

Siren Publishing

Ménage & More



ONLINE MENAGE

Sara Kingston

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Alexis Thompson has been lusting after her very gay client Tyler Daniel for the last six months, but as the saying goes, all the good men are gay! She would know. Her best online bud, Big Red, is gay also. They may be unobtainable, but at least they can star in her most erotic fantasies.

Ryan Cooper's world is turned upside down after Tyler, his lover for the last six years, confesses to kissing Alex, a man he meets through work he has lusted for months over. Devastated, Ryan calls on Amazon Pixy, his best friend, for help. Finally face-to-face for the first time, Ryan is blown away not only by his attraction to her, but by the discovery that she is Tyler's Alex.

Keeping the knowledge to himself, he plots

a meeting with his best friend and his lover. He plans to insert Alex, the final missing piece, into their happily ever.

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DEDICATION

To Susan, for her hours of proofing and for being my ever-faithful sounding board, thank you so much. And my beloved sister Steph for giving me my very first romance book and forcing me to read it.

ONLINE MÉNAGE

SARA KINGSTON

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Chapter One

Alexis Thompson sat on the couch looking sideways at Duncan Murphy, her boyfriend for the past three months. She didn't need to be psychic to know how the rest of the night would run. They would finish watching his favorite stupid sitcom on TV. He would then give her a sloppy kiss and say time for bed. She knew this was his way to let her know he wanted to have sex. They would move into the bedroom, get naked with the lights off, and he would rut for two minutes, come, roll off her, and

immediately fall asleep. She would lie there waiting until he was deeply asleep and masturbate right there beside him, so she could actually get off. Sometimes she actually thought about starting while he was still awake. To show him that she wasn't satisfied. Not that he'd really care, and he'd probably still go to sleep anyway. The man didn't even know what foreplay was. She just couldn't sit here waiting for another disappointing evening like every other.

“Where are you going, babe?” Duncan asked as she left the couch.

"I just want to check on my e-mails. I'm waiting for something from work," she replied, hoping he'd leave it at that.

"Okay, but you're missing the best part, babe," he replied, turning back to the TV. Booting up her notebook, she thanked her lucky stars again that she joined the networking group. She'd never thought of joining a chat forum before. Honestly, she'd never considered herself desperate enough to even think of doing it. But after Tyler Daniel, her very hot, very gorgeous, and very gay client, told her about it when she'd

complained how hard it was to meet friends, she took the leap. She'd never looked back since. She thought back to the day when she'd first made contact with her now best friend, Big Red.

Amazon Pixy: So how did you come up with the username Big Red?

Big Red: Well, I could try to be really clever and tell you some great story about how cool and imaginative I am, or I could just admit the truth. I'm six foot four and have red hair. My partner has always called me Big Red, so I just used it. So what about yours?

Amazon Pixy, there has to be an interesting story behind that.

Amazon Pixy: Well, okay, it was just kind of a joke. You see, a boyfriend once told me I look like an Amazon warrior woman. Think Xena warrior princess but not as good-looking and a tad shorter. After that he said he actually preferred women to be small and delicate, so I dumped him. The comment has never left me, and anyway, my best friend Sally said to me one day I have pixy ears, and again that stuck with me, so I just kind of melded them together, hence Amazon Pixy.

Big Red: See, I knew it would be an interesting story.

They both didn't know each other's real names. They had talked about it once, but both enjoyed the mystery of only the usernames. One day they would meet face-to-face. But they had agreed that day would only come when one of them desperately needed the other, either life and death or a heart-crushing event. They had started communicating through Live Messenger as they wanted to chat privately. After she logged on, she prayed Big Red was online. She knew he was an author but didn't

know what kind of books he actually wrote. She also knew he was happily shackled up with his boyfriend of the past six years. She sighed. Why are all the good ones gay?

She was out of luck. Not only was Big Red offline, but Duncan's show had finished and her moment of peace was over. She wondered to herself why she was still with Duncan. He didn't make her happy, and she didn't love him. She knew that for sure now. So was her fear of being alone worth putting up with second, no scratch that thought, third best?

“Hey, babe, you finished checking your e-mails?” he asked.

“Yeah, it wasn’t there,” she replied.

“Let’s go to bed. I can’t stay tonight, though. I need to get to work early in the morning,” he said as he walked down the hall to her bedroom.

* * * *

Tyler Daniels watched his partner, Ryan Cooper, putting the last of the dishes in the dishwasher, admiring his tight ass. After all these years together, the man could still get him hard just by looking at him. “So, Ty, what’s on

the cards for tonight?" Ryan closed the dishwasher, setting it on cycle, and turned to face Tyler. He knew that tone. It said, "I'm randy as hell and looking for release."

"Well, I should really get to work on the latest book. My editor has sent back two chapters that I need to revise," he replied, playing along with Tyler's casual conversation and not addressing the hidden meaning behind the simple words and Ty's body language.

"Baby, you work too hard. You know the saying all work and no play makes..." Tyler drawled as he moved around the island counter

toward Ryan.

“Don’t you mean you’re hard and want to play?” Ryan responded, looking down toward Tyler’s crotch and seeing the large, hard bulge justifying his statement.

“Baby, you can’t blame me just because you’re so sexy. You bend that tight ass over right in my face, just begging me to take it,” Tyler replied.

“It wasn’t because I was cleaning up the kitchen and loading the dishwasher. I was actually silently begging you to take me, huh?” Ryan said as he put his hands on his hips, tapping his foot, playing

along with Tyler's game.

"Baby, who am I to refuse the man I love? I have to answer the call." Tyler grabbed him by the neck and dragged him to his chest. He slanted Ryan's head and covered his lips with his own. He forced his mouth open and thrust his tongue deep into Ryan's mouth, rubbing hard against his tongue. He used his other hand to pull him in tighter, grinding his rock-hard cock over Ryan's and swirling his hips in a circular motion, rubbing their cocks together. He heard Ryan groan in pleasure, knowing Ryan loved it when he was like this, hard and

fast.

Tyler broke the kiss. "Drop your pants, baby," he demanded.

"Here, now?" Ryan questioned.

"Yes, here, now, and quick." He pulled back and started removing his own pants as Ryan quickly fumbled with his. Helping him slide his pants down, he grabbed Ryan's ass in each hand and squeezed. "Turn round and bend over the counter, baby," he whispered, his voice thick with lust, smiling when Ryan immediately turned round and bent over the kitchen counter, as eager as a new puppy. He quickly scanned the kitchen, looking for

something he could use as lube, as he didn't want to kill the mood of fast and furious by going upstairs to fetch some. His eyes settled on the tub of butter sitting on the counter from the dinner preparations. Shuffling along as best he could with his pants round his ankles he grabbed it and returned to Ryan with his prize. He heard Ryan groan as he saw what was in his hand which made his cock throb in approval.

"I'm going to fuck this tight ass of yours, baby. I'm going to bury myself so deep you'll never get me out." Tyler then took a glob of

butter and smothered his cock in the creamy, yellow mix. He scooped another smaller glob and turned back to Ryan. Looking down at his butter-coated rock-hard cock bouncing with each step had him wanting to come just from the anticipation of what was to come next.

Tyler ran a hand down his back in a gentle caress then kicked the inside of his ankles, silently demanding he widen his stance. Ryan moved his legs, giving Tyler better access, and bent further, thrusting his hips back. "You want me, baby?" Tyler asked.

“Ty, come on and fuck me please, I need it. Don’t make me wait.” Ryan begged.

He pulled Ryan’s cheeks further apart and slathered his butter-coated fingers against his dark rose, pushing and sliding them inside his first tight ring. Ryan pushed back and breathed out. He knew to relax his muscles.

He then started pumping his fingers in Ryan’s ass, scissoring them to loosen the muscles even further. Tyler always worried about hurting him. He knew he was big, and no matter how many times Ryan said he liked the pinch of pain

now and again from a brutal assault, he still insisted on getting him ready. "Fuck me now, cowboy. Stop fussing and ride," Ryan called out, and Tyler smacked his ass hard.

"Don't sass me, boy. I will ride when I'm good and ready," he replied.

* * * *

Ryan sucked in a big breath, trying to focus on not coming. Tyler's smack on his ass nearly pushed him over.

Ryan felt Tyler's fingers leave his ass and wanted to growl in frustration at the loss, but he knew

something so much better was coming, so he kept silent. He felt the blunt tip of Tyler's cock pushing against his ass, and as soon as he felt his crown breach his ring, he thrust himself backward hard.

"Fuck, Ryan, are you trying to hurt yourself or what?" Tyler groaned.

Ryan knew Tyler was holding on hard and trying not to come too soon. He understood Tyler so well after all their years together. "Just hurry up and fuck me," he groaned.

* * * *

"I'll fuck you, all right," Tyler said.

His control snapped, and he started pounding hard and deep into Ryan's ass. As he continued his thrusts, he grabbed another gob of butter in his hand and snaked it in front of Ryan, grabbing his iron-hard cock and coating it, too, in the butter. Once Ryan was properly lubed, he took a firm hold as he thrust, which pushed Ryan's cock through his closed fist.

"Shit, Ty, I will never last...fuck"
Ryan moaned.

Struggling to hold back his own orgasm, he had no chance of stopping anything. Ryan's ass was like a vise squeezing his cock.

Angling his hips down slightly, he gave him harder, sharper thrusts, rubbing against Ryan's prostrate with each stroke, one, two, three.

"Fuck...I'm coming!" Ryan shouted as his cock started to pulse in Tyler's fist, jetting his cum all over the kitchen cabinets. His ass clamped down on Ty's cock, and Tyler couldn't hold back the tide as he shouted his own release. He jetted his cum deep in his lover's ass and slumped over his back. Both men panted, waiting for their heart beats to return to normal.

* * * *

Left there on the couch alone,

Alex set her mind to other things so she didn't have to focus on the reality of being with him. She flashed back to the memory of the last time they'd sex together.

After his sloppy kisses she'd taken hold of his cock and directed him toward her pussy, spreading her lips and positioning his tip inside her. She'd waited as he thrust inward. She wasn't in any way excited or wet. Although from past history she'd learned that if she opened herself and he slowly pushed in and out few times, the natural lubricant buried deep in her channel lubricated her enough to

not make it painful. She'd started a stopwatch in her mind, counting to see how long he would last this time. One, one thousand, two, one thousand, and by the time she counted to forty-seven one thousands, he was jerking and grunting above her. "Thanks, was great, babe," he'd said as he withdrew from her.

"Yeah," she'd agreed with a false smile that he couldn't see in the dark room. She then poked her tongue out and rolled her eyes for good measure. "Well, I got to go, lover," he said as he threw the condom in the bathroom trash,

already stepping into his pants. "See you tomorrow," he added as he kissed her forehead and walked out the door, not even waiting for her to reply. She remembered just lying there staring at the closed door, wishing she were somewhere else.

She knew that tonight would go down just the same. It would be history repeating itself. Was this what she wanted? This mindless, soulless rubbing of bodies with the false image of a relationship. She wanted so much more. She wanted to be loved and wanted and needed. Not just an available body

for Duncan. Alex just couldn't do it tonight she just couldn't carry on this farce of a relationship any longer. She couldn't survive another round of sex with him. He would get undressed and most probably leave his socks on. His comfort was always more important than her desire. He would then lever himself over her in the missionary position, which seemed to be the only position he knew. Then with no foreplay or warning he would try to push his semihard cock into her. She had once suggested to him he had an erectile dysfunction, which had gone down like a lead balloon.

He blamed her and the fact that she'd always insisted on a condom. She was on the pill, although she hadn't told him. The thought of his cum inside her made her gag.

She just sat there on the couch staring blankly at the television and waiting to see what Duncan would do when she didn't follow him to the bedroom. She could hear the familiar sounds as first his shoes and then his clothes hit the floor and the creak of the bed as he lay down waiting for her. After a couple of minutes he called out,

“Where are you, babe? I have to leave soon, I need my sleep”

Finally her anger triggered, and instead of pity or empathy she now wanted to hurt him. There was no way she was having sex with him now or ever again. "Duncan, I got my period this morning." It still surprised her that he never figured out that she got her period twice a month. A small voice in her head whispered, "Because he doesn't care. You lie and he doesn't care." Five minutes later he returned to the living room fully dressed and combing his hair with his hands.

"You could have told me before I came over. Well, I'll be off then. Night."

Enough was enough. Being alone couldn't be more lonely and miserable than being with Duncan. Tomorrow she was going to end it. She had to stop wasting her time with him.

Chapter Two

Alex dressed for work, excited about what she'd discovered this morning over breakfast while reading the tech section of the newspaper. She couldn't wait to tell Big Red about the messenger app they had mentioned in the article. Checking her phone to make sure the app was still logged in, she closed her front door and started her commute to work. As she sat on the bus, the telltale ding of her iPhone notifying her that Big Red had logged on grabbed her attention.

Amazon Pixy: Good morning.

Big Red: What are you doing online? Are you sick?

Amazon Pixy: Nope. You won't believe it, but I found a messenger app for my iPhone so I'm available more often for you.

Big Red: Seriously? Fantastic, I'll download it today and set up my phone. So where are you?

Amazon Pixy: On the bus headed for work, and you?

Big Red: Sitting at my computer battling writer's block, chatting with my best friend.

Amazon Pixy: You sweetie, you're my best friend, too.

Big Red: I don't mean you.

Amazon Pixy: LOL

Big Red: I thought you'd like that. So how is Duncan?

Amazon Pixy: Hmm...

Big Red: That good, eh?

Amazon Pixy: I'm ending it today. I'm telling him tonight. I just can't continue this charade of a relationship.

Big Red: Honey!

Amazon Pixy: I know. I've been having my own little pity party all night. You know the thing that gets me the most is that I know I don't love the guy. It's just...I don't know. It hurts to know I failed again...

Big Red: Of course it hurts. You have a relationship with him, and you didn't fail. He just wasn't the one.

Amazon Pixy: Yeah, well, I thinking I'm going to try batting for my own team. Stuff men. I want my love life to be easier.

Big Red: You honestly think batting for your own team makes playing the game easier? Trust me on this, you know I swing the "my team" way, and yes, it is different, but it's not easier.

Amazon Pixy: I guess you're right, and there's nothing as vicious as a woman scorned.

Big Red: You would also have to give up the man anatomy, and from everything I know about you, you're a bit of a cock lover.

Amazon Pixy: Yeah, I thought I was doing a little bit of the grass is greener on the other side stuff, but God, why does it all seem so hard? Maybe I should just give up and become the cat lady all the kids in the neighborhood are frightened of.

Big Red: Well, that's an idea, but don't you hate cats?

Amazon Pixy: Trust you to be so logical.

Big Red: Don't give up, honey. The right guy may be just around

the corner. Just know that I'm always here for you.

Amazon Pixy: Thanks! I'm so lucky to have you. Enough about me, how are you going? How is your hot piece of man love? LOL

Big Red: You cheeky witch, and yes, as always things are great!

Amazon Pixy: I hear a "but" coming...

Big Red: There's no "but." It's just that we both know something's missing. We love each other dearly, but we both have needs that neither of us can satisfy, not to mention we want to have a family. Okay, there is a "but."

Amazon Pixy: I never really thought about it, but it must be horrible to want to have a family knowing the options are so limited for you.

Big Red: It's not just the wanting to be fathers thing. It's also the... Ah! Don't get me started I actually have to get work done today, and dwelling is not going to help me.

Amazon Pixy: -Yes, dwelling won't, but talking to a friend will. Message me whenever, thanks to my new app!

Big Red: Thanks, baby bear. Same to you, and you never know. Mr. Hottie may come in today.

Amazon Pixy: Ah...don't remind me. Once again, why the hell are all the best-looking men gay?

Big Red: A universal joke on all women.

Amazon Pixy: LOL—cya, papa bear.

Big Red: –Cya, baby bear.

Alex closed the app, knowing that if he messaged her it would automatically reopen again. She knew it made her a bitch, but she liked the fact that Big Red's perfect life wasn't perfect in every way. She truly wished him well, but with her life in such a rut, listening to someone talk about how great

theirs was made her feel even worse.

* * * *

Alex booted up her work computer, tapping on her desk with the end of her pen. Now that she'd finally come to accept the termination of her unfulfilling relationship with Duncan and with the support of Big Red, she was ready to open new doors and start living the life she should be. Who cared if she was on her own? She was an independent, strong woman. Of course the added happiness she was feeling may have something to do with the fact

that Mr. Hottie was coming in today. She had finished the designs for the new catalogue for his sporting goods store.

