

*Pacific*

# RIMMING

A Sensual MMM Romance

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Pacific Rimming  
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## **PACIFIC RIMMING**

THE FIRST TIME we met him was at the Shorepine Bog in Pacific Rim National Park Reserve, just a mile in from Vancouver Island's western coast. The bog is a strange piece of temperate rainforest so different from the nearby beaches, its waters still and quiet, nothing like the ever-moving, ever-crashing waves of the shore. Where the beach is sand, rocks, and the iodine-rich scent of kelp, the bog is moss, ghostly stunted pines, and the sweet-sharp smell of acidic brine.

We arrived just after sunrise. Ken, my husband, had read it was the best time to spot

birds. The only way to traverse the bog without sinking into it was by stepping onto the boardwalk that hovered a foot or two above its mossy surface. And the best way to see birds was by looking through binoculars.

Binoculars are great for seeing things that are far away, but they block everything else out. That's how we managed not to see the young man until we were almost on top of him.

He was crouched at the edge of the boardwalk just ten yards ahead of us and peering at something over the side, as still as a great blue heron waiting for prey. A bad metaphor for a bog where no fish live, but that's how I thought of him, anyway. The periwinkle-gray of his T-shirt and his black, slightly mussed hair only added to the heron-like effect. A cowlick stuck out in the back in an approximation of the bird's feathered crest. His legs were folded like a heron's too, tight as

a pocketknife, his arms as close to his sides as resting wings. Their dark hairs were delicate plumage against his pale skin.

He was more stunning than any other creature I'd spotted that morning—with the exception of my husband, of course. I dropped my binoculars and let them hang against my chest. I nudged Ken's elbow and pointed in the man's direction. I knew he'd appreciate the sight as much as I did.

Ken's breath did a sharp intake—loud enough for me to appreciate, but not loud enough to break the silence of the bog. “*You're a good spotter,*” he signed, his hands close to his body in a whisper, then winked.

We both looked. The man must have been flexible to hold that same position for so long, so I guessed he was either younger than us or did a lot of yoga. I envied his flexibility, and I also envied the jeans stretched over his curves

and angles like a second skin, highlighting the muscled roundness of his ass. It hovered just inches above the wooden planks of the boardwalk. If the boardwalk had been a human, the position would have been a cruel tease: You'd like to touch me, but you can't. My hands tingled with the longing to feel that ass, to press against it and part the solid flesh until the crevice at the center opened wide.

Ken and I walked a little closer. His eyes sparkled with mischief. "*Stop drooling,*" he signed. "*This ecosystem is very fragile, and you might upset the balance of the entire bog if your spit gets in it.*" His lips had that smug-flirtatious quirk they always get when he's teasing.

I played along, swiping the back of my hand over my mouth to catch any errant drool. "*There. The bog is safe from my lust.*"

Ken laughed—an abrupt, melodious bark

that startled the stranger. He whipped his head around, his eyes wide.

They softened as they flicked over us, registering the matching wedding bands around our ring fingers. I didn't miss the glance across the front of our trousers—I was already sporting a bit of a bulge—or the way his eyes moved more slowly, calmly as they moved back up our bodies, seductive in the way they lingered on our arms and chests before making contact with our faces again.

We walked closer and he rose, gallant and graceful as a bird.

He was definitely younger than both of us. There was no salt in his pepper-dark hair, and his smooth skin barely wrinkled even when he smiled. I guessed he was ten years our junior, probably in his late twenties—which would actually make the age gap slightly *more* than ten years, considering I was turning forty the

next day.

Forty no longer seemed so old, with the way the stranger looked at me.

He gave a small wave. “Good morning. Nice day, isn’t it?”

“Sure is,” I answered.

Ken turned toward me, hiding his hands from the stranger. “*See the way he’s looking at us? Totally gay. Tell him he has a nice butt.*”

I rolled my eyes. “*You tell him.*”

“Sorry, I didn’t realize...” the young man started, and then his hands began to move clumsily as if he really were a bird and trying to form shapes with the tips of his wings. “*You Deaf? I know American Sign Language small.*” He squeezed his palms too close together to emphasize the minuscule size of his knowledge, ignorant that his word choice and syntax had already clued us in.

Ken’s expression was a mix of smitten and

condescending, similar to what he gives one of our dogs when they learn a new trick. *“I’m Deaf and my husband is a hearing child of Deaf parents. You sign very well. Where did you learn?”* Ken articulated the words so slowly it looked like his arms were moving through molasses, but it was clear the hottie had never signed with an actual human being before. His suntanned face turned pink with exasperation and he looked ready to faint from dizziness.

*“Sorry, don’t understand.”* Hottie frowned, his plump lower lip jutting out slightly. *“Never sign. Learn from i-n-t-e-r-n-e-t.”* He fingerspelled the last word with a dizzying bounce between each letter.

