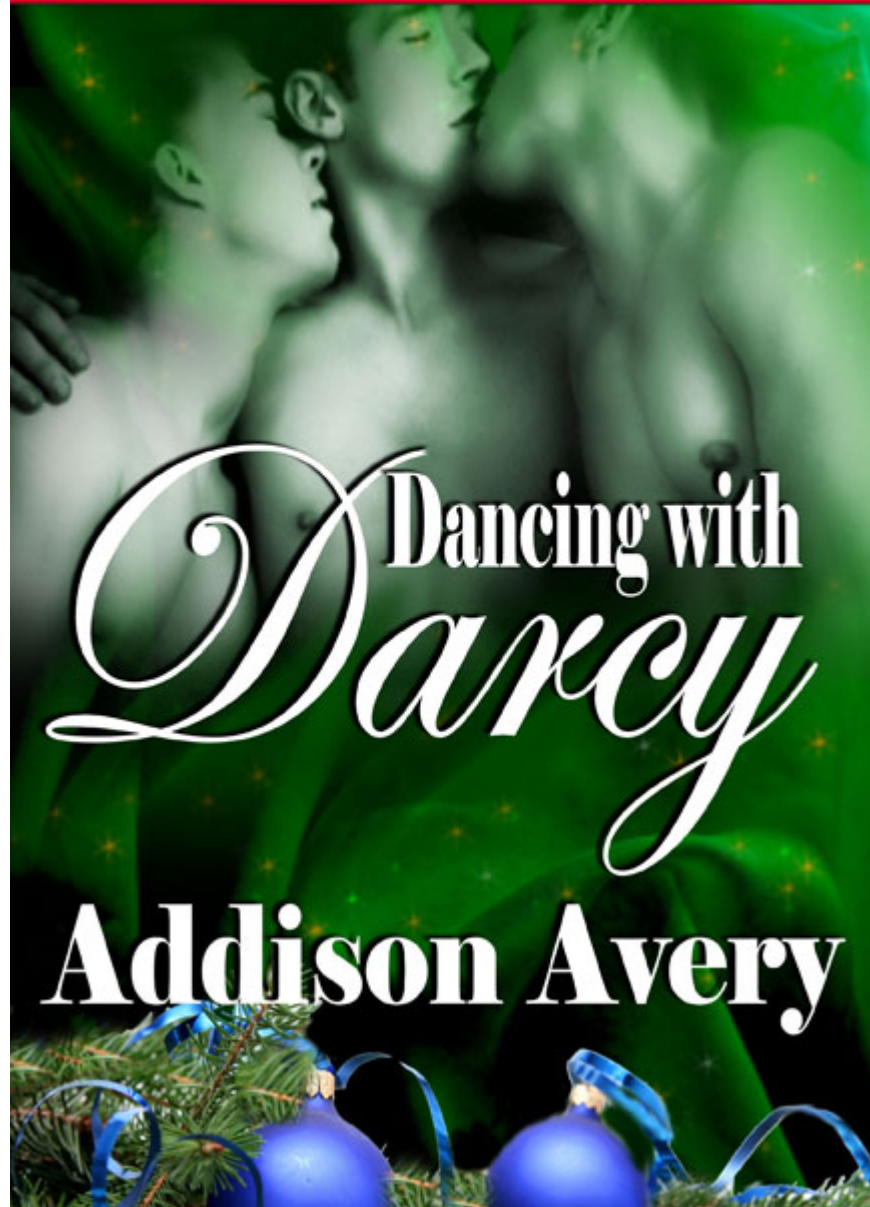


Siren Publishing

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DANCING WITH DARCY

Addison Avery

EROTIC ROMANCE



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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Erotic Romance

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DANCING WITH DARCY

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E-book ISBN: 1-60601-367-X

First E-book Publication: December 2008

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

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Printed in the U.S.A.

PUBLISHER

Siren Publishing, Inc.

www.SirenPublishing.com

DEDICATION

For those who are still searching for a little Christmas in their lives—
may you love large, live long, and relish in romance

DANCING WITH DARCY

ADDISON AVERY

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Chapter 1

“I told you once already. I don’t do cock.” Garrett choked out the words as his gaze narrowed on the mushroom head pressing closer to his lips.

“You may not do cock in general but you will suck, and swallow, when the one in question is mine.” Sam fisted his shaft and brought it to Garrett’s chin again. This time, he moved closer. “Open.”

Logan entered the bedroom. “Go easy on him.”

“Easy hell. I can’t wait for him to open up his pretty little mouth because once he shows me how fast his sweet tongue can move, I plan on sinking inside one tight virgin ass. Then, I’ll make him a real man.” Sam’s hard voice held too much sex appeal. He continued to wait. Pre-cum glistened along the tip of his dick.

“Tell me something, Garrett, have you ever had a man fuck your ass long and hard until you screamed for more? Has anyone shown you what it’s like to feel alive with a lust so intense you’re begging for relief?” Sam’s eyes twinkled with desire.

Garrett’s eyes watered. He glanced around the room, searching for her. “Darcy wouldn’t have wanted us to...” The knot in his chest threatened to suffocate him if he took Sam’s offer and dipped his head. Oh, but he wanted to try it. Just once, he wanted to sink his teeth into the idea and allow his cheeks to swell with a hard man’s

intentions. He wanted to play games with Sam and Logan, dangerous ones, and they wouldn't let it ride. They were not the kind of men who appreciated a tease.

"Darcy, hell. Darcy is dead, Garrett." Sam stepped away from him, placed a hand on his shoulder and stared into his eyes. "She's been dead for years. You've watched her ghost, chased it almost and for what? To let her drag you into the after-life? Where's the fairness in it?" As Sam spoke, his left hand remained on Garrett's body while his right threaded his stiff member. He barely noticed and if he did, it didn't matter. He pumped his hard cock with a firm grip and carried on a simple conversation.

"You're not content because it's not enough. I know you, Garrett, you're anything but a happy man." A smile spread over his heart shaped mouth and he chuckled, "But I'm going to show you how to enjoy life again. You'll know what it's like to inhale the best part of me and find yourself intoxicated with the happiness I bring. You'll whistle 'Dixie' and sing 'Santa Claus is *Coming* to Town'. For the record, you can call me Santa."

Garrett's mouth watered and he felt the laughter hanging in his chest, and almost forming in his lungs. Oh how he wanted to taste a bit of Sam's confidence, drink him in and sip him like the world's finest whiskey. He stared at Sam's hard dick, waited and wondered. Sam's hand moved to the back of Garrett's neck and he almost parted his lips until he heard Logan's voice again.

"Enough talk about Darcy." Logan walked over to the two men waiting on the bed. "I mean it, enough."

"But it's not enough, is it, baby?" Sam pressed the engorged tip against Garrett's lower lip, slowly he rubbed the texture of it back and forth, withdrawing away from him, making him want it, crave it. He damn well understood how to work his prey and right now, Garrett fell deep into the category. He wanted to fall victim to Sam's forward pursuits. He didn't come home to run away from this moment.

The weight of Garrett's cock reminded him of the sleepless nights, the ache, and the ongoing need. Garrett shook his head. He wanted to scream. He didn't find fulfillment in his own hand, in the memory of a woman he loved more as a friend than as a lover. No, he didn't know the power of wicked laughter, or the potency of sinful carnal pleasures. Sometimes he wondered if he'd ever know the kind of love unleashed through unadulterated, passionate sex.

Logan shot Sam a warning glare. His blond hair cascading over his back, Logan reached behind his shoulders and pulled it into a tight ponytail. His blue eyes focused on Sam's cock.

"Answer, me. Garrett, I want you to say it. Tell me how much you want me. Tell us how it's never enough to live in the past. Say it Garrett," Sam urged. "Tell us about the lonely nights. Damn you, Garrett, how many times did you cum in your hand with my name on your lips?"

