, and still wary of vulnerability…and we loved them for what they were, and in spite of what they could be occasionally.

We loved them.

BONUS SCENE

Scene 3

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Alright, last scene, and I'm sure you've already figured out it's gonna be Marc and Reggie.

This one is less complicated than the last scene. No, *seriously, trying to balance four characters, four* MAIN *characters in one scene was a wild ride. This one still has an extra person thrown in. Which one, you might ask? Well, you'll figure it out quickly when you read it, and you'll also quickly figure out why this scene, unlike the previous two, has literally no chance of being considered canon.*

So prepare for some timeline alterations to make this scene work (non-canon for the win) but in all honesty, this was an idea that came to me as I was wrapping up the series and so, my inability to resist writing it despite it not being able to work with the book, is now your gain.

I hope anyway, but here ya go!

Patience, compassion, understanding…and gentleness.

Those were the things I was telling myself I needed to have, but out of that list? There were only a couple I was capable of on a good day. Not that this was a bad day, but it definitely wasn't the best day ever either. So,

I would have to settle for what I could get and go from there. Anything else was…well, taking on too much, and it was never pretty when I got overwhelmed.

"Malcolm!"

My head snapped to the right, and I blinked at Reggie sprawled in my recliner, limbs in every direction. I hated the way he sat in that damn chair; it was one thing when a kid spread out, pushing against it and slowly wearing it down. It was something else when a fully grown man was putting even more weight on my poor chair. Then again, if I'd wanted to be with someone who was always on their A-game and had a great memory, I wouldn't have been with Reggie.

"What?" I asked, hearing the irritation in my voice that came from being yanked out of my thoughts.

He let my annoyance pass without comment because we'd been dating long enough for him to understand it wasn't personal. That was true, but truer still, Reggie just didn't let other people get under his skin. For a man who would get antsy to the point of writhing and squirming when food took too long to cook or when he was waiting on a download, he had a shocking amount of patience for other people's irritating quirks and bad habits.

His head lolled over the arm of the chair, and my irritation disappeared in the face of his bright, goofy smile. "Grumpy butt."

"It's not my butt that's grumpy," I told him, cocking my head. "Is there a reason you're yelling at me?"

"Probably because I've been trying to get your attention to figure out what the hell has you so lost in thought that you were practically in a different galaxy. If yelling didn't work, I was afraid I was going to have to jump you," he said with a smirk. "I might be safe from the consequences of startling you at this point…might."

"Might," I repeated, not sure if he would or wouldn't be. The first time he'd ever surprised me by pouncing on me, my reaction had sent him to the floor *hard*. Since then, he'd learned to be careful about startling me, or I might end up swinging at him, and not gently either.

I was *fine* so long as I was in public, where my brain stayed alert and kept my reactions muted, but it was different at home, where I was at ease and not nearly as watchful. I had left my childhood home as soon as I was able, and only a few people knew why. Considering I had almost given Reggie a concussion over a bit of playful fun, I felt obligated to tell him about my brother.

My brother, who had at some point grown aggressive with me and then my parents. Growing up did nothing for him; if anything, it made him worse. He could seem fine, only to explode in sudden violence. You learned to always be on guard, to always be waiting for him to lash out, because if you didn't, you could end up seriously hurt. My parents had refused to deal with his problems, or at least, they hadn't done enough. I shouldn't have grown up the way I did, and since my

parents wouldn't put my brother in a facility, I chose to live away from it.

I was better, after years of living in places where I didn't have to fear the next attack, or bolt my door so I could sleep, but there were still lingering ghosts in my head, and they cast long, deep shadows.

"I'd approach from the front," he said, twisting so he was sitting up. "But seriously, what's wrong?"

I huffed. "Marc."

"Oh, your other boyfriend, the main one," he teased and laughed when I frowned. "Aw, c'mon, he's napping in your bed right now."

"Because he doesn't want to be alone at his place," I said, but I wouldn't be irritated with Reggie. Of the few guys I'd actually put the time and energy into dating, Reggie was the only one who hadn't batted an eye at my friendship with Marc. The last two had been jealous; the first had at least been honest, even though his snide comments got old quickly, and the second had tried to play it cool, but his passive-aggressive commentary grated on my nerves. "This is the longest he and Charlene have been on a break, and he's…well—"

"Moping," Reggie said with a nod.

