



MY
SEDUCING
STEPBROTHER'S
BOYFRIEND

DAKOTA REBEL

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Seducing My Stepbrother's Boyfriend

Want Take Have

Book Two

By Dakota Rebel

Seducing My Stepbrother's Boyfriend

by

Dakota Rebel

My heart is so twisted up in knots I'm afraid that soon it will just stop beating all together.

I've been in love with my stepbrother since the moment I met him. The kind of soul deep love that makes you think that eventually you can overcome any obstacle to be together.

Unfortunately, I think I was fooling myself. Because Nate just came home with the most delicious guy I've ever seen. And the two of them together are perfection.

Now I'm struggling with the fact that I'm attracted to both of them, but I'm not sure that either of them will ever see me as anything other than Nate's little stepsister.

Except...they're both showering me with more attention than I know what to do with.

Is it possible that I could have my cake and eat it too?

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Seducing My Stepbrother's Boyfriend

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Wanna hang out?

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I know, every author in the world wants you on their newsletter. And I do, too. I send them every Sunday and they are mostly just funny little dives into my life. Plus, if you sign up I'll send you a totally free book.

[BOOKBUB](#) –

If you just want to know when I have a new book out, this would be the easiest way to get alerts.

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If you really, really like me and want to legit hang out with me, come on over to the Rebel Squad on Facebook. I'm in there way more often than I should be, but we have a really great time. Lots of dirty memes, sneak previews and cover reveals. Plus, when I want input on what to write next, or what to include in a book, that's where I go. So come on in! We'd love to have you.

Chapter One

~Ruby Baxter~

I don't like to think of myself as pathetic. But then again, who does, really? I'm just not sure there's any other word for it.

Five years ago, my mom remarried a perfectly nice man who made her incredibly happy, which made me incredibly happy for them. I was sixteen and just a few credits away from graduating early and heading off to college. It seemed like everything was falling into place for our little family.

Until *he* walked in the door.

He, was Nate Jones...my new stepbrother and soon to be star of every fantasy I'd have for, quite possibly, the rest of my life.

To say that I fell in love with him the first moment I saw him might sound cliché, but it doesn't make it any less true. Because what I felt for Nate wasn't just lust. It was like looking at my future, standing in my living room in a pair of Doc Martens.

I'd spent my entire life so focused on school, determined to graduate early, to get as many grants and scholarships as I could get my hands on and get the hell out of Michigan.

Then everything changed in an instant. And my new life goal was to capture the attention of my stepbrother the way he'd captured mine.

Two guesses how that turned out.

At least, I'm assuming that the adorable nicknames of runt and munchkin aren't exactly terms of romantic endearment. And he tended to favor calling me those over using my actual name. Plus the hair ruffling and the shoulder punches were definitely more brotherly than future husband like.

But I kept up my little fantasy like the pathetic loser I am. Going so far as to turn down a scholarship to a university two-thousand miles away, and instead attend community college that would keep me in town...and close to Nate.

"Hey, Munchkin!"

I jumped in surprise at the feel of a hand on my shoulder, having not heard Nate come in while I

was ruminating on what the hell I'd been doing with my life while waiting for him to fall in love with me.

“Don't call me that,” I complained, knocking his hand away before turning to look up at him. “What are you doing here?”

“Dad invited us to dinner,” he answered with a shrug.

Us? Who the fuck was us?

I turned to see a second man leaning against the doorjamb of the living room, his arms crossed over his chest and his legs crossed at the ankles while his gaze raked over me.

“Spencer, this my stepsister, Ruby. Ruby, this is my boyfriend, Spencer,” Nate said.

For a moment, I thought I might actually blackout. Nate may as well have introduced Spencer as the man in the moon for as much sense as the words that actually came out of his mouth meant to me.

Boyfriend.

Boyfriend.

Nate was gay?

How the hell had I not known that Nate was gay? Nate watching had been a full-time hobby for me for years. He'd never brought home a guy before. Hell, he'd never brought anyone home before.

“Nice to meet you, Ruby,” Spencer said.

When I could focus my eyes again, I noticed that Spencer had a smirk pulling at his lips as he stared at me.

Holy hell...he was fucking gorgeous, too. What was this, some new kind of torture? This house couldn't handle that much hotness under one roof...we'd all combust.

“You, too,” I said finally, realizing that I was being rude. I got up and walked across the room to shake his hand. “Sorry, y'all caught me off guard.”

“No worries,” Spencer assured me, his smirk finally melting into a smile. “Nate has that effect on people.”

“Where are the ‘rents?” Nate asked from behind me.

I turned back to him and jumped, not realizing how close he’d been to me. The motion caused me to practically fall backward into Spencer, who’s hands slid to my hips to steady me on my feet.

“I don’t know,” I said, my voice breathier than I’d really wanted it to be. “Why don’t I just go look for them?”

I pulled away from the men and practically ran toward the kitchen, needing to get some space between myself and all that testosterone.

As my head began to clear, I realized that the whole situation in the living room had seemed almost orchestrated. Like they’d planned to get me off guard. But why?

“Nate and Spencer are here,” I said as I walked out onto the deck where my Mom and Carl were sitting. “And I’ve got to get back to the dorms.”

“Oh, can’t you stay for dinner?” Mom asked, her tone sad as she looked up at me from her seat.

“I really can’t,” I lied. “I’ve got a test to study for. But I’ll be back for dinner on Friday.”

I leaned down and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, then nodded to Carl before heading back inside to try to grab my purse and escape without the Hardy Boys cornering me again.

“Running away?” Spencer asked, humor in his tone as he stepped into the hall just as I turned the knob on the front door.

“Not exactly,” I said, glaring up at him. “Just headed back to school.”

“Well, maybe the three of us could get together sometime for drinks or something,” he suggested, his gaze clearly raking over me again as he stepped closer to me. “Nate talks about you all the time and I’m just dying to get to know you.”

“Yeah, maybe,” I agreed, hoping I sounded nonchalant, even though I was the most chalang I’d ever been in my entire fucking life. “Tell Nate to call me.”

“Oh, don’t worry.” He reached up and tucked a piece of hair behind my ear. “He will.”

Spencer turned and walked back toward the living room, leaving me in the hallway totally and utterly confused about what the fuck was happening.

If I didn't know better, I'd swear Spencer was flirting with me. But that wasn't possible. God, was I fantasizing about my stepbrother's boyfriend now?

As I drove back to my dorm, I replayed the weird interaction and realized that yeah... Spencer was flirting with me. And I'd really actually liked it.

It would probably be a really bad idea to go out for drinks with them. Then again, maybe I'd learn something, and if there was one thing I couldn't resist, it was learning something new about Nate. And I supposed now I could add learning about Spencer to that list as well.

Chapter Two

~Nate Jones~

“Well, I think that went well,” Spencer teased, flopping down onto the sofa next to me with a grin on her face. “You certainly shocked her.”

“I know.” I blew out a sigh and looked toward the door, even though I knew Ruby had left. “What are we even doing?”

“Hey, you’re the one who’s obsessed with her,” he reminded me gently. “Though I can totally see why, she’s a fucking doll.”

She really was.

I’d been obsessed with Ruby since the first time I’d seen her. But she’d been sixteen then, not to mention my stepsister, and I’d told myself that no matter what, I was not to get involved with her.

But the more time went on, the more my craving for her deepened, so much so that it affected any relationship I tried to have with anyone else. Until Spencer, there hadn’t been a man or woman I’d met that had been able to hold my interest for more than a drink at a bar.

Spencer though...he’d weaseled his way in and just kind of...stayed. I liked him. A lot. So much so that I’d actually told him about my crush on Ruby. And not only had he understood, but he’d even encouraged me to go for her.

I’d worried that meant he wanted to break us up, but he’d assured me that if we all got to know each other, and we all liked each other, we could just all be together.

I hadn’t been sure how that would really work, but the more we discussed it, the more I began to realize that building a life with Ruby and Spencer, all of us, was all that I could ever want. And now I was determined to make it happen.

“Remember your promise,” Spencer whispered.

“I would never go behind your back,” I promised him again. “It’s both of us or neither of us.”

“Hey, I don’t want to stand in the way of your happiness,” he said softly, his hand resting on my thigh. “Just end it with me before you start something solo with Ruby.”

“That’s not going to happen,” I said, sliding my hand over his and lacing our fingers together. “Did you see the way she looked at you? I should be asking you not to go behind *my* back.”

“You like it when I’m behind—”

“Hello, boys,” Dad said brightly, walking into the room with a grin on his face. “I hope you’re hungry.”