"It's—"

"I said, knock it off, Sam. Going all Dom-de-Dom on him isn't going to make him realize how he feels about us." Logan inched closer to the bed.

Sam's hand cupped the nape of Garrett's neck. "Baby, you need to tell us what you want. I know how you feel about us. Logan needs to hear it. I don't. I need you to show me, but first I need you to let go of the past. Let Darcy go and then let *us* show *you* how to live again."

Garrett didn't know how. At one time, Darcy filled his life. They grew up together, lived side by side from age five forward. She gave him his first blow job, his first kiss, his first everything. He missed her. He didn't want to let her go. Sometimes she only existed in his head but it didn't matter. He held onto her, clutched tight to the memories, held strong to the mental clips of the few sexual experiences they shared.

On occasion, she visited him in a ghostly form. Sometimes he watched her as she masturbated. Darcy's ghost understood she shared a strange and unusual relationship with Garrett. She knew it when she

was alive and now, even in death, her ghost accepted the strange practices they once enjoyed. Sometimes, they danced. Occasionally, they took long walks. Other times, they shared intimate moments where he simply watched her but somewhere along the way, Garrett lost a piece of himself.

Sam and Logan obviously realized it. For five years, he'd buried himself in a deep, dark hole and for what? So he could savor the memory of a woman he never fully desired as a man? Yes, hell yes, because in his own way, he loved her. *In his own way.*

"It's never enough," Garrett finally agreed. "Even when Darcy is here with me, she..." He stopped, deliberately cut off the words he refused to speak. He prevented himself from freeing them because to acknowledge his feelings meant admitting a failure he didn't want to face—the guilt he carried and possibly even understood now.

It took Garrett five long years to come to terms with his feelings for Darcy. He never loved her the way she wanted. She always needed more because his desires varied from hers. He ached for something she didn't have the equipment to supply—masculine and raw sex.

Searching the pine green eyes of a lifelong friend, he watched Sam as he approached him again as the eager predator, his hard member hanging between his legs. "You need to let her go, Garrett. It's time. I want you to tell me it's time."

"Shit, Sam," Logan said, "Do you want to fuck him or play the role of his psychologist? Bringing Darcy up right now is so wrong."

"But it's not, is it?" Sam asked Garrett. "It's not because she's here with us, right now. Isn't she?"

Garrett glanced over Sam's shoulder. Darcy danced closer and twirled around the small Christmas tree before she curiously looked at one of the ornaments. An angel with broken wings, the piece reminded him of Darcy, especially now, when her body appeared so transparent. Her flaming red hair flowed freely down her back. Her

silhouette figure shadowed Logan's broad shoulders and she peered around his waist before she winked playfully at Garrett.

"Tease," he said to the ghost and Logan's eyes narrowed on him understanding because Logan and Sam often heard him talk to her. On occasion, they saw her too.

Both men ignored the lone word and Darcy continued to make herself at home. She placed her palms on the dresser behind her and jumped up. She missed the flat surface and acted annoyed. Garrett chuckled. Darcy was a clumsy ghost. In life, some considered her a true klutz too.

"I want what we had," he said directly to Darcy but yet he wanted more, and Darcy always realized it.

Logan looked around the room. "Darcy isn't here, Garrett."

"I know she isn't here for you but for me, she's here and she's real."

"And it is not enough, damn it!" Sam's hand failed to do the trick apparently because his cock softened and his skin flushed red-hot with desire.

Garrett's gaze dropped to Sam's cock. "No, and it never was, not even when we lived together and God help me, not even when she slept night after night in my bed." There, he'd said it. He glanced at the empty dresser. Darcy didn't look disappointed. She smiled sweetly and then took a deep breath as if she waited for something big to happen now.

"Do you know why?" Sam smirked. "Think about it, Garrett." His hand went to work again, the manual stimulation surging forward once more.

The heat rising with a new intensity, Sam's hand gripped tight around his girth, his fingers pressed and pulled at his own flesh. Garrett felt consumed by an uncontrollable lust as he watched. He wanted Sam locked in between his jaws now, whispering sweet nothings or maybe only moaning, grunting even.

“You’ll see. No one will ever make you feel like this.” Sam squeezed Garrett’s shoulders and his lips touched his before he pulled back to look deeply into eyes. “Or this.” He slanted his mouth over his again. He kissed him deeper with a claiming only one lover gave to another in the heat of passion and yes, he wanted to find it, truly experience the delight of unquestionable hunger.

Sam broke the kiss, parted his legs, and watched as Logan began to undress. He trembled with too much energy, his nerve endings on fire. Sam’s knee pressed against Garrett’s inner thigh encouraging him to spread his legs more.

Noticeably, Logan acted nervous. He slowly crossed his arms in front of his large, tanned body and pulled his polo from the hem. He worked it over his chest, neck and head. His hair caught on one of the buttons and he took his time working the locks from the small plastic—maybe it was acrylic—button.

The man looked like a god and simply too divine for this earth. His sea-colored eyes appeared hazed by a lust created by years of waiting, and his body proved his excitement lingered. Packaged tight in the denim pants he shed, Logan released a weapon supported by a heavy cannon when he dropped his boxers.

Garrett’s mouth dropped in awe. He might ask him to photograph such a tool. Logan’s cock only painted part of the pretty picture. His balls, if a man’s sac measured with beauty, defined perfection.

Logan smiled. “You like it, huh?” He took a deep breath, tapped the end of it with his fingertips, collected the pre-cum and planted his taste on Sam’s tongue.

“Delicious.”

Logan winked at his lover and then addressed Garrett again, “You promised Darcy you’d never sleep with another woman. You never said anything about a man. Damn it, Garrett, she always knew. She understood she wasn’t the woman for you because *you* weren’t meant for any *woman*. Sam is right, it’s time to let go of her memory and—”

Sam interrupted. "Shut up. You're giving him an out. I've cared about him far too long to offer one. It's now or never. I'm not going to wait. I'm not living through another day, another hour, another minute without knowing where we stand with him."

Garret swallowed stiffly. "I need time."

"Time? You're out of time. You don't have the luxury of it anymore because you never wanted it in the first place."

* * * *

Garrett's jaw twitched. He placed his hands on his legs and pushed his knees apart. The stiffness in Garrett's dick provided a spectacular sight, but the way his balls stretched with the veins popping out in his long cock damn near drove Sam wild.

"Dear God. You're nothing more than a tease." Sam stared in disbelief.

Logan moved in front of Sam, taking time to rub his ass over Sam's cock, before he dropped to his knees. He planted one hand on each of Garrett's hard, rippled thighs. "So you don't want to suck cock. I understand, but can I ask you a favor?" His eyes twinkled with desire as his lips moistened, glistened with a clear understanding of what he wanted from his friend. "Can I taste yours? Just a swipe, a lick even, anything to know I've had the taste of you in my mouth. Is that too much to ask?"

The stout member hanging between Garrett's legs visibly jerked at the mention of receiving, rather than giving, head. If his dick had a purpose, it found inspiration now, and getting off sounded better than getting someone else off, apparently. Logan laughed as he smacked his lips.

Sam watched Garrett's dick flutter and he damn near came in his hand. He wanted this thing, this out of control whirlwind of lust, resolved. If he had to give Logan the lead, he'd step out of the way but holy hell, he didn't know how much more he could take. All

through high school, well into college, Sam wanted nothing more than Garrett and Logan. He snatched one. Logan pledged he'd love him forever, but he wanted the pair. He wanted to play Garrett for keeps.

"You want to give me head?" Garrett asked.

"I'm the best, baby."

"He is," Sam grumbled. Damn it, he hated to pout but as he watched Garrett's mouth water, his cock dangling, he had so many ideas. So many twisted ways he wanted to enjoy Garrett Sumner.

