

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



Don't Read in the Closet Event 2013

TRIPLE JUMP

Tam Ames

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

TRIPLE JUMP

By Tam Ames

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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TRIPLE JUMP

By Tam Ames

Photo Description

Two men kneeling at the feet of a third, performing oral sex.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

The two men kneeling knew someone was missing in their relationship. They were looking for a third to complete them. This story can include shifter, BDSM and must have a HEA.

Sincerely,

Todd

Story Info

Genre: paranormal

Tags: ménage, feline shifter, restaurant manager, true mates, camping, exhibitionist

Word count: 21,957

TRIPLE JUMP

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CHAPTER ONE

“So you into fisting?”

“Uh.” Patrick wasn’t sure how to respond. “No.”

“Huh.” The guy looked at Jeff and leered. “He take two at once?”

Even if Jeff did, he sure as hell wasn’t with this guy. “No.”

“You sure?”

Patrick tried to hide his flinch as Jeff’s fingers dug into his thigh under the table in the booth they’d grabbed in the corner of the bar. He took a swallow of his beer and looked at the guy across the table from them. He was well over six feet, his hair was brushing his shoulders and looked like it hadn’t been washed in a week and he obviously hadn’t shaved in far longer than that, or even trimmed.

“I’m sure. Look, Ken, I’m sorry, but I just don’t think this is going to work for us. We appreciate you coming out to meet with us and have a drink, but you know, it just has to be right.”

The guy shook his head and pushed out of the booth. He turned toward Jeff, grabbed his crotch and thrust it towards him. “You’re loss little man, I’m huge.” He then swaggered off toward a group at the bar.

The sound of Jeff’s head hitting the table drew Patrick’s attention back to the two of them. He rubbed Jeff’s back in what he hoped was a soothing manner. Jeff turned his head to look up at Patrick. “Why? Why does this keep happening? They don’t seem like assholes online?”

“I don’t know, hon.” He shrugged. He really didn’t. He thought they put themselves out there honestly, so they both kind of assumed other people did too, but obviously not.

Patrick met Jeff at a mutual friend's party nearly two years ago, and it had been lust at first sight. They'd spent the entire weekend together, and had moved in together about two months later. Things were going great when Jeff had started dropping hints; pointing out other guys, mentioning threesome porn. Patrick had freaked at first, figuring that Jeff was bored and looking for an alternative. But after they'd talked about it, they both agreed that having another person in their lives would be great, and didn't mean they didn't love each other.

The fact that Patrick often worked nights at his ambulance dispatch job meant Jeff had a lot of alone time in the evenings, and then Jeff often had to work weekends at the store. But it wasn't just loneliness; there was a hole neither of them could explain.

They started posting ads on-line after a few pick-ups didn't seem to be working. The guys they met in bars were looking for some kinky three-way sex, not a relationship. So, the ads were very clear, *couple looking to add a third permanent partner*. But it seemed most guys would say that's what they were interested in, then turn out to just want to fuck and run to say they did it. Or, they so completely misrepresented themselves, like good old Ken, and there wasn't a hope in hell they'd ever fit.

Jeff finally sat up. "Let's get out of here." He slid out of the booth and Patrick quickly followed. He heaved a sigh seeing Jeff's slumped shoulders as the man zigzagged through the bar, completely ignoring supposedly well-endowed Ken at the bar. Patrick figured if the guy was as truthful about that as he was about everything else he'd told them, the guy was probably seriously under-endowed.

Jeff walked on in silence and when they got to the car, he got in and slammed the door. Patrick hurried to the driver side and slid in. When he looked over, Jeff had his head back and eyes closed. "Maybe we should just forget it." Jeff's voice was so faint Patrick wasn't sure he heard him right.

"What? What do you mean? I thought you wanted this? Have you changed your mind?"

He opened his eyes, and flopped his head over to look at Patrick. "I did. I do. But this is too hard. Getting my hopes dashed every time is just too damn

depressing.” He turned to look out the window. “Maybe I did something wrong. Maybe I don’t deserve to find two people to care about.” When he looked back at Patrick, his eyes were shiny. “I have you. Lots of people never even find one amazing person, why should I be greedy?”

Patrick reached out and pulled Jeff into his arms, trying to maneuver around the gearshift. “Oh, sweetie, you deserve everything and I want you to have it.” He knew Jeff was just feeling maudlin. It was the adrenaline crash from yet another meeting gone south.

With a kiss on the forehead, he pulled away from Jeff. “Come on. We’ll go home, eat ice cream and watch *Doctor Who* all night.”

Jeff sniffled a bit, but nodded. “Okay.”

After he made his way out of the parking lot and into the street, Patrick took Jeff’s hand and tangled their fingers together. Maybe they did need a break. Just to regroup, take a breath and then start fresh. They’d have to find another method of finding a guy. They’d do it though, he was out there somewhere, Patrick was sure of it.

Once they were home and comfily ensconced on the couch with bowls of ice cream and *Doctor Who*, they settled in with Patrick’s arm wrapped around Jeff. Suddenly Patrick’s body stiffened.

Jeff twisted to look up at him. “What? What’s wrong?”

“I just had an idea.”

“Uh oh. Should I be worried?” Jeff laughed as he said it, and Patrick responded with a light smack to the back of his head.

“Meanie. We need to get away, so why don’t I take off a couple of days next week when you’re off, and we’ll go camping. We can get out of the city, commune with nature, breath the clean air and start fresh.”

The wrinkled nose on Jeff at Patrick’s suggestion should have said it all, but Patrick knew his closet lumberjack never liked to drop his air of hipster ennui without a fight. “Camping? Like with no running water?”

“We’ll go to the provincial park. It’s got hot showers and flush toilets.”

“In a tent?”

“Of course.”

Jeff was silent for a few moments, and chewed on his lower lip. “With s’mores? And wieners?” The dirty grin on his face meant he wasn’t talking hot dogs.

“Mmhmm. All the wiener you can handle. In the great outdoors. And maybe hot dogs too.”

Nearly choking on his ice cream, Jeff laughed. “Okay, but I’m not putting up the tent.”

“I’ll do it, princess.” He tried to dodge Jeff’s rebuttal, a smack on the chest.

That night, neither seemed to be in the mood to get frisky. The whole debacle with Ken, of the self-proclaimed monster dick, left both of them a bit wrung out. Patrick spooned up against Jeff’s back and wrapped his arm around him, pulling him back close against his chest. After a moment’s silence, Jeff spoke up. “I had a dream.”

“Oh? About what?”

“About us. And a cat.”

“Okay. I thought you were allergic to cats?”

“I don’t know. My mom always said I was, but who knows. She lied about everything.”

“So was it a good dream?”

Jeff shrugged in the dark. “I guess. It’s not like the thing was eating our faces off. It was bigger than a normal cat, but it was sitting on the couch with us, watching TV of all things.”

“That’s weird.”

“Yeah, but…” His voice trailed off.

“But what?”

“Maybe it’s a sign. Maybe we’re just supposed to be us two and a cat. Maybe I need to adopt a pet and we need to stop looking for another person.”

Patrick squeezed his arms tighter around Jeff. “Let’s not think about it for a bit. Let’s just relax and go on our mini-vacation and then figure out what to do. We have time.” He tried to imitate a cat purring. “And if you want to get a cat we can. But only one. No crazy cat lady schtick for you.”

“I want a black cat. And I’ll call him Demon.”

“You would.” Patrick snorted. “Now go to sleep. We have to start planning our camping trip tomorrow.” He kissed the nape of Jeff’s neck and it didn’t take long until they were both asleep.

CHAPTER TWO

Taylor wondered if his teeth would be worn down to stubs soon. He ground them so hard he could hear them squeaking as one of the waitresses stood in front of his desk.

“But, Tay-Tay, I need the weekend off.”

The urge to pick up the stapler and smack her upside the head for calling him that was strong. “Amanda, you’ve had the last two weekends off. You knew when you took this job that weekends were required. The other staff have commitments as well.”

“But my boyfriend is coming. We have concert tickets.”

He resisted rolling his eyes at her whiny tone. She sounded two not twenty. “I’m sorry. But I need you to work.”

She crossed her arms and glared at him. “Then I’ll quit.”

He’d reached the end of his rope. “Fine. Please clear out your locker and I’ll have your last check and separation papers ready for you tomorrow.”

He watched with some delight as her mouth dropped open in shock. She had clearly expected him to beg her to stay and let her have her way. But he was over that tonight. Before she could plead her case, someone knocked on the door and opened it. The seating host stuck his head in. “Taylor? You need to come quick. There’s an issue at the front and well, just come.”

He nodded and waited while a stunned Amanda left the office. He locked the door behind him, and quickly stopped to rearrange the servers who would have to cover her tables. They weren’t pleased, but thankfully the dinner rush was over so it would be manageable, and Taylor wouldn’t have to cover any tables himself. Although it wouldn’t have been the first time he’d done so.

As he approached the front entrance, the stench almost physically pushed him back. The air smelled like a rotting garbage can. He nearly gagged and saw Peter standing with a napkin over his nose, and what was obviously a street person, weighing well over three hundred pounds and obviously unwashed for days, if not months.

“Sir, I’ll have to ask you to leave.”

“Jordy!” the man slurred. “Long time no see.” He grabbed Taylor and pulled him into a hug. At that point, Taylor gagged and nearly lost his lunch. His overly sensitive nose was punishing him tonight.

“I’m afraid you’re mistaken. My name is not Jordy. You have to leave.”

“You didn’t go to UBC? But they said Jordy works here.” The man’s brows drew down. He was either mentally handicapped or drunk.

He grabbed the man’s arm, and led him toward the door. “I’m sorry, but there is no one named Jordy who works here.” He gently pushed the man out the door, another wave of stench causing him to gag. Thankfully, the man wandered off down the sidewalk muttering about Jordy. He watched pedestrians give the man a wide berth, and when a couple went to enter the restaurant they gave him a similar reaction. He realized the man had managed to contaminate his suit jacket.

With an apologetic smile, he hissed to Peter to fix the smell, and rushed to the back, hoping that he didn’t put off the appetite of any of the customers as he passed them. In the bathroom and peeled off the jacket and his tie and washed his hands three times with soap. He rolled up the jacket and realized he’d now gotten the smell on his hands again, but he grabbed a plastic trash bag from the storage and tied the clothes inside. He returned to the bathroom and washed his hands again.

He hadn’t even got to his office when one of the line chefs stopped him, looking frazzled. “Taylor, Chef said the salmon is off.”

He wanted to scream, but simply nodded and went into his office and shut the door. He slumped in his chair for a moment, and then picked up the phone. He had to get out of town, get away from the people. He enjoyed life in the city, but like most of his family, he needed his space and he needed time away. He sometimes wondered how his sister stood it, being married with four kids, but she claimed it was different when you fell in love, however he had his doubts. Being gay meant he was unlikely to find a long-lasting relationship anyway, he figured. Thankfully, he lived close enough to the wilderness to get away when he needed to.

He called the restaurant owner to fill her in. “Hey, Aria. Chef says the salmon is off.” He pulled the phone away from his ear as he waited for her to stop shrieking. Their fish supplier had been spotty lately, and he figured he may as well start googling wholesalers since he knew they’d need a new one. Once she calmed down, he spoke again. “Oh, and we need a new server. Amanda quit.” He’d expected another rant, but this time she seemed relieved. “While I have you, Aria, I am going to need to take next Thursday off. I’m off Tuesday and Wednesday, but some, um, personal stuff has come up, so I need to go out of town for a couple of days.”

Her agreement was quick. Taylor rarely took time off so he knew the request shouldn’t be a big deal, and Thursday was not an overly busy night. He figured Friday or Saturday would have been tougher to swing.

Before he started searching for fish dealers, he called up the website to the provincial park. He loved the new system that let him look at the sites that were available and choose something as isolated as he could find. It was still early enough in the season that mid-week meant a lot of empty spots. He found one way down at the end of a road with no other sites booked nearby. He hoped it would stay that way. He wanted space to relax and be himself, to not worry about vacationers and kids. He thought it might be childish to put red Xs on the calendar until he could get out of town, but he was sorely tempted.

CHAPTER THREE

Jeff and Patrick pulled up to the site with the car stuffed to the limit. They tossed everything into the campsite. Patrick had been disappointed there had been someone else down their road. However, the other site was about six spots away and it was well wooded so he could barely see a hint of the person's bright yellow tent through the trees. He just hoped it wasn't a family with a ton of kids. He wanted to enjoy some loving *au naturel*, and he didn't want to have to deal with possible rug rats in the area.

As soon as the car was unloaded, Jeff grabbed the keys, leapt in and took off back up the gravel road. Patrick chuckled and started organizing the site. He knew where Jeff had gone. He'd gone to the park store to stock up on wood. Patrick already had the tent up and the mattress and bedding inside when Jeff returned. He started tossing wood out of the trunk into a big pile. They were only going to be there two nights, and Patrick wasn't sure they could burn that much wood, but he'd never rain on Jeff's parade.