“Starving,” Spencer said, squeezing my fingers before releasing me to stand up and shake hands with my dad. “Is there anything I can help with?”

“No,” Dad assured him. “Dezi has it all under control. You boys want a beer?”

It still amazed me that my dad hadn’t so much as blinked the first time I brought Spencer home to meet him and his wife Dezi. Both of them had taken it in stride that I was dating a man, even though Dad knew I’d dated women in high school.

It had made me wonder if they’d be as cool if I started dating Ruby as well. I suppose it was one thing to accept that your son was bisexual, but quite another to deal with your daughter dating two bisexual men.

I really hoped that I’d have the opportunity to find out.

I’d known for years that Ruby had a crush on me, but I’d done my dead level best to dissuade her. Always calling her kiddo or runt, not spending much time alone with her, pretty much anything I could do to remind both of us that I was her older stepbrother and that was all I’d ever be to her.

But as she’d gotten older, my affection for her had only grown. And honestly, who could blame me? She was gorgeous, yeah. But that was just the tip of the Ruby iceberg. She was also smart and funny and kind and just...perfect. She was absolutely perfect.

And I was in love with her.

Just like I was in love with Spencer.

Dezi announced dinner was ready and we all headed into the kitchen to eat. Conversation stayed pretty small-talky as we served ourselves and started to dig in but turned once everyone had gotten their fill.

“Nate, sweetie,” Dezi said. “I think you should take Ruby out sometime.”

“What?” I stared at her, my head so wrapped up in romantic thoughts about Ruby that I wasn’t quite sure what Dezi meant by that statement.

“She’s been working so hard at school, I’m worried about her not having any fun. She’s twenty-one years old. She should be out doing...I don’t know...young people things. I don’t think she has many friends at that college, so it would be good for her to go out with you and Spencer. I can give you some money—”

“That’s very kind of you,” Spencer interrupted. “But we can take care of that. It’s funny you bring it up, because Nate and I were talking about that very thing the other day. I’d like to get to know your daughter. Nate speaks so highly of her, she seems like a nice girl to know.”

“She is,” Dad agreed with a smile. “I’m so glad our kids get on so well with each other.”

“Family is important,” Spencer said.

I kicked him under the table and he just turned and grinned at me, giving me a small wink as he ducked his head to look back down at his plate.

God, this was going to be a nightmare.

Or, it was going to be really, really fun.

Chapter Three

~Ruby~

“I fucking hate horror movies,” I complained to Nate as I took my seat next to him. “You could have told me what we were seeing.”

“Nah,” he teased, bumping his shoulder against mine and grinning at me. “Then you wouldn’t have come.”

“Damn right I wouldn’t have,” I assured him, rolling my eyes. “I mean, I appreciate you getting me out of the dorm tonight, don’t get me wrong. And popcorn is my favorite of all the nighttime snacks. But I’m going to hate this movie.”

“Oh, for sure you are,” he agreed.

“Got room for one more?” a voice asked from my other side, and I turned to watch Spencer dropping into the vacant seat next to me. “Whew, I just made it.”

I narrowed my gaze at Spencer then turned back to Nate, who’s gaze seemed to be glued to the screen ahead of us.

Nate had called me that night to say Spencer got stuck at work and he had an extra ticket to the movies. I’d agreed, obviously, because I didn’t want to squander an opportunity to hang out with him. But now Spencer was here, and once again, this all seemed very orchestrated. I just didn’t have any clue why or what these guys were hoping to accomplish.

“Ooh, popcorn,” Spencer said, reaching over and grabbing a handful out of the bucket on my lap.

“That’s mine,” I complained.

“Shh…” he hissed. “The movie is starting.”

It was indeed, and I sat there silently as preview after preview played. Both men helped themselves to my popcorn and basically acting like there was nothing at all strange going on.

By time the actual movie started, I was wound up like a spring. My head spinning as to why these men had wanted to spend time with me. Why they would lie to me to get me there. And why I

liked sitting between them so *very* much.

It didn't take long for the violence to start on the screen, and it was quickly exacerbated by a ridiculous jump scare that caught me totally off guard.

I jumped so violently in my seat that popcorn showered down on my lap, and I turned my face into Spencer's shoulder, not really thinking about the fact that I barely knew him, just desperate not to see the horror and gore on the screen.

Spencer's hand came up to smooth over my hair, holding my head firmly against him as Nate gripped my hand where it was clawed into the armrest we were sharing.

The contact of both men against me sent flutters through my stomach, and a little lower, and I felt myself starting to hyperventilate, and it had nothing to do with the movie.

What the hell was happening?

"You okay?" Spencer whispered, his lips pressed to my head as if he were placing a soft kiss against my hair.

"I hate horror movies," I whined, glad that I had an excuse for my trembling.

"Do you want to go?" Nate asked, leaning closer on my other side, still holding onto my hand.

"No," I said, probably a little too quickly. "You paid for this thing, you should get to see the end."

Honestly, I just wanted to stay with them. Obviously, my love for Nate was soul deep and all encompassing. But I couldn't help being fascinated by Spencer as well. I didn't understand what was going on between them, or why they were suddenly looking to spend time with me, but I wasn't going to give it up if I didn't have to.

Even if it meant sitting through two decapitations, one machete to the face and someone being crushed by a garage door.

"So, we're going to Haze on Saturday," Nate said as we all lingered in the parking lot next to my car after the movie was finally over. "Do you want to come?"

“What the hell is this?” I asked, glaring from Nate to Spencer and back again.

“Charity,” Nate teased.

I rolled my eyes as I pulled out my keys and beeped the doors unlocked.

“No, come on,” Spencer said. “It’s going to be fun. Don’t you like fun?”

“I do like fun,” I assured him. “But after that gore fest you just dragged me to, I think we might have different ideas about what fun really is.”

“This is a club,” Nate said. “Drinks and dancing and general carousing. Come on, it would be good for you to get out once in a while. Dezi says all you do is study. All work and no play makes Ruby a dull girl.”

Well, that wasn’t exactly inaccurate. I hadn’t been able to make many friends at college, and all of my high school friends had moved away, so I did tend to spend a lot of time alone in the dorms.

“Fine,” I said. “Yes, that would be great. Thank you.”

“I’ll call you Friday,” Nate said.

And then, for the first time ever, he leaned forward and kissed me on the forehead.

Before I had time to be too shocked about it, Spencer did the same.

Then they turned together and walked off, leaving me stunned and leaning against my car, unsure if my legs were going to be steady enough to actually drive.

What in the actual fuck was going on?

Chapter Four

~Spencer~

“I think she knows something’s up,” I told Nate when we got back to my place after the movie. “I told you that me showing up wasn’t going to fool her.”

Nate had spent months going on and on about how smart Ruby was. How pretty Ruby was. How funny Ruby was. I mean, his love for this woman was clear, and even after spending so little time with her, I absolutely understood. But his plan to trick her into going to the movies and having me show up like I’d only just been able to make it was not exactly smooth. He should have known that anyone with a lick of sense would have seen right through it.

“Yeah,” he agreed, blowing out a sigh as he dropped onto the sofa. “But you couldn’t come up with anything better.

That was true.

I couldn’t even explain why I was so interested in adding Ruby as a third to our relationship. I barely knew her. At first I’d thought it was just that I would do anything to make Nate happy. But now I knew it was more than that.

I hated to think that there was something missing in our relationship, because I was happier with Nate than I’d ever been in my life. But since we were both bisexual men, it kind of made sense that we’d both be craving a woman to round out our future.

And since Nate was already in love with Ruby, and I was certainly interested in her, I thought that maybe one day I’d grow to love her as much as I loved Nate.

If I wasn’t so secure in my relationship with him, I might have been more concerned about the situation, but I knew what we had together, and I also knew that adding Ruby would just make things better for both of us.

So, as I did in most things, I went all in on the decision. There was no point in second guessing or over analyzing. It was either going to work or it wasn’t.

“Do you think she’ll come out with us on Saturday?” Nate asked, nervously chewing on his lower lip.

“I do,” I assured him. “She might know something’s up, but that’s just going to make her more curious and unwilling to turn down an opportunity to learn more.”

“Wow, you’ve really got a handle on how she works,” he said with a laugh.

“Well, I’ve been listening to you talk about her nonstop for months,” I teased.

“And you’re not angry?” His lip disappeared between his teeth again and I reached over and ran my thumb over his chin until he released it.

“How could I ever be angry at you for being honest with me?” I leaned over and sucked his lip between my own teeth, nipping it gently as I slid my hands into his hair and lowered my body over his, pressing him into the sofa as our mouths moved together, his tongue sliding against mine.