Garrett looked around again, stared at the stupid furniture piece where he apparently thought he saw Darcy. Sam now wanted to burn it. No offense to Darcy or her memory, but he'd only share with the living.

Garrett slowly leaned back on the bed and glared at the ceiling. "The shadows of the past haunt me every day. Darcy gave me head. I liked it well enough, but it was the only thing I enjoyed, the only way I liked sex with her."

Sam shuddered in all the right places. He loved the hell out of a full confession because it brought with it a lot of recognition for Garrett as well. Logan flashed Sam a knowing smile and devious wink he only wanted his familiar lover to see.

Oh yes, Garrett Sumner belonged to them.

Chapter 2

Garrett braced himself against his elbows and noticed the exchange of grins between his two friends. “And if I ask you to stop, you stop?”

“You won’t ask. Trust me.” Sam sneered.

“I might.” He fell back against the mattress again. Suddenly, he felt the thrill of a lone fingertip caress the underside of his balls. “I...” He, what? Damn, just a touch to his balls and he wanted to cum.

Logan settled between Garrett’s thighs and a carnal growl filled the room as it left his lungs. He pushed Garrett’s knees further apart and held them there. Garrett fought, at first, to bring them back together.

Logan’s index finger traced his tight cock and then fingered his balls. “Oh, Sam, look at this. These are the innocent marbles of a man untried by masculine love.” Following a pattern of veins, he tenderly stroked all the way to the tip of Garrett’s shaft and by the time he moved his fingertips over the slit, the pre-cum existed there.

“Nice.” His head dipped. His tongue retreated only a second before he slowly licked. “Hmmm...” He popped his lips. “Really good.”

Logan didn’t look up at him, but he moaned as he sucked. Undoubtedly, he enjoyed giving head. Logan dropped his jaw and moved over Garrett’s cock. He sucked him all the way to the back of his throat. He moaned, whimpered, and acted as if he thought his rod held a very unique flavor, one designed to salt and pepper a selective palate.

“Oh shit,” Garrett whispered as he watched Sam’s look of concern, maybe even a hint of jealousy, turn sensual and carnal in a way he never expected to notice in a man. Oh yeah, he stared trouble in the eye and liked what he saw there.

Tugging him with an exquisite suction, Logan pulled Garrett to the roof of his mouth and then released him. He dropped over him again, fingered his scrotum, and then stroked him once more with his moist mouth closing around him while his lightning fast tongue swiped and swirled across his flesh.

Logan wasn’t an idiot and Garrett knew it. He understood what he wanted and what he liked. Sam and Logan enjoyed the same things as Garrett and they didn’t vary much in their sexual desires. They’d watched gay movies together, talked about things, but Garrett never acted on them.

As if he read Garrett’s mind, Logan released him with a deliberate pop. “This is without a doubt, something I do well, and I do it better than most, don’t ‘cha think?”

He immediately bobbed his head down again and Garrett wanted to grab his ponytail and just fuck the life out of him. He needed to take him hard and fast. He wanted to stroke out his fury and his relief. He possessed plenty of mixed emotions, including anger, because his friends led him to this place before he planned to go and a certain easement filled him as well because he now acted on his desires, his long suppressed urges. His cock ached with need, burned with an undeniable pain. He wanted to release his spill right down Logan’s throat.

“Ahh...” The first signs of enjoyed pleasure fell from his mouth.

Logan quickly increased his pace. Up and down he licked and sucked Garrett’s penis, roughly taking the base into his hand and pumping his sweet dick in between his lips before holding him against an agonizing mumble. He hummed against his flesh. Oh sure, Logan wanted Garrett to cum in his mouth and he fought against it all the more when he realized Logan wanted him to lose his spill across his

tongue and lips. Logan continued to hold him just on the realm of release.

His lips tightened, he curled his tongue around the shaft, dipped and rose. He ran his tongue over Garrett's balls, sucking them into his mouth while toying with them, rolling them swiftly against his tongue. Logan drew out an aching sound, Garrett's bliss sounded off throughout the room, tantalizing at least one man who had a strong familiarity with all of Logan's oral skills.

"That's it, baby. Let me hear you cry out for me, and for Logan." Sam urged him forward.

Logan needed some relief. Garrett saw him take his cock in hand and beat out a rhythm right along with him. "I'm horny as hell here. Look at his damn dick. I want you to look, Sam! Have you ever seen anything so fucking hard?" He smacked his lips and slid over him again.

Garrett gripped Logan's head with his thighs. "Don't stop now! You gotta keep this up, you gotta...keep...sucking."

Sam slapped Logan's ass. "Behave, baby boy. Suck Garrett's cock real good and tight. Quit playing around, sweetheart."

* * * *

Logan giggled as he took Garrett with more desire than he'd ever known. He'd always loved Garrett for more than friendship and now he proved it. The thought drove him harder, faster.

"Garrett, don't fight it. Let him have you. Let it go. He's already sucked your cock for several minutes. There's no harm here, no shame, nothing to regret. Just give him the best you have." Sam's voice turned sexy, raspy. Once Logan heard it, he reached for Sam's hand and for a second, he touched the pulsing heat of his lover and moaned as Sam wrapped his palm tight around his pleading cock.

Garrett's pace increased. His hips rolled forward and he finally pulled at Logan's hair. He yanked it hard and Logan growled as

Garrett snapped the elastic band holding it off Logan's shoulders. He felt it fan across his back and Sam weaved his fingers through it, pulling it just enough to urge him on all the more. Sam loved to pull Logan's hair and sometimes one tug in a heat of passion and Logan shot off like a spinning rocket.

"God, yeah. That's beautiful." Sam slapped Logan's ass again and stood behind him, positioned, ready to fuck. A lube tube pressed against Logan's butt cheek. Sam worked to release it and then squirted it down his slanted crack.

Garrett stared at Sam's cock. "No!"

Logan looked up at the denial. He didn't really understand at this point. Heaven help him, or all of them, if he failed to notice the obvious. Three hard cocks waited and wanted for more action than just a little cock-a-doodle-doo. What didn't Garrett fully comprehend here?

Sam's ripe voice warned against the verbal restraint Garrett suddenly issued. "Want me to wait until you get off? I can do it. I can watch as your face twists with desire and then take Logan's sweet little rump and fuck him into an orgasm you'll witness first-hand."

Logan clenched his ass cheeks together and Sam rubbed the length of his cock over his globes. "What's it going to be, Garrett? Hmm?"

Logan's tongue uncurled over the man's flesh, his constricted veins bulging with semen. He slowed down his award-winning blow job performance, trying his best to make it more and more delicious for the man he continued to suck. His own balls burned and throbbed. His penis hardened with an untested ache and a man's truest need. Right now, he craved Sam, who was forever his weakness but he wanted Garrett. He bobbed his head over the thick shaft and Garrett returned his focus to the dresser again.

"Come for us, Garrett," Sam whispered.

Garrett's hips rose and fell faster. This time he wasn't going to deny it. Logan wouldn't allow the opportunity. With the lubricant at

his feet, he removed one hand from Garrett's balls and dipped his finger into the sleek moisture. Immediately, he smoothed it over him and tested an area Garrett would never forget he first touched. His mouth squeezed Garrett's cock as he whimpered with the pleasure still riding in, yet trapped at the gate.

With a quick calculated act, he quit sucking and issued a ripe request. "Fuck my mouth like it's the last time you'll get the chance." He swiped the sweet taste from the small opening, swallowed, savored and then rolled his tongue back down his best friend's shaft.

"It's gonna..." Garrett must've thought he earned the right to form a sensible sentence.

He didn't.