"Moping," I agreed. "And he's not a moper. I don't think I've ever seen him mope before; it's weird as fuck."

"Everyone's allowed a good mope now and then," he said and then paused, face screwing up in thought. "Then again, he has been moping a little long."

"I already tried getting him to perk up," I admitted. "But so far, nothing has worked."

"Did you try yelling at him?"

"That's still on the list, but there was some tough love."

"Gentle love?"

"That was before the tough love."

"Funny love?"

"He didn't laugh at all."

"Sexy love?"

"Reggie."

He laughed. "Sorry, I probably shouldn't tease you. I know how much your exes drove you nuts because they were super insecure about your friendship with a straight man of all things, but it's fun to see that frown on your face sometimes."

"You're lucky that…" I said, picking up a pillow and throwing it at him. He caught it, only for me to smack it out of his hands so I could hit him with it properly. "… you're cute."

"I'm adorable," he said, laughing as he grabbed my arms to stop my swinging. "And I am trying to be helpful here."

I squinted at him suspiciously. "Why do I have the feeling you only want to help because, and I'm basing this off your comment earlier, you're horny and there's someone else here?"

"That might be part of my motivation," he said slowly, but at least he didn't try for innocence. "But

also, I like Marc. Sometimes he looks at me like I've got a second head sprouting out of my neck, but super serious or not, he's a good guy and he's clearly a good friend. So yeah, I'm worried about him too, and I'm down for helping if I can."

"Especially if it gets him out of my apartment so you can get me naked."

"Correct."

I snorted and smacked him with the pillow. "At least you're honest."

He took the pillow as I collapsed back onto the couch. "Shame he's so…hetero."

I tensed slightly. "Huh?"

Reggie grinned, and I could see he was preparing to drop one hell of a bad idea on me, or say something designed to get a reaction out of me. "I mean, one way to cheer a guy up is to get their rocks off, which he clearly hasn't been doing while he's on a break and spending all his time around us."

I stared at him. "I'm sorry, are you proposing that one of us sleep with him?"

"I'm saying that between the two of us, we could make sure his rocks get rocked," he said with a laugh, now spinning the pillow in his hands as he stared at the ceiling.

"Seriously?" I asked in disbelief.

He chuckled. "It's just a thought. I mean, I should probably address the fact that I'm even suggesting a third person at all first, huh?"

“Considering you’ve never presented the idea of a threesome to me before, I’ll admit you have me wondering what the hell is going on in that head of yours,” I told him, glad he wasn’t looking at me because privately, I had to admit I was intrigued.

“Look, we’ve been together long enough that there’s plenty of trust between us. I mean, at least on my end, I won’t speak for you.”

“How gracious.”

“Anyway. I’m pretty open-minded sexually—”

“Duh.”

“And I’d be lying if I said the idea of sharing someone with you isn’t incredibly hot. As for Marc? Eh, he’s a good-looking guy, so it’s an easy fit in my mind is all. But really, don’t start thinking I need to have a threesome to be happy. I’m just as happy for us to be with each other rather than bringing someone else in.”

My heart beat a little quicker. “And if Marc wasn’t straight?”

He stopped spinning the pillow and frowned. “I’m all for a good hypothetical and all, but he is.”

“Mmm.”

He twisted around to look at me, brow raising. “Isn’t he?”

“There’s…something I haven’t told you,” I said and fought the urge to wince when he sat up with interest. “He’s…not.”

Reggie blinked again, tossing the pillow onto the couch beside me. “And you kept this a secret

because…? Oh. Right, previous boyfriends, jealousy, and you like to keep things close to your chest and it probably wasn't your thing to tell me because he's definitely never shown any interest in a guy that I've ever seen, so that…you've slept with him."

I'd wondered when he would put it together. People looked at Reggie, who had a hard time sitting still, remembering, or focusing, and assumed he was an airhead. The thing was, he was anything but, and his mind could make rapid leaps from one thing to another. Which, yes, could make him flighty, but it also meant he could figure things out faster than anyone else, especially when it came to other people.