“I’m just scared tha—”

“I know,” I interrupted, leaning back again with a sigh. “But I’m good. You’re good. And Ruby will good, too.” I clasped my hands together, staring at them as I searched for the courage to point out the obvious. “She might not be willing to join us, though.”

“Yeah,” he whispered.

“Are you going to be okay if that happens?” I turned back to look at him, wanting to see his face as I asked the next question. “If she only wants you, will you choose her over me?”

That was the one thing we hadn’t discussed. Both of us probably too scared to bring it up, but if we were going to move forward with the plan, we had to be prepared for any and all outcomes.

“No,” he said firmly, shaking his head for emphasis. “It’s all of us or just you and me. I won’t lose you over this.”

He sounded completely sure of his answer, but I didn’t have that confidence. He’d loved her far longer than he’d loved me, and while I was secure in our relationship, I couldn’t deny the little ball of fear that was flaring to life in my chest.

“Spencer,” he said sharply, pulling my attention back to him. “I love you.”

“And you love her,” I reminded him.

“Yes, but I’ve lived without her...in that way...for a long time. And I can do it for the rest of

my life as long as I have you by my side.”

“That was awfully romantic,” I admitted.

“Well, it’s the truth,” he swore, reaching over to grip my hand in his before pulling it to his mouth and pressing his lips to my knuckles. “You and me against the world, right?”

“Right,” I agreed, finally relaxing. “Besides, it won’t come to that. I mean, you couldn’t resist me, so it’s unlikely she’ll be able to.”

“That’s my boy,” he said. He leaned forward and kissed me again before getting to his feet and pulling his shirt off, tossing it to the floor at my feet. “I’m going to bed.”

I watched him walk toward the bedroom then jumped to my feet to follow. He was right. As long as we had each other, we’d both be just fine.

Chapter Five

~Ruby~

The more I thought about that strange night at the movies, the more angry I became. Either those boys were fucking with me for fun or...well, I couldn't even come up with an *or*. There wasn't actually another explanation that made any sense.

I realized that the only way I was going to be able to deal with them was to beat them at their own game. If they were amusing themselves at my expense, then it was time I turned the tables and got a little amusement myself.

Nate called me Friday, as promised, to plan our big night out at the club and I played right into it.

"Tomorrow is great for me," I promised him. "I'll meet you guys there."

"Don't be silly," he insisted. "There's no point in both of us paying for parking. We'll come get you. Eight o'clock?"

"Great," I agreed. "See you both then."

That gave me two days to find the perfect outfit and come up with the best way to get back at them for messing with me. And it didn't take long for me to find either.

I figured a classic little black dress would work for any occasion. I'd never been to any club before, but I'd seen them on television and figured they'd all be about the same.

So once the clothes were decided, I set to work brainstorming the absolute best way to unnerve them both. And the answer actually ended up coming to me in a dream.

A dream about Spencer.

More specifically, a dream about me and Spencer.

When I woke up, heart pounding and dampness pooling between my legs, I couldn't help smiling at the realization that this was how I was going to get back at them both. I was going to go all in, blatantly flirting with my stepbrother's boyfriend.

Two could play at this game, and while I didn't know much about men, or flirting, or the world

outside of academia really, I knew that Nate would be furious if I were to throw myself at Spencer. And then I'd get them both to confess that they'd been playing me, and I'd tell them I was playing them in return.

It was foolproof.

I got up Saturday morning believing myself to be a true and total genius. Unfortunately, I forgot to factor in the genius of the men I was planning on playing.

"Damn," Nate said as he held the back door of his car open to allow me to slide inside. "You better watch your six all night."

"What?" I asked, furrowing my eyebrows as I stared up at him.

"All the guys are going to be all over you tonight," Spencer explained, his gaze meeting mine in the review mirror.

"Well, not all the guys," I assured him as Nate got into the passenger seat next to him. "You two won't be."

I watched them exchange looks and tried to hide my grin behind my hand in case they glanced back at me again.

Oh man, this was going to be so much fun.

Spencer turned on the radio and none of us said anything more the entire drive to the club. They escorted me inside, surprising me by snaking the line and giving Nate's name to the doorman, who let us in immediately.

"You boys spend a lot of time here?" I asked as Nate's hand slid to the small of my back as he guided me through the door.

"Enough," Spencer answered with a shrug.

I could feel the music thumping as if it were beating against my chest and for a minute I worried how I was going to flirt with someone when I probably wouldn't even be able to talk over the sound

of the bass. But then the guys pulled me down a hallway and pushed me through a heavy curtain, and my senses were assaulted so hard and fast that for a moment I couldn't think at all.

Lights flashed and smoke billowed as music played at top volume all around us. Bodies seemed to writhe against each other on the dance floor, the sweet smell of alcohol and incense was so strong I could almost taste it as well as smell it.

“You want a drink?” Nate yelled in my ear.

I nodded, a little too overwhelmed to actually speak.

“Let's dance!” Spencer insisted, grabbing my hand and tugging me toward the floor. “He'll find us.”

I followed Spencer as he led me to the very center of the floor, where strobe lights threw various color splashes over the entire club and the music seemed to thump at my feet through the very floor we were standing on.

Spencer's arm curled around my waist, and he pulled me into his chest, swaying with me in an intensely erotic way that made the memory of my dream flash to the forefront of my mind.

My hands slid up his arms to his shoulders, then around his neck, pressing my body harder against his. I was on a mission after all, and the sooner we could call an end to this charade, the better I'd feel.

Except when our bodies were locked together, I could have sworn I felt something hard grinding against my thigh, where it was pressed directly between Spencer's legs.

I looked up at him, my gaze meeting his as I searched his face for some sort of reaction, some kind of humor at the way he was taunting me. But his dark eyes stared back at me, his lips slightly parted and his fingers starting to roam up my back.

Oh, he was good. And he was quite committed to this little charade. I had to give him props for that. But I wasn't one to be easily deterred. He could bring on all the games he wanted, because I was determined to win this one.

I turned around in his arms, pressing my back against him and grinding my ass against his crotch, leaning my head back to his shoulder and closing my eyes, trying to give myself over to the music and move with him.

When I opened my eyes again, I found Nate standing in front of me, a drink in each hand, his gaze locked on the pair of us.

I grinned at him, reaching out to take one of the glasses from his hand and holding his gaze as I swirled my tongue around the straw before sucking it between my lips and taking a long sip.

Nate's tongue slid out to wet his lower lip, his gaze darkening as he stared at my mouth. And even though I was drinking sugary soda laced with whiskey, my mouth went instantly dry at the look of pure lust that was on my stepbrother's face.

I reached out and grabbed his free hand, pulling him closer, then ducking out from between the men, leaving them together as I walked, because I definitely didn't run, off the dance floor and slid into the crowd, hoping to put some space between me and the men who were totally driving me insane.

When I'd worked my way through the crowd toward the edge of the dance floor I glanced behind myself and was relieved that neither of them had followed me. I was more confused now than I had been earlier, and I needed to get some air, which seemed unlikely when I was constantly surrounded by a mass of people.

Glancing around, I finally noticed a set of stairs leading up to a catwalk that stretched around the entire bar that looked relatively unoccupied. I pushed through more people and took the steps two at a time, breathing a sigh of relief when I finally reached the top and could actually breathe again.

I wandered around the catwalk, locating a deserted area off to the side where I could look down at the dance floor. I leaned against the railing and stared down, my gaze searching until I found Spencer, still dancing his heart out in the middle of the floor, his body moving to the music, the lights glancing off his skin and seeming to illuminate him like a spotlight.

Damn...he was really, fucking sexy.

I was so entranced watching him that I didn't hear footsteps approaching, not that I probably could have over the thumping bass that filled the air. Two hands landed on the railing next to mine, one on each side, and I felt heat against my back.

"I know what you're doing," Nate's voice growled against my ear, making me jump.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I yelled, shaking my head.

“Yes you do,” he argued. “And it won’t work.”

My heart hammered in my chest, and I swallowed thickly, worried that Nate might actually be angry at me. I’d thought I was just playing the same game they were, but now I wasn’t so sure.

“Spencer belongs to me,” he continued, stepping forward to press his body against mine. “And we’re a package deal, baby.”

Chapter Six

~Nate~

When I'd seen Ruby and Spencer writhing against each other on the dance floor, it felt as if every ounce of blood in my body had rushed straight to my dick. The world around me disappeared, and my sight was reduced to just the two of them, their beautiful bodies swaying to the music, both of their eyes closed, totally locked in their erotic dance.

It was better than I'd ever imagined. And I desperately wanted to see more.