Logan milked Garrett's cock faster as his lips and mouth worked harder. He fingered Garrett's ass and all men groaned out with the enjoyed and perceived pleasure. Damn, he tasted like a dream and Logan toddled on his knees drunk with expectancy. The strength of Garrett's erection caressed across his tongue. Logan wanted all he had to give and he waited for his seed. He fancied the taste of salty lime and his man's good time.

"Give him that cock, Garrett. Fuck straight past his tongue and go for the throat, give him everything you've got. He wants it. I've spoiled him. He's got to have it now."

Garrett strained against the pressure as his face twisted into various expressions. Desire rode hard to capture him. He battled for freedom as he held onto Logan's ears and screwed his willing mouth. Logan wanted to come now more than ever before and yet fought to avoid all the pleasure he'd waited to enjoy. Garrett's first release waited mere seconds away. His hands clenched the sheets underneath him, he braced himself until he resisted all he could. Now, only one goal existed there—fucking Logan's mouth, yanking his hair, screaming his name. Oh yeah, Logan took him where he needed to go and then he pulled out all the stops.

Even before Garrett responded with his vocal approval, Logan felt it in the way he moved across his tongue with a harder thrust forward, reaching for a long overdue release. He gulped it in, sucked it harder, and enjoyed it more.

A jolt from Garrett's body, and Logan took the cue. His finger twirled around the ring, the small opening at Garrett's anus. He dipped his fingertip in the entrance and past the first layer of an unbroken seal.

"Oh God!" Garrett's hips jerked with the bed now. Logan buried his face in Garrett's flesh, fighting with him, holding him captive under his arm. He sucked Garrett's cock to the back of his throat.

"Damn you, Logan! Get your finger...."

Oh but he *so* didn't think so. Logan twirled his finger higher, in fact, he added two more and stretched Garrett's ass as he drank from his dick.

Logan's hips arched for Sam and he slapped his butt. Logan moaned, rolled his eyes and buried his fingers deeper in Garrett. He sucked him with a purpose, and a driven desire inflamed with lust. Oh yes, he wanted to drink the man's fresh spill. He continued to scissor his fingers into Garrett's ass, and finally, Garrett unleashed a wilder fuck. His throat sounded dry when he cried out his name, but holy sweet hell, he yelled it all the same.

Chapter 3

Garrett gripped Logan's head between his sweaty palms. He sat on the bed, and then rose to the floor. Once he stood on his bare feet, he fucked—damn it all—he hammered a pretty boy's mouth until he couldn't breathe and then he fell back against the bed ready for anything.

He found everything he wanted in a sexual partner, and more.

"Holy shit, man. Don't fucking... stop." He gripped the sheets as his cum sprayed down the back of Logan's throat. He felt like he walked on air, like he often felt when he danced with Darcy across the open space of his rooftop. He felt alive and free, totally mesmerized by Logan as he filled his sweet cheeks with every drop of his pleasure.

"Good, huh?" Sam fisted his cock and slid into Logan's ass.

"You have no idea."

"I have some," he said with a confident smile.

The pulsing pressure, the remains of a truly gratifying orgasm continued to tickle Garrett's dick as he watched Sam move into Logan.

"That's it, cowboy," Logan called over his shoulder before he returned his gaze to Garrett, "I like a man who can give it to me..." his jaw dropped open and his hooded eyes fell over his beautiful pupils, "hard...ah yeah, that's it." He had a difficult time talking as Sam clenched his teeth and pounded into his ass.

Darcy watched the men curiously. Garrett fantasized about why she stayed around for the erotic show. Her ghost didn't want to leave and without a reason to go...she stayed. She crooked her neck and bit

playfully on her finger then she issued a shamie-shame toward Garrett, scraping one finger over another much like they did when they were kids.

Since she'd died, she'd revisited Garrett often. Sometimes she appeared in his dreams, but most often she visited when he dated or tried to date, which held a little more accuracy, other women. When she'd overheard his plans to return home for the holidays, she'd arrived in her ghost form and remained at his side as a constant. She didn't talk to him very much, but he imagined the sultry playfulness in the words she might want to say.

"Ooh now baby, that's good." Logan purred like Garrett remembered Darcy used to do, particularly during oral sex. She loved it when Garrett ate her pussy but he never cared much for it. In fact, she once suggested gay movies during their lovemaking. She claimed it turned her on and later he realized the truer motive. It turned *him* on and it kept him hard long enough to please her again and again.

He closed his eyes as he imagined Darcy. Her beautiful breasts were something an artist would perhaps capture in a romantic depiction of a woman exposed. Yet, he never looked at them the way he believed she most desired. Instead he only appreciated her flawless beauty. In some ways, he looked at Darcy's body as a creative masterpiece, one he explored, but never fully understood.

Sam bit his lower lip and then cursed when Logan moved. "Fuck! Hold still."

Garrett's focus dropped to Logan's hand pulling at his own cock. He looked like he suffered from a too stout erection as his face twisted into a carnal expression. He continued to tug at his cock, his eyes nearly pleading with Garrett for some sort of intervention. Sam buried deeper and deeper. "Come on, baby, get those hips gyrating this way." He slapped his hand over Logan's ass and Garrett flinched.

Logan panted. The desire in the room whipped around them as Logan's hunger appeared inscribed all over his body. His large hand wrapped around his own cock as the mushroom head peered over his

own clenched fist. He bit down on his lip, cursed, and then sighed as Sam occasionally hit a spot Logan apparently liked more than others.

Sam's moves appeared calculated as he thrust into his lover. He smoothed his hand over Logan's flank and then smacked him again.

"Ouch, baby! Be easy back there."

"You want easy? Call a hooker. You want a man? Ride the one you've got. If you do it right, I might let you have it again tonight." He slapped him again. This time, Logan hollered out Sam's name and Sam yelled only for Garrett.

Logan ducked his head, released his fisted dick, and pressed up on his palms. He looked down at his own urgent calling. Garrett didn't miss it. It hung freely between his legs, swaying a bit to the left or right as Sam pumped his sweet cock into Logan's ass.

"Wanna?" Logan glanced back up at Garrett and invited him.

"I..."

"One time, just take my cock one time. If you like it, keep at it. If you don't, no problem. Oh, shit! Damn it, Sam!" More slaps sounded out as a grand invitation to join them.

Sam grabbed Logan's hips and then worked his cock deeper. "That's it baby. Hang on, let me get mine. Don't act like a greedy...uh yeah! Fuck yeah! That's it. Move with me."

Logan moved forward and stopped Sam cold.

"What the fuck?" He gritted his teeth and stared at Logan and then Garrett. "I swear, I'm going to beat your ass if you don't—"

"If I don't what?" Logan snipped. "I want Garrett to suck my cock-a-poo." He didn't whine—though some men might think it sounded similar to one—he purred. In a slow southern drawl, he crawled onto the bed and bit Garrett playfully on the hip. "Come on lover, give me some attention."

"I'll show you some. I'll even spice it up, flavor it real nice for you. Now, get your ass over here so I can love you." Sam pulled Logan in front of him again and Garrett watched in amusement as he

yanked Logan from the bed and then kissed Logan's neck with his eyes keenly focused on *him*.

With a wicked tongue lingering over Logan's lean neck, he nipped at his flesh and then kissed his way over his cheek. With a rough, masculine grip, he turned Logan's head to the side. He held him in place and kissed him with a French kiss that was maddening to watch. While he sucked his tongue and nibbled at his lips, Sam fisted his cock and ran it over Logan's hip.

Garrett watched Darcy. She tilted her head and then pointed her finger at them. Nodding, she seemed to give her approval, encourage his participation.

Sam continued to kiss all over Logan. His tongue reached for Logan's but his eyes called out to Garrett. He held Garrett in a fiery trance. It drove him insane to watch two men kiss, fondle, and satisfy one another with such an unselfish love.