"Yes," I said plainly. It wasn't something I had ever planned on telling him because it wasn't important to our relationship, nor did it influence my friendship with Marc. "It was something that just…kind of happened. I mean, obviously there was an attraction between us for it to happen at all, but it also worked for us, conveniently."

"Two guys into each other, but also close friends so there's no awkwardness, and if he's playing it safe in the closet, it means he's also got a good outlet for his love of dick without risking it getting around," he said with a nod. "When, uh—"

"It ended a few months before I met you," I told him quickly. "And *never* while one of us was committed to someone else."

“Huh,” he said slowly. “So that’s new information. I mean, I’d be lying if I said I didn’t wonder if there had ever been something between you two, I mean college exploration and all, but now it’s confirmed…huh. Wait. Are you…are you telling me because you’re actually on board with my suggestion?”

The question was neutral in tone, which left me no way to judge how to approach it other than with the truth. “I’m…not saying I’m against the idea.”

“Malcolm.”

I huffed. “Fine, you threw the idea out there and now it’s stuck in my head, alright? I know what sex is like with both of you…separately.”

“And you wondered how it would be having both of us,” he said with a smirk.

“Do I get a say in this?” Marc’s deep voice rumbled from behind me, and my only consolation for jumping out of my skin was that Reggie jumped hard enough to almost fall off the chair and gave the least manly of yelps.

“Fucking hell, Marc!” I snarled, forcing myself to ease back onto the couch. “I fucking hate when you do that!”

“I walk quietly,” he said dryly, a glass in his hand and a wry expression on his face. “Weren’t you supposed to warn me before you told one of your boyfriends about us?”

“I have been known to inspire impulsivity in others,” Reggie said as he scooted into the chair properly.

I frowned at Marc, seeing he had changed his clothes, which meant he must have showered without my noticing. “Why are you lurking?”

“No one is lurking,” he said. “And don’t think I don’t know you’re avoiding answering the question either.”

“It was a spur-of-the-moment thing,” I admitted, a little uncomfortably. “Feel free to bitch me out.”

“I don’t mind if Reggie knows,” Marc said with a shrug, and when he saw my surprise, he gave another shrug. Marc was…not the greatest communicator, though being friends with him long enough had left me with the impression that it wasn’t because he didn’t want to communicate; he just wasn’t…in touch with his thoughts sometimes. Which meant I had to read between the lines and realize that, against all odds, he had grown not just to like Reggie, but to trust him, which was…different.

“Damn, I’m suddenly feeling a lot more special than I did a minute ago,” Reggie said, and flopped back in the chair, smirking. “So, uh, how much did you overhear?”

“Enough to know you think with your dick as much as your heart,” Marc told Reggie. “And you seem to think an all-male threesome between us will somehow stop me moping.”

“Ah, he heard the moping part,” Reggie said with a heavy sigh.

“The moping is the part you didn’t want me to hear?” Marc said, and I could hear the amusement in

his voice. “Not the part where you were contemplating sleeping with me and your boyfriend?”

“Oh God, no,” Reggie said with a laugh, wriggling back and forth with a grin. “And apparently you aren’t upset about it either. Or you don’t seem to be; it’s hard to tell with you sometimes.”

Which brought me back to reality, and I squinted at Marc. “Wait, you were listening in on us and interrupted to talk about it? Holy shit…you *are*.”

Reggie leaned forward. “Wait, he is?”

Marc leaned against the doorway and snorted. “He might be. I mean, he’s clearly enjoyed sex with one of you in the past. As for the other? Well, he might be willing to admit the other one is attractive.”

Reggie eyed me cautiously. “He’s speaking in the third person. Should I be scared?”

“Because he’s showing his sense of humor?”

“Yes! When people act out of character, it’s a sure sign that a breakdown is just around the corner!”

“Normally, I’d agree,” I said, looking at Marc curiously. “But him joking is usually a sign that he’s in a good mood. And if he’s in a good mood after the mood he’s been in? That means he likes your idea.”

“Do you?” Marc and Reggie both asked me, and I couldn’t help but laugh at the startled expressions they shot at one another.

“You know, I should probably be a little bothered that my best friend and my boyfriend want to have sex

with each other as much as they want to have sex with me," I said, glancing between them.

"But you're not," Marc said with a knowing tone.

"Nope," I said immediately. "I'm down."