The man tossed off his plaid shirt, that he'd never admit he actually owned, and picked up his axe that had been leaning against the picnic table. His shoulders flexed in his tight white tank top. He lined up the wood and started chopping. Patrick tossed a few more things in the tent and then set up his lawn chair to watch the show. Jeff's shoulders bunched and stretched as he swung the axe. He was small, and probably would be considered a twink, but he worked out and could chop wood with the best of them. It was like Jeff's guilty pleasure. Watching Jeff's ass and thighs flex as he chopped was Patrick's guilty pleasure. No, that wasn't true. He felt no guilt, only pleasure.

When Jeff was about halfway through the pile, he stopped and wiped the sweat off his forehead with his arm, and dug a bottle of water out of their cooler. Patrick watched in delight as Jeff tipped his head back and drained it in one go. God he wanted to bite that neck and leave his mark.

Finally, Jeff turned to him. "What are you doing? Slacking off?" Patrick gave him a little shrug and beckoned him closer with a crooked finger. Jeff approached him. "What?"

When Jeff was close enough, Patrick grabbed his wrist and quickly pulled him down into his lap. Jeff squawked and struggled to get up, but Patrick held him tight. “Let me go. I’m all sweaty and gross.”

Patrick buried his face in Jeff’s neck and inhaled. “Mmm. You smell all sweaty and butch.” Jeff just raised an eyebrow. Butch he was not. “Well, I like you this way. Very manly.”

Jeff gave up struggling to rise and wrapped his arms around Patrick’s neck. “Fine, if you don’t mind the smell, who am I to complain.”

“That’s my love, admitting that I’m right. As usual.” He laughed as Jeff stuck out his tongue. Patrick pulled Jeff closer and they shared a kiss. The lip lock started out light and playful, though watching Jeff chop wood had Patrick ready to have a little fun, and before long he had his hands under Jeff’s shirt and the kiss was getting heated.

The sound of tires on the gravel road distracted them, and they looked up to see a black SUV driving slowly down the road with the driver’s window open. A gorgeous guy was driving. He looked over at them, and as Jeff went to wave, the man frowned as he saw them sitting cuddled up in the chair by the wood. He turned his head away and continued on.

Patrick snorted in disgust. “Homophobic bastard. I hope he stays down at his end of the road. What a jerk.”

Jeff shrugged. “Maybe he just wasn’t expecting us? Or anyone? Anyway, it’s not like we’re going to be hanging out with him. Just us this week right?”

There was a hint of insecurity in his voice that had Patrick frowning and pulling him in closer. “Of course. What’s up?”

He wrapped his arms more tightly around Patrick, buried his face in his neck and tried to shrug. “I don’t know. I mean, maybe you’ll find someone else, or another couple or something since we can’t find a third.”

Patrick pried Jeff away from him and frowned at the man. “Mister, you just wipe that stupid idea right out of your head. I love *you*. I want *you*. And if we find someone else, that’s great, icing on the cupcake, but believe me, I won’t be missing a damn thing if I spend the next sixty years with just you.” He gave Jeff a hard kiss. “Got it?”

Jeff nodded. Patrick pushed the smaller man off his lap and gave him a slap on the butt. “Good, then go have a shower because you’re all sweaty and gross.” Jeff gaped at him in outrage, and Patrick grinned and made a beeline for the fire pit. “I’ll start a fire and we can think about dinner.”

“Fine. You’re such an asshole sometimes.”

“But that’s why you love me.”

“No, I love your asshole.” A quick grin and he ducked into the tent to grab the shower stuff, a towel and a change of clothes. Patrick shook his head and started digging through the pile of logs for some kindling.

CHAPTER FOUR

When Taylor pulled into his campsite, he cut the engine and rested his head against the steering wheel. That was why he didn't have a boyfriend. He was always screwing it up when he got around hot guys. He'd been frowning at the fact that someone had camped on *his* road at the campground, then when he'd seen the hot guys, he'd wondered if he'd been drooling. But he'd seen the flash of anger go across the bigger guy's face, and then he realized he'd still been frowning.

God, they probably thought he was some kind of righteous prick who was disgusted by two men together. And they'd definitely been together, given that the one guy was in the other's lap. Which really, why was he drooling anyway, they were obviously together. "Buddies" didn't sit on each other's laps.

He sighed and got out of his vehicle. It didn't matter. They were far enough away they wouldn't interfere with his plans for the next few days. He unzipped the tent, lay down on the sleeping bag, and stared at the roof of the tent. Did he want to be in a relationship? He told himself it wasn't compatible with who he was, that he needed too much space and alone time to be with someone permanently. But when he saw a couple like that, he felt a pang that something was missing. He then started to wonder if his sister was right. Would it be different if he fell in love with someone and then he wouldn't mind sharing his space?

As he pondered this, the sounds of the campground washed over him. He could hear the sound of a boat on the nearby river, there were birds and the buzz of insects and every now and then a masculine laugh punctuated the air, obviously from his neighbor's campsite. Before long, the stress of work dropped away and he fell asleep.

When Taylor woke, it was nearly dark. The sounds had changed, the birds quieting, the frogs singing. He stretched and climbed out of the tent. He didn't need a flashlight or lantern, his eyes could see just fine in the gloom. He could smell the wood smoke in the air from the many campfires in the park, and he could even hear the crackle of his neighbor's fire and see the flickering light through the trees.

He opened the SUV and dug through the bags in the back. He pulled out some chips, then opened the cooler and grabbed a sandwich and a soda. He knew he *could* find some natural prey in his shifted form, but that had always kind of freaked him out. He preferred not to be hungry when he changed.

After he drained the last of the soda, he re-entered the tent and shed his clothes with the flap open. He took a deep breath and let the feeling wash over him. The fur sprouting through his skin tingled, and the world changed around him. In moments, he was now on all fours looking at the tent entrance.

He stepped outside and carefully looked around. There was no one to see him. He paused and licked the side of his paw, rubbing it over his face, smoothing the fur. He twitched his ears and flicked his short tail. He'd always felt bobcats got ripped off in the tail department. He'd love to have a long one like a tiger, but there wasn't much he could do about it.

He padded off quietly into the woods surrounding the campsite. While he may not want to eat anything when he was in this form, his instinct couldn't stop him from chasing prey. There was nothing like a good run after a rabbit or mouse to get his adrenalin flowing.

A few hours later, tired and feeling more relaxed than he had in weeks, Taylor made his way back toward his campsite. It was late he knew and he could hear the crackle of fire and still see the glow from his neighbor's site. It wouldn't hurt to just stop by and take a quick look. Just to make sure they were okay, and that their fire wasn't going to cause a forest fire. That's what he told himself.

As he crept closer, he could hear quiet moans. Was one of them ill? In trouble? Taylor found a spot where he could remain hidden and still see through the trees to the area around the fire. His eyes widened. There was no one in trouble, or ill. The smaller man was stark naked and standing with his arms braced on the camp chair, while the other man, pants around his ankles, still wearing his shirt stood behind him, slamming his cock into the man with abandon.

For a moment, Taylor froze in shock. He'd never expected to find this. He knew he should leave, that he was spying on them, but it was like he was glued to the spot. He was close enough that he could see the bottom's cock swinging

between his legs, and the contraction of the top's ass every time he thrust forward. He could also hear them, even though they were keeping their voices low, obviously aware that they were not alone in the park.

“Do you like that, Jeffy? Are you a nasty slut who likes to get fucked somewhere you could be seen? Do you like it when someone watches me ream your hole?”

“Fuck yes,” The man obviously named Jeff, or Jeffy, hissed out. Taylor swallowed. He wanted to shift right then and there and stroke off watching them, but that would be pretty hard to miss, and they'd probably freak out, not what he wanted. He wanted to see this end. He wanted the whole thing, and if he was honest, he wanted what they had.

Taylor couldn't take his eyes off them. He watched the way the other man ran his hand gently down the spine of the man named Jeff, how he leaned forward, and despite the nasty talk and roughness of the sex, gently laid kisses over the man's shoulders and neck. It was obvious they loved each other, and his gut twisted at the knowledge.

Before long, Jeff reached between his legs and started stroking his cock. The other man whispered, “Yes, do it.” With a muffled cry, Jeff came, his body shaking. The man behind him gripped Jeff's hips and held himself tight against the man's body, his own twitching with the force of his orgasm.

He watched them until they pulled apart. The man pulled up his pants, eased the other man away from the chair, and then he pivoted so he was in the chair and brought the other man down into his lap. The man named Jeff curled up in his lap and rested his head on the other man's shoulder. Taylor could hear murmured words of love. The pain in his gut, watching two men share what he wanted, finally motivated him to move. As he stepped back, he shifted some small rocks, which rolled down a slight incline. He froze when the men's attention turned his way.

“What was that?”

When there were no other sounds, the bigger man spoke. “Just some creatures of the night.” He laughed and hugged the other man, then patted him

on the ass. “Come on, let’s get into the tent before the mosquitoes get at your yummy bits.”

“Yummy bits?” Jeff snorted. “But I’m in favour of cuddling in the tent.”

Taylor stayed still until they entered the tent, then crept back in the darkness and returned to his own site. He slipped into the tent and shifted. He lay down and crawled into the sleeping bag. He’d thought after watching the two he’d be eager to jerk off to the memories, but instead, the images of gentle kisses on a shoulder blade, a hand softly stroking down a side and arms wrapped securely around each other after, curdled the sexual desire and left him with an aching sense of loss.

CHAPTER FIVE

Patrick and Jeff spent the day either lounging around the campsite reading, or hiking on the nearby trails. The lack of visitors in the park meant mutual blowjobs on a local trail. They were arriving back at the site feeling relaxed and easy, when their neighbor met them on the road walking the other way.

Patrick tensed, wondering if the guy would react to the fact that he and Jeff were holding hands, but Jeff was his usual outgoing self, and spoke up. “Hey, neighbor. Nice to finally meet you.”

The guy gave a shy smile. “Nice to meet you too.”

Jeff held out his hand. “Jeff Shields, and this gorgeous guy,” he pulled Patrick closer, “is Patrick Garner.”

The other man blushed and shook Jeff’s hand. Patrick watched closely waiting for some kind of negative reaction given the frown he’d seen the evening before, but there was nothing. “Taylor Weekes.” Patrick shook his hand as well.

“You here alone?” Jeff asked, bouncing a bit on his toes. Patrick could barely move after the hike, and Jeff was more energetic than ever. He’d probably chop a cord of wood if he could.

“Yeah. Chance to get away and decompress.”

“I gotcha. Little bonding time with my man.” Patrick noticed the look of longing that crossed Taylor’s face as he watched Jeff wrap an arm around Patrick and pull him in tighter. Maybe the guy wasn’t an ass, and looked like he was gay, or bi at least.

He spoke up on impulse. “Why don’t you come by our site tonight and join us for a bit. We usually just relax around the fire and talk.”

Patrick felt Jeff’s arm tighten around him, and he knew he’d have to explain later. He watched Taylor’s mouth hanging open, then he snapped it shut and hesitated. He looked at Jeff and licked his lips. Patrick’s eyebrows arched. “Um, okay.” He paused awkwardly. “I’ll, uh, stop by later. I’ll bring some beer.”

“Sounds good. We have plenty of wood.” Patrick laughed as Jeff gave him a shove.

“Well, I’ll...” Taylor waved awkwardly down the road toward the bathrooms.

“Right, right. See you later.”

Patrick glanced over his shoulder as Taylor walked away. Okay, the man had a nice ass, he couldn’t help but look. Jeff’s tug on his waist brought his attention back to the man.

“What was that about? I thought you said he was a homophobic jerk?”

“I might have been wrong.” Patrick shrugged.

Jeff let out an overly dramatic gasp. “Patrick Garner admits he’s wrong?” He took a step back before Patrick could retaliate. “Quick, someone get me a pen so I can write this date down for posterity.”

“Oh, you are a smartass.”

Jeff turned and stuck his tush out. “You weren’t complaining last night.”

Patrick took a quick step forward and gave Jeff’s butt a smack. “I never complain about that.” He sobered for a minute. “I saw the way he looked at you. He’s definitely gay, and he’s cute, and... it can’t hurt to be friendly since he’s alone.”

“Are you thinking...” Jeff trailed off.

“No! This is our time together but a couple of hours with him might be fun. And he looked kind of lonely.” He shrugged again.

Jeff gave him a hug. “My guy. Taking care of everyone.” He looked around the campsite and rubbed his hands together. “I think we need more wood. If we’re making s’mores we need a good fire.”

Patrick laughed as Jeff peeled off his shirt and picked up his axe. Patrick pulled up his chair to enjoy the show after getting a bottle of water out of the cooler.

It was pretty much dark when they heard footsteps on the gravel road. Taylor came to the entrance of their campsite and paused hesitantly. He had a six-pack in one hand. Jeff looked up from where he squatted poking at the fire, and leapt to his feet. “Hey, Taylor. Welcome, welcome. Oh, Patrick will be happy you bought that brand, not that he’s overly fussy.” He grabbed the beer and placed it on the table.

Patrick stepped out of the tent. “Taylor. Glad you came by.” He glanced at the table. “Oooh, nice.” He crossed to the beer and grabbed one. “Have a seat.” Patrick motioned to one of the two lawn chairs.

Taylor hesitated. “Oh. I should have brought my own chair. I can go back and get it.”