Then Ruby had opened her eyes and seen me, and she bolted like a frightened rabbit. Spencer had insisted that I go after her alone, and I kind of knew he was right.

Ruby was my responsibility, and if we were really going to bring her into our relationship, which we both desperately wanted to do, the initial invitation needed to come from me.

I'd found her alone up on the catwalk and followed her gaze down to where Spencer was still working his ass on the dance floor. And fuck, he looked sexy as hell.

"I know what you're doing," I told her, walking up behind her and caging her in with my arms. "And it's not going to work."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she lied, her entire body stiffening when I pressed against her.

"Spencer belongs to me," I reminded her, my lips almost pressed against her ear. "And we're a package deal, baby."

The time for games was over. Ruby wasn't great with subtle, and I knew that whatever she thought she was doing, was just some kind of joke to her. Except it wasn't. Because she'd wanted me for too long, and now she wanted Spencer too. She could lie to herself all she wanted to, but she'd never been good at lying to me.

I knew without a doubt that the three of us could have a real future together, and I wanted that future to begin as soon as possible. No more fucking around. We were bringing Ruby home with us. And we were keeping her.

"What the fuck does that mean?" she asked, turning around in my arms and glaring up at me.

“It means, just what I said,” I told her. “If you want us, we’re yours.” I licked my lips and forced myself to lean closer to her. “Because we want you, Ruby.”

“Let me go,” she said firmly, and I could tell she was trying to look strong, but the emotions that were warring inside of her were plain on her beautiful, expressive, face. Fear, lust, confusion. Like someone was rapidly changing channels behind her eyes. They were all there. Clear as hell to anyone who really knew her. And I knew Ruby.

“No, I don’t think I will,” I said. “I think you want to be ours. I think you’ve wanted to be mine for longer than you even realize. And the moment Spencer walked through the door the other day, you wanted to be his, too.”

“You’re out of your fucking mind,” she said, shoving me backward away from her. “Look, this all stopped being funny days ago. I don’t appreciate you screwing around with me.”

“I’m not,” I promised her. “This is real, Ruby. It’s always been real between you and me.”

I watched her throat move as she swallowed thickly, and her gaze lowered to stare at my chest. For a minute I thought she might start crying, but instead, her arm flew up and she decked me in the face.

“Fuck you,” she snarled, running away as I gripped my face in shock.

“Ruby, wait!” I yelled, turning to run after her. But it seemed as if the crowd upstairs had grown, and they were in cahoots to close in around her and keep me from following.

By the time I pushed through the throng and made it to the stairs, Ruby was nowhere in sight. I cursed under my breath and worked my way through the crowd on the dance floor to find Spencer, who was still rocking his heart out, oblivious to the fuck up I’d just caused.

“We need to go!” I insisted, grabbing Spencer’s hand and pulling him toward the exit.

“What happened?” he asked, following me into the hall where the music was dampened, and we could actually hear each other again.

“She took off,” I said, shaking my head. “But she couldn’t have gotten far. We drove her.”

We made our way out to the street, just as Ruby was climbing into a rideshare. The door slammed and the car sped off, while we both stood there staring after it.

“Fuck!” I yelled, watching the Uber’s lights disappear into the distance. “Well, that could have gone better.”

Chapter Seven

~Ruby~

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I sat in the Uber and leaned my head back against the seat, fighting tears as the car sped through downtown toward the suburbs. Toward my parents' house.

I'd never been so glad to see a line of rideshare cars in my life as I had been when I'd burst out of the club. Without even considering safety, I'd jumped into the first one and begged him to take off.

"You okay?" the driver asked, meeting my gaze in the rearview.

"Oh yeah," I assured him, my voice quaking more than I'd have liked. "I got in a fight with my boyfriend and just didn't want to talk to him again tonight."

"Alright," he said, his tone indicating he didn't fully believe me, but I didn't care. I wasn't really in the mood to talk to anyone.

What the hell had Nate meant that they were a package deal? Was he really suggesting that I join both of them in some kind of...what? Orgy? Relationship?

Or was he still playing his little game, knowing I'd break first?

For a minute, I started to regret running away, and to really regret punching Nate...but then I remembered how hard Spencer had been against my body, and how dark Nate's gaze had been on that catwalk, and I convinced myself that they weren't playing a prank on me.

They actually wanted me.

I just didn't understand why...or for what.

And I wasn't sure I wanted to know enough to go back and ask.

In my anxiousness to escape them, I'd had the car take me to my parents' house, scared that if I went back to my dorm they'd just track me down there. Hopefully they wouldn't think to look for me anywhere else.

We pulled up in front of the dark house and I sent the digital payment to the driver, with a large

tip before exiting the car and rushing up the walk to the porch and fishing out my keys to let myself inside.

The house was silent, and I took off my heels to avoid making too much noise, but before I was halfway down the hall to my old room, my mom stepped out of her bedroom and blinked tired eyes at me.

“Ruby? Honey are you okay?” she asked. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m sorry to wake you,” I said. “I was out tonight and just kind of ended up back here. Is it okay if I sleep over?”

“It’s still your home,” she reminded me, walking up to me and gripping my chin between her thumb and finger, forcing me to meet her gaze. “What happened?”

“I got in a fight with Nate,” I answered. It wasn’t exactly a lie, but it was just enough of the truth that hopefully I wouldn’t get the third degree.

“So you came home?” she asked, raising an eyebrow as she released me.

“Yeah,” I said. “Can we talk about this tomorrow? I’m really tired.”

“Of course,” she said, already turning to head back to her room. “Good night.”

“Night,” I answered, standing there until she had closed her door again and I heard the springs of her bed dip.

I let out a low sigh and leaned against the wall, closing my eyes and trying to get my heart rate under control.

Unfortunately, just as I was starting to feel halfway normal again, I heard the fucking front door open and shut downstairs.

Pushing off the wall I rushed to the stairs and padded down them, rounding the corner to glare at Nate, who was standing just inside the door as if he were waiting for me to come down.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” I growled.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” he shot back. “You punch me in the face then run home to mommy? Jesus Christ Ruby—”

“Keep your voice down,” I hissed.

He grabbed my arm and pulled me out onto the porch, shutting the door behind us before rounding on me.

“I can’t believe you ran away from me,” he said, his eyes flashing with anger.

“You don’t own me, Nate Jones. I don’t like this stupid little game you’re playing, and I’m not doing it anymore. You win, okay? You got one over on stupid, pathetic, little Ruby. Well done. Now, if you don’t mind—”

“Game?” Nate’s eyes narrowed as he raked his gaze over my face. “You think this is a game?”

“Well what the hell else could it be?” I snapped.

“Gee, it couldn’t be that I’m in love with you, could it, you stupid twit?”

I stared at him, his words not quite sinking in. I mean, I was in love with him. He wasn’t in love with me. Oh God, had I said that? No, no it had definitely been him.

“You’re in love with Spencer,” I reminded him.

“Yeah, I’m in love with him, too,” Nate agreed.

“Well, you can’t have both of us.” I threw my hands up in frustration. “How drunk are you right now?”

“He hasn’t had a drop all night,” Spencer said from behind me, making me jump.

“Jesus!” I hissed, turning around to glare at him. “Were you there the whole time?”

“Yeah,” he said, his lips twitching as if he were fighting a smile. “And for the record, he could have us both...if you’d be interested in that.”

“I don’t understand,” I said. It suddenly felt way too hot, and my head was starting to pound with an oncoming headache. “And I can’t do this tonight. Please, can you both just go?”

“We’ll go,” Nate agreed. “But we’re coming to pick you up in the morning, and we’re all going to sit down and talk about this. Okay?”

“Yeah,” I agreed, rolling my eyes. “Whatever.”

I pushed past him and reached for the doorknob, but he pulled me back, one hand closing around my arm and the other sliding up into my hair before his mouth crashed over mine.

My body might have collapsed if Spencer hadn't stepped in behind me, his chest pressing against my back, pinning me between the two men as Nate deepened the kiss, his tongue parting my lips.

A whimper escaped my throat as I closed my eyes, too overwhelmed by the press of bodies against me, the taste of Nate's mouth against mine, the smell of both men filling my sinuses and my heart hammering so hard in my chest that I feared it might actually break free of my ribcage and flop on the porch like a dying fish.

Spencer's hands slid up my sides as his mouth pressed hot, wet kisses along the side of my neck and at that point my knees did buckle, but both men held me tight between them, keeping me upright as they kissed and licked against my skin.

"Tomorrow," Nate promised, his hands resting on my hips, just below Spencer's, as they both stepped away, but kept firm grips on me as if they knew I was about to collapse.

"Okay," I whispered, nodding in a daze.