* * * *

Tyler was directed into the boardroom of the advertising agency. He was here to approve the layout of the catalogue for his new range of camping equipment. He was nervous, his skin felt too tight for his body, and amazingly, his body felt cold, but beads of sweat formed on his brow. He cared about his company and the new advertising, but that wasn't why he was having a near panic attack. No,

he was nervous about seeing the amazing Alex again. In the six years he had been with Ryan, he had never, not once, strayed. He hadn't even thought about straying until he met Alex. She was everything a woman should be, smart, caring, and sexy as hell, and that body of hers. He knew she wasn't model material. She was about average height, the media declared her as being a little heavy or a tad overweight, but to him it showed she was all woman. She had a softness and curves that he'd never find in a man or ever want to. Her green eyes were the color of the

finest jade, and that hair was to die for, a wonderful auburn color, thick, long, and wavy. He could just imagine her riding him naked with that hair draped over his chest.

"I'm sorry I'm late, gentlemen," Alex said as she entered the room, stumbling as she sat in her chair.

"As I was saying, Mr. Daniels, we have strategized the new campaign."

The rest of what his account manager, Michael something, was saying disappeared into background white noise. Pretending to listen, he took the chance to steal a quick glance at Alex. She looked happier

today than the last time he'd seen her, like a light had been turned on inside. God, he hoped that loser she was dating hadn't asked her to marry him or anything. What am I thinking? It doesn't matter. She is not for me anyway. Think about Ryan, I must stay faithful to Ryan. I love Ryan. I can't live without Ryan. Take a bite of forbidden fruit and I will lose Ryan, the man I love. Over and over he repeated his inner mantra of fidelity. Too bad his body wasn't listening to his head. Adjusting himself in the chair to make a little more room for his throbbing erection, he missed a

question asked of him.

* * * *

After the meeting had ended and Alex returned to her work station, she thought back over the meeting with Mr. Hottie, aka Tyler Daniels. She had felt his gaze on her like a physical blow, so much so that she'd stumbled slightly as she took her seat. She huffed at the frustration of spending forty minutes in a room with Mr. Hottie. Why, oh why are all the good ones gay? Maybe she was asking God himself for the answer. Ah...get back to work, girl, you still have to meet with Duncan tonight. At that

thought, she sobered, and the lust boiling in her blood dissipated faster than a speeding bullet.

* * * *

“Honey, I’m home,” Tyler called. It had been a long day, but business was good. He stood in the entry, flicking through the mail he’d picked up on his way up to the apartment.

“Hey, darlin’, hard day?” Ryan answered from his desk.

“Yeah, but no big issues. I approved my new ad campaign, just a few changes to be made, which should be ready tomorrow. Hey, there’s a letter for you.” Ryan

wandered out of his office and over to him and took the formal-looking, thick envelope. He watched as Ryan turned it over and stared at the sender then ripped the envelope open with a rush. He was surprised by first the apprehension and then the sheer joy on Ryan's face.

"I won...I won the National Book Award." Ryan jumped for joy.

He had finally done it after all the hard work and long hours.

"That's fantastic, babe. I knew you could do it," he replied as he watched Ryan's big grin and the excitement gleam in his eyes. He was so proud of him. He watched

as Ryan folded the letter and moved away.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to tell Amazon Pixy. I can’t wait for her reaction,” Ryan replied.

Jealousy and anger warred in his blood. He was sick and tired of this. He knew he shouldn’t be jealous of Ryan’s online friend, but Ryan should want to share and celebrate this with him, not someone else he’d never actually even met.

“I can’t handle this anymore! I’m going out,” he said, seething.

“What...What’s wrong?” Ryan replied, shocked.

“What’s wrong...What’s fucking wrong? I’ll tell you what’s wrong. You care more about your fucking online friend than you do about me anymore. Once, you couldn’t wait to tell me things and celebrate with me. Now it’s all her,” he screamed, his voice much louder than he would have preferred, but he’d lost control of his temper. “Just tell me, are you in love with her?” he prayed that the answer wasn’t yes, but he had to know.

“I have never even met her. She’s just a friend. I don’t even know her real name. You know that. Why are you so upset?” Ryan

asked, worry etched on his face.

“I don’t know what to think anymore. I’m out of here. See you later.”

Tyler flinched when he heard the front door slam shut behind him, although part of him was satisfied at the violence in it. He walked for what felt like hours but knew would have only been minutes. He found himself out front of one of his favorite bars. It served quite good food and had a relaxed atmosphere. What the heck? He needed a bite to eat and a few drinks to calm himself down. As he entered, he walked straight into a

woman standing just inside the door. He was so preoccupied he didn't even see her.

"I'm so sorry," he stuttered.

"Don't worry about it. No harm done," she replied, and that deep, feminine voice was the same one he'd fantasized about all day.

"Alex?"

"My God. Mr. Daniels?"

"Please, I've asked you so many times before, call me Tyler," he said.

"Sorry, Tyler."

"Well, fancy meeting you here." He looked her over, and she was wearing the same suit that she'd

had on today.

“Yeah, I’m meeting my boyfriend, Duncan,” she said.

A pang of disappointment settled over him.

“Romantic dinner for two?” he asked, trying to make small talk.

“Not likely. I’m actually telling him it’s over, and I can’t wait. Any advice on the best method?” she asked.

A twinge of hope sparked in Tyler, and he shook his head. What on earth was he doing, being happy that her relationship was ending.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to involve you in my personal dramas. You

must think I'm horrible, being so flippant about breaking up with my boyfriend. It's just that in my head I left him months ago"

"No, no I wasn't shaking my head at you. I was thinking about something else." He chuckled, trying to lighten the mood and show her he wasn't upset with her

"Oh, Okay. Well, there he is. So I had better face the music," she answered.

She then moved off toward the bar and waved to a wiry-looking man who he knew must be Duncan, the soon to be ex-boyfriend.

"Hey, is your partner coming to

meet you? I would love to finally meet him," she called back as she was walking away.

"No, we're not in a great place right now," he replied.

"Look, stay here a while. Once I get rid of Duncan, you can drown your sorrows and tell me all about it," she said.

"Okay, it's a date." She smiled and walked away.

Tyler could only think that his night was looking up. Although a sense that he was betraying Ryan niggled at his conscience.

It was an hour later when Alex finally returned, and she looked

miserable and happy at the same time. "How did it go?" he asked as she took the seat next to him.

"Good and bad. He didn't care, which is good. He didn't love me either, which is bad. It's also bad that I wasted so much time on him."

"Well, at least you didn't waste more time on him," he said.

"You're right, so that's good." Waving her hand, she got the bartender's attention and ordered a drink. "So spill. What's the problem?"

"It's nothing," he responded.

"Really?" she questioned.

“Okay, it’s something, but I don’t want to talk about it.” Taking another gulp of his beer, he looked at her. The lust, the need for her burned and smoldered in him, and before he knew what he was doing, he slid a hand through her hair to the base of her head and pulled her lips to his. The heat and softness of her lips as he rubbed his against hers was incredible. He licked her bottom lip, and as she gasped in surprise, he thrust his tongue deep into her mouth. He stood and raised her to her feet and then pulled her hard against his body. His cock throbbed, pained with his desperate

need for her. Rubbing his steel-hard cock against her, he wanted, he needed her, and he had to be inside her. At that thought, he suddenly pulled away. "I'm so sorry." Quickly, he turned and rushed out the door. What the hell have I done? Ryan... one word, one person, he had betrayed Ryan and their relationship.

Chapter Three

Tyler walked into the apartment feeling like he was walking toward the gallows. He'd decided to admit to Ryan what he'd done and beg for forgiveness. Ryan was sound asleep in their bed, and the angelic look on his face made his guilt even worse. He could wait until morning to explain to Ryan what he'd done. Ryan deserved a good night's sleep. He deserves so much more. He deserves someone much better than me.

Sunrise finally arrived for Tyler. It had been an endless night for him

as he lay beside Ryan, fully dressed, watching him sleep. The whole night, all he could think about was Ryan and what his life would be like without him. He was devastated at the pain he was about to cause him, and his fear of a life without Ryan tore through his heart like a physical wound. The worst thing of all was that he could still remember the passion and desire he felt as he kissed Alex. His body was betraying his guilty mind, and he could feel his erection just thinking about that kiss.

* * * *

“Good morning,” Ryan said with

closed eyes, still snuggled under the covers.

“Morning,” Tyler replied.

His ominous tone made Ryan’s eyes snap open, instantly awake. Something was wrong, much more wrong than a little fight. He could feel the vibes emanating from Tyler lying there fully dressed and having obviously not slept. Panic raced through Ryan.

“What’s happened?” he asked. Tyler bit his bottom lip, and it looked as though it was trembling.

“Ryan, I have to tell you something,” he finally said.

Ryan’s heart was beating one

hundred miles a minute, and his mouth was dry.

“Last night I kissed someone. I was so angry, I just...I’m so sorry Ryan. I ran into Alex, and it just happened, but nothing more,” Tyler stammered.

He felt his heart stop beating, and his body froze. He couldn’t breathe. He rolled out of the bed and walked toward the bathroom.

“Ryan, please!” Tyler begged.

“Not. Another. Word. Just leave the room! I need to think,” Ryan said between clenched teeth, his shock and anger fighting for control.

“Ryan, please, look, I didn’t

mean it to happen. It just. Look...I have desired Alex for a while, a long while, but I would never betray you and I never have. I messed up this time, and I'm so sorry, please forgive me?"

Ryan couldn't believe it. Here he was last night thinking of how he'd let Tyler down. That he'd been neglecting him and causing him to be jealous of his friendship with Amazon Pixy. And Tyler, he, he was, he was kissing another man, someone he had wanted for a long time. "God," he called out as pain lanced through him. He bent over panting with pain. He needed help.

He needed Amazon Pixy.

He reached over to the table beside the bed for his phone. He logged on, praying that Amazon Pixy was online. He needed her right now more than he needed air to breathe.

Big Red: Baby bear, I need you!

* * * *

Alex was walking down the aisle of her favorite grocery store doing her normal Saturday-morning food shopping when her cell phone dinged. Opening it she saw Big Red's message.

Amazon Pixy: What's wrong, papa bear?

Big Red: My whole world is crumbling. God, it hurts so much!

Amazon Pixy: What's happened?

Big Red: He told me he kissed some guy last night. We had a fight, and he kissed some other guy. I'm really scared, Pix. I can't imagine my life without him, but he...He...

Amazon Pixy: What a bastard! He's a piece of scum! Do you know who this guy is?

Big Red: He told me he's wanted him for some time but didn't do anything till last night. He said they only kissed.

Amazon Pixy: I know this isn't

what you want to hear right now, but at least he's being honest with you. It would be one hundred times worse if he'd lied or hidden it.

Big Red: Yeah, I know. I should give him some credit, but it just hurts so much. I think he's going to leave me. One part of me wants to kick him out. The other wants him to stay so much I'm prepared to beg.

Amazon Pixy: I think it's time we meet. We know we both live in the same city, so let's agree on a coffee shop. We always said if either of us needed it, we'd brave it, and I think now's the time. You need it. I also

have news to tell you as well. Good news might cheer you up!

Big Red: You're right.

* * * *

After they had agreed on a time and place, Ryan had a quick shower and scoured his wardrobe for something to wear. Finally he was meeting Amazon Pixy. If it wasn't for Tyler's admission, today would have been a great day.

Ryan sat watching the front door of the coffee shop, waiting. It surprised him that after all these months he still didn't know her real name or any other important details about her. He knew she worked as

a graphic designer and that she hated her boss, and she'd had some problems with a few of her coworkers, but he'd never actually asked where she worked.

He watched as a stunning, dark-haired woman entered the shop, looking around, obviously searching for someone. He sucked in a ragged breath. If this was Amazon Pixy, he was in deep trouble. She had beautiful green eyes and gorgeous thick, dark lashes. Her eyes had a sensuous cheekiness and laughter just bubbled from them. She had a body that would bring most men to their knees, full breasts, and curves

to match. This was not some waif-thin model. She really did look like an Amazonian warrior. He raised his hand just in case, and when she set those blazing, deep jade-green eyes on him and smiled, he felt the whole world stop. He felt as if everything was concentrated on this one moment in time.

She walked toward him with a sway to her step that set a wave of desire heading toward his crotch. His cock started to harden with need just looking at her. A fog of lust covered his mind. "Well, I have to say Big Red suits you," she said in a deep, rich voice. He imagined

that her voice alone could soothe the soul.

“And Amazon Pixy is the same for you, but maybe Amazon princess would be better,” he replied.

“Are you trying to flirt with me?” she asked. A wicked smile settled on her luscious lips. Lips he could well imagine wrapped round his cock.

“Trying is correct, as so far it doesn't seem to have worked too well.” Her laughter filled the room, and he felt like laughing himself. She seemed to have that cheeky, sexy, funny air that would make

anyone feel happy just to be near her.

“Well, I don’t think call signs work face-to-face, so let me introduce myself. I’m Alexis Thompson. Most people call me Alex.”

Ryan’s brain froze. Alex. Her name was Alex. Could it be...No, it just couldn’t. Running back through his conversation with Ryan, he tried to remember if Ryan had actually said that the Alex he kissed was a guy. But then the chances of his Amazon Pixy being Tyler’s Alex, no way...things like that only happened in the movies. He needed more

facts.

“Hello, Alex. I’m Ryan Cooper,” he replied.

* * * *

Alex took a seat opposite and tried to calm her nerves. It really was a great waste that he was gay. Not only was he the greatest friend in the world, but he was also gorgeous.

“So now that we’re going to get to know each other better, how about you tell me how you take your coffee?” Ryan asked.

“White with one,” she replied and then watched as he went to the counter to order their coffees,

watching the sexy sway of his butt as he walked. My God, he was good looking. She mourned the fact that she couldn't have a taste of that body.

* * * *

"So you haven't told me, where it is you work?" Ryan asked.

"Really, you know I think you're right. I've told you all about the people I work with, just not the company. I work at Bell Advertising." Ding, ding, ding! That's the company Tyler uses for his advertising. My God, could this be true? Could his Amazon Pixy be

Tyler's Alex? What were the chances? Trying to calm himself from getting too excited, he pushed on.

"So before we get all depressed about my problems, tell me this good news you have to share," he suggested.

"Okay, okay, you're not going to believe this, but you know Mr. Hottie, the client that I drool over?"

"Yes, the gay one, right?" he asked.

"Yep, that one. He kissed me last night!" And there it was. It was official. Tyler was lusting after his best friend, his Amazon Pixy, and

didn't know it. The very woman he was jealous of was the very one he couldn't stop his attraction to.

"No way, you've got to be kidding. Did you mistake him for being gay?" Ryan asked, already knowing the answer, but he wanted to play along.

"Well, no, I know he lives with a guy. Uh! My gosh, I'm the other woman. I'm a harlot, a...a mistress," she admonished herself.

What would she think if she knew I was the scorned partner?

"Sweetheart, you kissed. It's not like you got down and dirty."

"Don't put the image in my mind.

God, I would have loved it if we had," she responded.

"Hey, what am I, chopped liver?" he joked.

"You know, Big Red, ah...I mean, Tyler, after meeting you in person, I'd take you on any day, but, my dear, you bat for the other team. So does Mr. Hottie."

"You're right. Do you think there's any chance he's bi? I know it's a long shot, but do you think, maybe?" He put the idea in her mind of having a relationship with a bisexual. As open-minded as she'd always been, he needed to discover if she could consider the concept.

"I don't know. He did kiss me pretty well, and he rubbed against me," she replied, a dreamy expression on her face. Ryan didn't like the mental picture of Tyler rubbing against her. It didn't sit right with him. He wasn't just jealous that Tyler had a moment with someone else. He was also jealous that Alex had a moment with someone else and he wasn't there to join in.

"Honey, if he kissed you with half the passion I'm seeing in your face right now, then you better believe he's definitely bi," he replied, forcing his feeling of jealousy aside

for later consideration and processing.

“Wait a minute. What the hell am I thinking? I’m not going to be someone’s mistress. I couldn’t hurt his partner like that. No. No...that’s just not me. I think I’ll tell my boss I can’t work with him anymore and just forget it happened,” she stated.

Ryan sat back, looking over at Alex. He had to admit he wanted her, and Tyler also wanted her. “Have you ever once thought that maybe his partner would like to join in and make it a trio?”

“Honestly, I have never thought about it. I mean, I’ve read books

about it, but I never thought that stuff happened in real life," she replied.

"You've read books about it? Tell me about these books," he said, his interest piqued.

"Are you telling me you've never read erotica books?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm telling you that," he replied.

"Well, honey, I'm about to expand your mind and open you up to a new dimension of fun." As they sat drinking their coffee, Alex showed Ryan her favorite online bookshop and how to download books. He pulled out his phone and

opened his notepad app, and she then recited a list of her favorite ménage book titles for him to read.

“So you’ve read about ménage but never tried it yourself?” he questioned.

“Ryan, I think that half the women on the planet fantasize about the idea, but most of them are too afraid to try it. Not to mention society labels women who would participate.”

“So you wouldn’t be brave enough?” he asked, hoping, praying that she’d tell him she was.