Jeff stepped forward and pushed him toward the chair. “Nah. My fave chair is right here anyway.” As he said it, he flopped down in Patrick’s lap and grabbed the beer from his hand drinking it down.

“Hey, get your own.” Patrick grabbed it back and looked over to see a slight smile cross Taylor’s face as he sat tentatively in the chair. The guy was so tense he obviously needed a beer or something to loosen him up. “So you live in the city, Taylor?”

“Yeah, more or less. A little way out.” He took a sip of his own beer. “You guys?”

“We live near UBC. Can’t afford to live right downtown.”

“Yeah. Tell me about it.”

A moment of awkward silence fell, but Jeff didn’t let it last for long. “So what do you do, Taylor? Are you a model or something?”

Taylor choked on the beer he was swallowing and coughed. Even with only the firelight Patrick could see Taylor’s cheeks turn red. He was damn cute when that happened.

“Definitely not.” He coughed again. “I’m the assistant manager at Nuvis. The Mexican-Asian fusion place on Robson.”

“Oh my god. Do you have Mexican egg rolls?” Jeff had perked up on Patrick’s lap. The more incongruous the food, the better Jeff liked it.

“Um. No. But we have Asian empanadas with shrimp.”

Jeff turned to face Patrick. “We have to go. Soon. I want to try those.”

“Whatever you want, sweetheart.” As Patrick squeezed Jeff he looked over at Taylor and saw a fleeting look of envy cross his face.

Taylor cleared his throat. “We have some other interesting things too. Just let me know when you can come, and I’ll make sure we have a good table for you.”

“Oh cool. We’ll have to see when we both have a night off.”

“So, um, what do you guys do?”

Jeff spoke first. “I’m the manager of a handicraft store in Gastown. Well, it’s a co-op really, so the artists sell their stuff there. Glass, pottery, wood. Not much of the aboriginal stuff though.” Taylor just nodded, and Jeff kept on. “Patrick is a dispatcher for the ambulance service. Kind of crazy hours sometimes.”

Patrick shrugged. “Yeah, depends. We’ve been short lately so I’m covering a lot of extra shifts. Kind of sucks, but the money is nice.”

“Hey, s’mores!” Jeff leapt up and started digging in the boxes of food sitting on the picnic table. He pulled out the ingredients and the sticks for marshmallows he’d found in the woods near the site.

They all laughed and began the process, a few flaming marshmallows the result, since Jeff insisted the fire remain no less than three feet high. Taylor seemed to relax and they spent the next couple of hours laughing and chatting and licking chocolate off their fingers.

At one point, Patrick caught Taylor staring at him and Jeff, as Patrick licked the chocolate off Jeff’s fingers. For a moment, their eyes met and Patrick held the stare as he made a show of licking the sticky sweetness from Jeff’s hand. Jeff moaned, and that seemed to break the spell. Taylor stood up suddenly. “Um, I better go. It’s been a long day.”

Jeff wrapped his arms around Patrick’s neck. “Thanks for stopping by. It was fun and we’ll definitely come to the restaurant.”

Patrick was feeling kind of floaty from the beer and was now nuzzling and kissing Jeff's neck. "Mmhmm, thanks for coming." Once again, his eyes met Taylor's and they both seemed to freeze.

"Night."

As hurried footsteps headed down the road, Jeff spoke. "I think you scared him off, love." But he tipped his head back giving Patrick more room to lick at his neck.

"Mmm. He could have stayed and watched." Jeff groaned at that. "I think you're an exhibitionist." Patrick bit Jeff's ear lobe as he said it.

"This is news how?" He gasped. "Oh god, yeah, that."

Patrick stood, and Jeff wrapped his legs around his waist. Patrick grabbed his ass to hold him up and carried him toward the tent. He knew Taylor was still awake and would likely hear them, but at this point he didn't give a damn, in fact a little devil on his shoulder hoped he did.

CHAPTER SIX

Taylor raced back to the campsite. He knew going there had been a mistake. It was like going to a bar when you couldn't drink alcohol. He was just frustrating himself, watching something he couldn't have or wouldn't have. He should have politely declined and done his usual thing.

He unzipped the tent, slipped inside and removed his clothes. He quickly shifted, and while tempted to go back to Patrick and Jeff's to see if they were still outside, he resisted. He knew that would only be punishing himself more. He moved off into the forest in the opposite direction, moving faster when he heard an exclamation of "oh fuck" drift down the road from the two men's site.

He spent several hours wandering through the woods, and staring at the stars. When he finally tired and moved back towards his tent, he softly padded past the other site. He told himself it was just to make sure that they'd extinguished the fire properly. It was dark and silent, the fire completely out. He inhaled and could smell the two men, under the overwhelming smell of wood smoke and fir trees. The smell of sex was in the air, and it only reminded him that he didn't have what they did.

Back in the tent, he shifted and fell exhausted into his sleeping bag.

When Taylor woke it was almost noon. There was silence in the immediate vicinity. He dragged himself out of the tent and headed toward the showers. He steeled himself to walk past Jeff and Patrick's campsite, but they were gone. Everything was packed up, but there was a huge pile of cut firewood stacked neatly by the fire pit. He wasn't sure if he was relieved he didn't have to face them after his departure the night before, or if he was disappointed he wouldn't see them again.

He supposed even if he couldn't touch, it was nice to look. They were both beautiful men. Jeff, lithe and lean, but strong. He'd taken to chopping some wood the evening before, and Taylor had been impressed by his strength. Patrick had seemed... He wasn't sure. Maybe indulgent. Every time Taylor

saw Patrick look at Jeff, there was a look of pure adoration on his face. Taylor knew that whatever Jeff wanted, Jeff got, if Patrick could manage it.

Yet Jeff didn't seem like a selfish prick. Bouncy, far bouncier than Taylor would ever be. He'd been a chatterbox, laughing, and making Taylor feel completely relaxed with them. He certainly didn't comment on Taylor's awkwardness or discomfort. He heaved a sigh. It didn't really matter. He was unlikely to see them again. While they'd said they'd come to the restaurant, few people actually did. It was the polite thing to say when someone worked at a restaurant. And while he knew their names and could likely track them down, making the first move, sexual or otherwise was not his thing. Again, he realized there was probably another good reason he was perpetually single.

After he got back, he had some breakfast and enjoyed the quiet of the campground for a bit, then eventually packed up the site and returned to the city. Back to reality, a crazy job, a lonely apartment. Same old, same old.

Ten days later Taylor was hunched over the desk in the office trying to figure out where the invoices for the linen bills were out of whack, when Peter stuck his head around the door. "Hey, Taylor? There's a couple of guys here asking for you."

He barely held back the gag. Those words brought him too close to the memory of the street person who had wandered into the restaurant looking for the elusive Jordy. "Please tell me they don't smell like the dumpster out back."

Peter laughed. "Nope. Not this time. They smell, um, normal. Not that I go around sniffing guys. Or girls. Okay, I better get back, they're at the table by the fish tank." He pulled his head back and was gone.

Taylor sighed, and stood to put on his jacket and make sure his tie was straight. If someone was going to bitch him out about something, he may as well look good while it was happening. As he walked toward the fish tank, a familiar laugh reached his ears. He frowned briefly, then when the waiter at a nearby table moved aside, he saw them. It was Patrick and Jeff, here, in his restaurant. His steps stuttered, but he couldn't help the smile that crossed his face when he approached them.

Jeff saw him first and leapt to his feet giving him a huge hug. “Taylor! You’re here.”

Taylor saw Patrick smile at Jeff’s enthusiasm, and once again, he had a pain in his gut, like someone had punched him. He smiled back though. “Glad to see you guys. I wasn’t sure if you’d come.”

“Why not?” Jeff was frowning.

“Well, it’s just something people usually say. ‘I’ll come to your restaurant.’ But they’re just being polite.”

Patrick snorted. “Jeff never says anything just to be polite.”

“Well, I’m glad.” Taylor knew he was blushing. “Have you checked out the menu? If you have any questions, I’d be glad to answer them.”

He spent the next several minutes answering Jeff’s questions. As usual, Patrick didn’t say much, but just went along with whatever Jeff wanted. Although when Jeff asked for extra cilantro on one of the dishes, Taylor noticed Patrick’s wide eyes and subtle shake of his head. He managed not to burst into laughter. Easy on the cilantro, he got it. It seemed people either loved it or hated it.

After the meal, he stopped by to deliver their coffee himself. Patrick spoke first this time. “Can you join us for a few minutes?”

Taylor looked around, things seemed to be under control and the invoice wasn’t going anywhere soon. “Sure.” He pulled out a chair and sat. “So how have you guys been?”

“Pretty good,” Jeff said with a grin. “The mini-vacation was great, although Patrick’s been working a lot of overnights. That sucks. I hate sleeping alone.” He stared directly at Taylor as he said it.

“Oh. Um. I guess I’m used to it.” Taylor wasn’t sure what that look had meant. He thought he heard Patrick mutter something like “not for long” under his breath, but he wasn’t sure.

After chatting for a few minutes about what they’d been up to, Jeff spoke up. “Hey, when’s your next night off?”

Taylor frowned for a moment. “Wednesday.”

This time Patrick spoke up. “Why don’t you come over for dinner? We can watch a movie, or,” he paused, “whatever.”

Whatever? What the hell did that mean? Scrabble? Taylor swallowed. “Um. Sure.” No, no, no. This was a bad idea. Just sitting with them had him buzzing. There was something about them, and the way they concentrated on him when he spoke, that made him feel like the centre of the universe tonight, and they were orbiting around him.

Suddenly a commotion from across the room grabbed his attention. It looked like the new waitress they’d hired was having issues with a customer. Taylor quickly stood. “I have to deal with this, guys. But, here’s my number, so let me know the details.” He pulled one of his business cards out of his pocket and laid it on the table, and with an apologetic smile was off to see what was causing the uproar. He glanced back once to see both men staring intently after him.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Once in the car, Patrick placed his hand over Jeff's which were twitching in his lap. "You okay, love?"

"Are you sure?"

"I saw the way he looked at us at the campsite, and I saw his face when you hugged him. He's interested."

"But what if," he said the last words with a tremble in his voice.

"If he's not the one?"

"Yeah, I'm really tired. I'm ready to give up."

Patrick pulled him into a hug in the confines of the car. "I just, I don't know. I have a feeling. He's not *looking* for it like those guys in the bars. He could have made a move at the campsite but he didn't. And we know he's a decent guy. He has a job, he didn't lie about who he was or what he did. It's worth a shot, and if he says no, well, maybe he could be a friend."

With a sigh, Jeff kissed his neck. "I know." He pulled back. "He looks at you too you know." Patrick raised a sceptical eyebrow. Jeff was the attraction, all that energy and enthusiasm. That's why he hated that Jeff was so down about this. "It's true. You never noticed, but I caught him looking at you."

He gave a little snort. "Well, I guess that's good since we're a package deal." A hint of a question may have entered his voice.

The hug Jeff was giving him got a little tighter. "Always. And forever," Jeff whispered in his ear. Patrick returned the hug. After a few minutes, they drew apart. "Let's go home. We have plans to make. God, can you get off work?"

"Oh I'll get off work. The only thing keeping me away will be if the big quake hits and Vancouver falls in the ocean."

"Wow, that would put a damper on our plans."

Patrick laughed as he pulled out into the nearly empty streets of downtown.

“Are we ready? Is everything okay? What about the wine? Did you get the bread?”

Patrick pulled Jeff down into his lap. “Stop. It’s ready, it’s fine, we have everything. He doesn’t seem like the type to care about little details. He ate a burned marshmallow off a tree branch. I think he’s pretty much a go with the flow kind of guy.”

Jeff took a deep breath and relaxed against him. “I just want it to be perfect.”

“Perfect’s impossible. You know that. It will be fine. Really. We won’t push too hard, and give him an out so there’s no awkwardness.”

“What if he freaks?”

“He’s gay. I’m sure the idea of a threesome isn’t some foreign concept to him. It will be fine. Relax.” Patrick decided some distraction was in order, so he kissed Jeff until he stopped squirming and went all soft and pliant against this body. Just when Patrick was getting warmed up, the doorbell rang and Jeff let out a little yelp and leapt off his lap.

“Oh, my god! He’s here.”

“Yes, dear. Now answer the door.” He laughed as Jeff wrinkled up his nose at him and rushed to the door. Patrick rose to follow behind, standing to the side as Jeff took a deep breath and opened the door.

“Taylor! You came.” Jeff was bouncing.

“Um. You invited me?” Taylor looked confused.

“Well, I was worried you’d changed your mind.”

“No, of course not.” He held out a box. “I brought dessert.”

“Oh wow, thanks. Come in, come in.” Jeff stepped back and Taylor finally looked at Patrick. Taylor was blushing.

“Hi, Patrick.”

“Hey, Tay. Glad you could come.”

Jeff had taken the dessert into the kitchen and rushed back into the living room. “Sit, sit.” He swept his hand around the room taking in all of the furniture.

Patrick pulled him against his side. “Just pick one place to sit.” He tugged Jeff even closer and kissed him, trying to see Taylor’s response out of the corner of his eye. The man was staring at them. Patrick turned back to Taylor. “We don’t entertain very often, so this is a big deal for us.”