"Hot damn," Reggie said, leaning forward and yanking off his socks.

"It's his go-to first step," I told Marc when the man looked at Reggie in bemusement.

"Socks feel weird while you're trying to do the dirty," Reggie said, standing up and grabbing his pants button. "Well?"

"You're right," Marc said with a shake of his head as he set his glass down. "He doesn't lack enthusiasm in any part of his life."

"Told you," I said, watching as Marc grabbed the bottom of his shirt and Reggie began working on his pants. I found myself in the enviable position of watching the two of them get naked, and if I hadn't been getting hard before, I certainly was now. I sat there for a moment as Marc tossed his shirt onto the back of a chair, putting his broad chest and flat stomach, both covered in an appreciable layer of dark hair, on full display. Reggie had yanked his jeans off and kicked them away, making what had to be the greatest ass I had ever laid eyes on bounce visibly.

"What're you doing?" Reggie asked, grabbing his shirt as if only just then realizing it was still on, which… well, that was always possible; it was Reggie, after all.

I gestured between the two of them. “I’m already familiar enough with you two, so why don’t you introduce yourselves real quick?”

“That’s what I love about you,” Reggie said as he yanked his shirt off while Marc worked off his pants and laid them carefully over his discarded shirt. “You might go back and forth about things in your head, but when you make up your mind, it’s full speed ahead.”

“Less talking, maybe?” Marc asked, crossing the room, and I smirked when I watched Reggie’s eyes flit down and linger on the impressive bulge in Marc’s underwear, a bulge that was growing more impressive with every passing second.

Reggie only rambled when something wasn’t occupying his attention, and I knew for a fact that Marc could be a *very* interesting person when he was turned on. He took hold of Reggie, and there was only a moment of hesitation before he wrapped an arm around Reggie’s waist and pulled him in for a deep and lingering kiss. I lost sight of them long enough to yank my socks off and then my shirt.

Their hands roamed over each other’s bodies, clearly exploring as they ground up against one another. Reggie was slower to warm up, but I supposed even someone as laid-back as Reggie was bound to be hesitant about making out with his boyfriend’s best friend while said boyfriend was watching. I even caught him glancing at me, finding me shirtless and leaning

back, my hand massaging my crotch as I watched the two of them get to know one another.

That was apparently all he needed to throw himself into the moment, earning a grunt from Marc when he nipped at the man's lower lip and then reached down to grab his hip. Marc's arm slid down so he could cup one half of Reggie's ass and give it a squeeze. I wasn't surprised to see his hand linger and roam. Marc was an ass man, no matter the gender, and I'd never said a word to either of them, but I had noticed Marc's eyes covertly drifting to Reggie's ass a few times.

It was a good ass though, so I wasn't going to complain, especially not while I was rock hard watching Marc grip it tight enough to make Reggie give that soft whimper he only gave when someone hit the right button. Stepping around my coffee table, I moved closer, wrapping one hand around the back of Reggie's neck and gripping Marc's shoulder with the other. I turned Reggie's face toward me and caught his lips with mine, my fingers digging into the thick muscle there.

"I wasn't worried," Reggie muttered, surprising me with how he could read my actions before I even considered why I was doing something.

"Shuddup," I told him.

"You," he shot back, using his hand to turn my face toward Marc's.

I needed nothing more obvious than that, and for the first time in almost a year, I pressed my mouth against Marc's. It was just as I remembered. Marc

deepening the kiss quickly, using enough force to be arousing without being so hard that you were worried you might get hurt. I barely felt his tongue slide over mine before he grunted into my mouth, and when I glanced down, I saw that Reggie had decided he wasn't going to be left standing around with nothing to do and had pulled Marc's cock from his underwear.

"Alright, damn," Reggie grumbled, and I laughed.

"I think he's impressed," I told Marc, who snorted. "But so was I the first time, so I'm not going to give him too much shit."

"I remember you impressing me the first time," Marc said with a quirk of his brow.

"True," Reggie laughed. "He can suck the chrome off a bumper."

"I don't think they use chrome anymore," I told him with a roll of my eyes. "Hey Reggie? Why don't you show him why you're the better choice?"