“I don’t know. To be honest, if it was with two right people where I

felt protected and safe, yeah, I probably would.” Ryan felt like pumping his fist in the air in victory. She could actually accept the idea of a threesome. He had always thought of a ménage as a porno-flick concept or some drunken frat party event, but the idea of him, Alex, and Ty in bed together... My goodness!

Chapter Four

"Please, Alex, could you come over to my place for dinner tonight? I'd like for you to meet my partner, and I need your support when I see him again after this morning." Ryan was careful not to mention Tyler's name as he didn't want to let the cat out of the bag just yet.

"Sure, of course I'd love to meet him, the cad. I might give him a piece of my mind for upsetting you. You know, I don't think I even know his name," she replied.

"All will be revealed tonight," he said mysteriously. More than you

know, my sweet Alex.

Ryan left the coffee shop an hour later with a plan. First, he needed to take a look at some eBooks, well, at least skim through them anyway to see how everything worked. He settled back at his computer, reading some of the eBooks Alex had recommended. They were like a how-to guide on threesomes with a bit of spice thrown in for good measure. And boy did it give him some ideas. Actually, his cock was ramrod stiff after reading the last one. Now more than ever he knew what was missing from his relationship with

Tyler. They needed Alex to complete them. She would be the yin to their yang. They both admitted to each other at the start of their relationship that they were bisexual, but their love and commitment to each other had fulfilled them. As the years passed, though, their needs and the desire for a woman resurfaced, hence their mutual attraction to Alex.

The unscratched itch for that missing piece had blossomed to a point where Tyler had nearly betrayed him with his physical attraction to Alex. He, on the other hand, had been having an

emotional affair with Alex for the past few months at least, and if he was honest with himself, maybe longer. He needed that female element in his life and had forsaken Tyler to some degrees to have it. The two books he had read so far were about permanent threesomes, lifelong triads. The thought hit him as he was reading. Heterosexuals needed another person of the opposite sex, homosexuals needed another person of the same sex, and bisexuals need one of each sex, obviously resulting in three-person relationships. It was the only way everyone could be fulfilled in

lifelong commitments, as complete sets.

That realization freed him. It gave him the permission he needed to pursue this triad partnership. It was so simple he'd no idea why he hadn't see it earlier. Shaking his head, he continued reading the current chapter. The characters were engaged in a daisy chain, and the images in his head of him in the middle of Tyler and Alex made him consider a trip to the bedroom to grab some lube and jack off. It would be the ultimate sexual experience to be sandwiched between your lovers, his cock deep

inside Alex and Tyler's cock buried deep in his ass. Groaning, he had to get up and stop reading for a while or he'd come in his pants. He needed to get his plan together. Firstly, though, he needed Tyler onboard, because he knew he'd have a really good chance of getting Alex if he had Tyler.

* * * *

Tyler walked through the door, the guilt over kissing Alex still haunting him. He hadn't seen Ryan all day, and he was dreading the coming confrontation. The smell of his favorite dinner, roast beef, hit him, and his mouth watered as his

mind screamed a warning. This was either really good or really bad. There was no in-between.

“Good, Tyler, you’re home. Dinner should be ready in an hour. We need to have a talk,” Ryan said.

“I know, Ryan. I need to tell you again how sorry I am,” he pleaded.

“Okay, I want to talk, and I don’t want you to interrupt until I’ve finished,” Ryan stated.

“Sure, okay.” This was going to be bad.

“I felt so betrayed when you told me this morning that you kissed someone else, my heart ached at the thought of losing you. I know it

took a lot for you to admit what you did, and I thank you for that and also for your honesty at how you were feeling. I want you to tell me about Alex."

"I'm so sorry I hurt you. Ry, you know how much I love you, I tried to hold back, God how I tried, but she is so..." Tyler said with tears in his eyes.

Bingo! Ryan thought. She, he'd just said. He already knew from his meeting with Alex, but he just needed confirmation from Tyler. It was just too unbelievable to be true, but here it was. It was true all right.

“Before we get further into this conversation, there’s something I need to admit to you,” he said, moving closer to Tyler. “After your confession, I messaged Amazon Pixy. I was so upset that my keyboard skills were not up to par, so we decided to meet for coffee. We had coffee, and I invited her to dinner tonight to meet you,” he stated.

“What, you met her!” He knew the second he heard his own voice that he was accusing Ryan of something that he himself had just done. He had no right to place demands on Ryan after his betrayal.

“Yes, Ty, I did, and she’s gorgeous,” he replied.

“Are you doing this to get back at me? Is this my punishment?” Tyler asked. He was scared. Ryan seemed so attracted to her, and he’d become so close to her. Maybe he would leave him for her.

“How would inviting her to dinner be a punishment to you? I just wanted her to meet you, considering she knows so much about you. Putting a face to the name would make our conversations easier,” he replied. “Besides how could your punishment be me talking about

how sexy a woman is? I thought until just now it was another guy you kissed, because all you told me this morning was you kissed Alex.”

“My God, I’m so sorry, Ry. I didn’t explain, her name is actually Alexis. She uses Alex for short,” he stated, wincing as he realized what Ryan must have thought.

“Now, to the real point of this discussion. When were you going to tell me you needed a woman?” Ryan asked.

“It’s not that I need one. It’s just you know...You must feel it sometimes,” he muttered.

“Missing the feeling of breasts

molding in your hands, a dripping pussy wrapped around your cock, the sound of feminine moans and groans. Yes, Tyler, I know.”

“Shit, you do get it!” He sighed, releasing the last of his frustration. “Maybe we can work on it together, like having AA meetings together. I don’t want to lose you, Ryan. I love you. I couldn’t imagine life without you,”

“I really needed to hear that, Ty. I love you, too, and I couldn’t imagine life without you either. I want you to remember no matter what, we’re together.” This was the critical point. This would either

make or break his idea for their future. "But I'm not sure AA meetings are going to solve our need for a woman. After meeting Amazon Pixy today, I found some eBooks about ménage relationships with two men and one woman."

"What, threesomes?" Tyler replied.

"Yes."

"You want to have a threesome with Amazon Pixy?" he asked with dread. "Do you love her?" he asked.

"Tyler, you need to deal with your jealousy, just like I have to. I didn't ask her to have a threesome. She doesn't even know that I would

consider it. She thinks I'm gay, not bi."

"But you're interested in her if she'd go for it. You'd like to have a threesome with her?" Tyler asked.

"I'm not going to lie to you. If we really wanted to consider this arrangement, we have to be fully honest with each other at all times. Yes, I am interested in her. She's gorgeous inside and out. But she has the hots for some guy at work, and until that's resolved, there's no chance of her considering any other options."

"I don't know whether to be happy or sad about that. I will be

honest with you, I'm not sure I'd be happy with her even if she's as hot as you say she is. I mean, you have this emotional relationship with her. You've been talking to her for months. So you both will be really comfortable with each other, and I would be like a third wheel," Tyler said.

* * * *

"You're right. I can see that being a big problem. If only you could've had a relationship with her before as well. Oh well, let's just see how it goes and enjoy a good dinner with a new friend." Ryan turned back to the stove, trying to

suppress a chuckle. He was really enjoying this game, but he also hoped it didn't backfire on him.

"I don't think we should rush into this threesome idea. I need time to sort it out in my head," Tyler said with a worried expression.

"But you are open to the idea, aren't you?" Ryan questioned.

"As long as I don't lose you, then yes, I am open. I just don't want you to get your hopes up on some fantasy. Life isn't always like what you read in books. It would be a pretty remarkable woman who would be able to accept a relationship with the two of us

together, let alone the fact that we love each other in every way possible.”

“I know finding someone who could handle that would be amazing and very rare. If we found her and both fell for her, we should grab hold and hang on, for as long as it lasts.” He wanted to cement into Tyler’s brain that once Alex was revealed he was committed and so should Tyler be, too. “Now, go have a shower and get changed. This is a casual dinner.”

“Fine, slave driver. I love you, Ry” Tyler wrapped his arms round him and held tight. They both

needed the physical contact after the day they'd had. And hopefully before the evening was over it was only going to get more interesting.

"Love you, too, babe." He pulled back a fraction and kissed him hard and fast, showing all the pent-up emotions he had suffered throughout the morning. Their tongues dueled, and he felt Tyler's cock harden and rub against his. "Off with you before our guest arrives," Ryan said as he smacked Tyler's ass in a playful swat.

"You could always join me," Tyler drawled.

"Not this time, lover boy. My

roast will burn," he replied.

Ryan hummed to himself as he continued cooking. The conversation with Tyler had gone better than he had expected. Everyone was open to the idea, and now all that needed to happen was for the players to be put into their positions and the game could begin. The doorbell rang with perfect timing. Tyler was still in the shower, so this would give him a chance to talk to Alex and let her relax a little before the star-struck lovers of last night reconnected.

"Welcome to my humble abode, my lady," he said, using his best

English gentleman's accent.

"Why thank you, sir," she replied, and they both laughed.

* * * *

Alex walked into their impressive apartment. Her apartment would fit in their entry alone. Well, maybe hers was a bit bigger, but it didn't feel like it. The massive glass windows looking out over the city, the huge open plan rooms with vaulted ceilings, and the beautiful furnishings all gave the impression of wealth and intimidating power.

"Big Red, you scoundrel, your description of your apartment gave me the image of some shack, not

this.”

“Well, Pixy, I didn’t want you to have high expectation and be disappointed,” he replied with a rakish grin.

“Well, you succeeded in giving me expectations anyway. So where is the cheating rat?” she questioned.

“No, no, no...my fiery one. We had a discussion this evening, and it was very enlightening. There were misunderstandings all round. We have resolved a lot, so please have an open mind.”

“Fine, I’ll sheath my claws until they’re required. Now, how about a

drink, good sir? I'm parched," she said, restarting their banter.

"A drink ye wench requests, then a drink ye wench shall have," he replied as he led her, laughing, into the kitchen for a glass of white wine and to check on how dinner was coming along.

* * * *

Tyler heard laughter echoing from the kitchen, and it was official. He was jealous. But he owed it to Ryan to be a good sport, especially after what he had done with Alex. The closer he got to the kitchen and the more he listened to them, something in that laughing voice

sounded familiar. He turned the corner, and all the air left his lungs. This couldn't be happening. This had to be some fantasy. Maybe he'd fallen over in the shower and knocked his head, and this was a hallucination.

"Ah...Tyler, I'd like you to meet my Amazon Pixy, also known as Alexis," Ryan said.

* * * *

Alex turned around with a smile, ready to meet Ryan's partner, his name not even registering. "Shit!" Alex squealed. She turned back to Ryan and then back again to Tyler. She couldn't believe it. Turning

once again back to Ryan, she had to tell him that her Mr. Hottie was standing right behind her. Most of all, she had to tell him that Mr. Hottie was actually his partner, Tyler. How on earth could this have happened? "Ryan, I have no idea what to say to you right now, but I need to tell you something, and you're going to hate me," she said, stunned.

Chapter Five

“Why? Because it was you that Tyler kissed last night and Tyler is your Mr. Hottie?” Ryan asked.

“What!” Alex gasped. “When did you put it together?” she asked.

“Today at the coffee shop, as soon as you introduced yourself as Alex and told me about kissing Mr. Hottie,” he replied.

“Are you mad, Big Red? Do you hate me? God, don’t tell me you hate me. I couldn’t live with it or with you not being my friend. Honestly, I didn’t know, and if I had, I would never have kissed

him," Alex stammered

"Darling, I'm not mad, and I definitely don't hate you," Ryan cooed.

"Hold on a second!" Tyler bellowed, pacing the floor and rubbing his hands over his face in frustration and confusion. "So let me get this straight. You have, for the past six months, had an online relationship with Amazon Pixy, who it turns out is Alex, the graphic artist at the advertising agency that I use. The same Alex, in fact, that I've been lusting after for the last six months." He stopped pacing and faced them both. "The very one I

kissed in a bar last night and nearly mauled in the process.”

“Yep. About sums it up,” Ryan replied with a smile.

“And you figured this out today when you met her for the first time in the coffee shop?” Tyler looked at him, needing to understand if this was a setup. “How did you not put it together before this? I mean, you chat to her every day,” Tyler said.

“I never knew her real name until this morning, and she told me how she’d finally kissed her Mr. Hottie, a gay client whom she’d been lusting after for the last six months. She also never told me

where she worked," Ryan replied, smiling at the shock on both their faces.

"What the hell are the chances of that happening? I mean, seriously, if we told anyone about this, they wouldn't believe it. They'd think we made the whole story up," Tyler added.

"I know. It's an amazing set of circumstances that have come about to bring a very special person into our lives, one that accepts us both," Ryan said, not missing the double meaning in Tyler's words and remembering what Tyler had said before his shower. Could it be

possible? Could he actually be able to have both Alex and Tyler? Until today he'd never even thought about a three-way relationship, nor had he ever even fantasized about it, and now here he was with the prospect a definite possibility.

* * * *

"So when would you like me to serve dinner, chef?" Tyler asked calmly.

"That's it! You're ready to accept all this and sit down to dinner like everything's normal!" Alex said.

"Well, Alex, my sweet, what do you think I should do?" Tyler asked

“I don’t know. I just...just...” Alex didn’t know what to say. She couldn’t understand what was going on.

“I know what we should do. What I wanted to do once I pieced this all together,” Ryan said as he walked up to Alex and wrapped his hand behind her head and pulled her toward him. Locking his lips onto hers and tilting his head, he deepened the kiss, crushing her closer to his chest. He was shocked, not at them kissing in front of him, but at the fact that it excited him so much.

Watching Ryan kissing Alex was

like a Viagra on steroids. His cock was so hard he thought he may actually have a permanent tattoo of his pants' zipper imprinted on it. They finally ended the kiss, both groaning and panting, and their eyes glazed with lust.

"God, Tyler, you must be a saint. How did you honestly stop last night with just a kiss?" Ryan asked.

"Extremely difficult, probably that hardest thing I've done in my life, but my thoughts of you helped me through it," he replied. As he stood looking at both Alex and Ryan, all he wanted to do was drag them both off to the bedroom and never

let them out. He was consumed with his thoughts of having them. He just couldn't choose which one he wanted first.

* * * *

Alex didn't understand what was going on, her brain churning with so many different possibilities it was difficult to focus on one thought. So much had happened in the past twenty-four hours. Firstly, the kiss from Tyler, and then that kiss just now from Big Red, he'd actually kissed her. She'd thought about it every night for the past six months as they were chatting online. Always wondering what his kiss

would feel like, she'd fantasized about him being her knight in shining armor. They'd ride off into the sunset together. Here he was, kissing her, but he was gay, no, bi. He would only ever come as a package deal, but who would have ever thought his package was none other than Mr. Hottie, the other man who had been in her fantasies.

"Honey, even clicking your heels three times, repeating 'there's no place like home,' isn't going to change this. It's real, not a dream," Ryan said as if he was actually reading her mind.

"Big Red, you know me so well.

You understand what I'm thinking. You always have. That's why we're such close friends. Unless of course you have some supernatural skills you haven't admitted to me yet?"

"Big Red?" Tyler questioned.

"It's my username online when I chat with Amazon Pixy. It's the only name she's known me by for six months," Ryan said.

"Hey, does she also know how you got that name?" Tyler asked

"He told me you called him Big Red because he was big and had red hair," Alex said. Tyler burst out laughing.

"Oh, honey...I did call him Big

Red because he is big, but not exactly because of his height, and of course there is his red hair," Tyler replied.

"Really! Do tell more," Alex said, picking up her wineglass and waiting for Tyler to fill her in on the whole story.

"For a start, our boy here is very well hung, and not only is he a true redhead, but his pale skin happens to allow certain areas of his delectable body, because of the extra blood supply needed, to take on a delicious red tone."

"Aha...so the carpet matches the drapes. His cock is huge and can

glow in the dark, hey! Really, Ryan, you should have told me the real reason. I might have pushed our first meeting forward just for an eyeful.”

“What can I say? I didn’t want you to think of me as some horn bag looking for an ego rub!” he replied. “Besides, you, my dear, thought I was gay, so why would you care about the size of my cock?” he added.

“So tell us, Alex, does your carpet match the drapes?” Tyler asked, looking her up and down.

“A bit of a personal question there, Tyler, but what little carpet

there is basically matches the drapes," she said with a flirtatious smile and a wink which had them both drooling.

"Ah, God, baby, shaved or waxed?" Ryan drawled.

"Waxed, it lasts longer."

"That's it, I'm turning the oven off. I can't wait any longer," Ryan said.

She watched him rush over to the oven and turn the dials.

"It can all wait, and if not, we can order pizza after," Ryan stated.

"Why, aren't we having dinner now?" Alex asked

"There will be eating, don't you

worry about that.”

