

*Barely
Restrained*
Shadows



Brenda Cothern

Barely Restrained

Brenda Cothern

Barely Restrained

Brenda Cothorn

Copyright 2010 by Brenda Cothorn

ISBN: 1461058589

EAN13: 9781461058588

Second Printing: October 2013

First Printing: June 2011

No part of this work may be copied, reproduced, altered, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form, in any way, without prior, written permission from the author, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages within the review for publication in a newspaper, magazine, journal, or on a website.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and situations are the products of the author's imagination and intended to be fictional. Any resemblances to actual events, situations, or persons, alive or dead, are entirely coincidental.

Author Note: Contains adult sexual content, including m/m, m/f, m/m/f and BDSM practices. This book is intended for readers of legal age in the country in which they reside.

Brenda Cothorn Books, Inc.

136 E. 145th Avenue

Tampa, Florida, 33613 USA

DEDICATION

To my fans, both old and new, for having the courage to brave the twisted trails of my imagination with me.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My most dedicated fan and friend, Lora. Thank you for all your help!

Author Message

Thank you for buying this book. As an indie author it means a lot to me that you are spending your hard earned cash to read my work! To show my appreciation, I make a promise to you, my reader. The first chapter of every book that I have ever written or will ever write will be FREE on my website for you to read. As an avid reader myself, I know there is nothing worse than purchasing a book only to discover it is not that good. So, please enjoy the sneak peeks at the end of this book and visit my website if you would like to 'try before you buy' my other books!

About Barely Restrained

Roni is the head bartender at the Tampa nightclub Shadows. All she wants is to date normal humans as she brings enough baggage to the table as a changer.

However, when her past comes calling and she kills her tormentor once and for all, what she thought she knew about her new lovers turns out to be a lie.

Surviving the punishment is the easy part but can she accept what her lovers are?

Other Titles

Shadows Series
Soul Stealer
When Beasts Bite
Barely Restrained
Shadows Anthology (v.1-3)
Embracing Sin

Goddess of Fate:

Fates
Destiny (Coming Soon!)

The Sapphire Tower Series:
New Beginnings

Coming Home

Brothers by Bond

Cresting Tide

UNDERCOVER LOVE
Not For Sale
Highest Bidder
Undercover Love (v.1-2)

Before There Was Beer Pong ([FREE!](#))

2011

Tampa, Florida

The night club Shadows, in Tampa's party district Ybor City, was still going strong after almost three years. Patrons seemed drawn to the interior that danced within the shadows. The owner of the club, Alec, had made Shadows the prime place to be on any night of the week. He not only kept the cover cheap while offering theme nights but also designed the club so that privacy could be found anywhere except the dance floor.

The recessed alcoves and black sheer draped tables concealed the club goers from prying eyes, which was what the patrons especially wanted tonight. Sunday's was swinger's night and the slowest night of the week.

Though slow was a relative term. Instead of the two hundred and fifty patrons they usually served, they only served about one twenty tonight.

Roni enjoyed serving the swingers even if she had to decline offer after offer to join them but that wasn't any different from any other night at Shadows. Regardless of the form she changed into, she was always hit on and usually by both sexes. The tips were good so she couldn't complain.

It was relatively early, barely eleven, but the club was packed with the regular swingers and those who were new to the 'scene.' Roni could always tell the difference between the two groups of couples who appeared on Sunday nights. The regulars were veterans to their lifestyle choice and moved through the crowd with ease to talk to their prospects for the evening. The new swingers were more hesitant and usually only one of the pair did the cruising through the club. There was no predicting which one of the couple would be the cruiser. Sometimes it was the wife or girlfriend and other times it was the husband or boyfriend. Roni learned long ago, the cruiser of the new pair was usually the one who talked the other into experimenting with the lifestyle.

Sometimes the curious newbies would return the following week and sometimes not. Not everyone was able to compartmentalize the physical pleasure rewarded by swinging without the emotional baggage of jealousy creeping in. There was a third group who came to the swinger's night and they were accepted into the fold by the veterans as readily as the curious couples. They were the uncoupled who were looking to have a good time; men and women alike who sometimes ended up together with a coupled pair.

Roni enjoyed watching the crowd and found Sunday to be her most entertaining night of the week. Swinging wasn't really her thing even though she had been with multiple partners at the same time before and even though some of the couples were attractive, more were not. She knew this made her shallow in some sense and that attractiveness had nothing to do with the sexual skills of a partner but she liked her bedmate's appearance to turn her on as much as their skills between the sheets.