Taylor looked surprised. “Oh. Well. Um, I’m honored.”

Patrick gestured to the couch. “Sit. Do you want wine or beer or something else?”

“Wine would be fine,” Taylor said with a shrug. With a look, Jeff was off to the kitchen to get the bottle and glasses. While he was out of the room, Taylor sat at one end of the couch and Patrick sat at the other.

When Jeff got back, he busied himself pouring and handing out the glasses, then plunked himself down in between the two men, not bothering to put much space between them all. Taylor shifted but didn’t exactly move.

“So. Do you have a boyfriend?” Patrick groaned at Jeff’s question.

Taylor choked on his wine. “Um. No.”

“Why?”

“Jeff!” This was not Patrick’s idea of taking it slow.

“Well, I wanna know. He’s cute, he’s smart, he’s gainfully employed, he should be a catch.”

Taylor was blushing furiously now. “I guess, I just haven’t found the right guy.” He looked back and forth between the other two men looking wistful.

“Huh.” Jeff seemed to consider that for a moment, then completely changed the subject and started asking Taylor about the restaurant and how they got started.

The bottle of wine was pretty much gone when Jeff leapt up. “Oh, my god, dinner’s ready.” As he stood, he wobbled towards Taylor, who quickly reached out and steadied him with his hands on Jeff’s hips, before Jeff went

head first over the coffee table. “Oops.” Jeff rested his hands on Taylor’s for a moment, then Taylor looked over at Patrick and quickly pulled his hands back.

Patrick just smiled. “Wine and Jeff are a lethal combination.” He watched Taylor’s cheeks get pink.

“Come on you two.” Jeff grabbed Taylor’s hand and pulled him to his feet. Taylor followed behind Jeff toward the kitchen, a half-smile on his face. As soon as they got there, Jeff pushed Taylor toward the table. “Sit, Taylor. You’re our guest. Patrick, you get the salad, I’ll get the casserole.” He bumped into the counter.

“Are you sure *I* shouldn’t get the hot dish?” Patrick pulled him close and planted a quick kiss on his lips.

Jeff frowned. “Maybe. Okay. You do that. I’ll get the salad. And more wine.”

They continued bustling around the kitchen, Jeff managing not to do any damage as he nearly tripped over a chair on the way to his seat. Patrick placed the large casserole dish in the middle of the table, and Jeff plopped down, pouring more wine in their glasses. “It’s not fancy, it’s not Mexican-Asian fusion, but it’s food.”

Taylor smiled. “I get plenty of that at work. This looks great.”

Jeff grinned at him. “It’s my speciality. Pasta sausage cheesy peppery thing.”

“Mmm. Sounds delicious.” Taylor grinned back and scooped out a helping onto his plate.

They continued to chat over the meal. Patrick couldn’t believe how easy this was. Every time they’d gone on a “date” it had been so forced and artificial. Taylor was easy. The conversation flowed, they had a lot in common, and Taylor was freaking hot. What made him hotter was that he seemed oblivious to it, or didn’t think about it anyway. He didn’t preen and say “look at me”, he just seemed comfortable in his skin.

Jeff leapt up. “Dessert time!” He got the box from the fridge and opened it. “Ooooh. Tasty.” While Patrick cleared the dirty dishes and quickly put the

leftovers in the fridge, Jeff got the dessert plates and a knife. He set the cream flan, surrounded by berries in the middle of the table. “Oh, my god. I love these things.”

He reached out and stuck his finger in the cream in the middle and scooped some up. Patrick watched as Jeff met Taylor’s gaze and held it. “Mmm, cream. My fave.” Jeff then proceeded to lick the cream off his finger in a truly obscene manner, which had Patrick hard in his pants and Taylor’s face beet red.

When Jeff dipped his finger in again, Patrick caught his wrist. “Let me taste.” Jeff grinned and held his finger up to Patrick’s mouth where he took his turn licking the creamy digit, while both of them stared at Taylor. Patrick though he heard Taylor make a little whimpering sound.

One more scoop of his finger and Jeff held it out to Taylor. “Want some?” It wasn’t exactly clear from the question what he was referring to, and Patrick wasn’t sure Taylor’s face could get any redder.

The man quickly gazed around the table and grabbed a fork. “This will do.”

With a shrug, Jeff began to lick the remaining cream off his finger, still staring at Taylor. Patrick wanted to laugh out loud. Jeff’s tongue was a thing of wonder, and he was pretty sure that Taylor was imagining the things it could do elsewhere.

Patrick shoved the plates to the side and picked up a fork. “Dig in.” This seemed to bring Taylor back to the present from whatever fantasy was running through his head, and Jeff grinned at Patrick. Patrick shook his head slightly, but with a smile. Jeff could be persistent when he wanted something. Patrick knew that from the beginning of his own relationship with the man.

Once Taylor realized the cream licking show as over, he relaxed and they ate directly from the plate. It looked a little beat up when they were done, gouges out where they had all eaten from different parts and most of the berries missing from around the edges, but it had been tasty. Once they’d had their fill, Patrick stood to put the cake away. “Why don’t we watch a movie? You guys go pick something and I’ll put this away.”

“Okay. Come on, Tay.” Jeff grabbed Taylor’s hand and twined their fingers together. Taylor looked back at Patrick with a slight frown as Jeff pulled him along, but Patrick just gave him a wink and a smile. That only seemed to puzzle the man more. Patrick knew he’d figure it out soon, Jeff had enough wine to make it clear before long.

Before Patrick could finish closing the fridge, Jeff was back, grabbing another bottle out of the fridge. “Hey, haven’t you had enough? I don’t want you to pass out.”

Jeff laughed and laid a short hard kiss on him. Patrick could feel the energy buzzing through him. “Dinner helped, I’m fine.” Another kiss and he spun away to get the corkscrew. “You were so right. There’s something special here.” His eyes were sparkling.

With an arm around his waist, Patrick kissed Jeff’s neck. “I’m always right. But just try not to freak him out too fast.”

“Nah. I think he’s good now.” He dashed off with fresh glasses and the wine. Patrick followed and found that Jeff had somehow got Taylor into the middle of the couch, with Jeff on his right, leaving the space on his left for Patrick.

When Taylor saw him, he quickly went to move. “Oh, I can shift...”

Before he could move or finish, Patrick flung himself into the empty spot and patted Taylor’s leg, leaving his hand there. “No. This is good. So what movie did you guys choose?” He never moved his hand.

Jeff leaned around Taylor, or across Taylor more like, pressing up against the man. Patrick watched as Taylor’s eyes closed and he swallowed when Jeff leaned into him. “Avengers.”

“Mmm. Explosions and hot guys, perfect.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Taylor felt like his heart was going to burst out of his chest. Jeff was practically laying on him, and he could feel the heat of Patrick's hand burning through his pants where it rested on his thigh. This was unbearable. How would he be able to hide the fact that he was so turned on he was about to start giving off steam or smoke?

Jeff leaned back and Taylor tried to take a breath. He realized his eyes were closed, and he opened them to see Patrick giving him a knowing smile. Oh, crap. They knew. They were probably going to kick him out or beat him up. Well, maybe not that. But Patrick just settled back on the couch, wiggling a bit to get more comfortable, which seemed to Taylor like Patrick was snuggling closer, not further away.

"Here." Jeff handed him a glass of wine.

He blinked and took it from him. "Um, I have to drive so I probably shouldn't." Not only that, but much more and what little self-control he had left would vanish, and the two men would surely regret asking him over.

"What time do you have to be to work tomorrow?" Patrick asked him. The man's hand now squeezing his thigh.

It took Taylor a second to answer. His brain really wasn't functioning well with this much hot man-flesh pressed up against him on all sides. "Uh. Three o'clock."

"Great. Then you can stay over if you want. I'm off tomorrow and Patrick doesn't have to be in until noon." Jeff snuggled in closer as he said it and patted his other leg, also leaving his hand behind. Taylor definitely felt like he was going to erupt. He took a big gulp of the wine hoping it would help distract him.

To Taylor's relief, Jeff pushed play and the DVD started. Besides some critique of Scarlet Johansson's actual usefulness as a character, not much was said, but before long, the wine seemed to have made them all a bit lethargic and they were slumped down, feet on the coffee table. Taylor was feeling mellow and relaxed, and had kind of forgotten about the hands that still rested

on his legs. Suddenly Jeff's head flopped onto his shoulder. He turned to see what was going on and the scent of grass came to him. Before he could even think about what he was doing, he buried his face in Jeff's short dark hair and inhaled deeply.

"You smell like grass." Taylor wanted to smack himself for letting that out. But it smelled like nature and outdoors, and called to him like no cologne he'd ever smelled did. The cat in him wanted to roll around in it.

Jeff tipped his head up from where it rested and smiled at him. His mouth was only inches from Taylor's face. Taylor swallowed. "It's great isn't it? Patrick thinks I smell like I've been rolling around in the front lawn, but it's organic. Makes your hair feel great too. See?" Jeff grabbed Taylor's free hand and brought it up to his head. He obediently ran his fingers over the short dark hair.

Taylor swallowed, and took another gulp of wine. In dismay, he looked at the empty glass. Patrick plucked the empty glass from his hand and set it behind him on the end table. "Yeah. It feels," he swallowed, "real nice."

Patrick leaned in on the other side. "Smell me."

This was the oddest thing Taylor had ever experienced, but he dutifully took a sniff. It smelled like shampoo, and Patrick underneath that. Kind of like citrus maybe. "Um. Nice."

Now it was Patrick's face to be inches away. "It's ocean mist. Does it smell like the ocean?"

"Not really. The ocean smells like fish and seaweed. It definitely smells better than that."

"Good point." Neither man moved from their positions with the heads resting on his shoulders, in fact they seemed to snuggle in closer. Soon Jeff grabbed Taylor's arm and wrapped it around Jeff's shoulders, leaving the man more room to get in next to him.

The movie was coming to a close, and Taylor knew there was no way he could drive. He could barely focus on the TV, although that may have been the distraction of having two hot guys pressed up against him rather than the effects of the wine. As the climax came, Taylor didn't really want to think

about climaxes, because he was pretty sure he was close to having one just sitting on a couch, Jeff and Patrick moved towards each other and kissed. Inches from his face. He couldn't hold it in. A moan escaped his lips.

Almost at once, the two men moved apart and then pressed their lips against Taylor's neck, one on either side of him. "Oh, god." The words came out on a gasp. He seemed to slither down further on the couch. Now Jeff tossed his leg over Taylor's lap, and was more or less laying half on him. Taylor thought he should probably just lie there, but his hand went to Jeff's head to pull him closer, and he wrapped his other arm around Patrick. He started to figure that if this was going the way it seemed, he may as well enjoy it, and at least get one good night out of it to console himself, because he was pretty sure this was a one-off.

Taylor gasped when Patrick nipped his neck. The man's hand came up to the side of his face and angled him down for a kiss. It tasted like heaven to Taylor. He'd never had that reaction to anyone else he'd ever kissed. It was like he couldn't get enough. He plunged his tongue into Patrick's mouth, searching for more of that taste.

A breath in his ear caused an all over body shudder in Taylor. "Let me taste," Jeff whispered as he ran his tongue around the whorls of his ear. Taylor pulled away from Patrick, and with his grip on Jeff's skull, he angled his head, and continued the kiss. He pulled back suddenly and Jeff blinked at him. Taylor's eyebrows drew down and he pressed forward again, tangling his tongue with Jeff's. It was the oddest thing Taylor had ever experienced. They both tasted the same. He knew they'd all been drinking the same wine, but even when he'd been in threesomes before, he'd never had this happen.

When Taylor pulled back, he was still frowning. "What's wrong?" Jeff asked his own eyebrows drawing down.

Taylor's head was still spinning from the kiss, the wine and the fact that Patrick's hand was up under his shirt with the man's fingers running in circles around Taylor's right nipple. "You taste the same." He blurted it out, unable to censor himself.

Jeff just smiled. "The wine." Taylor shook his head, but pulled Jeff's face towards his and kissed him again, then quickly turned to Patrick to kiss him

again. Taylor could sense perhaps a slightly different underlying flavor, but in general, they tasted the same. It was odd, but a hand fumbling with the button on his pants distracted him from the discrepancy.

Suddenly the coffee table slid out from under his feet and threw the three of them off balance. With a laugh, Jeff bounced to his feet, grabbed Taylor's hand and pulled him up. "Come on. We need somewhere with more space."

As Jeff pulled Taylor down the hall, Patrick followed behind. Taylor glanced over his shoulder, wondering what Patrick thought of all this and if he was on board, or if it was just Jeff's show. But he caught the man staring at Taylor's ass and rubbing his dick through his pants, so obviously he wasn't against the idea. When they entered the bedroom, Taylor's eyes widened at the sight of a huge bed.

He was taken aback at first when he saw what looked like a fur blanket. That's all he'd need, is to hook up with some kind of big game hunters, but he soon realized it was just fake fur. The huge bed had a padded cream leather headboard and sky blue sheets, all turned down invitingly.

"Wow. Huge." Taylor looked between the two men. "Do you guys, uh, do this often?"

Jeff and Patrick looked at each other. "Not... often. Sometimes, but it's more than just fun for us." Patrick looked less than confident for the first time.