She saw Tyler look at Ryan, wink, and then nod his head. “Why do I get the feeling that I’m one of the courses?” she asked, feeling the sexual tension and anticipation thick in the air. This was it. She was going to sleep with two men. All those fantasies were about to become reality. Was she ready for this? she wondered to herself.

“Baby, you’re the first course,” Ryan drawled as he wrapped his arm around her chest and pulled her carefully from the stool.

“Say no and this stops right now. Last chance?” Tyler asked her as he

held the side of her face in one hand, looking into her eyes.

“Okay,” she answered, breathless from fear and excitement.

“We need a better answer than that,” Ryan said as he kissed he neck.

“Yes,” she moaned, tilting her head to the side to give Ryan better access.

“There we go, baby. That’s all you need to say. Let’s move this to the bedroom,” Ryan drawled, his voice taking on a husky tone. Tyler moved in front of Alex, and in one swift move, Alex’s world turned

upside down.

"Hey, put me down, caveman. I can walk." She laughed.

"Takes too long," he replied. Ryan snickered as he followed them down the hall into the bedroom.

Tyler mounted the bed with her still over his shoulder, and then dropped her in the center. "She has too many clothes on, Ry. I think we need to get rid of some of them." Ryan moved to the opposite side from Tyler on the bed. She then looked from one to the other in amazement.

"This is really happening, isn't it?"

"Yes," Tyler said gently.

"Scared?" Ryan asked.

"A little," she replied

"Don't be, sweetheart. We would never hurt you. You're what's been missing, Alex. All those times I told you something was missing between Ty and me, it was you. Now let us show you, so you know we're what's been missing from your life, too. We three parts make one whole." Ryan grabbed the bottom edge of his T-shirt and pulled it over his head. Alex gasped at the sight of his naked chest. She had an overwhelming need to touch it, rub her hand over it, and lick

every inch of it.

“Amazing, isn’t he?” Tyler asked, noticing her stunned then lustful glances.

“Have you ever shared a woman together?” Alex needed to know if she was just another number in a long list of bedmates. Also, if they were experienced in just how this would play out. Not that she was insulted to be another number. It was not like she was a virgin.

“You’re the first,” Tyler replied.

“And hopefully the last,” Ryan added.

“So this is a first for all of us,” she replied. She sat up and started

rubbing her hands over Ryan's chest, and lowering her head, she licked him from the top of his pectoral muscle to his collarbone. Ryan moaned as his head fell back, opening himself to the pleasure of her exploration. She lapped at his nipple as it beaded, and then she lightly bit at it, alternately nursing and nipping. Ryan growled.

"Honey, you're killing me. Fuck!"

"Tell me, Ry, tell me what it's doing to you?" Tyler asked as he moved behind Alex and started undoing the buttons on her blouse.

"Fuck, my cock is so hard and pulsing I want to come right now,"

he replied.

“No, baby, you’re going to hold off, but let’s make this a little fairer, shall we?” He pulled Alex away from Ryan’s chest as he removed her shirt. Once her shirt was removed, they both gazed openmouthed at her dark blue lace demi bra.

“God, look at those,” Ryan said as he nearly drooled at the sight of her breasts nearly popping out of her bra. Feeling brave and sexy, Alex decided to torment them a little, so with a provocative smile she mounded her breasts with her hands, raising them as if on offer.

Reaching behind her, she unhooked the back clasp and let the bra fall free. She then began molding her breasts again in both hands, lightly pinching her nipples and stroking them until they were hard little pebbles. Both men stared at her.

With more bravado than she had ever felt in her life, she unzipped her pants, and straightening her legs, she wiggled out of them, taking her panties as well. Now kneeling naked on the bed in front of the two spellbound men, she felt like a queen, a goddess, as she ran her hands over her body with a sultry pout. "Well, boys, are we

going to play, or are you all talk?"

Both men shook their heads as though to clear the cobwebs from their brains and stood up, and they quickly removed their clothing as she sat there watching with awed wonder. When Ryan removed his pants and boxer briefs, she understood the term Big Red. "You were so right, Tyler. He is Big Red for sure, and he's huge. Ryan, God! I don't think I've ever seen a cock that big except in a porn movie."

"You wait till you see Tyler's cock. Hold on a second, you just said except in a porn movie. You watch porn, do you, baby?" Ryan

snickered. "Well, we can sure have some fun, can't we, Ty? Maybe we should get some ménage ones and recreate the scenes," he added. Alex turned and saw that Tyler was now naked, and she couldn't help but inspect his cock. It was slightly shorter than Ryan's but was easily a third thicker. She worried for a second if it would fit in her, but that thought was quickly replaced by a wave of lust, and she thought, bring it on, boys. Bring it on. The bed moved as both men crawled back toward her with a common target in mind. Her.

Chapter Six

Alex raised her hands and touched their chests. Feeling the rapid pounding of their hearts, she looked into their eyes and saw the matched glow of desire for her in each of their eyes. "Speaking of watching porn, have either of you watched a ménage porn movie before? 'Cause I'd love some direction of what to do next, guys," Alex said as she licked at Ryan's chest, the salty tang sparking her desire for more.

* * * *

"Sadly no, but it's just topped my

future viewing list," Tyler replied with a groan at the thought of them all watching a porn movie together. Having Alex's mouth on his body gave him images of her lips wrapped round his cock with that wicked tongue of hers rubbing up and down its length. "How about we just make our own?" He purred as he molded her breasts in his hands and moved his head lower to lick at her budded nipples. Taking one between his teeth, he sucked it into his mouth, getting a growl from Alex. He watched as she grabbed Ryan and pushed him down onto the bed, giving her the desired

access to his marvelous cock. Taking one big lick along the entire length, she swiped at it just as she would an ice-cream cone, paying particular attention to the crown, lapping and nibbling as if it was her favorite flavor. He loved watching Alex laving Ryan's cock and taking it deep into her mouth, and the sight of her ass swaying back and forth with that swollen, waxed, wet pussy was too much. He had to have her. So, using his fingers, he tested her readiness, rubbing them along her slit, dipping his index finger in her to gather some more moisture so he could rub her clit.

Her moans vibrated around Ryan's cock that was still deep in her throat, and Tyler watched the tortured expression on Ryan's face as that vibration nearly sent him over the edge.

"Please? Tyler, fuck me," Alex pleaded.

That was enough to snap the last shreds of gentlemanly thought Tyler had. So positioning himself behind her, he rubbed his cock against her warm, moist entrance, and when he saw her wiggling back against him, he thrust hard, sheathing himself completely.

"Fuck...God, I forgot how good a

pussy felt...umm so hot, so wet, so soft." Pistoning in and out, he watched as his cock slid into her, watched as her pink flesh consumed him, watched as that wonderful, soft, silken hole gobbled him up.

"Tell me, Ty, tell me how her pussy feels." Tyler looked over at Ryan, who gazed back at him with so much love and pleasure.

"Can't talk. Trying to hold on. Won't last," he replied.

"Fuck! Man, I'm holding on with a death grip, too. Alex's mouth is amazing."

Tyler watched and panting he closed his eyes trying his hardest

not to come. Knowing they both were going to lose control soon, he slowed his pace to deep, powerful thrusts. He then reached round and started to rub Alex's clit, and judging by the moaning and groaning coming from her, she was enjoying the extra stimulation.

"Ry, squeeze her nipples. Let's take our girl with us."

Ryan immediately started pinching, pulling, and rolling her nipples, and Tyler felt the convulsing of the muscles in her pussy. It felt like a fist holding him in heaven. One, two, three more thrusts and Alex detonated,

screaming her release. Ryan grabbed her head to stop her from pulling off of his cock as he came in her mouth. Tyler couldn't hold back either. As Alex milked his cock, he jetted his seed deep into her. On and on he came. He couldn't remember a time when he had come so hard. Opening his eyes, he looked at Ryan, feeling a twinge of panic that Ryan might be upset or jealous that he had come so hard. As he took in the sight of Ryan, he realized he was in the same boat and that both of them had been drained by this beautiful pixy. Pulling out, he then remembered he

had forgotten to use protection. Being with Ryan for so many years and both of them being faithful to each other, he didn't even think of it. "Shit, Alex, honey, I forgot about protection...I can promise you both Ryan and I are clean. We haven't slept with anyone except each other for the past six years."

Alex had collapsed on the bed, half covering Ryan. "It's okay. I'm on the pill. I've never had sex without a condom in my life, and I'm clean." She panted, obviously trying to get her breathing back under control. Tyler looked at Ryan to see if he, too, was as amazed by

her response. Some primal part of him was pleased that his seed was the only one that had ever entered her body. He wanted to cover her in it, marking her as his and Ryan's. Ryan looked as though he wanted to do the same. Maybe he would talk to her about his fantasy of coming on her. Given the passion she had just shown, he guessed that she would be open to the idea.

* * * *

Alex held her hand to her chest, trying to get her heart to settle. She had come harder than she ever had in her life, the orgasm so intense she could still feel the muscles of

her pussy clenching like a heartbeat. Her brain felt like it had received a massive electric shock, and all she had been able to do was scream and writhe as her body liquefied. It had touched her that Tyler was so concerned about protection, and for the first time in her life, she hadn't thought about it. She didn't want it. She wanted to be skin to skin. Then there was swallowing Ryan's cum. She'd never done it either, and even the thought of it had repulsed her. She had given blow jobs before but had always pulled away before they ejaculated. Even pre-cum had made

her want to gag, but Ryan's and even the thought of Tyler's made her want it. She wanted to be filled and covered by them. "Well, I guess we sorted out what to do then," Alex said with a chuckle.

"Shit, baby, if we did it better, I think I would have died," Ryan replied.

"Yeah, but what a way to go," Tyler added.

* * * *

Ryan lay back, looking up at the ceiling and wondering if he and Tyler needed to discuss this change. He'd read the ménage erotica books, and he had even

thought about what would happen between them all if and when they got together, but this was so much more. Nothing could have prepared him for the emotions, the connection he felt to Alex and Tyler. Even as sated as he was, he also wanted more. He wanted to come home to this every day, but did that mean he loved Tyler less? He didn't feel so, but what if...Ryan laid his arm across Alex's stomach, searching for Tyler's hand. Tyler must have needed the reassurance as well because when their hands touched, they both held on for dear life to each other. This was a big

new change, and they needed to reassure each other that their love had not changed and they were still together as strong as ever. Just thinking of Alex stirred his flaccid cock back to life, but now was not the time. They needed to talk before they moved their relationship any further.

“So, boys, what do you have to do to get fed around here?”

Ryan burst into laughter.

“Well, I can think of a few things that would motivate me to feed you,” Tyler said seductively.

“Yeah, like what? Wait, let me take a few guesses. Ummm...pinch

you, no wait, hit you around a little. No, I've got it. You need me to damage that beautiful, big cock of yours, and then you are sure to feed me."

"Big beautiful, eh?"

"Are you fishing for compliments?"

"A man can never have too many compliments about his manhood."

"All right, you two, let's get some food. We need the energy for later."

Ryan laughed.

"Okay, now that's a reason to feed you," Tyler replied as he grabbed Alex's hand and helped her off the bed. Ryan threw his shirt

toward her as he pulled on his favorite boxer shorts and headed out to the kitchen.

* * * *

Alex couldn't believe her luck. She was standing in the kitchen of her best friend Big Red and her Mr. Hottie after having one of the most mind-blowing sexual experiences of her life. She watched as Ryan and Tyler moved around the kitchen like an old married couple so comfortable in their roles, chatting to each other as they worked. Taking another sip of her wine, she wondered if she was the third wheel, and if she was upsetting a

happy family. Could they love her? Not that she was looking for them to love her or her to love them just yet, but still, what if?

Ryan spilt some of the gravy sauce he was making on his abdomen, and she had the overpowering desire to lick it off. She maneuvered herself between the two men and knelt in front of Ryan, licking at the spill until his stomach was coated in her saliva and kisses instead.

* * * *

Tyler watched as the scene unfolded in front of him. He wanted to be a part of it. "You like the

sauce, do you, Alex? Well, come here and get some more." He took the spoon from the mixture and tested the temperature on his wrist first. No need to burn his sensitive flesh. Then with his other hand he hooked the waist of his boxer shorts and pulled them down, and using the spoon, he coated his exposed cock with the gravy. He watched Alex. The dilation of her eyes and the quickening of her breathing showed she was pulsing in desire. As he removed the spoon, he was taken aback by how fast she moved in front of him, lapping at his now erect cock. The feel of her little pink

tongue rubbing and lapping, molding around his hard rod, was nearly his undoing...Now he understood what Ryan said about her having a wicked mouth. He nearly swallowed his own tongue as she engulfed his cock in her mouth and sucked the life out of him. Moaning and groaning, he tried to hold back or else he would embarrass himself and come like some sex-starved teen in the middle of the kitchen. "Fuck!" he called.

"I told you she had a wicked mouth, didn't I?" Ryan replied as he moved behind Tyler and pulled him

tight against his chest, the heat of his body boiling his blood. "Look at that mouth wrapped so tightly over your cock." Ryan was like the little devil on his shoulder whispering naughty things to him. "Look, Ty, look at your beautiful cock swallowed by our Alex." Our Alex. He liked that. He looked down at Alex, and again he had to try to calm himself. Just watching those luscious red lips pulled tight round his cock, and the expression of pleasure and lust covering her face, and Ryan rubbing himself against him was too much. "Alex, stop for a second, honey. We're going to drive

Ty crazy.” Ryan groaned more for himself than for Ty. Alex stopped sucking and, pulling her mouth from him, raised her eyes to them both. “Calm down, baby. We want to make this so much better for all of us. Lean forward against the bench, Ty, but leave room for Alex.” Tyler moved into position.

“Alex, honey, I want you to suck on his cock as I take his ass, is that okay with you?” He wanted to cross his fingers, hoping that this was not too much for Alex. He knew she understood they were lovers and she thought they were gay, but knowing and seeing were two very

different things.

“Pass me the lube and I’ll get him ready for you if you want,” she replied.

“Fuck!” both Tyler and Ryan said at the same time.

“Okay, honey, here you go.” Ryan handed her the tube, thinking he had either died and was in heaven or there really was a Santa Claus. Tyler looked over his shoulder at him. Pure lust shone on his face.

“I’m going to get you back for this,” he stated.

“Please do...God, please do,” Ryan replied. He was torn. One part

of him wanted desperately to be in Tyler's position, and other part wanted to fuck his man's ass so hard and deep that they would be joined for all eternity.

Chapter Seven

Tyler watched as Alex licked his cock one last time before she raised her head. He jerked and bucked in anticipated pleasure as she then squeezed lube onto her fingers. "Are you ready, Ty, my pet? Are you ready to feel Ryan's long, hard cock spreading you wide and sliding deep?"

"Honey, that mouth of yours is not only good for sucking. Your dirty talk is lighting my fire." He gasped.

"Ryan, spread our boy," she called. Tyler felt Ryan palm his ass and spread him wide for Alex. She

then took him back into her mouth as she lathered his ass with the lube, rubbing and circling his ring with her fingers. So driven by need, he tried to force himself onto her fingers. He wanted and needed something inside him. Alex moved her fingers away before he could get what he wanted. "Ah-ah!" she said, her voice muffled by his cock. He huffed like a petulant child and wiggled his ass some more, trying to find something, anything to satisfy his burning need.

"God, that's a beautiful sight," Ryan said from behind them. "Watching Alex's fingers playing

with your ass as she slurps and sucks on your cock." Pleasure and acceptance rang in Ryan's statement. Alex massaged Tyler's ring and inserted a finger. Stroking some more, she buried two fingers to the knuckle and started slowly scissoring them.

How on earth does she know so much about anal sex? Tyler wondered.

As if reading his thoughts, Ryan said, "Pixy, it seems like you're not an ass virgin from what I'm seeing here."

"Actually I am. I've just read a lot about it," she replied as she

pulled her mouth off Tyler's cock.

"Well, honey, you're a quick study. Now get that cock back in your mouth. I need to take his ass now before I explode," Ryan demanded.

* * * *

Ryan watched as Alex removed her fingers from Tyler's ass. He then positioned his lubed cock against his lover's dark ring and pushed, savoring the feeling of his cock being strangled by the tight muscles. As they loosened, allowing him access, he groaned with pleasure. He was where he wanted to be, inside his man, his love. Tyler

was hanging on by a thin thread, and Ryan wanted nothing more at this moment than to snap that thread. As soon as he felt Tyler's muscles relax enough to take him without causing any pain, he started deep, slow thrusts into his tight tunnel of love. "Alex, honey, increase that suction. We are going to drain our boy." Continuous moans came from Tyler as he increased his pumping, and on each inward thrust, he pushed Tyler's cock deeper into Alex's mouth. Ryan looked down at Alex and saw that one of her hands had disappeared down between her legs to her

crotch, and he realized she was playing with her pussy, getting off on their play. "Ty, baby, our girl is playing with her pussy as she sucks and swallows your cock, while I fuck your ass." Tyler's only reply was a groan, and then a jerk as his body stiffened and he lost all control. This was Ryan's signal to pound into his ass, giving himself over to his own release, as Tyler pumped his cum deep into Alex's throat. As his cock softened, Ryan pulled out of Tyler, and Tyler's softened cock slipped from Alex's mouth, but Alex was still rubbing at her clit. They were so lost in their orgasms they

hadn't noticed that Alex hadn't got off.