"A mimosa, a chocolate martini, Jack on the rocks, and a screwdriver," Sin ordered from the waitress station. Roni nodded to her as she began mixing the drinks.

Sin was short for Cindy even though she told the customers it was short for Sinful. She was a new waitress to Shadows and a real head turner. Her distinctive oriental appearance, almond shaped eyes and jet black waist length hair, made her popular among the patrons. The only thing that marked her as having a mixed heritage was the size of her breasts and her height. Roni couldn't help but think of the movie Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon every time she looked at the woman and she was probably a tiger in bed as well. The idea of sleeping with Sin crossed Roni's mind when the girl first started at the club and even

though Roni could do it by taking any form she wished and the waitress wouldn't be any smarter to the fact it was really Roni, she dismissed the thought.

Roni still wasn't sure if Sin was a 'norm' or not and until she knew for sure, she wouldn't act on her curiosity. That was her only rule: sleep only with the 'norms' and since her last assumption had been way off base, she wasn't going to make that mistake again. She brought enough of her own craziness to the table as a changer to not want to add more by engaging with another unique species. Norms were simple, straight forward and only brought their human baggage with them.

Roni placed the drink order on Sin's tray. "On Jack's tab," Sin said and smiled her thanks before disappearing into the crowd to make her delivery. Jack and Jonnie, his wife, were regulars on Sunday's. Not only veterans to the lifestyle but the somewhat official welcoming party for those in the scene. They were the ambassadors for the FSG, Florida Swinger Group, in Tampa and the ones who approached Alec about having the swinger's night at the club. The swingers night started out as a once a month affair at Shadows but soon grew to bi-weekly event and when the swinger's numbers soon dwarfed the 80's night crowd, Alec made them a weekly staple.

Roni turned and scanned the customers who were standing at the bar to ensure no one was ready for a refill. That was when she spotted the new comer. He was of average height for a male and leaning against the bar but that still made him taller than her own 5'4 frame. He had either light brown or sandy blond hair, it was hard to tell in the dim lighting, which was cut short in the back but left longer in the front so that it fell to cover one side of his face as he looked out over the crowd. Roni approached him to take his order and his attractiveness was confirmed. She couldn't help but wonder what he was in the market for as he turned his gaze to her and she waited for him to order.



Zac looked around Shadows with interest at the swingers mingling with one another. He had already been approached three times, once by a woman and twice by men, with invitations to join them. He was undecided if he would take any of them up on their offer. Swinging wasn't really his lifestyle but sometimes he was surprised at how close the swingers entertainment ran to his own preferred scene. There were several clubs where he could go for his own scene but he wasn't looking for that tonight. It was through a mailing list that he'd heard about Shadows swinger's night and on a whim decided to check it out. He was glad he had.

He caught sight of the cute bartender as he made his way to the open space he was now occupying at her bar. She was not the voluminous beauty he would have expected to find tending bar on a swinger's night but her choice of style gave her an attractive appeal. She was small, both in height and build but her proportions were just right. Her short spiked black hair appeared to have colored tips that were either purple or burgundy depending on how the light from the dance floor fell upon them. Even the piercings around her eyebrows and the corners of her lips did not distract from her cuteness but instead seemed just right on her.

Zac watched as she expertly made several drinks for the sexy waitress who was standing at the other end of the bar and he couldn't help but compare the two. The tall oriental girl was by far the more beautiful of the two but experience with women who looked that good told him that she would be more trouble than she was worth and likely to balk at trying new things. The bartender, on the other hand, obviously had no fear in that department.

Anyone who chose to be different from the crowd usually had an open enough mind to go with their independence.

The small bartender completed the drink order and Zac watched as she turned to scan the bar. It only

took a minute for her eyes to glance over the drinks before locking onto his gaze. She made her way directly to him and he was surprised at her reserved manner. Usually, bartenders went over the top with friendliness to increase their tip intake but the woman in front of him didn't put an ounce of effort into the act. He wasn't offended and it just made her more of an enigma to him. Maybe that was her tip gimmick.

"Hi," Zac said to her as she continued to stand there silently. So, not the talkative type it seemed. "I'll have a Mojito." Zac watched as she turned to grab the white rum and proceeded to mix his cocktail. It took her only a moment and his drink was before him.