When they seemed sure that I wasn't going to fall over, they released their hold on me and walked down the steps and out to their car that was still idling in the street.

On shaky legs I let myself back into the house and climbed the stairs to my room again, a death grip on the handrail the whole way.

When I finally got to my bedroom, I collapsed onto the bed and lay there, staring at the ceiling, trying to figure out if what had just happened was real or if I'd already gone to bed and dreamed the whole thing.

But when my fingers brushed over my swollen lips, I knew that it had been real. Those men had really just kissed me. Had really just asked me to meet them for breakfast to talk about the three of us...

I shook my head. I couldn't think about the rest of that. Because I still didn't fully understand what they were asking of me. And if I thought too hard about it, I'd never be able to sleep. And I had a feeling I was going to need my wits about me.

Because I was convinced they weren't playing a game, but I didn't know much beyond that. So I was going to be damned careful about what I gave them. In regards to my body and to my heart.

Chapter Eight

~Spencer~

Standing there with Ruby pressed between us had felt so damned right. It was even better than I could have imagined. Better even than having her to myself on the dance floor at the club.

Her entire body had been shaking between us and she made the most incredible sounds as Nate had ravaged her mouth, that I couldn't resist stepping against her and tasting her skin. And it had been a good thing I had, because I was pretty sure that even without my lips on her, Ruby's legs would have given out from under her with just Nate kissing her.

I know my own knees still went weak when he kissed me.

"We're doing the right thing, aren't we?" Nate had asked as he drove us back to my place after we left Ruby that night.

"We are," I promised him. "She belongs with us. If I wasn't completely sure before, I am now. She's a part of you, and that makes her important to me."

"Do you think you could love her?" he asked, his gaze locked on the road in front of him.

"I really think I could," I admitted. "I'm not there yet, but I can see it happening pretty quickly. She's incredible."

"Yeah," he agreed. "So are you."

I smiled to myself as I watched his profile illuminated by the streetlights as we passed them. He was pretty incredible, too. I had no doubt that if I'd had any reservations about adding Ruby to our dynamic, he would have abandoned any thoughts of her and stayed with me.

But I also knew he wouldn't have been completely happy with that. And eventually, no matter how hard we tried, it would have ended up tearing us apart.

If we gave this a shot, and she didn't come along, he'd be happier than living with the uncertainty of what could have been. And I wouldn't have wanted him to live like that anyway.

Not that it mattered. From Ruby's reaction to us, I had a feeling that what we'd shared was just the beginning of an incredible future together. For all three of us.

That night, when we crawled into bed together, we kissed each other goodnight, but even though we were both still hard as hell from having Ruby between us, I think we'd silently agreed that until we knew her answer, he and I would avoid intimacy. If she was going to be a part of us, then she'd be a part of us. And we'd be with her as one complete unit.

And if she didn't want us both...well...we'd have a memory of that kiss burned into our minds for the rest of our lives, and we'd live it together happily ever after.

When we arrived back at Nate's parents' place the next morning, we were welcomed inside the way we always were, with hugs from Dezi and handshakes from Nate's dad, but Ruby was nowhere to be seen.

"Is Ruby still here?" Nate asked, trying desperately to sound casual as he accepted a cup of coffee from Dezi.

"She's in the shower, I think," Dezi asked, her gaze narrowing at her stepson. "She said you two got into a fight last night."

"It wasn't really a fight," I insisted, seeing the indignant look that had sprang to Nate's face at the accusation. "More of a misunderstanding."

"Well, I heard you boys come over and talk with her in the middle of the night," Mr. Jones said. "So I hope you worked it out."

"We did," Nate assured them both. "We're taking her to breakfast this morning to make up for it."

"That's nice," Dezi said, beaming at Nate.

"They have their moments," Ruby agreed as she walked into the living room.

Her hair was damp, and she was wearing jeans and a dark blue sweater that clung to every single curve it covered. As my gaze raked over her, I felt my cock twitch in interest and finally had to look away from her completely before I embarrassed myself in front of my boyfriend's parents.

"Do you all want to come for dinner tonight?" Dezi asked as Nate and I both stood, Nate taking my cup and heading for the kitchen.

“We’d love to,” Nate said. “But we have plans.” His head swiveled to level a look at Ruby, who glared back at him before turning to her mother.

“Yeah, I’ve got to get back to the dorm tonight,” she said. “Maybe this weekend?”

“That would be lovely,” Dezi said. “Well, have fun today. And play nice.”

“We will,” I assured Dezi, giving her my best smile. “Thank you for the coffee.”

“Oh, you’re so sweet,” Dezi said, waving away my thanks.

Nate returned to the living room and we all filed out the front the door, pausing on the porch for a moment.

I watched Ruby suck in a breath, as if she too were remembering what had happened in the spot we were all standing on. The motion caused her breasts to thrust upward, straining against the sweater and making my knees go almost as weak as hers had the night before.

“Come on,” Nate whispered. “Let’s go.”

Ruby followed him to his car, with me right behind her. My gaze slid to watch her ass shake as she walked and I had to bite back a groan as once again, blood seemed to flow south of my body at an alarming rate.

Fuck, that girl was sexy as hell, and I desperately wanted to feel her between us again.

Chapter Nine

~Ruby~

Part of me had kind of been hoping that Nate and Spencer wouldn't actually show up that morning. But another part of me, a deeper, more visceral part, was thrilled when they had.

They really did want me. And I knew that I really did want them, too.

Never in my life would I have considered being with two men at the same time, but these weren't just any two men.

I'd loved Nate forever, and Spencer...well, he was just special. I could feel it. Maybe it was because I knew that Nate loved him, and that was enough to make him important to me.

Except it wasn't just that. I could see myself curled up on a sofa with Spencer, watching old black and white movies and complaining about Nate's quirks. Like best friends. Best friends who happened to have sex with each other.

"You okay back there?" Nate asked, glancing at me in the rearview mirror as he drove. "You're awfully quiet."

"What would you like me to say?" I challenged him. "Thanks for rubbing up on me on the porch last night?"

Spencer barked out a laugh, turning to grin at me over his shoulder. Yeah, he was definitely special. An ally. The type of man who could be an absolute confidant if I let him.

"Where are going?" I asked, looking out the window and not recognizing the part of town that Nate was driving through.

"Breakfast," he answered.

"You want to talk about the two of you banging me in public?" I asked.

"We're not going to bang you in public," Nate shot back.

"That's not..." I blew out a sigh. "You're an asshole. You know what I meant."

"Actually," Spencer said, turning in his seat again to look at me. "We were just going to eat and

then go back to my place to talk, if that's okay with you."

"Not really," I admitted, crossing my arms over my chest. "You two have been weird as shit for days and I'd really rather get this over with."

"Spencer could climb back there with you and start now if you want," Nate said.

"That's not what I mean." I huffed out a sigh. "Why do you two seem to be so nervous about this? Obviously you've talked about this between yourselves. I'm the one who got jumped last night."

"That's fair," Nate admitted. "Okay, fine. We'll go to my place and order breakfast, then we'll talk."

Shit. I mean, yeah, that was what I wanted. But I'd just talked myself out of a buffer of time. Not that it mattered. We'd talk eventually, so maybe it was one of those rip the band aid off quickly things. Get it all out on the table and see what exactly we all wanted from each other.

Because as I lay awake the previous night, thinking over what had transpired between the three of us, I realized that I was never going to be okay with just a casual fling. Just an interlude to their relationship.

If we were going to do this, we were going to be all in. I wanted to be with them. Not for a night. But for as long as we could make the dynamic work. I had no illusions that the three of us could find some happily ever after threesome relationship...but I sure as hell wanted to try anyway.

I just hoped that they wanted the same thing from me. Because if I had to walk away from them again, I wasn't sure my heart would ever recover.

Chapter Ten

~Nate~

Honestly, taking Ruby to breakfast had just been a stall tactic on my part, and as usual, she'd seen through my bluff immediately. And she was right. It made no sense to put off the inevitable, and it wasn't going to get any easier to have the conversation just because we'd eaten pancakes.

When we got back to my place, I'd turned on a pot of coffee and we'd all sat down in the living room, Ruby taking one chair, Spencer taking the other, and me on the sofa, as if we all needed space between ourselves.

"Oh my God," Ruby said after we'd sat in complete silence for a full five minutes. "One of you fucking say something."

"Look, this isn't easy," I snapped at her. "Telling my stepsister that I want her to join my relationship isn't exactly the kind of conversation that debate team could have prepared me for."

"You were on the debate team?" Spencer asked, his lips curling into a smirk as he stared at me. "God, that explains so much."