"If it's not for fun, what is it for?" Taylor was completely confused. They didn't seem the serial killer type, but then again, serial killers rarely did.

Jeff jumped in. "We mean of course it's fun, but we'd be, you know, open, to having a third."

"I am the third." Taylor really started to think that the last glass of wine was one too many.

"We mean permanently." Patrick tipped his head and looked at Taylor as if expecting him to reply somehow.

Taylor thought surely he'd misunderstood. People didn't really do that. It was the fodder of porn and romance novels, not real life. He wasn't sure what

he was supposed to say, so he just stood there blinking. He probably looked brain damaged, but he had no idea how to respond.

Arms came around Taylor from behind and Jeff pressed up against him. “We can talk about that later. Don’t worry, we always play safe. We can enjoy this and talk tomorrow.”

With Jeff’s hand working its way down the front of his pants, Taylor decided that figuring this out tomorrow, when he wasn’t half-drunk and horny, would be the way to go.

CHAPTER NINE

Patrick knew that Taylor didn't "get it", but they could explain it to him later. Most people didn't get it, and a year ago, Patrick wasn't sure he did either, but they had time.

With Jeff pressed up against Taylor's back, Patrick pressed up to his front, capturing Taylor's face in his hands and giving him a kiss that should have curled the man's toes. It seemed to be working because Taylor's body relaxed against him and he was kissing back frantically, as if his life depended on it. Patrick gentled the kiss and stepped back a half-step. Taylor made a small noise of distress and reached for him again.

"Shh. I'm not going anywhere." He reached down for the hem of Taylor's shirt and pulled it up and over his head, tossing it off to the side. Patrick saw that Jeff had flipped his tank up over his head, leaving his chest bare. Jeff had moved around to join Patrick in front of Taylor, and while Patrick peeled his own shirt off, Jeff pulled Taylor into a kiss. Taylor's hands roamed over Jeff's chest, rubbing at his nipples and just seeming to explore at random. Patrick knew Jeff's skin was amazingly smooth, and understood Taylor's fascination with touching him.

Patrick pulled Jeff back and laughed at the pout. "Let's taste." He winked and reached for the button on Taylor's pants. Jeff's grin was wide as he fell to his knees and waited for Patrick to finish. Taylor just stood there, breathing heavily and staring down at Jeff. Patrick got the zipper undone and pulled down the front of Taylor's underwear, pulling his cock and balls out over the top of the elastic on the red briefs he was wearing. Soon, Jeff had his own dick out and was licking his lips. Patrick dropped to his knees and pulled himself out of his pants, simply shoving the black jock he'd chosen to wear aside.

Jeff looked at Patrick, then up at Taylor and winked. Patrick could hear Taylor swallow from his place on the floor. He and Jeff both leaned in and ran their tongue up the side of Taylor's cock. Both humming in unison as the flavor invaded their senses. Taylor finally moved, and his hands came up to rest on the back of their heads, one on each of them. He didn't push or try to direct them, but was definitely keeping a hold on them.

The two men on their knees took turns with Taylor's cock. First Patrick taking it into his mouth, and then Jeff. Taylor was moaning above them and they could feel his legs shaking.

Patrick pulled off and tugged on Jeff to get him to stand. "Come on, we better move this to the bed or he's going to fall over."

Taylor blushed and laughed nervously. Patrick admired the way his dark skin flushed. He had no tan lines, so Patrick surmised the toasted brown color of his skin was genetic, not from the sun, and Taylor didn't look to be the tanning booth type. Jeff pushed Taylor down on the bed and started tugging at his pants and underwear, soon getting them off and tossing them to the side as well.

Jeff shucked his own pants, leaving the shirt pushed up behind his neck, then proceeded to push Taylor further up on the bed, the whole while kissing him like he couldn't get enough, and Taylor was returning the favor. Patrick peeled off his own pants, leaving on the black jock for the time being. He crawled up between Taylor's legs and engulfed his dick. The man was delicious and Patrick wasn't sure he'd ever get enough. It was a strong, slightly more bitter taste than Jeff. Jeff was milk chocolate, Taylor was dark chocolate. Both delicious in their own way.

As Patrick took Taylor deep in his throat, Taylor cried out and arched his back, driving himself even further into Patrick's mouth. Patrick gagged and pulled up. "Sorry, sorry." Taylor's voice was strained.

"S'okay." Patrick dived back down for another taste. Out of the corner of his eye as he pulled his head up, he saw Taylor's hand on Jeff's cock, stroking and fondling, as the man struggled to split his focus between Jeff and Patrick.

A few minutes later, Patrick pulled off with a pop and slowly licked his way up Taylor's abs to his smooth chest, using the flat of his tongue to rasp over Taylor's nipples. Taylor pressed his head back into the mattress, his eyes tightly shut. "Fuck!"

Jeff's head popped up. "You wanna?"

Taylor stopped writhing for a moment, and lifted his head to look at Jeff. Then he laughed. “Yeah, I wanna.” They all laughed which broke some of the tension.

“Me first.” Jeff flipped over onto his stomach and batted his eyelashes at them.

Shaking his head with a smile, Taylor got up onto his knees and moved behind Jeff, tugging him over more in the middle of the bed, and then Patrick watched mesmerized, as Taylor’s tanned hands on Jeff’s pale butt, spread his cheeks and dived in. He started rimming Jeff with the same passion and enthusiasm he’d done everything so far. Patrick watched Jeff’s eyes roll back and his mouth drop open. Taylor was scoring bonus points with Jeff, rimming him like that. Patrick had more than once made Jeff come from simply that.

Jeff was panting now and had worked his way up onto his knees, thrusting his ass back into Taylor’s face. He finally focused for a minute on Patrick kneeling in front of him. Jeff reached up and pulled down Patrick for a sloppy wet kiss. Jeff thrust his tongue into Patrick’s mouth over and over. He reached out with one hand and grasped Patrick’s cock which was already starting to leak.

With a laugh, Jeff opened his mouth and gobbled Patrick down. It was like he was starving for cock.

Suddenly Jeff pulled off Patrick’s cock and hung his head down between his shoulders. “Now, now, now.”

Patrick knew that meant Jeff was ready to be fucked. “Tay? Tay!” He finally got the man’s attention. He looked up from Jeff’s ass, face wet with saliva and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “In the drawer? He’s ready.”

After blinking a couple of times, Taylor seemed to finally clue in to what he meant, and he leaned over toward the night table where he pulled open the drawer. He snatched up a condom and grabbed the tube of lube. Taylor hesitated looking between the condom in his hand and Patrick’s erection.

Patrick nodded his head at Taylor. “Go ahead.”

“You guys.” Jeff whined it out to about four syllables. “Someone, anyone, I don’t care. Just do it.”

“Shhh.” Patrick ran his head over Jeff’s head. “He’s coming.” Then he laughed and winked at Taylor. “Well, not yet, but soon.”

Taylor snorted as he ripped open the condom and rolled it down his cock. He snapped open the lube and poured some on the condom making sure it was well lubricated. He poured more into his palm and proceeded to rub it around Jeff’s hole. Taylor watched, stroking his own cock as Jeff’s groans floated up to him. Jeff raised his head, his eyes glazed. “Now.”

“Okay. Now. Come on Tay. Do it.”

He watched Taylor grip his bottom lip between his teeth and push forward. Patrick’s gaze shifted between Taylor’s face as he watched his dick sinking into Jeff’s ass, and Jeff’s slack-jawed pleasure. He knew when Taylor was all the way in because Jeff sighed, and his whole body seemed to relax.

After Taylor made a few thrusts, Patrick reached down and lifted Jeff’s head. He had that goofy smile on his face he got when he was in his bliss space. Patrick leaned over and kissed him. Jeff kissed him back, his body moving forward which each thrust from behind. Patrick pulled back and reached for his own cock, holding it toward Jeff’s mouth. Jeff reached up one hand on to Patrick’s thigh to steady himself again. When he was about halfway down Patrick’s cock, he raised his other hand and was now balanced between Patrick’s thighs and Taylor behind him, the man continuing to pound into him, never easing up the rhythm.

Patrick saw Taylor lean back some and grasp both of Jeff’s ankles, using them to lever himself more firmly against Jeff. The sound of skin smacking against skin was the loudest sound in the room Patrick knew he was moaning himself, but Taylor seemed to be mostly silent, just his breath rasping out as sweat poured down his chest. The occasional curse escaped him, but mostly he was silently drilling Jeff’s hole. Patrick knew that if Jeff’s mouth hadn’t been full, he would have made up for the silence. The man didn’t know how to be quiet during sex.

When Jeff nearly lost his balance and his hand slipped on Patrick's thigh, Patrick reached down and grabbed the shirt still rucked up behind Jeff's head and used it like a harness to help balance him and keep him from falling forward. When the vibrations started up around his cock, Patrick knew Jeff was close. When the man was happy or close to coming, he couldn't seem to stop humming. It was a weird trait, but Patrick didn't mind in the least, especially when he was the recipient of a blow job when it happened.

Minutes past, the grunts and groans filling the room, along with the slapping of skin and the smell of sweat and testosterone in the air. Eventually Jeff pulled back from Patrick. "Now."

Patrick knew what that meant. Jeff was ready to go, but one of his things was to have Patrick come on him. Patrick reached forward and Taylor seemed to startle as he put his hand on the man's neck and pulled him forward for a kiss. Taylor's hips stuttered and Patrick pulled back. "Pull out. Let him flip and come on him." Taylor frowned. "He loves it, trust me." Patrick kissed Taylor again, his tongue thrusting into his mouth.

Taylor nodded and shuffled back until he was standing by the bed, he peeled the condom off and dropped it and started stroking himself. Jeff flipped over and gripped his own cock. Patrick knew it wouldn't be long. "Finger him," Patrick whispered. Taylor shook his head slightly as if coming out of a daze and stepped closer as Jeff spread his legs wide. Patrick watched Taylor staring at Jeff's face as he continued to stroke himself while inserting two fingers inside Jeff. Jeff's back arched and Patrick knew that Taylor had found the perfect spot.

Jeff reached his other hand up to fondle Patrick's balls as he stroked himself over Jeff's chest, with a grunt he shot, he seemed to come forever, but like Jeff, it had seemed like days he'd been storing up for this. Before he could even catch his breath, Jeff let go. "Oh, fuck. God. Damn. Ugh." The expletives and moans and groans continued. Patrick slid down beside him to kiss him, the exchange kind of weak and a bit lazy, both of them replete. They then looked at over at Taylor, who now was stroking himself faster, his other hand which had been in Jeff's ass, squeezing his own balls. "Do it," Jeff said, as he ran his hands through the come on his chest spreading it around.

With a cry, Taylor squeezed his eyes shut and added his come to that already on Jeff. When he stopped, he was breathing heavy and looked a bit stunned as he finally opened his eyes. Jeff held out his hand and nodded toward the bed. “Come on.” Taylor flopped on the bed and Patrick leaned over Jeff to kiss the man, then Jeff did the same. Taylor just lay there with a small smile on his face.

Taylor reached out and ran his finger through the mingled come on Jeff’s torso and stuck it in his mouth. He frowned and Patrick spoke up. “Problem?”

“No.” Taylor did it a few more times, scooping come from different areas. “Huh.” Patrick wasn’t sure what that meant, but if the guy was into it, that worked for him.

A few minutes later, Jeff jumped off the bed. Taylor groaned and Patrick just grinned. Jeff never had a lack of energy, even after just fucking him stupid, he was still full of energy. He went to the bathroom and while he was there, Patrick turned to Taylor. Taylor smiled, but looked a bit nervous. “Is he always like that?”

“Insatiably horny, or full of energy after you fuck him through the mattress?”

“Um. Both?”

Patrick laughed. “Yes, to both questions. He’ll be back soon, do you need anything, a drink or something.”

“No, I should probably...” Taylor trailed off and waved to the door.

“Uh uh. You shouldn’t drive and you don’t have to go to work in the morning, so you can stay.”

“Oh. Okay.”

Patrick moved around until he got the bedding adjusted and pulled Taylor under the covers with him, settling Taylor in the middle of bed with Patrick on the right hand side. “I have to be on the side with the clock. It’s a thing. That okay?”

Taylor shrugged. “Sure. It’s your bed.”

“Hey, we want you to be comfortable here with us.” He could see the look on Taylor’s face that said, “Why, it’s a one-night thing, right?”

Before he could address it, Jeff was back, with water for everyone. Patrick was thankful, he was thirsty and Taylor drank his down as well. Jeff then climbed into the bed and snuggled up against Taylor, wedging the man firmly in between the two of them.

Jeff spoke after a moment. “See how good we are, Taylor? Patrick was right. He said you’re the one.”

“The one?” Patrick could hear the frown in Taylor’s voice, if such a thing was possible.

“You know. We told you we’re looking for a third. And we really like you, and we hope you like us, and the sex is, like, yeah wild.”

“Do you mean, like dating?”

“Of course. We don’t just use people to get our rocks off.” Jeff sounded a bit wounded by the concept.

“Oh. Well.”

“Is that all you wanted? Did you just want to have sex with us?” Patrick could feel the tension coming off Jeff. In his head, he pleaded with Taylor not to say yes to that question.