"Thanks. What's your name?" he inquired. It was a simple enough question to ask a bartender and he watched as it appeared she was deciding whether to tell him or not before she made up her mind.

"Roni," she replied and didn't bother to smile. "I'm Zac," he said as he held his hand out over the bar.

Roni ignored the outstretched offer as she continued to stare at him. His eyes were a pale color, either grey or blue but she couldn't tell in the darkness of the club. For the briefest of moments she wanted to know which.

"Nine," she told him and watched as he moved his outstretched hand to his back pocket to retrieve his wallet.

Zac handed her a twenty and watched as she walked to the register, retrieved his change and brought it back to him.

"Not very talkative are you?" he asked as she placed the bills on the bar before him and she just continued to stare. "Alright, thanks," he told her as he lifted his Mojito to his lips for a drink.

Roni just nodded at him before she turned to scan the bar again for more empty glasses. Sin was back at the waitress station to put in another order and Roni quickly filled her tray with the mixed drinks. She thought she felt the eyes of the male Zac resting upon her but whenever she did her routine scan of the bar, he appeared to be watching the crowd. Several of the swinger's approached him but they always returned to their secluded part of the club without him in tow.

Her latest scan of the bar revealed he was ready for another drink and as she approached his eyes remained locked on hers. There was no doubt in her mind that he was watching her this time. Roni wasn't unnerved by the attention, in fact she had long ago gotten used to the stares she received, no matter what form she chose to take. She stood silently in front of him and waited.

Zac had been watching Roni as she shuffled back and forth behind the bar serving her customers. He saw her glance in his direction more than once from the corner of his eye and had the feeling that she wasn't just checking on the level of his drink. She didn't smile or chat up any of her customers but instead of them feeling slighted they seemed to tip her well. The moment he was down to a final sip in the tall high ball glass, she approached. She stood silently before him once more and he had the insane feeling of desperation to get a reaction out of her but knew that anything he might try would more than likely fail miserably.

"I'll have another," Zac requested and gave her his best smile as he set his glass on the edge of the bar closest to her. Roni only nodded and retrieved his glass before moving down the bar to mix him another drink. Zac had another twenty ready when she returned and in the same silent manner that he assumed was her habit, she retrieved his change.

Roni gave the male his change and tried not to let his smile get to her as she resumed her careful watch over her bar customers and filled Sin's orders. The feeling that Zac was watching her resumed and didn't fade as the night grew later. It was around one a.m. when the feeling abruptly disappeared and when Roni turned to look at the spot where Zac had stood, he was no longer there. She was surprised that she noticed the lack of attention from him and even more surprised that it seemed to matter to her.

A quick scan of the club as she moved to collect her tip from his spot showed him nowhere to be seen. Roni picked up the fifteen bucks he'd left her and found a business card discretely tucked between the bills. *Slick*. She didn't waste any time looking at the card but threw it, along with her tip into her jar as she made her way toward her next dry customer.



Zac let himself into his South Tampa home and locked the door securely behind him. He killed the lights in the rooms that he passed through as he made his way toward one in particular. Skillfully silent, he approached the door to the room he'd left open and stood in the hall gazing within. Everything was just how he had left it three hours ago. Not that he expected anything different. Zac viewed the scene before him with an expert eye and the arousal he felt at the bar while watching the small bartender flared to life at the scene before him.

The room itself was insulated, not for heat or cold but for sound, though to look at the walls they appeared as the rest in the home. It was the size of a two car garage, which is what it once was before Zac remodeled it to suit his current needs. Two of the walls were graced with custom cabinets that held a plethora of items that he used for the entertainment of himself and others. The minimal furniture in the room was not for comfort and only present for its specific use. The chairs and table were made of smooth polished mahogany but not like anything that would be found in a dining room. It wasn't the furniture that Zac was currently inspecting however, but the man within the room.

Hunter had been his friend, roommate, lover, and submissive for almost four years now and every time Zac returned home, he was reminded of how lucky he was.