Both men looked at Alex kneeling on the floor, her lips red and swollen. A drop of cum had escaped from the corner of her mouth and dribbled down to her chin, and her eyes were glazed and focused on a distant goal she was straining to achieve. As her fingers worked on her wet, swollen pussy, her other hand rubbed and pinched her nipple through the fabric of her shirt. "God, Ry, is there a sexier sight on the planet?" Tyler asked, leaning back into Ryan's arms and watching Alex.

“If there is, I don’t know of it,” he replied. Alex suddenly jolted and jerked as she finally found her release, moaning and slumping to the floor in a molten mass of pleasure. “God, she’s so damn hot. Come on, sweet Pixy, we need to get some food into you and get you into bed.”

* * * *

Alex opened her eyes to the early morning sun streaming in through the window and panicked. She didn’t recognize her surroundings. She looked to her right and saw the two men lying next to her in the bed. Then she

remembered last night. Phew! She remembered all that the three of them had done into the early hours. Hours, shit! What was the time she had to get work? Wait a minute. What day was it?

"It's Friday, if you're wondering," Tyler said.

"Can you read my mind?"

"No, honey, it's just that I know that look," he replied.

"So what time is it?"

"It's just gone six thirty."

"Shit! I have to go. I have a meeting at nine o'clock, and I've got to get home, shower, get dressed, grab something to eat...no

time, I'll eat later." Alex continued to babble on, running over all the things she needed to do for the day.

"Alex, honey, stop..." Alex looked at Tyler. "I know you have a meeting at nine, but I can assure you that your client is going to be late and will need to reschedule to a later time, maybe eleven."

"How could you possibly know that? I don't want to miss Mr. Hot... Oh! Right." Alex could have kicked herself. Here she was in bed with Mr. Hottie and Big Red, and she was rushing to leave for a meeting with Mr. Hottie.

“So tell me, Alex, how long have you been calling me Mr...what was it?”

“Mr. Hottie,” Ryan called out.

“She’s been raving about this hot gay client she’s been working with for the past six months. Whining about how all the good ones are gay,” he added.

“Ryan, shut up, that was strictly between Big Red and Amazon Pixy,” Alex said as she thumped Ryan on the arm.

“Oh! Really, only between Big Red and Amazon Pixy?” Tyler responded as he started to tickle Alex. “Maybe I should join your

online chats.”

“That’s a good idea…uncle, uncle.” Alex giggled, trying to roll onto Ryan to escape Tyler’s tickle torture. “We need to come up with a username for him.”

“Well, he is all dark and mysterious. He should be dark something,” Alex replied.

“And he is my knight in shining armor,” Ryan said as they both looked over at Tyler deep in thought.

“Dark Knight,” they both called out at the same time.

“It’s perfect. We are Big Red, Amazon Pixy, and Dark Knight.”

Alex chortled then wished she could take it back. Her statement gave the impression that she thought they were all a couple. They had only spent one night together. She shouldn't be getting proprietary.

"I like that," Tyler replied. Alex felt as though she could breathe again.

"Well, boys, I need to get going." Alex left the bed and started to gather her clothes together.

Alex felt a wave of unease. She didn't know what she should say or do or if this was a good-bye of sorts. She swallowed her fear and put on a brave face as she finished

getting dressed and walked toward the front door. "See you later, guys, and thank you so much for last night."

"Okay, I'll see you soon at your office," Tyler replied.

As the door closed behind her, Alex took a moment to whimper in concern and fear that this was the last time she would see them.

* * * *

As the front door closed, locking Alex out of their life, hopefully for only a few hours, Ryan turned to Tyler. "We need to talk about the future, the present, and maybe even the past."

Tyler looked at Ryan, his love for the past six years. He didn't want to lose him, but he also wanted to keep seeing Alex. "Ryan, I love you, and I always will. If you say you don't want to continue seeing Alex, then we stop, and I'll get over it, but I'm hoping that you want to keep seeing her and give us the chance to see if this goes anywhere." Tyler tried to swallow with a suddenly dry mouth, hoping and praying that Ryan understood.

"Thank God! Man, I was worried you wanted to end it. I feel like we've just begun something so great, so, so...unbelievable," Ryan

added. "Yes, God, the sex was the best, and the three of us just cuddling, talking, laughing."

"I know," Tyler sighed as he thought about last night, the best night of his life.

"So you're going to make sure she comes over tonight, right?" Ryan asked.

"Of course. I would have asked her as soon as I woke up, but I thought we needed to talk and work this out between us first," he replied.

"Yeah, I thought the same thing, but now we know we're both on the same page. Let's get our girl."

“Our girl, I like that.”

“So do I. Oh my God! What about the kitchen sex? God, when I asked her if she could handle me fucking you as she sucked you off, my heart stopped while we waited for her answer. I was scared shitless that she'd be grossed out by the idea.”

“Reject it, fuck, she prepped me for you.”

“I know. It now gives me a great idea. I've been dying to try it, I've spent many hours jacking off to the fantasy but never once thought I would even mention it, let alone try it.”

“What fantasy is this?” Tyler

asked.

“Of us fucking a woman together,” Ryan replied.

“Didn’t we do that last night?”

“No, baby, of us double penetrating her,” Ryan said, letting the idea cement in Tyler mind.

“I want her ass first,” Tyler demanded.

“Well, so do I,” Ryan countered.

“Okay, well, let’s just put it in the too-hard basket for now. We don’t even know if Alex is up for the idea yet.”

“Agreed.”

Tyler had a bad feeling that this would be a problem not easily

resolved.

* * * *

Alex was nervous. She hadn't heard anything from either Ryan or Tyler, and the nine o'clock meeting had been pushed back to four. She steeled herself as she walked into the boardroom, hoping that Tyler wouldn't be angry or cold to her, or even worse, try to get her fired. No, it'd be worse if he was cold after all that had happened last night. Tyler already sat at the head of the boardroom table, and his face lit up as he saw her. Her heart lifted at the look in his eyes, and she scolded herself for a day wasted

doubting them and questioning herself.

The meeting finally wound up just past six o'clock. The campaign was signed off and her artwork approved. As she packed up her designs, Tyler walked up to her. "So, Ms. Thompson, I have a few more questions regarding the designs. Could you by any chance stay another moment or two and answer them for me?" Alex looked at Tyler then back at her boss, wondering what she should say.

"Of course our Alexis would love to answer any question you have. Would you like anyone else as well

to help you?" her boss replied.

"No, Alexis is more than enough," Tyler answered with a smug expression on his face. Alex realized at that moment that Tyler was setting her up. She was going to be at his beck and call, and he was going to abuse his position as best he could. Well, two could play at that game she thought smugly to herself.

"Of course, Tyler, I'd love to answer any of your questions. Your comfort and needs are most important to me," she stated in her best seductive tone, batting her eyelashes like a fifties actress. Tyler

smiled and hid a chuckle with a cough.

“Well, then, Alex, I’m glad we’re on the same page.”

With a bewildered look at the two of them, her boss said, “Okay then, Alexis, it seems you have this all under control. I must be off then. I have a function to attend tonight.” Shaking hands with Tyler one last time, he turned and left the room. While they were speaking, everyone else had also left the room, and most were on their way home.

“Well, it looks as though we’re alone now, my sweet Pixy. Let me

just shut this door for you, Alex. Sometimes I need a quiet room without other distractions." Alex heard the click of the lock engaging, and the room was silent except for their heavy breathing. Anticipation of what was to come was thick in the air, and they sat and gazed at each other. "So, Alex, let's talk about what I want."

Chapter Eight

“How about we talk about what I want?” Alex smirked.

“I don’t think so. I’m the client, and the client is always right,” he replied with a wicked smile.

“Ah! You want to play that game do you...sir?”

“Well, role-play is always fun. You like to have fun, don’t you?” Tyler stood and stalked her round the boardroom table like a lion hunting a gazelle.

“Yes, I love fun, and I love role-play, as long as some of my fantasies get played out sometime,”

she replied.

“What fantasies do you have, my dear?” he asked.

“Oh, the usual ones like the pirate and the wench, the slave and the demanding master, the mistress and her pets, or maybe even the innocent maiden who is captured as a prize by the warlord.”

“We can definitely play out those, but right now I’m the demanding boss and you’re the ever-pleasing employee.” Tyler stood in front of her, giving her his best demanding stare.

Alex thought of how much fun this could be. She knew Tyler would

never hurt her, and he wanted this to be fun, a playing out of a naughty fantasy. She was never one to run from a challenge. "Sir, I was told you needed to see me. What can I do for you?" she blinked her eyes in innocence.

"Yes, Alexis, I did ask to see you. I need you to complete a special assignment," he replied.

"Anything, sir, you know I live to serve and please you," she said in her most compliant and obedient voice.

"Please me you will, my dear. Your special assignment is my pleasure. I've been watching you in

the office for months. I've wanted to bend you over this very table and bury my cock so deep inside of you that only my feet would be sticking out." Alex looked into his eyes and saw the truth in his words. He had really fantasized about her just as she had about him. So much time wasted because neither one of them was willing to take the risk. Also, maybe fate needed for them to wait until she and Ryan had formed a friendship. Oh! Ryan, would he be okay with them doing this?

"Sir, not that I want to break character, but is this okay without

Ryan?" she asked.

* * * *

Tyler felt like a splash of cold water had been thrown on his face. How could he have forgotten Ryan? Here he was, about to fuck Alex in a boardroom, and Ryan hadn't crossed his mind once. Maybe he was cheating on him. Maybe he was failing Ryan in the most fundamental way. "I don't know, Alex. We've never done this before, I mean, a triad or even having sex with another person, so we don't have any ground rules," he replied.

"Hold on a second." Alex pulled out her iPhone. "Let me just chat to

Ryan, unless you think that I'm not to be involved in this decision. I mean, if I'm just some flavor of the day or week or even month, then I guess...maybe...I should just stop talking now." Alex blushed. She had spoken so fast he knew she hadn't meant to say everything she had.

"There's no correct answer to your question or statement, so I want to plead the fifth." He placed his hand on her cheek, lightly brushing it with his thumb. "Alex, you know you mean a lot to Ryan and me. You also know we've been together for six years, and that I have to take into consideration

Ryan's feelings. We don't know where this is going. Hell, I don't even know what we're doing, but I will not lose Ryan. He and I need to discuss this together." He watched Alex's face contort first in pain and then in anger and then finally resolve. By the look now on her face, it didn't bode well for them, and he needed to make a snap decision and fast. If he let Alex go now, she would be gone forever, but if he stopped her, he could possibly hurt Ryan.

* * * *

Alex felt as though she had been slapped. Logically, she knew it was

the right thing to do and was thankful for his honesty. Although another part of her, the feminine, vulnerable part that wanted to be loved and desired, to be, above all else, the most important thing in her lover's life, was hurt. Like she was second in line or maybe even third. She felt used and bereft

The sound of her phone ding in the quiet room startled them both. She looked down then turned and walked to the table and sat so she could type in comfort, mostly though because her shaky legs wouldn't hold her up much longer.

Big Red: Hey, babe, what are

you doing?

Amazon Pixy: I'm still at work with Tyler. We're in the middle of a discussion, but I think it's over now. Actually yes, it is over, I'll send him home now.

Big Red: That doesn't sound warm and fuzzy. Did he do something stupid?

Amazon Pixy: No it was just a reality check for me. You know the old saying be careful what you wish for.

Big Red: What did you wish for that didn't work out?

Amazon Pixy: In romance novels, things always seem so easy and

uncomplicated, but in the real world it's a different story.

Big Red: Tell me what happened! Don't leave me in the dark!

Amazon Pixy: Look, Ryan, nothing really happened. It's just, well...

* * * *

Tyler watched Alex, who was obviously online chatting to Ryan, and by the look on her face it wasn't going well. Grabbing his phone, he texted Ryan, hoping to get an inside scoop on what she was saying and also to give Ryan a heads up on what had happened.

Tyler: Ry, fucked up big. Alex

distancing. Think we will lose her.

Ryan: What happened, Ty? She is ending it. What did u do?

Tyler: Was going to fuck on table. She worried about u. Short story, told her u always first for me.

Ryan: Fuck! Don't want to lose her.

Tyler: Don't think we have a choice.

Ryan: Look, we didn't talk, so I understand, but fuck her with or without me because I am going to do it to u, just as we should do it to her.

Tyler: Shit, I didn't think about it like that. We would fuck whenever

without asking her, so why wouldn't we do the same with her?

Ryan: –Yeah, this whole three-way is really complicated.

Tyler: –Agree, but it is worth the effort.

Ryan: –Okay so how do we fix this?

Tyler had no idea what to do. He was texting Ryan as Alex was messaging him. He was so thankful for modern communication, but this was just ridiculous. Here were three people all communicating, yet not speaking to each other and all dancing round the problem.

Tyler: I'm sick of this shit. Am

going caveman.

Ryan: Just make sure u bring our girl home when u r done.

Tyler: Luv u always.

Ryan: Luv u more.

* * * *

Ryan sat back in his chair, glancing from his phone to his monitor. He was angry and jealous. Well no, not actually jealous. That wasn't really what he felt. He didn't mind that they were having sex without him. What he was jealous about was the fact that they were fucking up the relationship without him. All hell had broken loose and he wasn't even there. He couldn't

even try to fix it. He understood what had happened, and he was even happy that Tyler and Alex had stopped and thought of him. A part of him was happy that Tyler had called it quits and told Alex that he would always come first. He would always have Tyler, he knew, but something had been missing before Alex came along. They both weren't one hundred percent happy. Now that they had Alex, he couldn't go back. He wanted more. Alex was what he wanted, what they needed. She would add the softness to their hardness. She could chat for hours with him, she could talk business

with Ty, she could even give them children, and she could be their wife.

Big Red: Alex, honey, I want you to do everything Ty says, okay? Please trust me.

Amazon Pixy: It's not about trust, Ryan. It's just all too hard. Maybe this just wasn't meant to be. I still want to be friends, though. I need your friendship.

Big Red: Alex, we will always be friends no matter what.

Amazon Pixy: No matter what.

Ryan grabbed his phone and sent a final text to Tyler. "CAVE MAN NOW."

* * * *

Tyler saw the text and knew Ryan had hit a brick wall with Alex. Ryan had obviously failed, so now it was time for action, and he was to be the action man. He walked over to Alex and grabbed her neck in one hand and the middle of her back with the other, pulling her up hard against his body and covering her mouth with his, forcing her lips open. Then thrusting his tongue deep inside her mouth he branded and pillaged her. He was going to conquer her and take his prize home to share with his mate.

Alex moaned into Tyler's mouth

and speared her fingers through his hair, holding on for dear life. She couldn't stop herself even if she tried. Her body was no longer her own. It wantonly rubbed itself against him, her diamond-hard nipples caressing his chest, her pelvis rocking and grinding against his steel cock. She tried to get her wet and heated core into contact with him. Tyler grabbed her ass with both hands and lifted her onto the boardroom table. He pushed her upper body back to lie down on the tabletop. He then wrapped her legs round his waist and slid her butt right to the edge of the table

so that his cock was rubbing against her pussy. He rubbed his hands over every part of her body, and then paying special attention to her breasts, he pinched and rolled her nipples. He watched as she arched her back up off the table, trying to thrust her breasts deeper into his hands. He could see she didn't want soft and gentle. She wanted to be taken, to be devoured.

"Tyler, fuck me. Fuck me now," she demanded.

* * * *

He needed no further instruction. He was already trying desperately to slow himself down. He told

himself over and over again to give her pleasure and not to just rip her panties off and bury himself in heaven. So now given the green light to satisfy his desire, he wanted to come in his pants from excitement. Although with the willing, delicious Alex laid out like a buffet, he could continue to taste. He shoved her skirt up to her waist and grabbed the top of her panties, tugging them down. Alex raised her ass off the table to help him, and as her ankles cleared the hated scrap of material, she spread herself wide for him. He could see her dew glistening in the florescent lighting

of the boardroom, and he put a hand on each leg and spread her wider. He then brought his mouth down onto her swollen pussy, licking her, tasting her, and savoring her. He paid special attention to her clit, rolling it between his lips and gently tugging it with his teeth. He wanted to stay there forever, but he needed to get inside her too much. Hastily, he unzipped his pants. There wasn't enough time to take them off, so he just wiggled them down around his feet. As his throbbing cock was released from its material prison, he lined himself up and thrust hard

and deep.