Ken put a friendly hand on hottie’s forearm. My husband is both patient and an incorrigible flirt. “Don’t worry, I read lips too. And Mike”—Ken pointed at me—“is hearing and a

certified interpreter. We'll do okay. What were you looking at just now, anyway? We came here for birds, but all I've seen so far are robins."

"Which we can see at home," I added.

Hottie laughed. "Me too. My name's Jason by the way." He looked straight at Ken as he spoke to make the lip-reading easier, which I thought was sweet. I could tell Ken did too, the way his eyes melted a little.

Ken shook his hand. "Nice to meet you, Jason. I'm Ken."

Jason bit his bottom lip. I could practically see the spark between them, bursting little flares of heat into the tepid morning air. Their palms lingered. My dick rose to half-mast.

"I haven't seen many birds here," Jason said when he finally, reluctantly, let go of Ken's hand, then shook mine. His hand was warm but dry, the pads of his palms slightly

callused. “But the plants are awesome. Come, look.” He crouched back down and we followed, each on either side of him. He smelled good, all sun-warmed skin and a trace of shampoo that seemed familiar, but not familiar enough to name. When he lifted his arm to point at something over the boardwalk’s edge, I got a whiff of Old Spice like Ken used to wear when I first met him.

“There. Sundews.” Jason gestured to a clump of dime-sized leaves covered with fine purple filaments along one edge that reminded me of the soft, sexy hairs along Ken’s asscrack.

Once my mind rolls into the gutter, it doesn’t roll out.

“What did you call them?” Ken said.

“Sundews,” Jason said, then began to fingerspell it, again bouncing his hand with each switch between letters.

Ken smiled and placed a gentle palm on

Jason's wrist. "Hold still when you spell—like this, see? It's easier to read."

"Sorry." The tips of Jason's ears turned pink.

"It's okay. We all have to learn somehow. I didn't start signing until I was a teenager. It took time for me to learn too. Mike's the native."

Jason tried again, Ken's hand still on his wrist.

"Sundew. Pretty name," Ken said when the spelling was done.

"Thanks." Jason ducked his head and batted his eyelashes as if Ken had just called *him* pretty. I was half-surprised that Ken hadn't. He's not the most subtle man in the world.

Jason turned back to the plants. "They eat insects. See?" He pointed to an immobile black speck caught in the hairs of one plant.

We sat and watched the plant for several

minutes. Nothing happened. The insect was long dead. There was no struggle, and whatever digestion was taking place happened so slowly we couldn't see it. And yet I didn't want to move or look away even though, upon closer inspection, the leaves looked nothing like a grouping of hairy buns; they were too flat, and the filaments were too straight and pointed out in all directions, not just along the "crack." Sure, I'd been with men who had hair on their buns as well as in their cracks, but I'd never met one who had a hairy hip, and that's where the analogy would have had to go if I'd kept on thinking of the leaves as asscheeks.

So I started observing them for what they actually were, noticing tiny details like the way they stood in relation to the moss, and the almost microscopic globes of water that clung to the end of each purple filament, shining clearer than moonlight.

I heard my husband breathe a happy sigh on the other side of Jason, and then Jason did, and the next thing I knew, I was doing it as well. It was a sound as contagious as laughter. I remembered one of my first dates with Ken, watching a lunar eclipse from the edge of Lake Michigan in the middle of winter, blankets wrapped around us to fend off the cold as the moon shrunk into a crescent and then into nothing before reappearing again. We barely conversed. We didn't need to. I listened to his breath in my ear and felt his heartbeat against my back. His eyes were full of the sky and his hands were full of me. We were sharing a moment of awe and wonder, and that was more important than words.

This moment felt a lot like that. Perfect.

A shrill, digital chirp broke it. "Ugh, sorry." Jason pushed up from the boardwalk and fished his phone from his pocket. He read something

from its screen. “Duty calls. I’m here for a wedding and rehearsal and—I should go. Like, an hour ago. Nice meeting you. I would have liked to—” He caught Ken’s perplexed look and faced him directly. “Sorry. I’m babbling. My sister called. I need to go. See you later.”

We barely had time to stand and shake his hand before he spun around and zipped back toward the parking lot, the soles of his sneakers making satisfying thumping noises against the wooden boardwalk, his ass and thighs bulging against his stretch jeans as he ran.

“What was that about?” Ken signed.

“He’s late for something. A wedding rehearsal, I think.”

“Too bad. I would have liked to bring him back to the lodge for a nice long fuck. I liked the way you were looking at him.”

“He would have made a nice birthday treat, that’s for sure.”

*“Guess you’ll have to settle for me.”* Ken leaned in and kissed me. There was no one around now to see us, unless you counted the sundews. He tasted as good as Jason had smelled.

I pulled back. *“It’s not settling.”*



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