Hunter was gorgeous and even more so in his current state of torment. Sweat glistened off his toned body and ran freely down his face, arms, and legs to cause a damp spot on the floor. Hunter's chestnut brown hair was stylishly cut, as was fitting for a lawyer, and clinging to his face as his head hung, chin almost resting upon his chest. His golden brown eyes, almost the color seen in some birds of prey, were hidden behind the silk blindfold that was tied securely behind his head but Zac knew them as well as he knew his own. Hunter's semi-pro baseball muscles were trembling under the strain of the position he was currently in and the quivering sent jolts of erotic pleasure through Zac.

Hunter arms were spread wide and held out away from his head, not only by the yoke he was attached to but also by where he was connected to the suspension bar above his head. The carabiners on the leather cuffs were of climber quality and were the only thing that kept Hunter attached to the bar above him. Zac had allowed just enough freedom in the restraints so that Hunter could grip the carabiners and that was exactly what Hunter was still doing. White knuckled fingers steadfastly locked around the clips even though Zac was sure Hunter had lost all feeling in his arms hours ago.

Zac continued his visual pleasure ride down Hunter's body while unconsciously making note of his medical condition. His breathing was fast but not labored and Zac was sure if he checked his lover's pulse it would be strong, steady and just as fast. Nipple clamps were attached to the small brown buds that sat to either side of a thin trail of chest hair. Small weights dangled from each and softly bounced off Hunter's chest as he breathed.

Zac's gaze followed Hunter's 'happy trail' until it rested upon the engorged cock that was wrapped up like a Christmas present. Nylon rope wound around the member until only the tip of its purple glistening head could be seen before sneaking back to encompass his sack in an intricate weave. Zac ensured there would have been no accidental release while he was out. Hunter would cum when he allowed him to and they both liked it that way.

Zac moved his eyes down Hunter's trembling legs until they rested on the spreader bar that ensured Hunter would remain in the position Zac wanted. His lover was only being supported by standing on the balls of his feet and in a position that no novice to the lifestyle would have been able to maintain for even a few minutes let alone the few hours Zac had been gone. They were not novices, however, and Zac knew just how much Hunter could handle.

Silently, Zac stepped into the room and moved behind his lover to run one lone finger through the

sweat trail that ran down his back. Hunter trembled under the touch but made not a sound even as he lifted his head back into its rightful position. Zac stepped back from his sub and began to undress, carefully folding up his clothes and placing them on the table by the door. He returned to Hunter and stood directly in front of the man, scant inches from him, before leaning in and placing a gentle kiss upon his lips. Zac ensured he touched no other part of his sub and when Hunter eagerly began to return the kiss, Zac broke it off. He was rewarded by a small whimper that escaped from Hunter's throat.

Almost there, Zac thought as he trailed another finger down Hunter's chest to stop directly above one of the nipple clamps. "Should I leave these on?" Zac asked as his finger sneaked beneath the dangling chain and caused the weight to bob.

"If it is your wish, Master," Hunter replied with one of the two acceptable answers he could. Zac knew if Hunter was unable to continue he would have safe worded out the minute he was addressed. Since he did not, Zac continued his leisurely finger trail down to the bound penis of his sub.

With a slight tug on the nylon rope, Zac released the binding he had placed on Hunter's cock and as the blood rapidly rushed into the organ, Zac commanded, "Don't."

Through gritted teeth and panting breath, Hunter replied, "Yes, Master" and Zac watched as his sub's body fought to obey the order.

When it appeared that Hunter's body obeyed his mind, Zac picked up the remote that controlled the garage door. Even though the room was once a garage, there was no door. The garage door mechanism made the perfect electronic wench, after he had re-enforced it, for suspending his subs from the ceiling. Zac pushed and held the down button until Hunter's feet rested securely on the floor and another uncontrollable whimper escaped his lips. As Hunter's body became accustomed to the release of tension, Zac placed a hand upon Hunter's hip, right over his 'cut-line.'

The only contact Zac made with Hunter was through that single touch and the heat radiating out from his sub was searing. No other part of Zac touched Hunter and he remained standing next to his lover for a long time before he removed his hand and backed away. Zac ignored his own throbbing erection as he took a seat in one of the room's few chairs. The silence stretched on and was only broken by the panting breath of his sub. Zac knew that Hunter did not know whether he had remained in the room or had left. He also knew that Hunter would not speak to try and determine if he was alone or not. Hunter trusted him implicitly and would not speak unless spoken to or to utter his safe word. No safe word would be needed tonight though.