“No! That wasn’t why I came here. I liked you, and yeah, you’re hot, but I would never want to affect your relationship.”

“Taylor. We want you to affect us, in a good way.” Patrick finally spoke up. “We know it’s unusual, to want more than a quick fuck, but we know it’s right for us.” He squeezed Taylor tighter and reached over to grope for Jeff’s hand. “We hope you think it might be right for you.”

“Um. I’m just. Wow. I never expected this. I’m kind of...”

“Yeah, I know. It’s kind of a lot to throw at you, but we mean it. You don’t have to decide right this minute. Sleep on it and we can talk about it more tomorrow.”

Jeff seemed to relax and leaned in to kiss first Taylor and then Patrick. “Yeah. Think about it. We’d be good, I know it.”

“O-okay,” Taylor stuttered.

Jeff flipped around and pulled on Taylor’s arm so that he was spooning up behind Jeff, and Patrick pulled himself tight behind Taylor leaving them all spooned together. Patrick could feel the tension rolling off Taylor and could practically hear him thinking, but he knew they had to give the guy some space to adjust to the idea. It couldn’t be that foreign to him, surely.

After all of the extra hours he’d put in, it didn’t take Patrick long to fall asleep, the feel of both men in his arms more right than he’d thought it would be.

CHAPTER TEN

Taylor slipped out of the house, quietly closing the door behind him. He knew he was taking the chicken way out of this, he should have stayed to talk to them, but he was totally freaked out. The night had been amazing, the sex hotter than anything he'd ever experienced, and falling asleep wedged between Patrick and Jeff had felt so right. That, in retrospect, had totally caused a mini panic attack.

He showered when he got home and lay on his bed. His cell phone pinged a message and he checked. It was Jeff. He was asking if Taylor was okay. He just needed to get his head on straight. Or maybe run away to Seattle with his brother. That was only a fleeting thought because they'd likely kill each other within six hours of being together.

He decided to answer, because leaving them hanging seemed unnecessarily mean. "Fine. Need some time. Sorry."

In seconds, there was a reply. "Ok, but you can talk to us anytime." He let that go. They knew he wasn't dead in a ditch, he needed to think. He thought he should probably have a nap since they'd been up late and he had to work, but his brain wouldn't shut off. Finally, he picked up his phone again, scrolled through the names and hit dial.

"Taylor?" His sister Kelsey sounded worried. "Are you okay? Are you hurt? How can I help?"

"What the hell? Why would you think I'm hurt? I just phoned to say hi."

He heard her let out a whoosh of breath. "Do you know the last time you phoned to say hi?"

"Uh. Christmas?"

"Christmas 2008, four years ago."

"Oops. Time flies I guess."

"So really, what's wrong?"

"Nothing." He was getting a bit whiny. "How are the kids? Merv? Life?"

“Kids are great, youngest is starting t-ball soon, Micah’s in fifth grade, Merv got a promotion at work, life is good. Now what’s wrong?”

“Sheesh, were you always this bossy?”

“Duh. Yeah. I’m the older sister.”

“True.” He took a deep breath. “You know how I always said I never wanted a relationship?”

“Yeah.” She paused. “Oh, my god. Have you met someone?”

“No! Maybe. I’m not sure.” He put his arm over his face as he talked to her. “How did you know? I mean I’ve hated having roommates, Tyler and I nearly killed each other as kids.”

She cut him off. “Well, you and Tyler are twins and he’s a dick, so I don’t think that counts.”

“Kelsey!”

“Well he is.”

“Fine. What about Mom. She’s never been able to cut it with someone. Look at her and Dad.”

“Mom is a special case, Tay. You grew up with her. Would you be able to stand living with her?”

“But if you love someone, it doesn’t matter right?”

“Nice in theory, but loving someone like Mom is, impossible. Well, only possible in short doses.”

He was silent for a moment. “So how did you know? How did you know you wouldn’t scratch Merv’s eyes out the first time he left the toilet seat up?”

“Well, besides him being a nice guy, with a job, who treated me with respect and wanted to spend time with me...” She trailed off for a minute. “Okay, this is freaky deaky to talk about this with you. Especially after never having talked to you for four years.”

“What? Just tell me.”

“He tasted different.” He could almost hear her blushing over the phone line.

After a moment, he spoke. “You mean, when you, uh, well, yeah, that?”

“God this is awkward. Yes, that and kissing and hell, I suppose if I lick his skin. It’s just like the best thing ever.”

“Huh. What if two people taste like that? How do you know which one?”

“Sweetie, people like us don’t get two people who make us want to eat them up with a spoon. It’s called mating.”

“Ewwww.”

“I know, I know, but that’s the way it is. Live with it. So. Did you find someone?”

He shrugged, even though he knew she couldn’t see him. “Maybe. It’s complicated.”

“Oh, put that on Facebook.”

“Ugh. You are still a bitch.”

“Yep.” She laughed. “But Tay? Seriously, if you think you’ve found the one, jump at it. It’s more amazing than you can imagine. Given how we grew up, I can’t believe how safe I feel now. I never worry that it will all disappear. I know he’ll love me forever. That’s the great thing about being who we are. When you find the one, it’s for keeps.”

“Okay, thanks.”

“And really, you have to come and see the kids. Bring the new guy, we’d love to meet him.”

Taylor wasn’t sure how that would go over. “*Family, meet my two boyfriends. Oh and boyfriends, did I mention that my immediate family can turn into bobcats on command?*”

“Yeah, maybe. Anyway, thanks. You helped.”

“Okay. Love you baby bro, and at least send me a freaking e-mail once in a while.”

“I will, promise. Take care and give the kids a hug for me.”

Taylor hung up and continued to stare at his bedroom ceiling. The taste thing kind of made sense. He didn't have any fantasies that either Jeff or Patrick would dump the other and run away with him. They were a set, and he wasn't sure he would even want one without the other. The question in Taylor's mind was why him? Why would two amazing, hot, capable, nice, friendly, he paused, his brain running away on the superlatives. Why would *they* want *him*? He was nothing special and there was that whole shifter thing.

He remembered when Kelsey told Merv. He'd freaked out at first and broken up with her, but eventually he'd realized it was no big deal to them as a couple, and now he was fine with it. But you never knew how people would react. He'd heard stories. It wasn't pretty.

After some more fruitless staring, he got up and had something to eat before leaving for work. He drank some extra-strength coffee knowing that with the owner being at the restaurant that night, he'd need to be paying attention, and being tired on top of stressing out that maybe he had two—Boyfriends? Mates? Spouses? Whatever, it was going to be hard enough.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

“Honey, you have to give him time.” Patrick watched Jeff pace around the kitchen Saturday morning.

“It’s been three days!” Jeff went back to his pacing. “He’s not going to call, he hates us, he’s never coming back. I give up.”

Patrick grabbed his wrist and pulled him to a stop. “Sit.” With a pull, Jeff tumbled into his lap. “He’ll call. I feel it. He just needs some time to adjust to the idea. Be patient.”

“I hate being patient.” Jeff stuck his lip out in a pout.

“I know. But you have to.” He kissed Jeff, which distracted him for a moment. “Come on. Get dressed and let’s get out of here. Sitting around the house all day will just make us crazy.”

“Fine. Let’s go to the market. I want cookies.”

“Cookies it is.” Patrick hoped he was right and that Taylor called soon or Jeff would have to start going to the gym twice a day to work off the sheer number of cookies he was consuming.

It was mid-afternoon and Jeff was starting on his fifth cookie when his phone rang again. “If Greg doesn’t get his shit together, he’s fired.” The assistant manager at the store had phoned about four times with various trivial issues leaving Jeff frazzled on top of his already stressed self. Patrick had managed to get him to eat a salad at lunch and lay off the cookies for a bit.

“What?”

“Um, Jeff?” The voice on the phone was hesitant.

Jeff quickly looked at the phone and gasped. “Oh, god. I’m so sorry. I thought you were Greg, from the store, he’s been making me crazy all day, and I didn’t check the call display.” He took a deep breath and Patrick squeezed his hand trying to get him to focus.

“Hey, no problem. I wouldn’t be surprised if you were pissed off at me.”

“What? Taylor. No. Of course not. We’re just glad you called.” Jeff looked at Patrick, the hope clear in his eyes.

“Can we, get together? I’d like to talk, but if you have to work or whatever, it can wait.”

“No! I mean of course we can get together. Patrick doesn’t have to be to work until nine o’clock and I’m not working today.”

“Okay. We could meet somewhere?”

“Why don’t you come to our place?”

There was a moment of silence, then Taylor spoke. “Okay. Around five?”

“Five sounds fine. And, Taylor? We’re glad you called. Really.”

“Me too. See you in a bit.”

Taylor hung up and Patrick’s looked at Jeff whose eyes were huge. “Oh, my god. Do you think he’s coming to blow us off?”

“Maybe he’s just coming to blow us.”

“Patrick!” Jeff slapped him on the arm.

“Come on. Let’s not speculate until he gets there. At least he wants to see us face-to-face, that’s a good thing.”

Taylor sat in his car down the block. It was 4:50. He supposed he could arrive early, but his heart was pounding. Was he really going to do this? If he decided to try this, he had to tell them the whole truth. Suddenly he wondered if he was going to throw up. He took a few deep breaths and took a swallow of water from a half-empty bottle sitting in the console.

One more deep breath and he pulled the car up to the curb in front of their house. He remembered what Kelsey said about grabbing on and not letting go, maybe she had a point. He got out of the car and before he’d reached the entrance the door flew open and Jeff was standing there looking at him wide-eyed. Taylor stopped and they both seemed to freeze just looking at each other.

Finally, Patrick appeared over Jeff’s shoulder. “Come in. Jeff, honey, let the man in.”

Jeff blinked a couple of times and then stepped back. His fingers were twisting in front of him. Taylor couldn't stand it. He understood why Patrick seemed willing to give Jeff whatever he wanted. There was something about him that just screamed out for you to take care of him and make him happy. He reached out and touched Jeff's hands, Jeff stared at him with those blue eyes, and the next thing he knew Jeff was in his arms, holding him tight. Patrick stood watching them, a small smile on his face. Taylor opened one arm and Patrick moved into the three-way embrace.

Eventually they moved apart. Jeff pushed out his bottom lip. "Do we have to talk? Can't we just have make-up sex and call it a day?"

Taylor laughed but shook his head. "Fun as that sounds, I think talking first."

"Fine." With a roll of his eyes, Jeff flounced into the living room and threw himself down on the couch, then patted the cushion beside him while looking at Taylor. Taylor glanced quickly around the room, wondering if maybe it would be better to sit further away so he wasn't distracted, but the growing uncertainty in Jeff's eyes made the decision for him. He went and sat beside the man, keeping a discrete distance.

Of course, Jeff was having none of that and scooted over on the couch until the length of his body was pressed all along Taylor's. Patrick sat down on the other side of him, although gave him a few inches of breathing space.

"So?" Jeff looked at him expectantly.

"Let the man talk, hon." Patrick looked around Taylor and frowned slightly at Jeff.

"Fine."

"Um. Well, I have to say that after I realized what you meant, I was kind of freaked out. I mean, I don't know. You hardly know me and guys don't usually ask me out, let alone two guys who already have a relationship." He took a deep breath. Both Jeff and Patrick were just sitting there watching him and paying attention. "I wondered if you were just playing with me, leading me on, but you didn't seem the type."

"We're not!" Jeff straightened up indignantly and Taylor patted his thigh.

“I know. I just couldn’t figure out *why*.”

Patrick finally spoke up. “We’re not really sure why either. Why we’ve both felt like we are meant to have someone else in our lives, or why we think you might be the person. It’s just,” he paused, “a feeling I guess. Something in our gut that says we’re meant to be three and since we’ve met you, well...” He shrugged.

“Believe me, you’re not the first guy we’ve met.” Taylor raised his eyebrows at Jeff’s declaration. “We’ve been looking for a while and we’ve done bars and on-line ads, and while sometimes on paper they look good, you’re the first guy who we actually like.”

Patrick chuckled. “What Jeff is trying to say, is that this isn’t some spur of the moment decision or passing whim for us. We’re serious. You fit what we are looking for. We’re compatible in so many ways, and as Jeff said, we like you.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes and Taylor absorbed what they’d said. Patrick spoke again. “But if we’re going to do this, you have to be serious too. We’ve met lots of guys who just want kinky three-way sex and then vanish. We aren’t looking for hook-ups, those are a dime a dozen, we want someone who is committed to trying to actually date and have a relationship. If that’s why you’ve come back, great, but if you just want to get your rocks off, we’ll pass. Or if you decide you can’t deal with this and want to be friends—”

“No!” Jeff’s exclamation cut him off.

“Jeff.” Patrick gave him a little warning. “If that’s what you decide, we’ll be disappointed, but will respect that.” He took a deep breath and lapsed into silence as if he’d run out of breath.

Taylor didn’t speak and he could feel Jeff practically vibrating beside him. He pulled the man’s hand into his and laced their fingers together, Jeff’s fair skin against his own perma-tan an interesting combination. Jeff seemed to relax beside him slightly.