"He was in the Star Wars club, too," Ruby added.

"Star Trek," I corrected her.

"Right...cause that's better." She rolled her eyes at me as she stood up.

Spencer and I both jumped to our feet as well, I think both of us worried she was about to leave.

"Chill," she said, holding her hands palm out toward each of us. "I'm going for coffee."

Spencer and I looked at each other before sitting back down again. After her disappearing act at the club the night before, I don't think either of us trusted her not to bolt again.

When she came back, she sat down again, blowing into her mug as her gaze shifted between me and Spencer.

"So, in your little heads," she said, curling her leg under her ass as she cradled her cup in both hands. "How do you see this working?"

“Like...mechanically?” Spencer asked slowly.

“No,” she answered. She rolled her lower lip between her teeth and shifted her gaze to the floor for a moment, her cheeks tinging pink. “I’m not quite there yet, actually. I meant...how do you expect the three of us to have an actual relationship?”

“Boy, she just jumps right in, huh?” Spencer asked, turning wide eyes to me.

“Told you,” I said, shrugging. “She’s fucking fearless.”

“You two talk about me?” she asked, her voice softer as she finally looked back up at us.

“Well yeah,” I said. “You think we just telepathically decided we wanted to be with you?”

“I don’t know,” she snapped. “Look, you’re going to have to be a little more forthcoming with the details here, Nate. When did you two decide you wanted me involved in...” she gestured vaguely between us. “And why? Because if there’s something missing between the two of you, adding me to the mix isn’t going to fix it.”

“That’s not what this is,” Spencer insisted. “I’ll admit, when we first started discussing it, that fear popped into my head, too. But I know it’s more than that. Nate loves you. And he loves me.”

“Well, he’s got a big heart,” Ruby agreed. “But don’t you think it’s a little unfair of him to tell you he likes me in the first place?”

“I think it’s honest,” Spencer argued. “Nate and I don’t have secrets from each other. And the more he talked about you, the more I realized just how deep his love for you was.”

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Ruby insisted, turning to glare at me. “You’ve never shown me anything other than older brother affection.”

“Yeah, Ruby,” I snarled, glaring at her. “Because it never occurred to me that I could have anything more with you. So I kept you at arm’s length for my own protection. I think I knew deep down that you felt the same way about me that I feel about you, but in case I was wrong, I didn’t want to risk literally everything by showing you inappropriate affection.”

Ruby seemed to think about that for a minute, curling tighter into herself as she sipped her coffee and dropped her gaze once more.

God, she really was beautiful. And so smart. I could tell, even in her silence, that she was

already thinking through every single outcome that this could have for us. She was ten steps ahead of this conversation, and she'd just keep going if we didn't pull her back.

"Ruby," I said softly. "I love you. And I love Spencer. And I want us to be..." I trailed off, not really sure how to even finish that sentence. Boyfriend and boyfriend and girlfriend sounded stupid. But a throuple didn't sound much better. Threesome just sounded dirty.

"Yeah," she said, looking back up at me. "I know. But you two are already...you two. And when you get tired of me, or when Spencer decides he wants you to himself again, I'm the one who's going to be left with the broken heart. Not to mention parents who will most likely never speak to me again."

"Well, first of all," Spencer said calmly. "We've already told you that we aren't looking for a third for kicks. And I'm walking into this with completely open eyes. I won't lie to you and tell you that I love you, we've only just met and if this is going to work, then honesty has to be an all-way street between the three of us. But I do like you. And yeah, I'm attracted to you. I mean, who wouldn't be?"

"I don't need the flattery," she said, rolling her eyes again. "But yeah, honesty is good."

"It's not flattery," Spencer insisted. "It's just the truth. I think the three of us would be good together. In bed, yeah. But in life, too."

"Well, I wouldn't know about in bed," Ruby said softly, her lip disappearing between her teeth again. "I mean, I've never even been with one guy, so I don't know anything about being with two."

Spencer and I turned to glance at each other. It had literally never occurred to me that Ruby was a virgin. And here we were, asking her to be with two men at the same time.

"If it helps," I said, reaching over to rest my hand on her knee. "Spencer and I were each other's firsts. Neither of us have slept with women before."

"Why would that make me feel better?" she asked, huffing out a small laugh. "None of us know what we're doing, so let's fall into bed together and figure it out? That sounds, honestly, kind of dangerous. And painful."

"I would never hurt you," I promised her.

"Not on purpose," she agreed, blinking rapidly as tears started pooling in her wide eyes. "But

things happen.”

“What do you think is going to happen?” Spencer asked her softly. “Do you really think that we’d risk anything happening to you? This is part of the whole honesty thing. If we do anything you don’t like, you tell us to stop, and we stop. Like...full stop. No hard feelings, no guilt.”

“Yeah, you make that sound so easy,” Ruby said.

“And I think you’re making it more difficult than it needs to be,” I told her. “Really, it comes down to one simple question...do you want us?”

Chapter Eleven

~Ruby~

Did I want them?

What an odd question. I would think that the fact that I was sitting in Nate's living room even having the discussion was proof that yes, I did want them.

The real question was...is that enough?

Deep down, I knew they'd never hurt me. Physically or emotionally if they could help it. Certainly never on purpose.

But all of this was supposed to be a game, and now it was very, very real.

"Wow, you're awfully quiet," Spencer teased. "Do you really need to think about it that hard?"

"No," I answered. "That's not what I'm thinking about. Of course I want you. Both of you. I mean...what girl wouldn't? But that doesn't make the decision to move forward any easier."

"What are you really afraid of?" Nate asked softly.

I stared at my stepbrother and felt tears well up in my eyes again, though I blinked them away before they could fall.

Spencer slid to his knees in front of me and took my hands in his, pressing a soft kiss to my knuckles as he stared up at me.

"Ruby," he whispered. "Talk to us."

"I guess," I said, pausing as I swallowed thickly around a lump that was growing in my throat. "I'm scared of having you, then losing you."

There it was. The truth I'd been so scared to admit to them, and to myself. It felt like I was on the verge of going to heaven, then being snatched back all Buffy the Vampire Slayer style against my will.

"Do you really think that will happen?" Spencer asked, reaching up to cup my cheek in his palm.

“You said it yourself,” I reminded him. “You and I aren’t exactly in love here. And I guess I thought when I finally gave this piece of myself to someone, it would be with a man who loved me.”

“I love you,” Nate reminded me, moving to sit at my feet next to Nate. “I’ve always loved you. And I think that you’ve always loved me, too.”

“Yeah,” I agreed with a soft sniff. “I have. I tried to fight it for so long, but—”

“But he just worms his way in, doesn’t he?” Spencer said with a low chuckle.

I nodded, laughing softly as well. There was absolutely something about Nate that it impossible not to love him. And I could see some of those traits in Spencer as well. But I didn’t know if that was enough to build a relationship with both of them.

“I don’t even understand how this is going to work,” I admitted.

“The sex part?” Nate asked.

“No,” I said. “Actually, I think we’ll figure that part out fairly quickly. If last night was any indication of how I’m going to feel between the two of you, then I think we’ll nail the sex...no pun intended. I mean the actual relationship part. How do three people make something like that work?”

“We do the best we can for each other,” Nate answered with a shrug. “I don’t think it’s that different than a relationship between two people. Love each other, respect each other and listen to each other.”

“Just like that, huh?” I asked.

“Just like that,” Spencer agreed.

“Well,” I said, sucking in a deep breath and squaring my shoulders as I prepared to utter the words that I knew would alter the course of my life forever. “I guess you’d better show me what that looks like.”

I talked a good game, but by time we all walked into the bedroom together, I was a bundle of nerves and stood there, staring at the bed, unsure how any of this was actually going to work.

“Ruby, we’re not going to bite,” Nate teased as he and Spencer stood together facing me. “Unless you ask nicely.”

“Ha, ha,” I said, crossing my arms over my chest defensively. “I can’t help being nervous here.”

“We’re nervous too,” Spencer admitted, reaching out to take my hand in his. “Remember, none of us has done this before.”

Again, that didn’t make me feel better. All of us blindly trying to figure out what went where didn’t actually sound very romantic to me.

“I have an idea,” Nate said softly, his gaze shifting between Spencer and I. “What if, at least for now, instead of Ruby being in the middle, I’ll be in the middle.”

Oh.

Oooh.

“I think that’s a good compromise,” Spencer agreed. “And maybe tomorrow, I’ll middle. And we’ll switch off until Ruby is ready to try more...um...adventurous things.”

“You guys would do that for me?” I asked, my voice barely a whisper as I stared at both of them with wide eyes.

“Ruby, we’d do anything for you,” Nate promised me.