They both groaned with the pleasure. Without giving her time to adjust or waiting for any type of signal from her to continue, Tyler started to pound into her. He had a passing thought that he hoped he wasn't hurting her, but this was quickly overshadowed by his desire to make her theirs. They could have lost her tonight and perhaps they still could. He needed to plant himself so deep, so hard she could never remove him. She belonged to him and Ryan, and he would make sure she knew it. He gripped her hips and pulled her tighter into his

thrusts. She slid along the table with each stroke and moaned and thrashed in ecstasy at his savage domination. Without warning, she stiffened and then convulsed as her pussy pulsed and milked him. He couldn't stop his orgasm. He hadn't expected it, and he growled and roared with the power of his release, burying himself to the bone as his cum jetted deep inside her. His last coherent thought before he collapsed on top of her in a sated heap was mine!

Chapter Nine

Alex stepped from one foot to the other, impatient for Tyler to open the door to the apartment. She was really concerned that Ryan would be angry or upset with her or both of them. She'd never got to finish their conversation earlier because she'd been swept off her feet by the explosive sex with Tyler. "Honey, we're home," Tyler called out as they entered.

"I'm in the kitchen." Alex crossed her fingers and swallowed her nauseous fears. God, Ryan looked so sexy standing with his back to

her, his T-shirt pulled tight over his back and his chinos cupping the best ass she'd ever seen. As he turned, she steeled herself for his look of disgust, jealousy, or maybe even anger. All she saw was happiness and perhaps relief in his eyes and a wide grin on his face. "Thank God you're here, babe. After your messages, I was afraid you were going to leave us. Now come here and give me a kiss." Alex walked around the bench and into Ryan's arms. She placed her hands on either side of his face and pushed up onto her toes to reach his lips.

"I'm sorry, Ryan. I got scared, and it just got too hard to sort out in my head."

Ryan pulled back to look in her eyes. "Babe, I get it. This is scary, and there are going to be doubts and fears for all of us. I want us all to try this, so next time, don't run. Just come home. The only way this is going to work is if we all communicate with each other." Alex melded into him as she pulled him closer. She wanted to show him with her lips how much his words meant to her. As her tongue stroked his, she tried to feed him with her emotions. She wanted him

to feel the love she felt for him. After all their conversations over the past year, it didn't matter that she'd never actually seen him. He was her best friend. With Tyler, she felt and treasured their connection to each other. For six months she'd had an unrequited love that had turned real.

"As much as I don't want to interrupt you two, I think something is burning, Ry," Tyler called from behind them.

"Oh no, not my butter cream sauce," he moaned, as the two of them behind him burst into gales of laughter. Warmth spread through

Ryan, which had nothing to do with the heat of the oven. It came from inside his heart at the sound of his two lovers laughing. The mood had been lightened, and his Amazon Pixy was home along with his dearest love, Tyler. His nest was full, or almost anyway.

After dinner was over and the dishes done, Ryan decided it was time to talk about the elephant in the room. "So, guys, we need to discuss some realities...I know it's very early in our relationship. I mean it's been what? Two days?" Both Alex and Tyler looked at him with dread, but he pushed on. This

conversation had to happen if they were to move forward. "Tyler, you and I've been together six years, and, Alex, we've been best friends for a year, so the getting-to-know-you stage has well and truly passed. Even you and Tyler have known each other for six months. So it's time to talk about how we're going to make this work, if that's what we all want."

* * * *

Alex looked down at her hands in her lap. This was fast, talking about commitments on day two of a relationship, but this evening had shown her how hard a three-person

relationship could be.

“I’d like to see where this could go. You and I are best friends, and knowing I can also snuggle and, more importantly, have mind-blowing sex with my best friend seem like a fantasy come true. Tyler, we have talked to each other and fantasized about each other for six months. To know I can have you and Ryan, together in one package, well, I think now I have evidence that Santa Claus is real.”

“I’m in. Let’s get the rules sorted out,” Tyler said. Short, sweet, straight to the point. That was Tyler. Alex again thanked her lucky

stars for Ryan. He could talk sweetly and emotionally. He could gossip with her.

“Okay, so we all agree, each of us has free license to have sex any time, anywhere with each other, alone, or with one or all of us. However this is a consensual ménage relationship, so no sex with anyone else outside of the three of us.”

“Okay, so I can only fuck you two men, either separately or together.” Alex snickered. Could this be real? Could she really be having this discussion?

“Don’t laugh, kiddo. You sleep

with any other man or woman and I will spank your ass and kill them," Tyler stated without any humor.

"Tyler, I was only joking. Besides, you will both keep me so busy I couldn't possibly fit in another man and I'm not into women," she replied.

"Okay, back to business, guys. We'll deal with any jealousy issues between us by open, frank discussion. I would ask, though, that you both don't leave me out of any sex if it's possible for me to join in."

"Oh! Ryan...of course, we had such a problem in the office today. I

felt like I was betraying you until we texted each other," Tyler responded.

"That's why we're having this discussion. You were both in the mood, and I couldn't physically be there. You did the right thing, and I'm not jealous. Disappointed that I wasn't there, maybe...but not jealous."

Alex turned to Tyler. "Maybe we should give our man some special attention to make up for his disappointment." Alex slithered from the couch to the floor and crawled over to where Ryan was sitting. She knelt in front of him and

grabbed the fly of his chinos, unbuttoning and then unzipping him. She grabbed his hips and dragged him to the front edge of the couch, pulling his pants and boxer briefs down over his hips. Alex cursed as they were trapped on his legs as she'd forgotten to remove his shoes.

"Let me help," Tyler called as he joined her on the floor in front of Ryan. Tyler swiftly removed his shoes, socks, and pants, leaving him naked from the waist down. Both Alex and Tyler watched as Ryan's cock inflated to full length and bobbed in excitement. Alex

took it in her hands and flattened her tongue to lick at the bead of pre-cum that had escaped him.

“Tyler, you have to taste him with me.”

* * * *

Ryan groaned out loud and spread his legs to allow Tyler room to kneel next to Alex. He looked down at Alex licking and caressing the shaft of his cock and Tyler engulfing the head and swirling his tongue over and over, with a dash of teeth just as he liked. Alex moved her head down lower and licked and sucked at his balls, taking one at a time into her

mouth, while her fingers caressed and lightly scratched the ever so sensitive skin between his ass and balls. She then began a slow massage of the very root of his cock behind that skin. Ryan threw his head back in ecstasy. Having his two lovers' mouths all over his cock, he could feel the pressure building in his balls, but he had to last. He couldn't let this moment pass too quickly. Alex released his testicle and started to lick his cock up toward where Tyler's mouth was at the top. Ryan watched as Alex grabbed the back of Tyler's head and pulled his mouth to hers with

Ryan's cock between their lips. He watched as they kissed each other, dueling their tongues around the head of his cock, both of their mouths slurping and sucking. They each had a hand on the base of his cock and pumped in rhythm with the rolling of one testicle each in their other hands. The sight, the feeling was too much. He couldn't hold on any longer. He felt his balls pull tight into his body, and the first pulse of his cum, and then he roared his release. His cum jetted between both of their mouths and onto their faces. Neither pulled away as his cream coated them.

They both continued their torture until he had jerked a final time, emptying himself completely.

Alex licked the cum off Tyler's face, and he did the same for her, and they then finished with a deep, passionate kiss. "Fuck! Alex, let me just say you are one very, very, amazing woman, and I'm so thankful you're all ours," Ryan whispered as he slipped to the floor and kissed Tyler and then Alex, tasting himself on them both and loving it.

"Let's move this to the bedroom," Tyler commanded.

"Yes, sir" Alex replied.

* * * *

Alex was packing a small suitcase with some work clothes, PJs, and some outfits to take over to Tyler and Ryan's tonight. After another great night in bed, the fifth in a row, they all agreed she should keep some stuff at their house so she wouldn't have to run over to her place early every morning. She zipped the bag closed, making sure everything was set, and left her apartment. As she sat in the cab headed for the office, her phone beeped, announcing a message.

Big Red: How are u, babe?
Missing u already.

Amazon Pixy: How could you? I only left you an hour ago.

Big Red: Yes, but that was too long. Did you pack your bag?

Amazon Pixy: Yes, it's in my hand.

Big Red: Did you pack anything naughty?

Amazon Pixy: Such as?

Big Red: U know, toys, some naughty lingerie.

Amazon Pixy: You want me to bring toys? Why would I need my b.o.b when I have you and Tyler?

Big Red: b.o.b?

Amazon Pixy: Battery Operated Boyfriend

Big Red: Ah...that sounds interesting. Maybe you should.

Amazon Pixy: What would you do with it?

Big Red: Well, first I would get Tyler to hold you nice and still while I dined on your luscious pussy, bringing you to the edge of coming then backing off and starting again. Then when you begged me to come, I would get your b.o.b and force you into orgasm after orgasm as you took Tyler deep into your mouth. As he fucked your mouth over and over again, I would start prepping your tight little ass for my cock. I would lube you up and

stretch you nice and easy to take me deep inside. Once you were loosened and begging for me to fuck your ass, I would then slowly push my hot cock into your tight ass, the pain and pleasure mixing so perfectly. With Ty's cock in your mouth and b.o.b buried in your pussy, buzzing away at your clit, you would explode like a firecracker.

Amazon Pixy: Okay! Well, I'm so turned on sitting here in the back of this cab I'll need a trip to the bathroom to play with my pussy as soon as I get to work. It's too late to go back home and get b.o.b, but

in my lunch break I'm going to a sex shop up the street and getting a new b.o.b. As long as you promise me you'll recreate that exact scene tonight, because gosh...I'm almost ready to come just reading your message.

Big Red: Well, baby, get us an extra b.o.b, and while you're there get some lube and anything else that takes your fancy...maybe some nipple clamps or a French tickler?

Amazon Pixy: I'll see. Maybe I might get vibrating plugs for my boys.

Big Red: Ooo, you are naughty...I like it. Get whatever you want,

baby. I know Ty will be as willing as me to try anything with you.

Amazon Pixy: When you talk to Tyler, remind him to pick me up at six tonight and tell him about what you promised.

Big Red: Will do, babe. See you tonight. Have a good day!

Amazon Pixy: You, too. Now get writing!

Big Red: Yes ma'am...LOL.

Alex felt like skipping her life was so good. She had two fantastic men, work wasn't crap at the moment, and she had a night of naughty fun to look forward to. Lunch couldn't come fast enough,

and now a new challenge was about to begin. This was going to be her first adventure into a real sex shop. Yes, she'd bought sex toys before but always online, and they were delivered in brown packaging. She had never even actually seen a vibrating butt plug in person, just online, and wondered what it would feel like. I hope they have some. Just the thought made her soaked. Whatever made her talk to Ryan about it, she didn't know, but now she had to deliver. Suck it up, girl. Who cares what anyone thinks? With her newfound bravery, she

opened the door and walked inside the shop. After hitting her Visa with a two hundred ten dollar charge, Alex had a bag full of toys and the boys were going to be very happy, at least she hoped so, anyway.

Chapter Ten

Alex knocked on the door of the boys' apartment, the bag of toys clenched in her sweaty and slippery hand.

"Alex, honey, why are you knocking?" Ryan asked her as he opened the door.

"How else do I get in if I don't knock?"

"How about opening the door and coming in?" he replied, clearly puzzled.

"And how exactly would I open a locked door?" She raised her eyebrows. Understanding her

problem, he turned back into the apartment, opened a draw in the hall table, and took out a key. "Well that's easily solved."

"Here you go, baby," Ryan said, as he handed her the key. "Now you can open the door anytime."

"You're giving me a key to your apartment?" she asked, feeling stupid. It felt heavy in her hand and kind of hot. She'd never been given a key by anyone before. What's the correct response? What does one say when given a key? Using the only thing that came to mind, she said, "Thank you." Ryan chuckled and walked into the living room.

Well, with that crisis over, now to the bag of toys in her hand.

* * * *

“So, Alex, did you go toy shopping today?” Tyler asked.

Alex’s face flushed red, and she looked down at her dinner.

“Yes”

“So what did you buy?” he asked, making her squirm in her seat.

“Well, I got a few things and um...well, I got the things Ryan and I talked about.” She then looked at Ryan with pleading eyes.

“Ah, baby, you bought vibrating butt plugs?” Holy shit! She actually bought butt plugs, and vibrating

ones at that. No wonder she was nervous. They hadn't taken her ass yet. They had decided to work her into it, knowing she was an ass virgin. Was this little Alex's way of asking for it? If it was, he was so ready to deliver. He had dreamed of taking that tight virgin hole, and tonight he was going to get his wish. They hadn't agreed on who would take her first. Watching Ryan eyeing Alex, maybe he should just give in and let Ryan go first. Hell no, if this is going to be a fight to the death, I'm in. I want it bad and I'm going to get it first.

* * * *

Ryan looked at Alex. He couldn't wait any longer. He had fantasized all day about the bag of toys she would be bringing home. It wasn't the toys that made him impatient. It was Alex's willingness to experiment and to venture into unknown territory. Who was he kidding? It was the thought of taking Alex's ass that was driving him insane. He stood and stalked to Alex's side. "Come. Bedroom. Now." His guttural tone didn't surprise him. He felt more like a beast about to claim his mate than a man asking a woman to come to bed.

Tyler grabbed his arm before he

could follow Alex down the hall. "I want first."

Ryan understood what he was saying. "So do I."

"Okay, how do we decide? What do you want for giving up the position?"

"What would you be willing to give?"

"Nothing."

"Ditto." Ryan looked toward his love of six years. They'd had arguments and tiffs, but nothing had been unsolvable. How on earth would they resolve this?

"How about rock, paper, scissors?" Tyler offered. What other

options did they have? By God, though, one of them was going to live with the disappointment of not getting to take virgin ass.

“Okay, fine,” he ground out through clenched teeth. “One, two, three.” Ryan went for rock, expecting Tyler to do the same. He was shocked to see him holding his hand out flat. Shit! He’d lost. Tyler would get her ass first. Rationalizing it, he knew Tyler wouldn’t have been able to deal with losing. Anyway, what did it matter in the scheme of things? He’d get her as well, and more importantly, he’d still be there,

holding her for her first time. Consoled, he patted Tyler on the back in congratulations and moved to the bedroom.

* * * *

“Where are the toys, Alex?” Tyler asked, walking into the room. Alex pointed to the dresser, where she’d laid out the items she had bought and washed, ready for use. He looked over her purchases. Butt plugs, he knew about already. Warming lube, good girl. The French tickler, well, that was for her pleasure. Silk rope. Um... interesting, but maybe save that for another night. Tonight was

manwich night, with Alex as the filling.

“Strip, and then up on the bed, baby.” Alex and Ryan looked at each other, wondering who was baby. “Both of you.” As they all undressed, he couldn’t wait. He had to taste them both. Stealing kisses between each item of clothing. He pushed the now-naked Ryan onto to the bed. Alex quickly followed, and he let the two of them kiss and fondle each other as he gathered the supplies. “I know, honey, you thought to get us both the butt plugs, but I have news for you. You’re going to have this one buried

in your tight virgin ass, and I think you're going to love it." Alex gasped and began to tremble, whether with fear or excitement, he wasn't sure.

He saw Ryan caress her back and deepened his kiss and knew he was trying to distract Alex from what was about to happen. Gently, he lubed her ass with the cool gel and felt her jolt at the feel of his fingers playing with her rosy hole.

* * * *

Alex gasped as Tyler slowly inserted the plug. She didn't know that so many nerve endings were in that location of her body. It seemed as though her entire being was

centered at that spot. The sting of the widest part of the plug made her pant. "It's okay, baby, breathe deep." She followed Tyler instructions. After all, he'd know about anal sex. Breathing deeply, she felt the base of the plug slide neatly into her crack, seating itself flush with her body. "Now we're ready, Ry. Do you want the remote?" Ryan reached over Alex and took the small remote from Tyler. He gave her a sly smile right before he clicked the button. She jolted at the sudden vibration, revving all those unknown nerve endings into gear. She began to

moan at the new sensation.

“That’s it, baby. Let the feelings take over.”

“Alex, baby, roll over on the bed.”

She slowly rolled off Ryan to lie next to him.

“Ry, I have a plug left and your ass is going to get stuffed full of fun,” Tyler said.

She heard Tyler groan as Ryan spread his legs and watched as he finished lubing up the plug. She covered Ryan’s mouth with hers and started playing with his nipples to distract him as Tyler pushed the lubed plug into place. She knew he

wasn't worried about hurting Ryan with the sudden insertion. The plug itself was quite a deal smaller than his cock, and she knew Ryan had taken that more times than he could count. He then flicked the remote, and she watched Ryan's face distort in pained pleasure.