As Zac continued to silently watch his sub, his mind wandered back to the small bartender at Shadows. He wondered what she would look like trussed up in his playroom and the thought made his cock jerk. Zac's hand slid down his flat abs and he leisurely began stroking himself as he remembered her piercings. She must like pain to some degree if she was pierced, especially on the face. His fist gripped himself tighter and his strokes became harder as he fell into a rhythm. His mind envisioned Roni and Hunter both bound in his room and the pleasure they could all achieve together. Just thinking of her petite form bound in one of his colorful nylon ropes while Hunter watched was enough to send him over the edge. Cum splattered onto his chest and abs and a moan of relief escaped his mouth as the smell of his sex filled the room.

Hunter made another uncontrollable whimper from where he was still bound, standing in the middle of the room. Zac could see his sub's cock throbbing and twitching as it begged for desperately sought release.

Hunter's head was tilted in Zac's direction and he seemed to smell the very essence of sex in the air itself as Zac approached him.

"Tell me what you want," Zac demanded as he stood in front of him.

"To taste, Master," Hunter answered truthfully in a hunger laced voice and Zac granted his wish by bringing his cum splattered hand up to Hunter's lips. His sub wasted no time opening his mouth to suck in first one then another finger, cleaning the cum from each digit. Zac allowed Hunter free reign over his hand as his other crept up to the nipple clamp.

“Don’t stop,” Zac told his sub as he released one of the clamps and let the weighted chain fall to the floor. Hunter’s jaw tightened down on Zac’s three fingers and his breath hitched as he tried to control his desire for release. Zac gave him time...but not much. Soon Zac’s hand found the other clamp.

“Now,” Zac ordered Hunter as he released the clamp and Hunter’s orgasm exploded forth spraying them both with the hot white liquid.

Zac removed his fingers from Hunter’s mouth when his sub’s head began to tilt back in the throes of his orgasm and he placed both of his hands under his sub’s arms for support. Even though Hunter was still secured above his head and had his feet flat on the floor, Zac would take no chances of his sub’s legs buckling and causing Hunter’s dead weight to dislocate a shoulder or two. Pain was one thing, injury another.

As Hunter remained in the land of post orgasmic bliss, Zac released the carabiners, resting first one of Hunter’s arms on his shoulder then the other. Hunter leaned heavily on Zac and used Zac’s body to hold himself upright as Zac moved to free him from the leg spreader bar. The last thing Zac removed was the blindfold and the glazed gaze of his sub was his reward for a session well played.

“Let’s get you into the bath,” Zac smiled up at his lover, “we can’t have you stiff for court tomorrow.”

Hunter only nodded his consent even though their session was over and he could speak freely again.



The house lights in Shadows were up and Jordy had walked the last of the swingers out the door for the night when Roni began her clean up routine. She was well ahead of schedule since most of the swingers didn’t stay until closing, having found what they had come for and left early. By the time Jordy had locked everything up and killed the music, since they had no DJ on Sunday’s, she was sitting at the bar in front of a rum & diet Coke, her tip jar, and a bottle of Bud.

Jordy took the stool next to hers and took a long pull from his beer. The big black garoul was like a brother to her even if she did know what he was like in the sack. Of course, he didn’t know that she knew and she would never tell him. Especially since it happened before they became so close. It was back in L.A. when Alec had owned The Witching Hour ‘Where things go bump in the night,’ and she had been new to the city. Roni was in a form she hadn’t used since and when Jordy and Nick had picked her up in the club one night for a good time, she let them. It was awesome, hot, and steamy sex. The one night stand kind and she didn’t regret it, though was glad neither of the garouls ever found out it was her.

They sat in silence, each drinking their after work choice of poison, while Roni put some order to the mess her tips were in. She never counted her money while she was at the bar but took just enough time to straighten and stack the bills. It was a mindless task and as she went about it, her thoughts remained on Jordy. He seemed much more relaxed lately, since whatever his and Nick’s issue was had been resolved. She was glad for that too because when Jordy and his best bud were on the outs with one another, Jordy was in a perpetual foul mood.

Jordy polished off his beer and spoke, “You want to come by for another round or two since you’re off tomorrow?”

Roni was used to the invitations Jordy extended to her and knew they were nothing more than one friend inviting another to hang out. She also knew that he knew it took her a few hours to come down off the work high.

“Sure, why not?” she replied as she finished her drink and stuffed her tips into an envelope before tucking it into her duffle bag.