Garrett wanted some of the action but he realized to join in and participate meant a little more to these two. They didn't take someone to their bed unless they planned to keep them there. He'd watched them take one other man into their home and he stayed for nearly a year before he returned to a former lover.

"Kiss us, Garrett," Logan said when Sam broke the kiss. "Come over here and let us take care of you."

Garrett didn't mean to move but he did. Sam's cock twitched against Logan's hip.

"Hold on, big boy." Logan patted Sam on the cock, a quick love pat as he rubbed his rear against him.

"I'll show you, big boy," Sam hissed as the tip of his cock disappeared in between Logan's ass cheeks, just enough to let Garrett know he decided to take the plunge and bury his cock deep into the walls of his lover.

"Wait." Garrett stared at the dresser, at the woman who didn't exist, yet truly stood out in the room now. Her arms reached for him and he wanted to go to her. He wanted to wrap her tight against his

body and save her, save her from the world where she existed now, and the one she'd somewhat left behind. He couldn't do it because she made it impossible. Floating to the ceiling, he watched as she spread her arms out from above, like she used her arms to paddle back and forth in a drifting motion across the room.

With a gasp, Logan stared in disbelief. "Holy shit."

Garrett swallowed hard as he watched her raise her pale-white gown. She seemingly allowed them to strip it away from her as Logan and Sam continued to touch one another.

Sam didn't act impressed with another Darcy appearance. Then again, Sam rarely noticed a woman's body. Comfortable in his sexuality, Darcy's friendship with Sam began early in their lives. Seeing Darcy nude wasn't anything great or life-changing for him. At one time, Darcy used to comment on Sam's size. She once said he zipped up a 'massive cock' and Garrett always suspected Sam and Darcy of some early experimentation. He never asked questions.

Sam finally grasped the full concept of a ghost among them, and cursed under his breath. "Damn it all. She wants to control this situation too." Mumbling, he stared at her. "Damn it, Darcy. Go rest in peace. Lord knows I'm not going to have any until you do."

"Thought you didn't believe in ghosts," Garrett said.

"I don't," Sam said.

He did now. His expression said it all as Darcy smiled at Sam and he fought back the grin tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Logan watched her weightless body float around them, opening her arms and then closing them again, flashing a smile worth more than words.

"Darcy, you want us to take care of him, don't you, sweetie?" Logan asked Darcy the question she already answered, if actions spoke out louder than words.

"I'll take good care of him." Sam gritted his teeth then snarled as he pumped his cock into his hand again. "But first, somebody is gonna have to take care of me."

Darcy moved back to the dresser. She took her seat on top of it once more and crossed her legs as she waited, watched, expected. Damn her for being a ghost in the first place.

Logan rolled over on his back and drew Sam in for a quick kiss. “I have an idea.”

“I hope so because I need a cold shower.”

Logan’s lips pursed and he rolled his eyes upward before he lowered his voice. “He wants to fuck us, just not in front of, you know who.” He dropped his voice an octave and extended his thumb in the direction of the dresser, where Darcy sat twirling her thin locks.

Rolling her eyes as dramatically as she typically did when she walked among the living, she hopped down from the dresser and marched over to the bed and plopped down. Lying on her back, she giggled as she waved her hand in front of Logan.

“Okay, that’s it. You’re a nuisance of a ghost,” Logan turned his back to her.

Sam studied her, gave her the attention she desired. “Yeah, she is.” He rubbed his two-day old beard. “But we always had a pending agreement, didn’t we, Darce?” Her eyes narrowed, while his danced with amusement.

“Oh tell all. I can’t wait.” Logan’s flamboyant ways took hold and he rolled over on his belly to watch Darcy closer.

Sam chuckled. “We never spied on one another under the mistletoe.”

Garrett took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He knew exactly where these two placed the mistletoe—over the sofa in the living room. He felt certain the strategic place where it had been placed wasn’t by accident.

A sudden frown replaced the satisfying gleam on Darcy’s face. With understanding, she crawled up on the bed and began to study her hands as if her transparent form saw manicured nails or something on her fingertips.

Logan jumped from the bed and tugged gently at Sam's cock.
"Then, what are you waiting for?"

"Mistletoe." Sam sneered.

"Oh baby, I've got *your mistletoe* right here." He fisted his cock and wiggled it in Sam's direction before quickly added, "And I have plenty of it to go around."

Chapter 4

The men walked into the living room proud and anxious. Garrett felt more assertive, more confident of the new sexuality he'd discovered. They all realized Darcy kept her word and in all the years Garrett had known her, he'd never known her to break it. She didn't go back on a promise.

Logan led them to the sofa bed he'd made for Garrett, where he'd slept the night before. Garrett had a feeling he wouldn't sleep at all now. Logan waltzed over to the large Christmas tree and plugged in the lights. It lit up the room with a romantic holiday feel but the sensuality of the mood found there dimmed in its refusal to remain soft like a well orchestrated ballad. Need prevailed.

Sam's hunger pangs were obvious, his hard-on stout with desire. The pre-cum glowed, not just glistened, in the white and red lights bouncing from the ornaments and greenery.

Sam turned to Garrett and watched him. He looked down at his cock, swiped his luscious tongue across his lower lip and then pleaded with him by body language alone. He took his thick dick into his palm and began a hand job on his own before he reached for Garrett. Once Logan wrapped his hand around Sam's dick, Garrett allowed them to take over.

Logan moved closer to Garrett in an instant. His excitement and enthusiasm seemingly seeped between them as his erection forced some measure of separation between bodies. They all kissed as they knelt on the couch, one by one. Tongues dueled, and they fought for control over the kiss and yet no one lost, no one won.

Their dicks erect and ready, Logan shifted his weight and Garrett realized the incredible opportunity unfolding before him. He was going to fuck and be fucked. He almost came before he had time to grasp the concept.

Logan wanted oral sex first but Garrett refused him. Sam slid his finger down the crack of Garrett's ass and then dipped inside for a little temptation. By the groan leaving Sam's lungs, he wasn't sure who enjoyed it more.

Sam slipped his tip between Garrett's cheeks and instructed him to do the same. "Logan's tight little ass is hard to beat but a virgin ass, sweet baby, this is all my pleasure." He pressed his finger in front of his cock, wiggling it through his channel as Garrett yelped in pain.

"Oh yeah, it's going to hurt good," he hissed.

"Damn good." Logan agreed as he swirled his butt in a clockwise fashion. "Now give me that big dick, Garrett. I need you to fuck me."

"He's tense. Maybe he needs something to loosen him up." Garrett felt his butt cheeks clench because he understood what Sam meant. Before he warned him, the first of three deliciously hot smacks came down against his skin.

"Shit!" He bucked against the sting and loved every one of them.

"My baby boy, your sweet ass is something else. Logan, you'll have to see this. His amateur-tight ass is so fucking tight, it's almost like slapping' at a damn hard surface. Ah but it does still have a rose color to it". He bit at his cheeks and then slid his tongue over the place his palm print undoubtedly lingered.

"Uh-huh. Swell. Now, somebody give me something hard and stiff and fuck with it now!" Logan quipped.

"You don't have to ask me twice." Garrett's cock felt stone-hard and one thing he'd noticed with these two, they wasted time. He didn't want to wait. He hungered for this. He wanted it now and he needed it hard and fast, furious and untamed. He yearned for the out of control sex men give freely because they know they aren't going to break one another.

Garrett's cock was ready to ride and he stamped Logan's pretty little tail all at one time. "Good God," he moaned as he slipped inside Logan's tight cave.

"I know baby, I know. You'll never find pussy this tight. I swear it." He wiggled, laughed, and oh hell, he bucked. Logan wanted to give Garrett quite the first ride.