"Alex, come back up here and mount our boy," Tyler said.

Alex rolled up on top of Ryan. She positioned herself over his shaft. Tyler held Ryan's cock high, so she could sink down inch by glorious inch. Once she was seated, Ryan pulled her to his chest for a deep kiss. He sucked on her

tongue, taking it deep into his mouth.

“Fuck, baby, you’re so tight and hot. I can feel the vibration of your plug as well as mine,” Ryan gasped. “You need to hurry up, Ty. I’m dying here.” She had only a second to wonder what he meant before she felt the plug being pulled. She knew Tyler was going to take her ass. She felt the pinch as the plug slipped free, but before her muscles closed, she felt the blunt tip of his cock.

Before she tensed, Tyler crooned, “Don’t tense up, baby, just relax. You’re going to love this.” He

took his lubed cock and slowly started to enter her ass. "God, baby, you're so tight, so good." He panted, and she knew he was trying to hold his orgasm at bay.

She moaned and squealed, the sensation so foreign to her, a pinch of pain with a dash of pleasure. She felt Ryan vibrating below her and remembered that not only was he buried in her pussy, but also he had the plug still vibrating in his ass.

"Fuck, Tyler, I can feel your cock."

"I can feel yours inside her, too. It's like I'm fucking you and Alex at the same time." Ryan moaned at

Ty's description. "Not. Going. To. Last."

It was too much, something had to happen, and someone had to move.

"Please, please, move, for God's sake. Fuck me."

Both Tyler and Ryan started a slow pace. Tyler pulled nearly all the way out as Ryan pushed in, and then they reversed. Before long, all choreographed moves were out the window, and they were pounding into her.

Alex couldn't believe the sensation, so full, so used, so everything. Her body was vibrating,

pulsing. Ryan reached between them and pinched her clit. It set her off like a rocket. She tensed and screamed with the biggest release of her life. Her muscles clenching so hard, she milked them both of their cum. Finally, she started to come down, her body liquefied. Both softened cocks slipped from her body. She lay crushed between their sweat-coated bodies, and she didn't care. She was floating in another place, in a world of liquid ecstasy.

Finally, Alex came back to earth, her heart still thudding in her chest. "God, I love you both." Shit, shit,

shit! Did she really just say that out loud? Fuck! Alex wanted to scream at herself. Why had she let that out?

“I love you, too, baby,” Ryan cooed.

“Me, too.”

She looked into each of their eyes. “You both do, really? I mean, you don’t have to say it if you don’t mean it. I...”

“Alex, honey, we both love you. We just wanted to wait till the time was right to say it.”

“And looks like you beat us to it.” Ryan leaned over and kissed her with a soft, gentle, and loving

tenderness that brought tears to her eyes. They really loved her.

“Hey, stop hogging our girl,” Tyler hollered with a chuckle. He took Alex from Ryan and kissed her, hard and demanding. As he pulled away, he looked into her eyes. “I love you, Alex, more than I could possibly say. The best part is, Ryan’s great with words, so he can tell you how much.” She laughed at his statement. Her feelings of love for these two beautiful men overwhelmed her, Ryan with his compassion and caring, and Tyler with his blunt honesty and fun.

* * * *

Ryan took another sip of his coffee, reading the three-way messaged conversation. Tyler had finally set up a user account and was participating in his first conversation with them both. With a flash of creativity, he was going to make this a first Tyler would never forget.

Big Red: Has Little Red Riding Hood been a bad girl? Does she need the Big Bad Wolf to punish her?

Amazon Pixy: Ooh! That sounds interesting. What would the Big Bad Wolf do to Little Red Riding Hood?

Big Red: He would huff and puff

and blow her till she nearly died from pleasure.

Amazon Pixy: If that's the punishment, I'm never going to be a good girl.

Dark Knight: Do you two talk like this all the time?

Big Red: Are you jealous?

Dark Knight: Yes, I thought you both carried on about feelings and gossiped, not that you sex talked. Damn, I've been missing out!

Big Red: Don't worry, baby. We'd never leave you out of our feelings and gossiping.

Amazon Pixy: He's right. Just this morning we were gossiping about

the little spot just behind the head of your cock that we lick and nibble and how it drives you crazy.

Dark Knight: Okay, we can talk about that, but I'm more interested in Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf, especially when the hunter joins the party.

Amazon Pixy: Ooh! What would the hunter do?

Dark Knight: The hunter would talk to the Big Bad Wolf (a shape shifter, no animal fantasies please) and Little Red Riding Hood. He would tie them both to the bed and show them how a real hunter enjoys his prey. He would make

them his pets to please him whenever he demanded.

Big Red: And what would he demand?

Dark Knight: He would get Little Red Riding Hood naked and on her knees before him. He would demand that she suck his cock while he told the Big Bad Wolf to suck on her clit and tongue fuck her until she came.

Big Red: But what about the Big Bad Wolf?

Dark Knight: Stop fussing about the wolf. Next the hunter would tell the wolf to lie down on the bed as Little Red Riding Hood mounted his

big hard cock. The hunter would push Little Red onto the wolf's chest, knowing the wolf's cock was buried deep in her pussy. He would lube her ass, and his cock would then massage her ass, ready for his invasion. Then he would thrust his cock into her ass, feeling the wolf's cock inside her only separated by a thin piece of her skin. Together the wolf and the hunter would fuck Little Red Riding Hood into a blinding orgasm that would rob her of all thought, leaving her a quivering mess.

Big Red: My God, I think I just came.

Amazon Pixy: Yes, yes, yes! I'm a very naughty Little Red Riding Hood and need the Big Bad Wolf and the hunter to punish me all night long.

Big Red: Get in line, Little Red. The wolf wants to be punished as well.

Amazon Pixy: Hey, Big Red, the hunter said Little Red was the meat in the sandwich.

Dark Knight: Now, now, my pets, no need to fight. I can take care of both of you.

Amazon Pixy: Let me just say, officially, getting Dark Knight online is the best idea ever.

Big Red: Second that motion.

* * * *

Alex couldn't wait for the clock on her desk to finally reach six. She wanted to get home to her men. They had decided after many ideas and fantasies thrown around that they would play out Little Red Riding Hood, the Big Bad Wolf, and the hunter. She loved being the meat in a manwich. Sometimes she worried that she was forming a new addiction. She suffered withdrawals if she didn't get it at least twice a week. Hell, she could worry about that later. If that was her biggest

problem in life, needing to be in the middle of the two men she loved at least twice a week, what a fantastic life she would be living.

Chapter Eleven

Tyler opened his eyes, his thoughts drifting to Alex as they did every morning. She had been with them now for three amazing months. Time felt like it was on fast-forward or going at warp speed. He watched as Alex finished getting ready for work as he drank his coffee. "Okay, I'm off...I'm late again," Alex called as she rushed to the door. "Can you tell Ryan I said bye and to forgive me for rushing out again?"

"Don't worry, Alex. He'll understand, considering he knows

why you're late."

"Yes, well, if you two would actually let me sleep, I'd wake up on time."

"Bye, babe, be safe," Tyler added as she hurried out the door. Now on with his plan. He checked his cell phone to see if his PA had confirmed the text he'd sent her last night. Ah! Yes, there it was. The ever-efficient Hailey confirmed she had rearranged his schedule so he could have the day off. He wanted to spend some quality time with Ryan. He loved Alex, they both did, but they had stopped spending alone time together. As much as he

told himself Ryan still wanted him and still desired him, he needed confirmation. He needed proof that Ryan didn't need Alex there to make love to him. He also wanted to talk about their living arrangements. Maybe even the rest of their lives, but first he wanted Ryan all to himself. He stripped off his work clothes that he'd put on for Alex's sake. He felt guilty about tricking her and really he felt a little foolish having to go to these lengths to have some one-on-one time with Ryan. He knew he shouldn't feel guilty. They had all discussed and agreed that sex

between just two of them was ok. They had moved past their jealousy issues. Unfortunately, he had not. It was stupid, he knew, but that little ounce of doubt constantly niggled at him. He knew that when they'd discussed having sex on a one-on-one basis it didn't mean setting up a purposeful event to exclude the other. But he had to know. He couldn't continue with the doubt in his mind. He really needed the reassurance. He knew it could be seen as deceiving her, but he just didn't want her to feel bad. He wanted to make love to Ryan all alone.

He quietly stepped into the bedroom naked as the day he was born and crept into bed. "Hey, baby, you still here?" Ryan asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"You're going to be late?"

"No." Tyler slid his body up Ryan's, enjoying the feel of his hard, muscular frame. "I thought we could spend some time together like we used to." Tyler wanted to pump his fist in the air as he felt Ryan's cock harden and saw lust glaze his eyes. He still had Ryan. He felt stupid for doubting him, but still he wanted to shout in victory.

"Well, then it's going to be a

good day," Ryan replied. He took hold of his head and brought him hard against his mouth, thrusting his tongue deep in a battle for dominance. Their tongues dueled with neither giving in. Ryan rubbed his rock-hard cock against Tyler's steel-hard one as they both wiggled their bodies, letting their cocks duel in rhythm with their tongues. He felt Ryan palm his ass, squeezing and kneading. "So, baby, who's the bottom of this event?"

"You are," Tyler replied as he spread Ryan's legs to give him access.

"I don't think so." Ryan growled,

flipping Tyler over, and covered him. He took his hands and stretched them over his head, holding him down. Then using his knees, he separated Tyler's thighs and thrust against him with his cock, showing his complete dominance. "Now I have you right where I want you. I'm going to have my way with you," Ryan stated as he released one of Tyler's hands to grab the lube. Tyler had not moved. Tyler was going to let him have his time in charge. It had been so long since he'd allowed it. Tyler normally didn't like giving up control. He needed something...

maybe he was feeling unloved? Maybe he doubted their love. Well, he'd show him just how much he still and forever would love him. He took his mouth again, licking at his teeth and sliding against his tongue. He kissed his chin and licked at his neck where it joined his shoulder, following with a bite and then another lick. Tyler moaned again, pulling him tighter against his body.

"Baby, I'd love to make long, slow love to you, but I'm just too excited. I'm going to fuck this beautiful ass, and later I will go nice and slow," Ryan panted, his

voice deep with need.

“God, yes, just fuck me, Ry,” Tyler hollered. Ryan couldn’t wait any longer either. Flicking open the tube of lube, he squeezed a generous dab onto his finger, then spreading Tyler’s ass he slathered the lube onto his puckered love ring, loving the groaning and squirming he was watching. Inserting first one finger he then used the other finger to quickly massage his muscles.

Spreading his legs wide, he waited with baited breath for Ryan’s blunt battering ram to fuck him. Unlike with Alex, he didn’t have to

go slow and easy. They both loved a brutal fuck now and then. The pain just added to the pleasure. Ryan lined up his cock and pushed, breaching Tyler's tight ring, and they both groaned with the pleasure. "God, I love being inside you," Ryan drawled as he bent over again, taking Tyler's mouth, the kiss more aggressive, teeth hitting teeth. As Ryan began thrusting deep and hard into him, Tyler's cock was sandwiched between their stomachs and was being stroked and rubbed by the friction of the savage pounding. Ryan increased his thrusts in both power and speed

until he was almost a blur of motion. He growled above him. "God, I love you, Ty,"

"I love you, too, Ry," Tyler moaned. He tilted his hips so Ryan could go deeper and harder. Over and over again Ryan pumped. Tyler's cock was squeezed between their sweaty, slick bodies. "I'm going to come," Ryan groaned as he thrust once, twice, and then tensed as his orgasm hit. Tyler let his own control go, and his cum pumped between their bodies, coating their chests and stomachs. As the panting slowed and their heartbeats returned to normal,

Ryan pulled out of Tyler's ass and flopped down on the bed next to him, reaching his arm over and snuggling close.

"God, that was fantastic," Ryan said.

"Ditto."

"So are you going to admit the reason for this morning or are we going to pretend there wasn't a motive and you just wanted a day off?"

"What do you mean?" Tyler asked.

"Ty, I know you got dressed for work and saw Alex off, and then you stripped and climbed back into

bed with me.”

“Okay...I just...Well, I wanted time for us. I want us to have some alone time every month or so. Is that wrong?”

“Of course not, and I agree. I know Alex will understand. I’m sure she would like alone time with each of us as well.” Tyler hadn’t thought of that, but again Ryan was right.

“Well, if we all agree on some alone time, then I think we should ask Alex to move in with us,” Tyler stated.

“I agree. I think it’s time to move forward. I want forever with you both.”

“You mean as in marriage and children?” Tyler asked.

“Yes, I do. I love you, Ty, and I love Alex. I don’t want to live without either of you. With the three of us, we can have it all, husbands, wife, and kids.”

Tyler sat back and realized that they could have it all. Everything fit. There were no missing pieces. “Let’s ask her to marry us tonight.”

“What? No...We’re going to be romantic. We’re not going to just open a beer and say let’s get hitched,” Ryan stated.

“Well. I wasn’t just going to open a beer. I thought we would say,

'Alex, we love you. Will you marry us?''

* * * *

Alex walked into work feeling less than average. She was so tired all the time lately. At first she thought it was just that the boys consumed so much of her time and definitely energy. All the late nights also didn't help, but the past two weeks she had forced them to allow her eight hours sleep, and still she felt like crap. Maybe she should spend a little time at her own place just to get some rest. She'd had more sex in the past three months than she'd had in her whole life.

Maybe she was wearing out literally. She'd been living with them virtually out of a suitcase for the past three months, and it was a pain in the butt. Secretly she'd been hoping they would ask her to move in with them, but it was the early days, and she didn't want to push it. Everything had been going so well. Jinxing the relationship with questions of commitment and the future was not something she wanted to do. Sometimes, the fear that she was a third wheel also reminded her that giving up her place right now wasn't the best idea. She needed that little bit of

security. Maybe it was immature of her, but they had been together for six years. They lived together in a committed relationship. Hell, if it was legal she was sure they'd be married by now, and here she was the addition. She knew they loved her and wanted her in their life. But that little negative devil that sat on her shoulder from time to time kept reminding her that they hadn't asked her to live with them. They hadn't offered her the same commitment they had offered each other. She would never be able to have the same anniversaries as they did. Oh! For heaven's sake,

what was she thinking. She wanted to kick herself. Here she was whining and wanting everything perfect, like some fantasy, when she should be focused on the fact that she had two sexy, gorgeous men who adored her. It had only been three months, and here she was, what, wanting a wedding ring. Taking a deep breath, she promised herself to let all her insecurities go and focus on enjoying the moment. In time it would all be work out.

Walking toward her cubicle, she passed John, and as the smell of his morning espresso wafted through the air, a wave of nausea engulfed

her. Alex turned on her heels and ran to the bathroom, holding her hand over her mouth and praying she didn't throw up before she made it to the toilet.

As she sat on the bathroom floor, her forehead resting on her arm on the edge of the toilet bowl, she knew she had to see a doctor. She wasn't eating as much as she normally did, she was tired all the time, and now she was throwing up. God, she thought, don't let it be cancer or some disastrous disease. She had just discovered true happiness. Yes...it was fragile and new, and everyone was still making

adjustments, but her future for the first time in her life looked good. She had even started to rehearse how she would introduce the boys to her family. She knew they would be surprised at first, maybe even a bit upset. Who was she kidding? Her father was going to freak. After he cooled down, it would be fine. He'd learned to accept her Uncle David, who recently came out of the closet. He would love to no longer be the gossip centerpiece at every family reunion. Anyhow, if they didn't accept her choice of partners, then that was their problem, not hers. Even with all the

downsides, she wasn't going to hide their relationship. She wanted the world to know she loved them and they loved her. God, no, not again. Her stomach rolled, and she once again threw up. Her mind drifted off their future and family and back to hoping it wasn't cancer or some nasty disease.

* * * *

"It has to be a mistake. Do the test again," Alex demanded to the doctor in front of her.

"Ms. Thompson, I can assure you even with the test done again the result will be the same. You are pregnant." Alex blinked and blinked

again. Maybe if she blinked a few more times the image in front of her would change. Maybe, just maybe this was some dream and she would wake up any minute. She pinched her arm, hoping that would wake her up. Ouch! Nope, not a dream.

“But...but I’m on the pill,” she stammered.

“Ms. Thompson, you should be aware there is no one hundred percent contraceptive, and the pill is only effective if it’s taken at the same time every day.” Alex thought back over the last few months, trying to remember when she’d

taken her pills. She had trouble remembering, and then it finally hit her. She'd missed not one but many, maybe even weeks at a time. She had caused this.

"I'm guessing by your current distress that this was not a planned pregnancy. If you want, you could bring the father in to discuss options." Alex paled again. The father. How could she tell the doctor that there were two fathers? She had no idea who the actual genetic father was. She couldn't deal with this now. She needed space to think.

"Thank you for everything. I

need some time to sort things out," she replied.