"Or we could both—"

There was an idea I hadn't considered, but then again I hadn't considered having a threesome with them, and that idea had turned out to be an interesting one. I glanced over at Reggie, glanced at the couch, and when he nodded, we both took hold of Marc and led him there. He stared at us with bemusement, but he went along all the same as we forced him to sit down.

I wasn't surprised when Reggie hesitated, taking a moment to look at Marc, who was getting comfortable. Marc was a naturally reserved man, which meant he

wasn't prone to wearing clothes that showed off his body, and he didn't undress for an audience either. It was honestly a pity; there were plenty of people who would have been pleased by the show he could offer. So when his body was actually on display, it was a rare treat of hard muscle, dark hair, and a quiet, attractive confidence that lured you in and held tight.

"Eye fuck him harder," I said as I pulled Reggie down so we were on either side of Marc.

Reggie laughed, and when I gripped the base of Marc's thick cock, Reggie wrapped his lips around the head and bobbed down. Marc let out a surprised noise, and I smirked at him when he undoubtedly felt the warmth of Reggie's mouth and then the grip of his throat squeezing around the head. Having been on the receiving end, I knew just how good it felt…and it had to be even better for Marc. The man wasn't in possession of the biggest, most intimidating cock, but he was definitely big enough that I knew for a fact he almost *never* had someone willing to deep throat him, especially right off the bat.

"Move," I muttered to Reggie, bumping him so he'd reposition himself and I could get down between Marc's legs and immediately begin paying attention to the sensitive skin of his inner thighs and then up to his balls.

I felt Reggie shudder when Marc gave a deep, audible groan as Reggie finally took Marc's entire cock in his mouth, and I gently began nursing on his balls.

The combination had his hands in our hair. Again, I didn't blame Reggie for his obvious excitement, and not just because he was as people-pleasing as it got when it came to sex—the little perv got off getting others off. But Marc was not one to express himself easily, so when he was being obvious about something, it meant he was really feeling it.

And he was definitely feeling what we were doing based purely on the sounds he was making.

Which I only made worse when I wet a finger and pushed it into Marc's ass. I might have mentally enjoyed the sensation of his insides, but he was enjoying it in every other way possible. His hips twitched, and I knew that between him probably not having taken care of himself over the past couple of weeks and the sudden excitement of having two men showing him attention, he was close to the edge.

Keeping my finger inside him, I took my mouth away from his body and got up to grab hold of his neck and bring him down far enough to kiss him, curling the finger up and making him groan against my mouth. Reggie seemed to take a cue from me and kept going, and I could hear him hungrily sucking every bit of pleasure from Marc's cock. The sounds from Marc deepened, and his hand gripped the back of my head tightly, and I knew, especially when he let out a noise so close to a growl, that he was coming. That was proven when the wet sounds of Reggie's mouth came

to a stop, and then Reggie, because he was a cum fiend sometimes, groaned loudly around Marc's cock.

"Damn," Marc muttered as I broke the kiss and Reggie pulled off, letting out a groan when I took hold of him and kissed him. Our tongues danced before I sucked gently, tasting Marc and grinning at the half-lidded expression on Reggie's face. "Jesus, you guys don't play around."

"You should know that better than anyone," I said with a chuckle as I leaned over, rooted through the drawer in the nearby table and pulled out a bottle of lube.

"Of course you still keep a bottle lying around in the living room," Marc said with a snort, and then blinked when Reggie glanced at him. "Probably shouldn't draw too much attention to our past, huh?"

"Oh, I don't care," Reggie said with a laugh as I busied myself slicking my fingers and pushing them inside me. "I'm not like the others."

"You sure aren't," Marc said, a curious tone in his voice that left me wondering if maybe the three of us had just crossed a line into territory that wouldn't be easy to leave.

But then Reggie was kissing me, getting to his feet and pushing me back so he could spread some of the lube over his own cock and press against me. My fingers had started the job that his dick was going to finish. I leaned against the back of the couch, and he gripped my thighs as he pushed in, making me groan as

his cock opened me further. I glanced over to find that Marc was half-hard, but from the way his eyes were locked on what Reggie and I were doing, he wasn't going to be 'half' for long.