Reaching around to grab at Logan's nipple rings, Garrett tugged at them until he heard Logan damn near sing. He started to jerk his cock when Sam yanked him back hard against his chest. Sam surged forward with quick, earth shattering strokes meant to tear down the barriers protecting the virgin ass—his.

"Sweet mother fucker!" Garrett screamed as his buttocks stretched for Sam's size, allowing him to break through the hinges as he rammed his cock in and out with near-numbing thrusts.

"I'll show you sweet," Sam clutched at Garrett's sides and then rode into him. He towered over two men as Garrett's ass clenched in response and at the same time Logan opened and closed around Garrett's hard member.

"Damn, I've never..." His ragged breath refused to grant him the freedom of speech. He didn't care. He didn't need it. Sometimes words have no meaning when bodies are hell bent on handling all forms of communication.

"Oh yeah, sweetness, I know, baby. Bury, deep. Let me come. I'm going to come." Logan's left hand milked his own cock as his right fingertips tweaked his own nipple ornaments and moaning with every last thrust Garrett gave.

"You like it?"

Questions lingered in the air as Garrett didn't recognize his voice as his own. "I said, do you like my cock, Logan?"

"Yes! Give me more you stud baby, you!" Logan bucked harder and Garrett's forehead dripped with sweat beads. He fucked in time, stroke after stroke, he followed Sam's lead.

“Damn yeah, he loves cock, Garrett. He loves that Garrett Sumner dick.” Sam leaned over him and kissed his shoulder, ran his tongue down his spine and then bit his ass before rearing back, much like a wild mustang might, and hammered into him once again.

Waves of pleasure swept through him and he fought to resist the orgasm riding in for him. Then he remembered the wall of glass beside them. He tilted his head to watch their images in the mirror. Their bodies swayed in a peculiar, but beautiful rhythm. Sometimes the pace changed, kind of like a pause in the wind while a square dance caller sat in the distance and demanded a new step, a new time. The twist, instead of a waltz, or maybe a well executed promenade—and those were the more complete maneuvers, the strokes where everyone followed through without missing a beat.

Sam pushed himself harder, deeper and then his slaps against Garrett’s skin began again. This time, he pounded too fast. He smacked his skin differently, firmer and Logan screamed his release.

“Now, Sammieeee! Now!” Logan screamed as his body quivered.

“Ah yeah, Garrett, keep it still. Hold still and let Logan work you.”

Sam shook so hard that the jolts of his spill dripped down Garrett’s legs. Garrett glanced once more at the picture the three of them painted and it was too much then, more than he wanted to resist. He shuddered once, and slid out just in time to remember he didn’t have to worry about consequences. His cock didn’t glide in and out of a fragile woman. Instead, he fucked someone protected. What better sex existed than what he had right now? A human being who wanted his seed, could drown in it, and do so without consequences.

“Don’t stop now, lover,” Logan purred, reminding him one more time of the woman who used to sing out his name in much the same way. “Give me that sweet, satisfying cock.”

Sam slapped his backside again and then slid away from him right as the true jolts of his cum began to fill Logan’s sweet little

welcoming cheeks. Garrett growled as he wrapped Logan's hair over his wrists and then pulled him to him, against his chest.

"That's it, baby, give it to me rough," Logan requested.

"He likes it rough," Sam watched with a wicked grin as he stood, and walked toward the bedroom. "Fuck him hard, Garrett. Make him come again. He'll shoot off like bullets ricocheting from the best of gun fighters."

"Oh yeah?" He nipped at Logan's earlobe as he held him close. "Tell me something, Logan. How long can I fuck you just like this?"

Logan stared into the mirror and held Garrett's gaze. With his lips curving into a naughty smile, he whispered. "You can fuck me until every one of those bullets make it out of their blessed shells."

Damn. He might just fall in love with this man now. Logan liked to fuck for hours. He saw it in his eyes, heard him express it with too much enthusiasm in his voice. Now, the bulk of his ammunition was ready to fire. His thighs bunched and he held him tighter until the full explosion rippled between them. It left them gasping against one another's lips and their tangled bodies collapsed against the cushions beneath them.

Chapter 5

“Merry Christmas, Garrett.” Logan’s chirpy voice filled the dark room. He opened the curtains and let out a sigh. “I love the holidays.”

Garrett didn’t like getting up early in the morning and he particularly didn’t want to talk to Logan first thing *this* particular morning. Logan had too much energy and acted like nothing changed between them, nothing at all.

He pulled the thick, dark wool blanket over his head. “Go back to fucking bed.”

“This is the ‘fucking bed’ last time I checked, sugar.”

Logan openly made a powerful suggestion, and without Sam around, Garrett didn’t feel comfortable with it. He didn’t want Sam to think he strolled into his home and staked a claim in his territory. He’d already trained one of his wild horses. He didn’t need to tame his man. Logan needed it. His ass endured a lot of rides, apparently, and the thought made Garrett jealous as hell, and he didn’t have the right.

“Get up and drink some coffee with me.” He tackled him and playfully tickled him in the ribs, his cock pressing against his backside.

“Hell no.”

“Please.”

Damn it all, sometimes Logan reminded him of Darcy. Right now, he didn’t want reminders. What would she think? What would she say if she were alive today? Would she care that he fucked their best friends and threatened to demolish their monogamous relationship?

Logan reached under the blanket and stroked Garrett's cock. "It's time to get up."

"My dick is up. I'm not." He moaned and deliberately turned so his body pressed against the mattress, providing little access for Logan's wandering hand.

"That's not going to work." He straddled his hips and began to massage his back and ass. "Feels good, huh?"

"Yeah, now go away!" It felt too damn good. So damn good. God-awful good.

"Not a chance, big boy." He fisted his cock and playfully rubbed it all over Garrett. "You have one fine looking ass."

"Yeah, I do, but you're not getting it, are ya?"

With a quick squirt that brought Garrett's head off the pillow, Logan surprised him by covering his bottom with the soft vanilla fragrance and without warning, he penetrated him. "Don't move," he whispered in his ear. "I've already been fucked every which way but loose this morning and this is all I thought about afterwards. Let me have my fantasy."

Garrett didn't know how to be an inactive participant. "Logan, if you're going to fuck, I'm going to enjoy it." He chuckled.

"Shh..."

Garrett's head throbbed with the undeniable sexual tempo. The cool lubricant filling his ass first thing in the morning felt better than a first sip of coffee but the cock that followed it exceeded the realms of any dream come true. Morning sex, nothing beat it.

Reaching around his hips, Garrett swatted his ass. "I want mine too."

"You get a blow job. I get this ass." His thrusts stayed quick, uneven, and desperate.

"Damn, Sam was right. Tight ass like yours needs to fuck a lot. Shit! This is damn near painful, but so nice and hot."

Garrett's head stayed on the pillow. He didn't want to look up into the mirror right now. He didn't want to see the mistletoe or the

reminders of the holidays. He didn't want Darcy to spy on them and without Sam here with them, she would. He knew she would.

He wanted this man's cock stroking every inch of his ass but he didn't want to watch Darcy stand by and observe the show.

Logan quickly came yelping out like a helpless little lamb. "Damn you, Garrett. Damn you for keeping this tight virgin ass untouched." He fell into him with harder strokes before he pounded him with an unsteady attack that left Garrett tugging his cock in desperation.

After Logan's orgasm ripped through him, he roughly turned Garrett over on his back. He dropped his head over Garrett's cock just in time to taste the spill of one well satisfied man. "Sweet, baby boy, you taste sweeter than sugar, stronger than spice." He purred as he licked his lips and swatted his dick playfully against Garrett's as he moved away from him.

Garrett took a deep breath and weaved his fingers through his hair. "I need to get out of here tomorrow."

"Why?" Logan crawled over him, kissed his lips and then propped his chin on folded hands, comfortable and relaxed against Garrett's chest.