"No problems, just know we're here with information and there are options available to you," he replied.

"Thanks." Getting up from the chair, she left the doctor's office and walked out to the street. She hailed a cab, not wanting the hassle of getting her normal bus. As she sat in the cab headed home, she lost herself in thought. What was she going to do? Was she ready to be a mother? What would she tell the guys? When should she tell the guys? What would the baby look

like? Without conscious thought, she rested her hand on her stomach, holding her baby, thinking about if it would have Tyler's cheeky grin and deep-blue eyes or Ryan's red hair and warm smile. Well, obviously I'm keeping the baby then, she thought as she opened the front door of her own apartment. Realizing that she didn't remember paying the cab driver or even walking into her building, she must have been running on autopilot. After closing the door and throwing her bag down, she slumped on the couch.

Chapter Twelve

She couldn't face them. What on earth was she going to say? Why on earth was this happening to her? How could she be so stupid? Her phone dinged, dragging her back from her anxious thoughts. Taking her phone from her bag, she looked at the screen and saw it was Big Red messaging her. Oh no, she thought. I just can't face them tonight.

Big Red: Hey, baby, when will you be home?

Amazon Pixy: I don't think I'll make it tonight. I'm not feeling very

well.

She needed time to think, to work out what she was going to do. Hopefully they wouldn't get upset at her wanting to stay at her place tonight.

Dark Knight has joined the conversation.

"Shit! So much for it being easy."

Dark Knight: What's wrong, baby? Come over and we'll take care of you.

Amazon Pixy: I'm okay. Rest and a good night's sleep will fix me up. I'll come over tomorrow night.

Big Red: Are you sure? We could take care of you.

Amazon Pixy: Don't worry. I'll be fine.

Big Red: I'm going to miss you.

Dark Knight: It won't be the same without you. We wanted to have a talk with you tonight, but it can wait till tomorrow. Have a good night's sleep and get well, baby.

Amazon Pixy: I will. I'll miss you, too...XOXOXO

Alex logged off her phone, a heavy weight settling on her chest. In her heart she loved them so very much, and she knew they loved her, but was their relationship ready for this? Actually, was she ready for this? A baby, oh God! Maybe they

would be okay with it. Maybe they'd be able to adjust and...and...God, what guy wanted to hear that the woman they'd been sleeping with for the past three months was pregnant. Better yet, she had no idea who the father was. It was either lover number one or lover number two, take a pick. That didn't sound so good. At least it was Friday and she didn't have to face going into work tomorrow. She could just stay home and wallow in her misery.

* * * *

Ryan, impatiently waiting for Tyler to get home, raced to the

door the second he heard the key in the lock and blurted out, "There's something wrong with her, Tyler."

"Ry, don't jump to conclusions. We've been taking every minute of her time. She hasn't slept in her own bed or even really seen her apartment in three months," he replied.

"I know. That's one of the reasons why we're going to ask her to move in. But this feels wrong. Something isn't right," Ryan said.

"Look, let's just let it go for tonight. If she doesn't come over tomorrow, we'll go to her place, okay?" Tyler took Ryan in his arms

and gave him a supportive hug, trying to still his doubts and maybe reassure himself as well. Alex had seemed off the last couple of weeks. She'd responded to them just the same, and she definitely loved them. She seemed to be sleeping lots and she seemed tired even when she had just gotten up. He hoped and prayed she wasn't really sick or something. He hadn't worried because he thought they were just wearing her out with all the sex. But now he worried that maybe there was something wrong with her.

"Fine, but if she isn't here by

midday, we're going to go get her," Ryan replied.

"Agreed. Now let's go to bed early and get a good night's sleep." If he'd ever wanted proof that Alex was a part of their lives, that she was the piece that completed them and made them whole, this night had proven it. The house felt empty and quiet, even though for six years it had always been just the two of them. Now, without the little ball of energy, a part was missing. Their woman wasn't there, and their house just didn't feel like a home. He held Ryan, trying to keep the loneliness at bay as he worried

about Alex.

* * * *

The next morning Ryan checked his phone for text messages or calls, and then he checked his e-mail and made sure no offline messages were there from Alex. He sat staring at the computer with his phone in his hand, willing it to ding, or ring, anything. It was 11:00 a.m., and he couldn't stand to wait any longer. He'd noticed she was online but busy, meaning she had most likely left her phone logged on, but it was in her bag or something. So he decided to send a message, and at least when she looked at her

phone she'd see it.

Big Red: Good morning or good day, baby. When are you coming over?

He sat back and waited what felt like a century, until finally Amazon Pixy's writing appeared on his screen.

Amazon Pixy: Good morning and good day to you, too. I'm just going to stay home today. I have a load of jobs, cleaning, mail, paying bills, etc. I'll see if I can have it all wrapped up by tomorrow night.

Big Red: Is there something wrong, baby? Did Tyler or I do something to upset you?

Amazon Pixy: No, you guys are great. You know I love you both. I just need some time here to get my stuff organized.

Big Red: Okay, please don't push us away, Alex. We both love you and need you here with us.

Ryan watched as Amazon Pixy logged off. Sitting back in his chair, he realized Tyler was standing behind him. "Sorry, Ty, I know what we said last night, but I couldn't wait, and this proves something is definitely wrong."

"Agreed, and I'm not upset, Ry. I've been as worried as you." He huffed

“Well, there’s only one thing to do.” Ryan looked up at him.

“What’s that?” he asked.

“We’re going over to her place now and get to the bottom of this.” Ryan jumped up from the chair and hugged Tyler.

“Let’s go get our girl,” Tyler added.

As they approached her building, they both realized they’d never once been inside her apartment. “You know what, Ty. I have just realized how selfish we’ve been in our relationship with her.”

“Me, too. We’ve never even been to her place. We’ve never done

anything to fit into her life at all. We just bulldozed through and made her fit into ours and never thanked her for it, either."

"We will now. We have to fix this, Ty...We just have to," Ryan pleaded.

* * * *

Alex sat on the couch, eating another spoonful of ice cream while watching her favorite old movie. Sleeping with the Enemy...Where Julia Roberts got up enough courage to fake her own death to escape her abusive husband, and then when she found true love in her new life, it showed Alex the

reality. Life was hard. She could survive anything and still find happiness. It won't always be a bed of roses. The past sometimes came back to haunt you but in the end inner strength prevailed. She nearly jumped off the couch when Julia Roberts shot her evil husband and someone knocked loudly on her front door at the same time. Getting her heart rate back under control, she went to answer the door. Looking through the peephole, she felt like her entire world could crumble. There stood Ryan and Tyler. She should have known they wouldn't settle for her

staying away without doing something about it.

She opened the door. "Hi, guys, what brought you all the way over here?"

She saw them both standing there staring at her, still in her pyjamas. Her eyes looking puffy as if she'd been crying for hours. She saw Ryan look over to the coffee table at the ice-cream carton with a spoon in it.

"What's wrong, baby?" Ryan asked her.

"It's nothing. I just..."

"It's not nothing, it's something, and we know it. Tell us," Tyler

demanded.

"I...I..." She burst into tears, not ready to face them yet. Would she ever be ready, though? "I messed up, guys. I just didn't even think about it. I am so, so sorry," she sobbed.

"What, what did you mess up?" Tyler asked.

"You're scaring the shit out of me, honey. Bite the bullet and tell us what's going on," Ryan said.

"I was feeling sick to my stomach all the time, and I went to the doctors. I was freaking out that it was something serious, and well, I suppose it is serious. It just...And

well, you know, I had been staying over at your place all the time. I mean, last night was the first night I've slept in my bed in over three months. Life was going so well, and I was preoccupied. I just forgot. I mean, who would have thought, so many people have problems, who would have thought a few missed pills would cause this?" Alex asked, nervously fidgeting with her hands.

"Baby, you're rambling. If I'm understanding you right, you missed some pills because you are basically living at our place, without all your stuff, and you got sick," Tyler said, not understanding the

problem.

“My God! Do you mean...do you mean you're pregnant?” Ryan shouted.

“Yes, I'm pregnant. The doctor confirmed it yesterday. I'm so sorry,” she pleaded.

“My God, we're going to be fathers,” Tyler stated.

She watched as his face first went blank, and then slowly his mouth formed the biggest smile she had ever seen, and he looked over to Ryan, who was also smiling.

“You're happy about this?” Alex questioned them both.

“Baby, you have just given us the

greatest gift in the world," Tyler said as he took her in his arms. The warmth and security she felt seeped into her frozen, lonely bones and warmed the chill in her heart.

"But, but I don't even know which one of you is the father," she stammered.

"We're both the baby's fathers, as if DNA matters. I don't care if we never find out which actual sperm got to the egg first. We're both the fathers. The baby will be all of ours, one mamma and two papas," Ryan said as he joined in the group hug.

"You're not joking? You guys are

really okay with this?" she questioned

"Of course, baby. We wouldn't do that to you. You don't even know that what we wanted to talk to you about last night was that we wanted you to move in with us. We want you forever, and now this is just the icing on the cake."

"You know this means we're going to have to buy a house, and of course now you're moving in with us today, no question," Tyler stated

"Forget just moving in, she's going to marry us, and yes, we are going to have to buy a house with a yard," Ryan gushed as they both let

go of her.

“That’s a great plan. She’ll move in with us now, then she’ll marry us, we buy or build a house, and we’re going to have to go shopping for the nursery, too.”

“We’ll need to get a more family-oriented car as well, maybe an SUV to match our soon-to-be-suburban lifestyle,” Ryan added.

“Hey, guys! I’m right here. You’re making all these plans as if I’m not involved,” Alex shouted.

“Sorry, honey, we’d never forget you. You’re our love and the mother of our baby. God, that sounds so great saying that. I can’t wait. Did

the doctor say when you're due?" Ryan asked.

"Beginning of April," she replied.

"That gives us what, seven months to get everything sorted," Tyler said to Ryan.

"We need to buy baby books, and maybe a couple on pregnancy as well so we know what we're in for," Ryan added, looking over at Alex's stomach.

"We also need to get the marriage license and plan a quick wedding before she starts to get fat."

"Man, if you ever call her fat, she is going to kick your ass." Ryan

chortled.

“Okay, showing her pregnancy, not fat. I didn’t mean to say fat, just...baby big”

“What’s wrong, Alex?” Ryan asked, looking over at Alex and seeing the look on her face.

“You’re both just talking and planning our lives and not asking me my opinion. Have either of you asked if I’m okay with this, or even if I will marry you? No...You’re both just going off on your own little tangents and not even thinking that I might like a say. Why don’t you just go have your chat and come back and tell me your plans when

you're done?" she asked, stomping in frustration.

"Baby, we didn't mean to upset you. We are just so excited. We're all going to be a family. My favorite girl and my favorite boy together forever, and a baby bear, too," Ryan said.

"I know. I should be jumping for joy that you both are so happy about the baby, and that you both want us all to get married and have a happily ever after. I'm just so goddamn emotional...I just...No, damn it, I deserve to be asked."

"You do, baby," Tyler replied. Both men got down on one knee

and took a hand each.

“Alexis Thompson, would you do us the honor of being our wife, to have and to hold for the rest of our days?” Tyler asked her.

“Yes, I will. I would love to be your wife. But which one of you am I going to legally marry? You know I can’t marry both of you,” she replied.

“Let’s toss a coin,” Tyler said.

“Don’t be silly, Tyler. I know you’d never be able to handle not being the legal husband. You’re too controlling. So you be the legal one.” He knew that Tyler would have loved to refute his claim. He

also knew he was right. It would eat away at Tyler through the years if he wasn't legally in charge of their family.

"I would learn to deal with it," he replied.

"But you don't have to. Considering my lack of family, what does it matter if I'm no longer a Cooper? I always liked Daniels, I love you, and it would make me proud to share your name."

"You would change your name for us?" Tyler asked.

"For you two I'd do anything," he said with firm conviction and a catch in his voice.

“I’m so lucky. I know I don’t deserve you two, but I’m going to take you anyway,” Alex said.

“It’s us who don’t deserve you, baby,” Tyler said, and Ryan agreed.

Epilogue

Fifteen months later

Alex walked out of her office, peeking into Tyler's to see if he was still working. Finding it empty, she followed the sound of voices into the den.

"You're just a baby hog." Ryan's voice growled in a hushed pout.

"No, I'm not. You've had her most of the day," Tyler wheedled.

"Have not. Alex keeps stopping me from holding her, something about spoiling her and she won't sleep through the night."

"Yeah, she busted me for that,

too. She just doesn't get it that Bella's old enough now to cuddle back," Tyler said, looking down at his daughter asleep in his arms and taking a big sniff of her fresh baby scent.

"I know. Have you seen how fast she crawls? I swear she's going to be an athlete," Ryan said as he lovingly stroked her head.

"Yeah, over my dead body will she be an athlete! Have you heard what the Olympics are like? Orgy fest," Tyler stated.

"You're right. No going pro for our girl. I swear I'm going to keep a shotgun by the front door when

she's a teenager, and I'll shoot any boy who comes too close to the front door." Tyler snickered at Ryan's very serious statement. He was just as possessive. Their little girl. He was thankful every day for his wonderful family. A family he thought he'd never have. Life wasn't all roses for them, though. When they built this house and moved in, the looks they got from the neighbors were horrible. But together they weathered the looks and comments with support, love, and laughter. They also knew that when it was time for Bella to go to school they would face new

challenges. He had worried about Alex a lot, as she was the one to wear the brunt of it. But their wonderful, amazing wife just held her head up high, and in her words, "Fuck 'em. If they want to look, let them look. If they want to judge, let them judge, but I'll live my life the way I want. We are not hurting anyone, and we are happy, in love, and committed." After a while a few of the neighbors became friends. They still didn't understand their family situation, but they discovered that they were good people who had a kinky relationship.

“Hey, Ryan, do you think it’s too soon to ask Alex to have another baby?” Tyler asked.

“She did stop breast-feeding last month, so it should only be a few more weeks until her body’s ready to start trying,” Ryan replied.

“Yeah, but she started taking the pill again,” Tyler added.

“We could always keep her so busy she forgets to take it like last time.”

* * * *

“Boys, making plans without me again are you?” Alex asked in an accusing voice from the doorway. They hadn’t notice her standing

there listening to them, and their looks of shock and guilt were priceless.

“No, honey,” Ryan said sheepishly.

“Don’t know what you’re talking about,” Tyler replied with false innocence.

“So you guys think we should extend our little family, eh?” she asked.

“Only if you’re ready,” Ryan replied, doing his usual political correctness.

“More the merrier, I say,” she added, moving toward Tyler. “Let me get this little girl to bed, and

then you can both put me to bed. We need to start practicing." Alex took Bella into her arms without waking her and headed to the nursery. She turned looking over her shoulder at her husbands. "Oh, by the way, I bought an ovulation tester last month, and guess who's ripe and ready." She tucked her little redheaded baby girl, thankfully still sleeping, into her crib and watched as she stretched and then settled back into a peaceful sleep. They all knew from her hair that Ryan must be the biological father, but it didn't make a difference to Tyler. He loved her as his daughter

just as much as Ryan. Secretly she hoped that the next one would be Tyler's. She knew it didn't matter to them, but still.

Closing the nursery door, she followed the sounds of moans and groans to the master bedroom. She still laughed when she thought about the contractor's questions when he saw the plans to the house. He asked over and over about the three walk-in closets and three sinks in the bathroom. When he finally met them all together, his comment of "whatever floats your boat" still made her chuckle.

As she walked into their room,

she saw both her husbands naked with loincloths wrapped around their waists, embraced in a passionate kiss. At her footsteps, they separated and looked over at her. "Big Red and Dark Knight are here to conquer the Amazon Pixy." Alex giggled at Tyler's comical expression. "What's this cloth she wears? We must remove it. It must be witchcraft." Laughter echoed throughout the house, swiftly followed by their moans of ecstasy well into the night.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I spent over a decade in the stock market, finance, and IT industry. I had always considering writing a chore. A job to pay the bills, as taxation and financial modeling can be a very dry subject.

After a few laughs and, I will admit, a few drinks, I decided to make a change of genre. I then discovered my love and passion for writing. I have so many stories and adventures to tell, my poor fingers can't keep up.

When I am not writing, reading, or playing with my latest

technology toy (yes, I am a geek and proud of it!), I am enjoying my three beautiful children, hoping that the day they realize that they outnumber me never comes. I would love to say that like so many other authors in this genre I thank my loving and supportive husband, but alas I'm a divorcée, waiting for the day when my hero, my knight in shining armor, will come and sweep me off my feet. Until then the heroes in each of my stories keep me warm. Also, dating gives me fantastic ideas.

I hope that you enjoy reading each of my books as much as I

enjoyed writing them. Visit my website, www.sarakingston.com, and join my Facebook group or even send me an email. I love to hear from fellow romance and erotica lovers.

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