



For the last year, Fiona and Matt have been inseparable. He is the calm to her storm and she is head-over-heels in love with him. The only downside? Rumors that Matt and his best friend, Travis, used to share everything, including their dates. This wasn't an issue when Travis lived two thousand miles away, but now Travis is back in town.

Travis knows coming home and seeing Matt in a new relationship won't be easy. Fiona is witty and sassy, and good god but she has the most amazing body. Seriously, how is Travis supposed to resist when Matt keeps suggesting having both of them in his bed? He isn't thinking straight when he finally agrees—of course he wants to share Fiona with Matt.

Travis expects her to say hell no, but then he sees the spark of interest in her eye.

Reader Advisory: This novella has graphic language and sexual scenes—no closed bedroom doors here - and you may want to knock before entering the kitchen, living room or foyer for that matter!

EXCERPT

“This isn't going to work.” He looked at Matt seriously. “She's too into you.”

Matt hung his head back, looking up at the ceiling as if he were asking the heavens to give him answers. Or strength. Travis had seen him do the same thing often. Finally, after seemingly receiving the answers he sought, Matt looked at him.

“Yes she is, and I'm into her.” He crossed the kitchen and wrapped one hand around Travis' neck. It was one of the first times since he had come back that Matt had dared to touch him in something more than a platonic, one-of-the-boys kind of way.

“And I have never wanted to share someone with you more than I want to share her with you.”

He wanted to believe Matt. But he had been seriously thrown to see Matt look at Fiona the way he used to only look at him.

“So what if this time she’s my girl not yours.” Matt whispered, close enough to him now that Travis could feel his breath light against his cheek. “She can be ours.” Matt’s eyes gleamed mischievously.

Travis couldn’t resist. He cupped his friend behind the neck and pulled him the few inches closer he needed to be.

He took his mouth in a savage kiss, which Matt fought for all of five seconds before sinking into it, opening his mouth and letting Travis plunder. Travis needed this, to take back the control and to feel Matt give in. Matt always gave in.

It had been a hard two years, being nearly two thousand miles apart. There had been no promises between them. No declarations of undying love. They were best friends, sometimes lovers, usually with a woman between them. And Matt was right, it was most often Travis’ woman, as though he lured Matt to his bed through the woman, not because they both wanted to be there.

“Do you know how long I’ve waited for you to kiss me?” Matt asked him, pulling away, wiping his lips. “You’ve been home nearly three months.”

“Eight-eight days,” Travis grumbled as he scrubbed a hand over his face. “We said this would end if we ever fell in love with someone.”

“I was always in love with someone,” Matt said, his eyes narrowing on Travis. “Now I’m in love with her too.”

Travis looked away, staring at the floor for a minute. He had to pull himself together if this was going to work. He was actually happy when his cell phone rang. He answered it, walking away from Matt to the living room. The precinct wanted him in tonight.

Awesome. Just what he needed, another shift. And the space to think.

He walked back into the kitchen where Fi had joined Matt. Their heads were bent close together as they looked at the newspaper on the island.

“I’ve got to head in to work,” he told them. “Rain check?” He barely waited for them to answer before ducking out the front door. His condo was two floors down, but it seemed like another lifetime away.

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