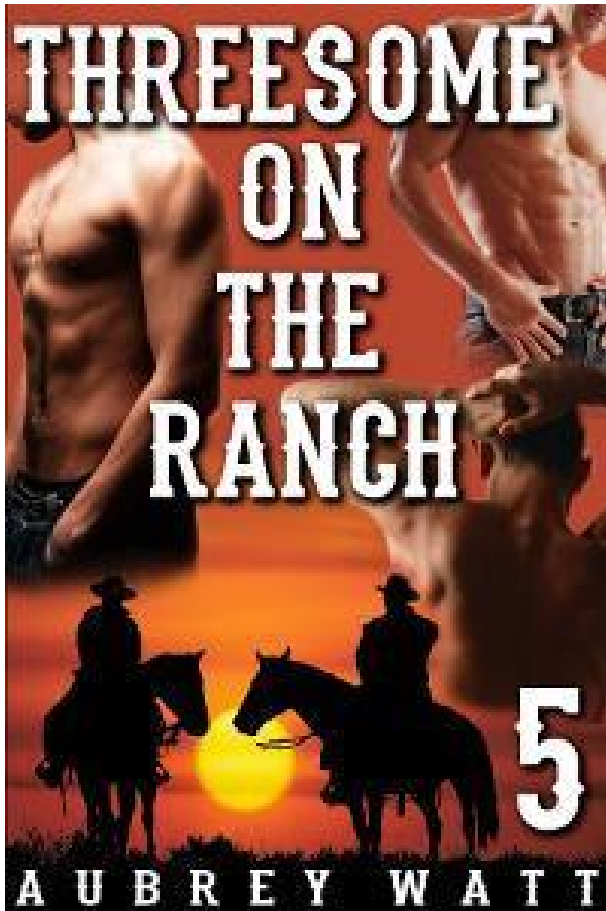


Threesome on the Ranch



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Excerpt: The image of Brandon and Darrell came back to his mind, the two men locked in passion, their limbs entwined.

Standing at the edge of the creek, Cal let himself imagine their lips moving over each other, licking and sucking at salty skin. His groin twitched with arousal and he stroked himself absentmindedly through his jeans.

Brandon's hot lips sliding down, lower and lower, until his mouth met the other man's cock and took him in whole-- Darrell leaning with his hands against the barn wall, naked as the day, his ass taut and inviting-- Both men's bodies sliding slick against each other, the light of the fire only just illuminating their skin-- Cal opened his eyes and realized that he was hard, the arousal inside of him bubbling up uncontrollably. Deciding that it would be quicker to deal with his erection than wait for it to subside, he looked around him to make sure that he was alone before letting his hand slide his cock out of his pants and begin to stroke, soft at first and then hard. He bit down on his lip as his hand worked his erection, his thoughts sliding from place to place.

The kitchen table where Brandon had tied him up, thrusting his fingers in his ass-- Flooding in the creek, the

rainclouds overhead-- Tumbling through the hayloft, their arms around each other in a wrestle that really wasn't-- Cal was breathing hard, his hand sliding furiously across his hard cock, and when the brush behind him rustled he nearly jumped out of his skin. Covering himself with both hands, he stumbled back, almost falling over the smooth pebbles of the creek. Brandon came out of the darkness, illuminated only by moonlight. "Sorry, didn't mean to scare you." Brandon grinned, looking down at Cal's naked cock. "Looks like you were a bit distracted." "Christ on a horse, Brandon, I thought you were a goddamn mountain lion." "Nah," Brandon said, stepping forward. "Just a horny coyote." He slid his hand over Cal's loosely gripping the base of Cal's cock. Cal pushed him away. "What if Darrell sees us?" Cal tried to put his cock back into his trousers but was having a difficult time of it, both because of the light and because he was still one hundred percent aroused. But Darrell might be spying right now, might have followed Brandon to the river. "Then I'll ask him to come help me out." Brandon wrapped his hand around Cal's erection and began to slide his fingers up and down the shaft. Cal moaned, his cock throbbing under the delicious pressure of Brandon's palm. "Come on, cowboy," Brandon said, coming around behind Cal, keeping the strokes even and hard. Cal, who was already in a heightened state of sensation, now let himself fall completely into this pleasure, leaning back against Brandon's chest as he felt himself tipping, coming closer and closer to the edge. He closed his eyes, but the image that arose was that of Brandon and Darrell together, naked, both orgasming.

Then Brandon's thumb massaged the head of his cock and he jerked under the man's fingers into a shivering climax, his cock spurting hot come into the darkness. He panted, feeling Brandon's hot skin around him and behind him, the ripples of orgasm making him shudder once more before he finally relaxed.