“Okay.”

In an instant I found myself pinned between them again, the way they’d cornered me on the porch the previous night. Nate kissing me deeply as Spencer pressed in behind me, his hands roaming over my body as Nate’s tongue delved inside my mouth.

But this time felt more urgent, from both of them, and as their hands moved over me, they started to pull at my clothes, Nate stepping back to lift my sweater over my head, while Spencer’s fingers undid my jeans and pulled them down my legs.

I kicked off my shoes and allowed my jeans to be tossed aside, leaving me standing before them in just my bra and panties, shivering with nervousness and a sliver of embarrassment.

“Jesus,” Spencer hissed from behind me. “You’re fucking gorgeous.”

“I imagined you like this so many times,” Nate said, stepping forward again and pulling me roughly into his chest. “But it’s a million times better than I could have ever guessed it would be.”

And then he was kissing me again, and Spencer’s hands returned to my body, forcing their way between me and Nate to slide down my stomach, his fingers delving between my legs.

My knees buckled, but the guys were holding me so tightly it didn’t even matter. Nate’s mouth wandered over my cheek and down my neck, leaving my mouth free to whimper with pleasure as Spencer’s fingers worked their way inside my panties and began making fast, firm circles over my clit.

I leaned my head back to rest on Spencer’s shoulder as Nate kissed his way down my body, over my breasts, across my stomach, then lower, his fingers pulling my underwear down my legs before he knocked Spencer’s hand away to replace the man’s fingers with his own tongue.

The moment his mouth found my clit, lights exploded behind my eyes, and I screamed, my nails digging into Nate’s shoulders as my body shuddered and spasmed in Spencer’s strong arms, which were the only things keeping me on my feet.

I felt myself being picked up but couldn’t actually raise my eyelids until I was laid gently onto the mattress, my body still quivering with aftershocks.

With barely focused eyes, I watched Spencer and Nate both strip themselves naked, then turn to each other and come together in a fast and furious embrace, their mouths desperately feasting at each other, the sound of their teeth clacking together almost echoing in the room around me.

They were beautiful together, and for just a moment I started to worry again about coming between them. I didn’t want to ruin what they had together.

But then they both turned hungry gazes toward me, and I realized that I had to trust them to know what they wanted and needed. And if they wanted me to be with them, then I wanted to be there as well.

Nate climbed over me, his hips settling between my thighs as his mouth recaptured mine. I could taste Spencer on his lips, and it made my hips cant up toward Nate, my body knowing what it needed even if my mind wasn’t totally sure yet.

The bed dipped again, and I looked over Nate's shoulder to see Spencer kneeling behind him.

"Oh my God," I whispered as the realization of what was about to happen fully washed over me.

"Are you okay?" Nate asked, his brow furrowing as he stared down at me.

"Yeah," I promised him. "Just...we're really doing this."

"Only if you want to," Spencer said firmly.

"I do," I said.

Because I did. It was just a little overwhelming to think that soon all three of us were going to be connected in a way that most people would never experience.

"You start," Spencer said softly against Nate's ear.

"Is that okay?" Nate asked me.

I nodded, swallowing thickly as I tried to prepare myself for what was about to happen. I mean, I'd dreamed about having sex with Nate about a million times over the years, but never like this.

Nate shifted between my legs, the tip of his penis pressing against me as his gaze locked onto mine. I don't know what he was looking for, but after a moment of watching my face, he finally started to press forward, his shaft spreading me open inch by inch. And then with one sharp bite of pain, he was fully inside of me.

"Holy fuck," he whispered, his eyes widening as he met my gaze again. "You feel so fucking good, Ruby."

"So do you," I admitted. And he did. It was like...home. Like he and I were right where we belonged, joined together in the most intimate way possible. "I love you."

"I love you, too," he said before lowering himself to kiss me gently. Then he raised himself up on his hands over me and turned his head to look at Spencer, who was still propped up behind him. "And I love you."

"I love you, too," Spencer said, grinning at Nate. "Are you ready for me?"

"Baby, I'm always ready for you," Nate assured him before looking back at me again. "Are you

good?”

“Yeah,” I said, my heart starting to pound wildly in my chest as I watched Spencer shift behind Nate.

I couldn't see how Spencer was prepping Nate, but judging from the groans my stepbrother was releasing, it had to feel pretty fucking good.

Spencer's hand slid over Nate's shoulder, gripping it as he moved closer against Nate's back, and then they both let out low, deep moans and Nate was pushed against me, his cock sliding deeper into my channel.

It took a minute for the two men to find their rhythm, but once they did, it was as if we'd been doing this together for a lifetime. Nate moved in and out of me, as Spencer moved in and out of him, and every time they did, they pushed me closer and closer to the edge of another orgasm.

I was so near release it was maddening as over and over and over again Nate thrust into me, every motion of his hips sending him deeper and harder into my channel.

Suddenly Spencer cried out, his body going rigid behind Nate's before his head collapsed to Nate's shoulder, his breathing harsh and heavy. And then he was gone and it was just me and Nate.

Nate shifted my legs, spreading my thighs wider apart as he somehow managed to slam even harder inside me, one of his hands snaking between our bodies to rub against my clit.

The added friction was exactly what my body needed, and I screamed, my hands fisting into the sheets beneath me as wave after wave of pleasure rocked through my body, causing every muscle to somehow simultaneously constrict and release.

Nate followed me over the edge, his cock spasming inside me as his release pumped into my body and he cried out my name before collapsing next to me on the bed.

A moment later Spencer was on my other side, and they each wrapped an arm over my stomach as they peppered my face and shoulders with kisses.

“Are you okay?” Nate asked me once he'd caught his breath again.

“Yeah,” I said. “I'm good. You?”

“Fucking great,” he admitted with a chuckle. “Spence?”

“Also fucking great,” Spencer said.

“Ruby?” Nate asked.

“Yeah, Nate...still good.” I burrowed down further against the pillow. “Tired, but good.”

It occurred to me that I hadn't gotten much sleep the night before, and with all the stress of the previous few days, not to mention the incredible orgasms Nate and Spencer had just given me, it was no wonder I was exhausted.

“You're staying here tonight,” Spencer said, his tone indicating that it wasn't a request. “And probably tomorrow. Maybe the next night, too.”

“I have classes this week,” I reminded him before stifling a yawn. “Plus, it's only like ten in the morning.”

“Okay,” he said, shrugging his shoulder against me. “What does that have to do with anything.”

“Nothing,” I admitted. I stopped trying to fight my exhaustion and let my eyes close. “Get me a blanket.”

Spencer moved away from me and I regretting my request immediately, but then I felt a heavy comforter being spread out over me, and he returned to my side again, his arm dropping over my waist once more.

As I fell asleep with the heat of both men enveloping me I realized that I felt happier and more at peace between them than I'd ever felt alone.

And maybe that was all the proof I really needed that we all did belong together.

Chapter Twelve

~Ruby~

“We don’t have to do this now,” Nate reminded me as we all sat down at the dinner table together. “Don’t you think we should wait a little longer?”

“No,” I insisted in a low tone, my gaze locked at the kitchen door for signs of our parents returning. “It’s been a month. We need to tell them now, so we don’t have to hide what we are to each other when we come over.”

“Ruby’s right,” Spencer agreed. “Rip the band aid off. And for the record, I think you’re both worried about nothing. Your parents are amazing. And you’re both adults.”

“Dinner’s ready!” Mom called cheerfully as she came into the dining room carrying a massive tray in her hands.

“Let me help you,” Spencer insisted, jumping to his feet and grabbing the platter from her hands.

“You’re such a nice boy,” Mom said, beaming at Spencer as he set the tray on the table for her.

“Hey,” Carl said, his tone full of mock offense. “I brought the bowl of lettuce.”

“It’s a salad,” Mom corrected him, rolling her eyes.

“It’s a bowl of lettuce,” Carl muttered as he set the bowl on the table. “Do we need anything else?”

“It looks amazing,” I told my Mom. “Thank you for having us all over.”

“Any time,” Mom insisted.

Everyone sat down again, and silence fell as we all served ourselves food. Then continued to stretch as we ate, growing more and more uncomfortable by the second.

“My goodness!” Mom said finally, throwing her napkin down on the table as she raked her gaze over the three of us. “What on Earth is happening right now? You three look jumpier than a nine tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs.”

“Like a...what?” Nate asked, his brow furrowing as he stared at my mom.

“Never mind,” Carl interjected, shaking his head. “Seriously, what’s going on with you three?”

Nate and Spencer both turned to me, and I felt heat creep up my neck and spread over my face.

Why the hell was I the one who had to tell them?