“I’m not looking for just a good time. I called—I called my sister.” Jeff looked confused. “I asked her how you knew someone was *the one*. She’s been happily married for ten years, like blissfully happy.”

“You told her about us?”

“No, not exactly. Well, I didn’t mention there were two of you.” He huffed a laugh a bit self-consciously. “She’s always been great about me being gay, but I’m not sure how that will go over.”

Patrick cleared his throat and got Taylor’s attention. “We won’t hide this, Tay. We’re not going to lie and say you’re just a friend or not touch you in public. If this is going to be a problem, say so now.”

“You’ll tell your families?” Taylor was surprised.

“Well, I haven’t seen my family since I was seventeen.” Jeff spoke first. “So it’s not really an issue.” Taylor figured there was a story there somewhere, but not for now.

Patrick shrugged. “My family will eventually get used to it. Until then, they’ll just pretend I never said anything, and will act like you’re just a friend, no matter what we do. Then eventually, when they realize it’s not a phase, they’ll just slide into it.”

“Ah, well, my family’s not that close. Do you know when the last time I talked to my sister was before the other day?” Jeff shook his head. “Christmas.”

“Seven months ago?” Patrick asked.

“You didn’t let me finish. Christmas, 2008.”

Jeff’s eyes were wide. “Seriously? Don’t you get along?”

“We get along great, but we come from a family that prefers to keep their distance, and well, my mom had issues when we were growing up, so we’re just not close. My brother, my twin, well, according to Kelsey, my sister, he’s just an asshole. Could be true.”

“Twins?” Jeff squeaked out.

“Fraternal. We don’t look alike.”

“So do you want to try? Spend more time together, see how it goes?” Patrick seemed to have had enough talking and was ready for a final decision.

Taylor took a deep breath. If he was going to jump, he had to tell them now because it would only be worse. “If it was just up to me, I’d say yes, but there’s something I have to tell you, and you may change your minds about asking me.”

“Are you married?” Jeff’s head was cocked to the side.

“No—”

“Are you HIV positive?”

“No! I would have told you that.”

“Are you a wanted criminal?”

“Jeffy!” Both men shouted in exasperation then chuckled.

Jeff sat back and crossed his arms pouting. “I was just trying to help.”

Taylor stood up. He started to take off his clothes. “Yay, make-up sex.”

With a smile, Taylor indicated Jeff should sit back down. “Not quite yet. I need to show you something.”

“We’ve seen you naked, Tay.” Patrick gave him an indulgent look.

“I know, but this is, this is different.”

“Okay.” The two men sat watching him. He knew it was now or never.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Patrick reached over and started playing with Jeff's fingers. Jeff scooted over closer to him. He had no clue what Taylor could want to show them naked that could make them question asking him into their relationship. He had no significant scars or mutations.

Jeff's squeeze on his hand brought him back to reality. The air was shimmering around Taylor like a heat mirage on the highway, and then... Patrick pushed back further into the couch cushions. There was a cat, in the middle of their living room. Well, not a cat really, it was bigger but Taylor was gone and there was a multi-colored giant cat in their house. He couldn't breathe.

With a squeak, Jeff pulled his legs up onto the couch and jammed himself against Patrick's side. "Holy fuck." It was more like a puff of air than his actual voice.

"Yeah." Patrick didn't know what to say. As the cat slowly took a step toward the couch, Patrick noticed the tail. "Hey, I think it's a bobcat, he's got a short tail." He would have sworn the cat grimaced.

"Is—is it real?" Jeff's voice was still faint.

"I think so. Looks real." The animal made a low rumbly sound, but Patrick didn't think it was a *danger, I'm going to eat your face off* kind of sound.

"Tay?" Jeff's voice was a bit stronger. The cat came closer to the couch and sat, looking at them both. Jeff slowly reached out his hand toward the animal and Patrick grimaced. Shit, if that thing bit Jeff, he's need stitches for sure. But the animal just closed its eyes, the rumbling getting louder as it rubbed its face against Jeff's hand.

It opened its white-rimmed eyes and looked directly at them. Jeff put both hands on the cat's face and stared into his eyes. "Taylor? Are you in there?"

The cat's tongue came out and licked his wrist. The air shimmered again and Taylor was sitting on the floor, Jeff's hands framing his face.

Jeff didn't move. "Wow. That's amazing."

Taylor looked at Patrick who couldn't seem to think. The guy he'd slept with, just turned into a bobcat. It was too weird. He stood up from the couch and Jeff went to grab his hand? "Patrick?"

He pulled away, and swallowed. His mouth dry. "I, uh, I just need a few minutes." He turned and headed to the kitchen, not looking back. He knew he was freaking out and figured better to do it in private. He grabbed some water, and quietly slipped out the back door onto their tiny patio hoping neither one of the men would follow him. He moved a chair over into a far corner where you couldn't see him from inside the house and sat down.

After a swig of water, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. This was something out of fiction. People didn't really turn into animals. How could you keep something like that a secret for two thousand years? Someone had to know. Scientists, the government? Maybe Taylor was some kind of scammer who wanted to trick them in some way. That magician guy made an elephant disappear.

He knew he was lying to himself. Taylor was not a scammer, nor was he a magician. He'd seen it with his own eyes. But could he deal with it?

He gazed out at the neighborhood around him. It was "normal", but now he wondered what normal was. He'd have sworn Taylor was just a normal guy, but... Patrick supposed in his human form, Taylor was normal. Using the phrase human form in his head only brought home again, that the man wasn't human, well, not completely. Could he change Jeff or Patrick into a cat by biting them? He had a momentary panic that he'd left Jeff alone with him, but it passed when he admitted Taylor would never hurt Jeff. Taylor had been right though, this was kind of a deal-breaker for their budding relationship.

About fifteen minutes later, the door opened slowly and Jeff poked his head out looking for Patrick. When he saw him still sitting in the chair staring at the backyard, he slipped outside. "Patrick? Honey? Are you okay?"

He slowly walked up to Patrick as if he was wary of his response. Patrick looked up at Jeff. "Is he still here?"

"Yeah. Do you want me to tell him to leave?" Patrick shrugged, and Jeff continued. "He's kind of freaked out."

Patrick snorted. “*He’s* freaked out?”

“Be nice. It’s like coming out for him, only scarier.”

“I guess.” Patrick sighed, but said nothing more.

“Is this going to be an issue?”

Patrick looked at Jeff closely. “It’s not for you?”

“Well, I’m not saying I wasn’t freaked out, but, I don’t know.” He touched Patrick’s shoulder. “He’s still Taylor. And it’s kind of cool. It’s an amazing thing that most people never find out about.”

“I just don’t know.”

“Maybe you could come in and talk? See that he’s the same Taylor?”

With a shake of his head Patrick stood. “I think I need some time. I’m going to head into work early. They’re always short and can use an extra body. Just give me a little bit of space.” He slipped into the house and grabbed his wallet from the bedroom. As he walked past the living room to the door he caught a glimpse of Taylor sitting on the couch looking dejected, head in his hands. For a moment, he wanted to stop and reassure him, but the vision of the cat in his living room stopped him, and he kept going.

When they asked Patrick to work a double shift he agreed. He would be on the job for more than eighteen hours, but he just didn’t want to go home. He knew Jeff would be gone to the store when he got home, and he’d sleep and then go to work again. He let Jeff’s calls go to voicemail, but did text him that he was fine and that he was working extra shifts.

He knew he was avoiding the issue, but he just wasn’t sure what he was supposed to do. He couldn’t avoid Jeff forever, they lived together and Jeff’s messages were getting more frantic. He was sitting in the break room three days later, his head resting on the table. He was exhausted, not sleeping well when he was home, his mind churning.

“Hey, dude. You need some sleep.”

Patrick looked up at his fellow dispatcher George. “Yeah. I guess.”

“So what’s up?”

“Huh?”

“There’s something going on with you. You’re usually yammering about Jeff or what you’re doing. You’re always Mr. Mellow. Now you’re Mr. Morose, and you haven’t even mentioned his name. You guys splitting up?”

“No!”

“Well then, what is it?”

After a few seconds of chewing on his lip, he took a chance. “Have you ever found out that someone you thought you knew, had a whole other side they’d kept secret?”

“You mean, like they lied, were cheating on you or something?”

“Not really lied, just a side that you never knew about, and now you’re not sure if you can handle it.”

“Like he wears women’s underwear or something?”

Patrick snorted. That visual had potential. “Yeah, something like that.”

“So it’s not something illegal?”

“No.”

“Repulsive or dangerous?”

He thought of the claws on the bobcat, but he was sure Taylor would never hurt them. And he wasn’t repulsive. It wasn’t as if he turned into an iguana. “No, just different.”

“Embarrassing in public?”

“Um, I suppose, but unlikely to come to light in public.”

“Are you being a judgemental dick?”

Patrick froze, his mouth dropping open. “Uh.”

“Think about it. Time’s up, buddy. Back to the salt mine.”

A busy shift didn’t give Patrick much time to think about it. Why did so many people get sick or injured at night? Shouldn’t they all be sleeping in

bed? However, despite the lack of time, he thought George might have had a point. He liked Taylor, he loved Jeff, Jeff liked Taylor, they all got along, the sex was freaking hot, so what was his issue?

He turned down an extra shift and hurried home. He hoped to catch Jeff still in bed. He knew he didn't have to work until noon. He slipped into the house quietly, only to find Jeff curled up on the couch, clutching a pillow. That would explain why their rarely-made bed was made up the last few times he'd come home from the second shift. A pang went through his chest. George was completely right. Not only was he a judgemental dick, but he's been a total shit to Jeff. Patrick's communication skills had failed him big time.

Jeff shifted on the couch and Patrick removed his shoes and knelt beside the sleeping man, and brushed his hand against Jeff's cheek. Jeff's eyes flickered open and he frowned. "Pat?" His voice was sleepy and dazed.

"Hey, sweetheart. I thought you'd be in bed." With a shrug, Jeff cast his eyes down. "I'm so sorry." Patrick's declaration caused Jeff to snap his head back.

"Why? I'm sorry we pushed you. If you can't deal with it, it's okay."

"I'm a judgemental dick."

"What?" Jeff blinked a few times as if he wasn't sure he was awake yet.

"George at work asked me if that was my problem, and he was right. I realized that I was judging Taylor for something he couldn't help. It's part of him and I was being... bobcatophobic?"

Jeff snorted. "He hates his tail you know."

"Why, it was cute."

"Duh. If you're a wild cat do you want a *cute* tail? He can't help it. He was born that way, his whole family was."

"I know. Will you come to bed for a bit? I'll just sleep for a little while, then we can talk before you leave for work. But my brain is mush right now."

He thought he heard Jeff mutter "what's new" under his breath, but the man got up and took his hand as they went to the bedroom. He helped Patrick

undress and Patrick barely hit the bed and wrapped Jeff up in his arms before he was out cold.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Taylor was slumped in the office chair trying to make sense out of the latest set of invoices. He couldn't focus, all he could think about was how he'd screwed it up with Jeff and Patrick. Well, Patrick. He should have kept his mouth shut, although he supposed better now than when he was completely hooked on them.

Jeff kept talking to him every day and trying to reassure him, but he knew it was likely over. At least he'd had the hottest sex of his life ever, while he was still young enough to remember it. Okay, that was even more depressing, knowing that he wasn't even thirty and all sex from here on in would suck. He was doodling on one of the invoices when his boss burst into the office.

"What the hell is your problem, Taylor?"

He blinked up at her. "Um."

"You've been moping around for the last three days. You need to get laid."

Taylor shook his head at his tiny Asian boss. She thought getting laid was the cure for everything. Hadn't quite worked that way. "I tried that. Didn't work out."

"Ah. Boy troubles. Pick a new one. Boys are like fish, plenty in the sea."

He stifled his laugh. "We're not all as gorgeous as you, Aria. The boys don't flock to all of us."

"Bah. You're pretty. If I had a dick I'd sleep with you."

"I'm honored."

"Be happy. Fake it. You're depressing me."

"Yes, ma'am." He knew her intentions were good and that her way of caring was to give you a kick in the pants. She was right. Fake it, until you make it. That was some self-help mantra he'd read somewhere.

His phone chimed and she shook her finger at him. "It better be a boy, you get laid, you'll be happy."

Taylor shook his head as she swept from the room. He knew it was Jeff, he'd programmed a special ring tone for him. He thought that may have been a tad pathetic, but it was what it was.

"Hey, Jeff."

"Hi, Tay-Tay." Jeff sounded remarkably more upbeat than the last few days. Maybe Patrick had come home. Jeff had been worried that Patrick was considering leaving since he wouldn't talk and was avoiding Jeff.

"You sound chipper."

"Uh huh. Patrick came home. We talked."

"Hey, that's great. Sounds like things are working out." He was thankful that Jeff wasn't there to see that the words coming out of his mouth didn't match the grimace on his face and the twist in his gut.

"Yeah, really. Are you off tomorrow?"

"No. I have to be here at two until closing. Why?"

"Can you come over?"

"Is Patrick working? I don't want to make things awkward."

"No, he'll be here. He wants to see you."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sure. He's a judgmental dick, but he's my judgemental dick."

"Um, okay."

Jeff laughed. "He's pulled his head out of his ass, and he wants to see you. So do I."