"Darcy and I are..." His eyes flashed around the room. He searched for her and didn't see her anywhere.

"She's not coming back," Logan said.

"What do you know?" Garrett snapped. He jumped from the bed and grabbed his denim blues, leaving Logan alone on the mattress. He shook the pants out and then stepped right into them. Plopping back to a seated position, he plucked his boots from the floor and immediately slid them over his feet.

The whole time, Logan studied him.

"Go ahead. Get it off your chest," Garrett said.

Logan tugged the blankets over his waist and propped his back against the cushions of the makeshift bed. "Did you ever like sex with Darcy?"

"What do you think?" he snapped.

"I think she pushed your relationship. I think she adored you, loved you more than she loved herself, carried an unconditional love for you but—"

"I loved her."

"You may have loved her but let me ask you something, Garrett."

He waited. He knew it wouldn't take Logan long to continue. It didn't.

"When you ate her pussy, did your dick get hard? Did you think you could come in your own hand while you had your hand, your fingers dipping into her tight little snatch?"

"That's none of your business."

"Maybe not but I know Darcy drove out here one night with tears staining her cheeks. She wanted answers. She needed to know how to cure your man fetish."

"Man fetish?"

"Her words, sugar. *Not* mine."

Garrett's eyes narrowed on him. "And?"

"And she said she couldn't satisfy you. She wanted to join us."

"She wanted to join you and Sam?"

"Well, technically she wanted the two of you to join us."

"In bed?"

"No, dork, mucking stalls. What the hell do you think?"

A darkness washed over him, the familiar sadness he often felt when he thought of the ways Darcy tried to please him and continually failed. He should've told her a long time ago. He should've warned her. Things for him would never equate to satisfaction because he didn't find women attractive, but he did find Darcy appealing in many ways.

Sometimes, Garrett felt like he failed her because he didn't love her enough. Other times he felt like he gave her what she needed in the time she had. The car accident claimed her life at a young age.

"The tapes—let me guess. Your idea?"

“Yes, my movies too, and from what I hear you liked the selections.”

“That’s sick, man.” Garrett finished dressing in the corner where he’d tossed his luggage.

“I loved you then and I love you now. I knew before she ever came here. You *are* gay. You were then, and from what I can tell, you certainly are now. You refused to accept it for some reason. Consider the movies an introduction of sorts.”

“She told me she liked watching those stupid flicks and they turned her on or whatever.”

“I imagine she got off on you, not the movies. A lot of women love to watch a few guys getting it on too so maybe she liked seeing the guy on guy action.”

“So you gave her the movies and told her how to handle me in bed?”

“Damn straight.”

Garrett laughed. “I never once fucked her with a hard-on until the night she came home with those damn video tapes.”

“I guess you might say you owe me then.”

“Or she owed you.”

“No, my friend, that’s where you’re wrong. If it hadn’t been for Darcy, I don’t think you would’ve found your way home and who knows, maybe without Darcy to lead you back here, you might have denied the truth altogether.”

“And what do you think the truth is exactly?”

“You’re a guy who needs and wants man-love. A masculine, hard male who wants a tight ass milking his cock and a body built for the kind of loving you want to do.” He allowed his eyes to drift to the bulge rising again in between Garrett’s legs. “And I like it rough, by the way.”

Garrett’s gaze flickered to Logan’s nipple rings. His mouth watered as he watched Logan’s eyes flash with recognition. It felt so

damn good to stare at Logan's bare chest and cock without a care in the world, outside of just lusting after the cute little bastard, of course.

"I promised Sam I'd feed the animals this morning."

"As opposed to...?"

"As opposed to bending your sexy ass over this couch and fucking you until the cows, donkeys, horses, and pigs come home."

"Oh baby, I just love it when you talk dirty to me." Logan cooed.

"Great, then you won't mind getting your hands a little nasty too."

"Oh no, um...I don't do farms. This ranch is Sam's place. He likes the country, loves the animals and I just let him have at it."

"More ways than one, huh?" Garrett smacked Logan on the tail and he yelped.

"Stop it or you're going to bring out the animal right here, baby."

Garrett tried to change the subject and move Logan away from the idea of another romp. "So you don't help out much around here?"

"No, not really. I don't like to get dirty out there." He placed his hands to his sides, pushed himself up and then stood with his palms down twirling in motion. Garrett thought it looked like he wanted to fly.

Logan told him again. "It's really not my thing."

"It is now." Garrett grabbed his wrist and yanked him along with him. "And I promise, it's going to get real dirty, maybe even raunchy, out there."

Chapter 6

“Do you see her?” Logan looked around the barn as Garrett tugged some hay down from an elevated loft.

Darcy skipped from one bale of hay to the next laughing as Garrett tossed a few stray straws toward her ghostly figure. “Yeah, she’s here.”

Logan tilted his head and looked around the area. “Where? I mean do you see her, right this minute?”

“She’s here.” Garrett touched thin air as he seemingly pulled something through his forefinger and thumb. All the while, in his mind, he plucked hay from Darcy’s hair.

“I see.”

“You think I’m crazy.”

“Nope. I saw her last night. She’s made an appearance several times this past month. Sam didn’t want me to tell you.”

“Why not?”

“Well, for starters, this thing you have with Darcy’s ghost seems to be sacred, or so you like to think. We didn’t want to impose.”

“You didn’t think I’d believe you?”

Sam came up from behind them and tossed a bucket to the sawdust-covered ground. “No, we didn’t want to patronize you or provoke Darcy, if you want to know the truth. We decided *not* to mention it.” He glared at Logan. “You’re just like a damn woman. You can’t keep your mouth shut.”

Logan jumped off the four-wheeler he’d been perched on since entering the barn. “Whelp, since Sam is back, I’m going to disappear

and go toss together some dinner. We're having company, you know."

Darcy hopped down and followed him. Immediately, he swiped the back of his neck. He quickly turned around and Garrett laughed.

"She's behind me?"

"Yeah, she is."

"Tell her I said her man has a tight little ass and I can't wait to fuck it again." Logan's gaze immediately turned to search Sam's eyes.

Sam kicked at the sawdust and a few pebbles scattered. "So how'd you get Logan out here? He claims he's allergic to horses."

"Promised sexual favors," he replied.

"Hmm...what kind did he get?" The package in Sam's pants threatened to pop a seam or two right there.

"Honestly, I didn't get around to it. I planned on rewarding him with one hell of a blow job though."

"Nice offer." He gritted his teeth and then stared back at Logan. "Can it wait?"

He popped him a kiss on the cheek and then blew one Garrett's way before he headed to the house. "We have friends coming in a few hours. I need some help at the house when you strong boys finish here."

"I don't think it's gonna take too much longer, is it, Garrett?" He stalked forward and slanted his lips over Garrett's before he gave an estimation of the time they planned to pass. Breaking the kiss, he called out to Logan. "Don't count on us for kitchen duty anytime soon. I have a few new recipes I need to try out right here."

Hearing only a grunt in response, the two men returned their focus to one another. Teeth nipped playfully at lips, mouths opened and sparred for control. Tongues tapped and lapped, suckling one another into one scrumptious kiss after another. All the while, dicks twitched behind zippers. "Blow job, huh?"

Garrett pushed away, glared into his telling eyes and then yanked him back hard, wrapping his arm around his neck as he kissed him with more fervor than he'd ever known in a simple kiss. Darcy cheered from the distance.

Breaking the kiss, Garrett looked down the long barn and growled in her direction.

"Ignore her. She's dead, Garrett. I swear to you, she's gone. I'm right here. I've always been right here." Sam's lips claimed Garrett's once more. He kissed him harder this time as Garrett's fingers quickly unzipped his own pants, and then he carefully unhooked Sam's belt.