“Well...” I started fidgeting my fingers in my lap, my gaze locked on my hands because I couldn’t possibly face either one of them when I actually said the words out loud. “The thing is...”

God, this was a disaster.

“Are you pregnant?” Mom asked sharply.

“No!” I finally looked up at her, my eyes wide in shock that she would even suggest such a thing.

“Good,” Mom said, relief in her tone. “You have a lot to do for yourself before you start thinking about giving me grandkids.”

“Though when you’re ready, we’ll be lucky to have them,” Carl added. “Regardless of which one of these boys ends up being the father.”

All three of us turned to stare at the parents, who both had looks of smug satisfaction on their faces.

“How the fu—” Nate started before being cut off by Carl.

“Watch your mouth at the dinner table,” Carl snapped. “You kids...you think you’re all so smart.” He shook his head as he and my mom both chuckled to each other. “We knew the moment Ruby and Spencer met what was going to happen with you three.”

“How?” Spencer and I asked in shocked unison.

“Parents know these things,” Mom said, reaching over to place a hand on my shoulder.

“So you’re not angry?” I asked, tears welling up in my eyes as I stared at my Mom.

“Angry?” she asked, clearly surprised by my question. “Darling, I thought you and Nate would end up together the minute you turned eighteen. The fact that he waited three additional years was the

real shock.”

“But it was a good thing he did,” Carl added, turning to smile at Spencer. “Because you’ve been good for my son. And I believe you’ll be good to and for Ruby as well.”

This was completely unexpected, and I didn’t actually know how to handle their immediate acceptance.

“I am a little worried,” Carl admitted, and I braced myself for the condemnation. “Spencer is kind of the odd man out between the three of you. And I don’t want him to get hurt because Nate and Ruby already have a history.”

“I’m not concerned about that at all, sir,” Spencer insisted. “Nate and I talked for a long time about what it would mean if we...um...”

“Brought Ruby into your relationship,” Mom offered.

“Yes,” Spencer agreed. “And the three of us are well aware that it’s going to take complete and total honesty to make this thing work. And we all want it to work.”

“The three of us have something incredibly special,” Nate added. “We aren’t going to risk that. We’re going to do the hard work, always, to ensure that all three of us are getting what we need from each other.”

“Good,” Carl said, clapping his hands as if that were all that needed to be said on the subject. “Who’s ready for pie?”

He and my mom stood up together and headed into the kitchen, leaving me alone with the boys for a minute.

“I told you,” Spencer said, chuckling softly. “Damn, your parents really are amazing.”

“Yeah,” Nate agreed, his gaze moving to the kitchen as he shook his head. “I just didn’t realize how fucking smart they were.”

“Language!” Carl barked from the kitchen.

“Sorry!” Nate yelled back. He turned to me and grinned. “Feel better?”

“Actually, yeah,” I admitted, letting out a soft sigh. “So, what now?”

“Pie,” Nate and Spencer said together, both of their tones indicating that I’d asked a stupid question.

“Shut up,” I hissed, rolling my eyes. “You know what I mean.”

“Well, we should probably start apartment hunting,” Nate said thoughtfully. “Something close to campus. And then furniture. And then...the rest of our lives.”

“Just like that?” I asked.

“Just like that,” he agreed.

I knew it wasn’t really going to be that simple, but I also knew that it wasn’t going to be as difficult as I was likely to try to make it.

Thank God I had two smart, sexy, funny men to keep me in check and remind me that sometimes all you needed was honesty...and the rest would fall into place.

Epilogue

~Ruby~

Three Years Later...

“Could one of you help me in here!” Nate yelled from down the hall.

“It’s your turn!” Spencer shouted back, tightening his arms around me. “God, you’d think he’d never changed a diaper before.”

“Well, he gets out of it every chance he gets,” I reminded Spencer as I extricated myself from his grip. “I’d better go see what the problem is.”

I walked down the hall to find Nate shirtless, holding our baby brother in one arm while looking frantically around the room.

“What is going on in here?” I asked, laughing as I reached out and took Sammy from Nate.

“He peed all over me again,” Nate complained, pointing to his t-shirt that was now wadded up on the floor by the changing table. “He did it on purpose, too.”

“He’s six months old,” I said, rolling my eyes. “He doesn’t do anything on purpose yet.”

“He waited until I took his diaper off before unleashing a faucet on me.” Nate shook his head. “That kid hates me.”

“Probably,” I agreed, carrying Sammy back to the changing table and slipping a clean diaper over his bottom. “Kids can smell fear, you know.”

“I’m not afraid of him,” Nate insisted. “I just don’t understand how he came to be.”

“Well,” I said softly as I wrangled fresh clothes onto the squirming baby. “When a mommy and a daddy love each other very much—”

“When the parents in question are in their mid-forties, they should be done having these things,” Nate said with an annoyed huff.

Granted, we were all shocked when my mom found out she was pregnant, but her and Carl had been so happy, it was hard not to be happy for them.

And God knows they'd supported us through some bullshit over the years, so the least we could do was be supportive of them. And babysit once in a while.

"I'm going to get a clean shirt," Nate said, turning and heading down the hall toward our room.

"He's just cranky because...well, that's how he is," I told Sammy, scooping him up again and carrying him out into the living room with me, settling us down next to Spencer again.

"Did Sammy pee on him again?" Spencer asked, immediately taking Sammy out of my arms and cuddling the baby to his chest.

"Yeah," I said, giggling softly. "I'm starting to think maybe Sammy does do it on purpose."

"Well, he's a smart boy," Spencer said, pressing a kiss to Sammy's head. "When we are going to make one of these?"

"One of what?" Nate asked, walking into the room and dropping into a chair.

"A baby," Spencer said. "We should have one."

"You think?" I asked, reaching over to brush my fingers over Sammy's hair. "Why don't we just keep this one?"

"No way," Nate said, shaking his head. "If we're having a baby in this house, it's going to be one that loves me."

"Wait," I said, looking between the two men. "You guys aren't serious?"

"Why not?" Spencer asked. "You'd be a great mom. And I'd be a great dad."

"What about me?" Nate asked crossly.

"You'd be...fine," Spencer said, grinning over at Nate. "Don't throw that pillow, I'm holding a baby."

I looked over to see Nate dropping a decorative pillow to the floor and shook my head.

"Maybe we should all grow up a little before we start thinking about bringing another *anything* into this house," I suggested.

"Ugh, I don't want to grow up," Spencer said, wrinkling his nose. "But I think we should talk

about it.”

Honestly, having Sammy around had put the thought of babies into my head, too. But I wasn't sure if we were ready. Yes, we loved each other, and our relationship, while not traditional, was stronger than a lot of couples were.

But we had so much living left to do, just the three of us, that I wasn't sure I was ready for the responsibility of being parents.

“Maybe let's shelve the baby talk for a little while,” I suggested.

“Okay,” Nate said easily. “But for the record, I'm actually all for it. When you're ready.”

“Same,” Spencer said.

A soft snore escaped Sammy and the sound seemed to work like a key turning into the heart of my biological clock.

Okay, so a little Spencer or Nate running around would be pretty amazing.

“How about this,” I suggested, pulling Sammy back from Spencer and standing up to put him in his crib. “If it happens, it happens.”

“That sounds...vague,” Nate said, grinning up at me. “But it works.”

“That totally works,” Spencer agreed. “Now put that thing to bed so we can finish the movie.”

I blew out a sigh, shaking my head as I walked down the hall toward the spare bedroom that had become Sammy's home away from home.

“Nothing like hearing your boyfriend call a baby a thing to make you want a whole pack of your own,” I whispered, laying Sammy down and covering him with his blanket. “But all jokes aside, I think they'd be amazing dads.”

Actually, I knew they would. And I also knew that when the time was right, we'd have a big family. Because the three of us had more than enough love to go around, and we were still so happy together that babies could only make that even better.

It had been a weird road to get where we were, but we were all glad we'd managed to make it work. Because all of our lives were better because we had each other.

And really...that life together was still just beginning.

Are you checking me out?

Well...maybe you should. [Head over to my website](#) to get your hands on two [totally free romance books](#), see what other cool stuff I've written, or just find me on like every single social media network...including MySpace. Yeah, I'm bringing it back.

About the Author

Dakota believes that love is love and it happens in a flash. Whether it starts with action and adventure and adrenaline...or with just a glance across a crowded room. Happily ever after is never far away.

She lives in Detroit, Michigan with her favorite boys in the world. You'll never find her far from a cup of coffee that's going cold as she's distracted with shiny objects in her line of sight.

**Dakota loves to talk to her readers and can be found at
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