"When? For breakfast?"

"No, tonight. After you get off."

Taylor raised his eyebrow at that. The chances of getting off with anything more than his hand were probably slim. "It will be close to midnight."

"That's okay. I get home around ten, so it will work. Patrick can have a nap."

“Sure.”

“See you later. I missed you, Tay.”

“You too.”

As he hung up he couldn't help the little shiver of hope that went through him. Maybe Patrick had changed his mind. Taylor didn't want to get his hopes up though, only to have them dashed by the “let's be friends” speech later tonight. He did manage to focus on the invoices though and Aria gave him the big thumbs up when she caught him out talking to a customer. He'd had to stifle his laughter. Her enthusiasm for his nearly non-existent sex life was amusing.

Some people may have found it creepy, but building up the business had made them closer than just a boss and employee. Sometimes it felt like she was some kind of weird cross between mother, big sister and best buddy.

Just before midnight, he pulled up in front of their house. Last time he'd done this it had sucked. He supposed on that front, it couldn't really get worse. He squared his shoulders as he locked the car and walked up the path to the front door.

Once again, the door flew open as he arrived and Jeff was standing there, this time with a huge smile on his face. As Jeff got near him, Jeff flung himself into his arms and gave him a smack on the lips. Taylor blinked in surprise. He wasn't sure exactly what that meant if Patrick was home. He gave Jeff a squeeze in return and gently moved him back into the house. He didn't really think the neighbors needed a show, even at midnight.

Jeff finally untangled himself and Patrick was standing there looking at Taylor. Taylor wasn't sure what he should do. “Um. Hi.”

Without a word, Patrick stepped forward and pulled him into a tight hug. Taylor blinked in surprise, and then Patrick spoke near his ear. “I'm so sorry. I was a judgemental dick.”

Taylor couldn't help laughing. “So I keep hearing.”

Patrick took his hand and led him into the living room, Jeff following happily behind. Taylor could hear Jeff humming a bit. He'd noticed already

that Jeff tended to hum when he was feeling good. Patrick pulled Taylor down to sit next to him on the couch, and Jeff promptly flopped down across their laps, his arms around Taylor's neck. He was practically glowing he looked so happy.

“So. Uh. What's up guys?”

Jeff gave Patrick a look. Patrick cleared his throat. “I wanted to apologise. I'm not sure why I freaked out, but after talking with someone, I realized that it was me with the problem, not you. I pushed you away for something that is part of you, and I'm sorry. I don't know. My head just kind of got screwed on wrong.”

Taylor shrugged. “It was a pretty big deal. My brother-in-law stopped speaking to my sister for nearly three weeks when she told him. I guess I didn't really expect you to have a positive reaction.”

“Hey. I did.” Jeff was pouting.

“Yes, you did.” Patrick leaned in and gave Jeff a kiss. “You're a better man than I am. You've always been so totally accepting, and I was the idiot.” He picked up Taylor's hand and wound their fingers together. His other hand rested on Jeff's leg. “If you're still willing, and I haven't screwed up too badly, would you like to try this again? The three of us?”

Patrick's eyebrows were up and he was giving the sad puppy look. Taylor couldn't hide his smile. “Yeah. I do.”

Jeff flung his arms around Taylor's neck so tight he thought he'd choke. Jeff then leaned forward and did the same to Patrick. “Now?” He looked expectantly at them both.

“What?” Taylor was mystified as to what Jeff was referring to.

“Now we can get naked and fuck like bunnies?”

Patrick burst out laughing. “That's my love. Always getting down to the heart of the matter.”

Jeff shrugged but had a small smirk. “You've been working constantly lately. You've been neglecting me.”

“This is true.” Patrick winked.

Jeff jumped to his feet and grabbed both men by the hands. “Come on.”

“Oh, my god. You’re so pushy.” Patrick winked at Taylor as he said it, grinning the whole time.

“Yeah. So. Move it you two.” Jeff had already pulled his shirt off and tossed it across the room where it hung precariously on the corner of the TV.

“We mustn’t keep the man waiting, Taylor.”

“Or what?” Taylor allowed himself to be pushed down the hallway toward the bedroom, the whole time Patrick tried to get his shirt off him.

As they got into the bedroom, Jeff tackled them both and pulled them down on to the bed with him. He propped himself up and looked down at Taylor, then gave him a hard kiss on the mouth. “Or I get very aggressive and topsey.”

Taylor and Patrick looked at each other burst out laughing. “Right.” They both drawled out.

“I do!” Jeff was indignant.

“Of course you do, love.” Patrick gave him a swift kiss. “Now why are your pants still on?”

Jeff looked down as if surprised by the fact. “Good point. Naked time.” He flipped over them onto his back and started on the button and zipper and pushed everything down in one fell swoop.

“Guess we better join him.” Taylor smiled at Patrick. He was enjoying the light playful attitude. Sex with other guys had always been such a serious undertaking. Or else completely impersonal and cold. This was fun, this was what he’d been missing in his life.

Jeff flipped himself over onto his front. “Fuck me.”

Taylor blinked. “Um. Who?”

“Don’t know, don’t care. Someone.”

Patrick snorted. “You, Taylor. I like to watch sometimes.”

“He’s pervy that way.” Jeff snickered from his position on the bed.

“Says the man who gets off on being watched?” Patrick gave him a smack on the ass.

“Whatever, unless Taylor gets moving, neither one of us is going to get what we want.”

“Sheesh, okay.” Taylor reached for the condoms and lube on the side table. He was kind of surprised he hadn’t even needed to touch himself and he was hard as a rock. These two were good for his libido.

Patrick pulled him in for a kiss and Taylor reveled in the taste. They both still tasted the same. It was more addictive than crack, well, so he’d heard. It wasn’t like he’d tried it.

“Hey, man waiting.” Jeff wiggled his butt and pulled his knees under him.

Taylor just laughed and snapped open the lube. He poured some down Jeff’s crack and watched it make its way to his hole, then used his fingers to spread it around, gently pushing the tip of one finger inside. “God, yeah.” Jeff groaned and pushed back against his hand. “Come on, now.”

With a raised eyebrow, Taylor looked at Patrick who’d settled himself against the headboard. Patrick gave him a little *go for it* sign, and Taylor pushed forward, one hand steadying his cock, the other on Jeff’s hip.

The sound Jeff made almost caused Taylor to come on the spot. He took a deep breath and pulled back slowly, then thrust forward. He leaned down and pulled Jeff up by the shoulder and gave him a sloppy kiss. Before long, he had a rhythm going. Jeff’s stream of consciousness swearing and moaning were the soundtrack, combined with the slapping of skin.

After a bit, Taylor pulled Jeff onto his side, his arms wrapped around his chest. Patrick moved up behind Taylor and nuzzled his ear. “I want to fuck you.”

“Oh, Christ.” Taylor’s hips thrust forward and Jeff cried out.

“Oh, yeah. Do it.” Jeff’s voice was raspy. “You’ll love it, Tay. His cock is like a lethal weapon in your ass.”

“Yeah, I want that.” Taylor could hardly speak, his mouth was so dry and his cock seemed to get harder by the second.

Patrick pulled away and Taylor heard the sound of the condom package being ripped open. Within seconds, fingers were prodding at his hole, pushing the slick lube inside, and stretching him. He stopped moving for a moment and leaned his forehead against Jeff's shoulder and moaned. Soon the blunt head of Patrick's cock was nudging at him and he pushed back which forced him onto Patrick's cock and slid him nearly out of Jeff. The dual sensations were almost too much. He froze panting.

"You okay?" Patrick gently stroked his side and laid gentle kisses on his neck.

"Yeah, I just, it was almost too much."

"Ah." Patrick pulled back slightly and then slid back in. The movement behind him, pushed Taylor into Jeff in front.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. More." Jeff had reached his arm back to try to pull Patrick in closer, which forced Taylor inside him more.

With another deep breath, Taylor tried to find a rhythm that allowed him to move between the two men. It was heaven. He leaned down to lick and suck on Jeff's neck and ear. Delicious, that was the only way to describe it. There wasn't a specific flavour. It wasn't like chocolate truffles or fruit, it was just addictive.

He twisted around to kiss Patrick and was rewarded with the same flavour. Jeff was now stroking himself and Taylor reached around and tweaked his nipple while trying to focus on keeping the rhythm. "Oh fuck!" Jeff's cry and the pulse of his orgasm around Taylor's cock set him off as well. He jerked his hips forward, thrusting into Jeff and filling the condom. As he started to relax, Patrick's movements picked up speed and Taylor tried to thrust back to help, and it didn't take long until Patrick groaned loudly, then fell limp behind him.

"Wow." Jeff's voice was a bit wobbly.

"Uh huh." That was about as coherent as Taylor could get.

After a few minutes, Patrick withdrew and grabbed some tissue off the nightstand, balled up the condom in it, and then tossed it on the floor. When Taylor pulled back, Patrick handed him a similar wad of tissue. Jeff rolled over

on his back and stretched, his back arching. Taylor and Patrick both stared. The man was gorgeous.

They lay in silence for a few minutes, then Jeff spoke up. “Do you think gay guys want to be abducted by aliens?”

“What?” Taylor was completely lost.

“You know, because of the anal probing thing. You never see gay guys bitching about being abducted. I mean, you’re walking home from the club, you struck out, you and your hand tonight, you know the drill. Then suddenly you’re abducted and anal probed. Score.”

“Um. Maybe?” This was odd in Taylor’s experience.

Patrick chimed in. “But I mean there’s going home with someone unattractive, and then there’s aliens. Those little grays aren’t that hot.”

Jeff hummed and was silent for a moment. Taylor thought maybe the discussion had passed. “But what if they were hot? Like... Channing Tatum in the stripper movie.”

That got Taylor’s attention. “Oh god, with abs like that, he has to be an alien. No one looks that good naturally.”

“Hey, you do!” Jeff rolled to face Taylor. “You’re super-hot.”

“No, I’m not. You’re the hot one. Men and women must both follow you home.”

“Uh uh. It’s you.” Before long, Jeff and Taylor were wrestling and trying to convince the other that they were hot stuff.

Taylor stopped when he heard laughter. “What?”

Patrick was grinning at them both and leaned in for a kiss. “I knew when we met you it was something special. I think you’ve just proven we are all going to get along just fine.”

With a blush, Taylor kissed them both back. Maybe they were right, maybe this could be the relationship that he’d want to stick around for, like his sister had said.

One month later.

Jeff and Patrick sat on the couch watching TV, a large cat sat between them, also watching. Both men stroked the fur and scratched his ears. The purring was a soft background rumble to the TV program. Suddenly Jeff turned to Patrick. “Do you remember that night we met that Ken guy?” The cat growled.

“Hush. It was before we met you. Well, just before.” Jeff continued. “I told you I had a dream?”

“Maybe? It was a long time ago.”

“A dream? About a cat?”

Patrick paused, but kept scratching the cat’s ears. “Oh yeah. You wanted to get a cat and call it Demon.”

Suddenly there was a shimmer, and a naked Taylor was sitting between them looking indignant. “I’m not a *cat*. I’m a bob... cat. Well, you know what I mean. I’m not a house cat.”

“Of course not, honey.” Patrick tried to hide his grin.

“But maybe that was a premonition. That I knew we’d meet you.” Jeff leaned in and kissed Taylor.

Taylor’s lip pushed out a bit, but he settled back, and with a shimmer the cat was back. He seemed to enjoy spending time in his cat form when he was home, and it seemed to have made him more relaxed. Although maybe that was just the effect of being fucked six ways to Sunday on a regular basis.

“Oh look, it’s the lesbian lizard and her potato side-kick.”

Patrick scoffed. “He’s not a potato. This is *Doctor Who* not *Torchwood*. Besides, he’s more like an egg.”

Instantly the shimmer happened and Taylor was back. He looked at Jeff and in unison they said “Humpty Dumpty.”

Sometimes Patrick was a bit surprised by how easy Taylor had fit into their lives. He could be goofy and flighty like Jeff at times, but he also had a more serious side he seemed to share with Patrick when they were alone. Their

times together as the three were even better, and they seemed to all balance each other out.

They still hadn't mentioned it to their families yet, but they'd wanted to make sure it was the real thing before they got that far. Why deal with the fallout if you didn't have to, but Patrick thought the time might be coming. He hated that Taylor might think he was their dirty little secret. Patrick wasn't ashamed of loving two men, yes, he loved Taylor but he hadn't said it yet, he didn't want to scare him off.

He realized the two were still discussing Humpty Dumpty and if he had any genitalia. He started laughing and they both looked at him wide-eyed. "You guys are the best, you know that?" Patrick leaned over and kissed them both. They shrugged and Taylor slid back into his cat form and snuggled up next to Patrick as Jeff moved over closer to Taylor on the other side. Patrick was pretty sure the three of them were in it for the long haul, and he was just fine with that.

THE END

Author Bio

Tam Ames is a single mom to a teenage daughter who currently lives in Ontario, Canada, but spent three years in Central Europe in the late 90s for her job. It was the encouragement and dares of some friends that inspired her to start writing m/m romance, and she's grateful for their continued support. Traveling as much as possible with her daughter, reading, writing, and playing around online keep her busy, in addition to her day job.

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