They made their way to the back door and into the alley where Roni spotted Nick's motorcycle and raised an eyebrow in Jordy's direction.

"Leave your car here and I'll bring you back when you're ready." Jordy told her and ignored the look she gave him.

"OoooK." she grinned up at him. "Dare I ask?"

Jordy just smiled at her, his bright white teeth flashing in the dark night and she couldn't help but wonder what that smile meant as he climbed onto the bike and waited for her to mount it behind him. Roni pulled the duffle bag onto her back like a deranged backpack and climbed up behind Jordy as he started the motorcycle. Within seconds they were underway back to Jordy's and soon he was parking the bike next to his Jeep.

Roni noticed that Jordy was still grinning like a fool as she followed him into his place. It dawned on her that she hadn't been over since he resolved whatever issue he and Nick had but the last time she was here, they were definitely not roommates. Jordy led her into the living room where Nick was splayed casually out on the couch in nothing more than a pair of running shorts. He gave her a big grin as Jordy made a beeline for the kitchen to fetch them another round.

"Hey Roni, how goes it?" Nick patted the spot next to him on the couch as an invitation for her to take a seat.

"Pretty good, Nick. You're looking right at home." She sat next to the big garoul and as always when around the two of them, felt small in her current form. If they were any other men, she wouldn't have been able to resist the urge to change form into someone comparable in size.

"Am I now?" Nick replied.

"Is he now?" Jordy said at the same time as he entered the room carrying two bottles of Bud and her rum & diet. They were both grinning like fools and Roni had no idea what the hell was going on as she looked from one garoul to another. However, before she could ask, her cell phone rang in her pocket.

She dug out the interrupting device and answered, "Hello?" Silence. "Helllll-O?" she said again as Nick and Jordy watched her. When she got no response from the unknown caller she just shrugged and hit the end call button.

"Wrong number?" Nick asked as she stuffed the damn thing back into her pocket. That was the fourth crank call she'd received in the last three days and it was beginning to unnerve her.

"Yeah, I guess so," she smiled to hide the uneasiness that was beginning to settle in her stomach. "So, you two grinning fools gonna tell me what's up? You guys look like the cat who swallowed the canary," she teased them.

"Maybe we shouldn't tell her Jord, I mean maybe we should just let her figure it out on her own." Nick said in all seriousness but purposely let Roni see the wink he threw in Jordy's direction.

"Nah Nick, she's like my sis and beside that, she's the only real company I get over here and it wouldn't be right to traumatize her by accident, now would it?" Jordy continued to grin and Roni couldn't remember ever seeing him this happy in the close to six years she'd known him.

"Alright, man. Do it if you must but you might want to get a few more drinks in her first since that's what we had to do to face it."

Jordy laughed and plopped himself down on the couch close to Nick, very close. Roni still had no clue what they were talking about so when Jordy spoke next, she still didn't catch on.

"Nick and I are living together now." Jordy watched her face closely and she wasn't sure what kind of reaction he was expecting to see.

"Ok, so?" Roni looked from Jordy to Nick and back again as she took a drink. Nick mimicked her and remained quiet as he too watched her expression.

"Well, since you sometimes crash here, we just didn't want you to be caught off guard." Jordy continued to watch her while he smiled.

"Why would I be caught off guard? Unless of course I was too trashed to notice a body already

crashed on the couch.” Roni grinned back at them and still didn’t get it.

“I don’t think that would be a problem,” Nick piped in.

“I bet it wouldn’t be for you, you slut!” Roni playfully punched his rock solid bicep. “In your dreams,” she laughed but when her eyes caught where Jordy’s hand was resting on Nick’s thigh she abruptly stopped laughing.

Nick and Jordy were both watching her as her eyes moved from Jordy’s resting hand to their faces and back, not once but twice, and they waited for her reaction.

“No shit? Get the fuck out!” Roni’s own face split into a shit-eating grin and she could have sworn both of the big garouls relaxed a bit. “How the fuck did that happen? Wait, no, don’t tell me,” she held up a hand to stop any details they may feel the need to share. Since she had been with them both and seen them both naked, her mind could put together its own porn without any help from them. “Well, good for you and you know what?”

Nick and Jordy shared a glance before Jordy replied, “What?”

“At least now I don’t have to worry about sharing the couch!” She laughed and hugged them both as Jordy rose to fetch them another round.