I reached over to bring Marc closer, sucking on his bottom lip before closing our mouths together. It was a nice distraction from the slight discomfort of Reggie hastily fucking me, but then Marc distracted me further when he broke the kiss and bent to take me in his mouth. A desperate noise escaped my lips as I found myself being sucked off by my best friend and my boyfriend. One was a man I had stopped sleeping with because I was afraid I would fall for him, and he had never dated a man as far as I knew; the other was a man I suspected I would one day soon fall head over heels for and start looking toward our mutual future.

Except that was for a different time; this was now, where I could feel Reggie fuck into me in earnest and Marc was doing his damnedest to suck me as deep as he could. The combination made my head spin, but I wanted more, to see more.

"Reggie," I grunted, practically panting.

"Yeah, yeah," he said with a chuckle, patting Marc's head so he pulled off, and then grabbed the bottle of lube. It only took a couple of minutes, and he kept up a slow pace fucking me as he prepared himself, then layered lube onto my cock before easing out of me. "Pushy, pushy."

"You love it," I said, grabbing the lube and slapping it against Marc's chest. "I'm sure you can figure it out."

He rolled his eyes, but he was rock hard so I knew he wasn't going to complain, and Reggie was already mounting me so he could lower himself onto my cock. I grunted when the warmth wrapped around the head, Reggie leaning forward to rest his hands on my chest and use his legs to sink down now that I was inside him. He had slid down another inch when I felt Marc pressing against my hole, and then I groaned at the telltale sensation of him pushing inside.

"Good?" Reggie asked. "He's a big boy."

"I'm great," I said, taking hold of his waist and pulling him down further, making him cry out slightly. "Are you?"

"Jerk," he said, but there was a smirk on his face as he rubbed my chest, settling the last couple of inches onto my lap as Marc worked his way into my guts.

"Jesus," I muttered, back arching as Marc continued to push in, rocking his hips to work himself deeper. Sweat was breaking out on me as, to my surprise, the two of them moved together, working their bodies in a way that might just drive me insane if it went on too long.

Except it was the kind of madness I gladly welcomed, Reggie's body wrapped tightly around me as he slid up and down and Marc pushed into me, angling himself in a way that made me yelp in surprise, my fingers tightening on Reggie's hips. I hadn't intended to

lie there and be used as a dildo and a hole, but damn, it felt fantastic.

"Fuck," I cried out desperately, my body overwhelmed with pleasure. I looked up to see Marc staring over Reggie, his hand resting on Reggie's shoulder as if guiding him up and down on my cock. Their eyes were locked on me, intense and focused. I took hold of Reggie's cock, giving it a tug, not realizing what I was starting as his eyes closed slowly, his hips stuttering as he rode me. "Yeah, there ya go, do it, Reg, c'mon."

I didn't hear what Marc said as he leaned forward to speak into Reggie's ear, but I knew from experience what it could be like to have a dick deep inside you and have that husky voice encourage you that extra step over the ledge. Reggie's body gripped me tighter, and I grunted, wanting to shove up into him as I felt his cock jerk in my grip and wanting to push back onto Marc… and achieving neither.

It was Marc who took care of my dilemma, pushing forward so he could snap his hips and bury himself in me, which forced me up into Reggie. Who promptly cried out, arching back so his head fell onto Marc's shoulder as his cock jerked in my hand. Warmth splattered my stomach and chest, and when some landed in my open mouth, I gave another cry, body shuddering as I came hard, bright spots flashing in my vision.

Then Marc's cock twitched inside me as his hips gave one, two, and a third jerk, and I felt warmth pool deep in me as he got caught up in the moment and came for a second time. The three of us were left panting, covered in sweat, and cum in my case, especially when Reggie pulled off me and left a mess on my groin and Marc's cum dripped from my ass now that he was done.

"I'll admit, I wasn't totally sold on the idea," Marc said, stroking my knee gently and smiling at Reggie, who had flopped down on his back beside me, resting his head on my thigh, face pressed into my stomach. "But as far as insane ideas go—"

"It was definitely one of his better ones," I admitted, running my hand through Reggie's hair, feeling content and lazy. "I suppose we know what to do if you ever find yourself…moping."

"Hell, yeah," Reggie muttered against my stomach. "And when you're not."

"Interesting," Marc said, and while I didn't know what was going on in his head, it didn't matter. The three of us were content as we were for the moment, and that was enough.

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