Desperation drove him as Sam dropped to his knees and took Garrett's cock in a slow and talented sweep. Sam rocked with him as Garrett eased himself into his hot mouth. Garrett remained somewhat shocked Sam offered to suck his cock. Pleased and surprised Sam wanted to give him a blow job, one he'd remember no doubt, Garrett vowed he'd forever store it in his mind as one precious memory.

"That's it, Sam. Oh yeah." Garrett held onto his ears and fucked his sexy mouth until he heard his own ragged breath expiring with the afternoon. "Dear God, what got into you?"

"Only you." He smiled at Garrett as he pulled him to him and then pushed him back against the four-wheeler. "Just once, let me take you hard and fast, right here for the world to see."

"The world or Logan?" Garrett watched for a reaction. "If he's in the kitchen, he has a perfect view right here and you know it."

"Not Logan, Garrett. If Logan is horny, he'll join us. I'm talking about Darcy." His mouth covered Garrett's and his tongue lingered inside of his lips, swiping at the inside of his jaw one minute and tasting his sweet kiss, savoring it like no other, the very next.

"You see Darcy too, don't you?"

"No, but you will until you move on and you're going to move on. Right now, today, Garrett. It's time to let her go. Let her move on to the next life. She's not going to go unless she knows you're happy. Logan and I are here and we want to take care of you, and we want to

love you.” He stroked Garrett’s cheek and then with a bruising kiss, a hungry promise, he rubbed his cock against his thigh. “Now, bend over. I’m going to fuck that tight little ass until you can’t take it anymore.”

Garrett stretched across the seat of the large four-wheeler grabbing onto the handle bars and holding on for dear life. He arched his back and rubbed his bottom against the ridge of Sam’s cock. “I hope so, damn I hope so.”

“Yeah, baby. You know how I want to fuck you, don’t ‘cha?”

“Uh-huh.” He couldn’t manage more than a quick reply. Sam took his breath away the minute he began pounding into his private tunnel and he’d never felt anything more wonderful in his life.

He locked eyes with Darcy. Now she looked more like a fond memory, than a ghost. She stayed at a distance, there at the end of the barn. He blinked once, but then opened his eyes to her faraway gaze. He saw her own lust burning bright, lingering there behind the love she always held for him. He blinked again and she vanished into the thick dust now stirring where she once stood.

Sam’s tall frame moved in behind him and he pumped his cock right inside the dark, once forbidden hole now swirling with a man’s pleasure. He came within seconds of penetration and he screamed Garrett’s name for the world to hear. Everyone within a mile of the place could’ve heard the sounds of bodies slapping out binding promises, and of course, the hard core fucking.

Chapter 7

“You shouldn’t have bought me anything for Christmas,” Garrett said.

“It’s not a big deal so don’t make one out of it.” Logan squeezed Sam’s hand and then perched himself on Sam’s knee. “Open it.”

The dinner guests were long gone. The three of them were alone again—four, if they counted uninvited ghosts who kept reappearing when least expected. Logan, Sam, and Garrett sat around the Christmas tree with eggnog in their tumblers. Music played softly in the room and romance lingered in the air. It made Garrett nervous on many different levels.

“Open it,” Sam said as he watched Garrett toy with Logan by turning the gift over again and again.

“Hurry!” Logan never claimed patience with anything. He acted like a jackrabbit in the sack and Garrett considered him a pain in the ass when he wanted to savor something special, kind of like right now. Logan rushed everything.

Sam and Garrett exchanged a knowing glance. Even before he became involved with them sexually, Sam and Garrett always had the silent code with Darcy and Logan, Darcy more so than Logan because she was so full of life, and child-like energy. Sam and Garrett tried to keep the two of them grounded, and somewhat focused. It never worked.

Garrett laughed as Logan’s eyes widened with anticipation. “Come on!”

“You want it. You unwrap it.” He stood up so his erect cock stood proudly parallel to Logan’s lips. All he had to do was unzip and pull.

“Now, now. Be careful what you wish for,” Sam warned. “The toy we bought you might come in handy tonight instead of tomorrow.”

“Toy?”

“See? You ruin everything that’s supposed to be a surprise.” Logan grabbed the package. Ripping it open, he tossed the box back in Garrett’s direction. “Now, open it.”

Garrett ripped the top and then grinned from ear to ear. “Butt plug?”

“Yeah.” He smacked his lips. “Wanna know why?”

“Sam already told me. I need my butt loose for these cocks.” He reached over and patted them both playfully and just as expected, found them hard, ripe, and ready for a good workout.

“Thank you,” Garrett said.

“Do you like it?”

Garrett pulled it out and looked at it. “Well, right now, I’m not sure.” He laughed as he watched Darcy from the corner of his eye. She looked more beautiful than he ever remembered. The light blue tones in her eyes radiated against the soft red curls pinned away from her face. Her white dressing gown looked like something a bride might wear on her wedding night.

He swallowed tightly as she held out her hand. “I’ll be Home for Christmas” suddenly played louder than the previous more current selections. Darcy danced around the tree until she had the attention of all three men.

“Do you see her?”

Sam and Logan nodded. She smiled at them, waved, then grabbed Garrett and pulled him to the floor. “What the...”

Her hand touched his lips. “Don’t speak. Just dance with me.” He heard her voice, and watched her mouth move.

He pulled her to him and closed his eyes, inhaling her scent. Even after five years, she still lingered in his senses. The warm toasty vanilla fragrance mixed with strawberries and cream warmed his body and held him hostage. “I feel you, Darcy.”

For five years, he'd yearned for a moment like this. For five long years, he'd wanted to say things he never had the chance to say. Now, she felt so real. She swayed next to him, placing her head on his broad shoulder as she danced. He felt her skin. She was cold, so cold, yet she never shivered.

"Love them for me too," she whispered.

"I'll love them for you too," he promised.

She reached up and touched his face with her fingertips. "Merry Christmas, Garrett."

With a knowing smile, he released her. "Merry Christmas, Darcy."

She tousled Logan's hair in passing and pinched Sam's ass with a most wicked grin. She didn't turn to face them again.

"Darcy?"

"Let her go." Sam stood up and stopped him as he took the first step forward. "It's time for all of us to let her go, Garrett."

He watched as she disappeared into the wall covered in mirrors and heard a faint giggle after she left them behind.

"I felt her here. Just now, I held her in my arms."

Logan twirled the lock of hair she touched and then looked up at Sam. "I felt her too, Garrett."

"The wench pinched my ass," Sam grunted.

The men stared back at one another and Sam moved first. Taking Garrett in his arms, he pulled him close. "Will you stay with us, Garrett?"

"Stay? I can't—"

"You can." Logan stared off at the precise location where Darcy disappeared behind the mirrors. "You'll stay because Darcy is here. She's home now. You're home."

Sam kissed his lips. "You'll finally know the love you've been searching for because we're here ready to love you."

Garrett took a deep breath. He didn't like commitments. He made very few of them. Besides Darcy, no one ever had a hold on him

except the two men staring back at him. They were his friends. He trusted them, but did he want them for his lovers?

“What if you get tired of me?”

Sam licked his lower lip and then motioned for Logan to join them. They locked him in between them and slowly began to undress him. They kissed his lips, massaged his shoulders, and brought him to a new understanding.

Gay or not, he wanted to experience the power of their love, the kind of love they only held for one another and for him. He’d known it since before Darcy’s car accident and now he realized why she refused to leave him. She wanted to lead him back to where his heart truly belonged. Now, he was finally home.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Addison Avery is an avid reader with eclectic tastes. Addison enjoys various genres and reads everything from Shakespeare to Capote. Addison also finds inspiration in all sub-genres within romance and particularly enjoys suspense and paranormal.

Readers who enjoyed *Dancing with Darcy* can pre-order *Mighty Men with Weapons* coming soon from Siren-BookStrand.



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