**The Triangle**

**Shape of Love Series #1**

**By JA Huss & J McClain**

Erotic romantic suspense

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**DESCRIPTION:**

**“A suspenseful, tangled, erotic love story from the twisted minds of New York Times Bestselling author, JA Huss, and actor/screenwriter, Johnathan McClain.”**

***Alec. Christine. Danny.***

***This is how you say our names.***

Danger is our drug of choice, the triangle our addiction.

Alec. Golden boy with diamonds in his eyes.

Christine. Partner in crime and owner of my heart.

They know what they want.

Me.

Danny. Unsure of everything they’re offering.

But if she needs me, I come.

So when he called, I went. It’s just that simple.

Until it wasn’t.

Until all those memories come rushing back with all the things we left behind.

I only know three things.

There is no her without him.

No me without them.

No we without us.

***We are Alec, Christine, and Danny.***

***And this is the shape of our love.***

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**ABOUT THE AUTHORS**

Two accomplished writers come together to create unforgettable sexy romance. JA Huss is the New York Times bestselling author of 321 and has been on the USA Today bestsellers list eighteen times. Johnathan McClain is a veteran actor and writer whose work, either performed or written, is probably airing on at least one of the channels on your television right now. You can contact them on their website www.hussmcclain.com or find them at their social links below.

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**EXCERPT ONE - CHRISTINE**

Danny folds his arms across his chest. Defiant.

But Alec is already pushing me through the open apartment door. “Don’t worry. He’ll follow. It’s his fokken apartment, isn’t it?”

My eyes are still locked with Danny’s when I disappear inside.

Alec kicks the door closed, pushes me up against the wall, places both hands on my cheeks, and kisses me on the mouth.

Fuck.

I sink into him.

Absolutely sink.

The door slams open, hitting the wall so hard I know there’s a hole in the sheetrock. “Get your fuckin’ hands off her,” Danny says, pulling me away.

I spin into him. Bounce against the hard muscles of his chest. And an instant later his arms are wrapped around me, replacing the heat of Alec with the heat of him.

Sinking is something I could get used to. Because I do it again.

“Now you’re getting the idea,” Alec says.

“Oh, I’ve got ideas,” Danny says. “I’ve lots of ideas. And all of them involve me cracking that pretty face of yours into pieces.”

“Promises,” Alec huffs, taking a step forward.

“Back the fuck up, van den Berg. Now.”

“Sorry, bru. But she doesn’t belong to you.” He pauses, his eyes focused on Danny. And without dropping that challenging stare he says, “Tell him, Christine. Tell him why we’re here.”

Shit. Why are we here? Did I miss something? Are there still gaps in my memory?

“She’s here because you’re selfish,” Danny answers for me. “She’s here because once again, you got her wrapped up in some illegal bullshit.”

“Why don’t you ask her what she wants for once? Eh? I mean, I get it.” He takes another step closer. I’m in the middle now. Alec in front and Danny behind me. I can feel the heat of both men and they are on fire. “You had her first. Your claim is older. But you let her get away, Danny. You let her walk out and face the cold, hard world alone. And I never did. That should count for something.” He places his hand back on my cheek. Lets his gaze fall to me—“Right, luv?”—then rise back up to Danny.

Danny holds me tighter, the zippers of his leather jacket cold and biting against my back where my t-shirt has ridden up. God. Yes. “It counts,” I say, betraying Danny in the same moment I pledge allegiance to Alec.

And then I turn to face Danny.

He wants to be angry. He wants to glare at Alec. Probably kick his ass. But that turn changes everything. Because he forgets about Alec and only sees me.

I slowly rise up on my tiptoes. My hands slip underneath his jacket and slide along the cut muscles of his waist. He closes his eyes for half a moment, sighing inside as we fall into each other. My lips gently caressing as my tongue probes against his hard mouth.

He gives in.

**EXCERPT TWO - ALEC**

You can call me a lot of things, but I don’t want it ever said that I’m not a helper.

I can feel Danny stiffen. Everywhere. His head pivots from around Christine and he and I make eye contact. I try to convey to him a sense of *don’t worry, bru. I ain’t gonna do nothing.* And he tries to convey a sense of something I can only interpret as worry.

But I don’t let it stop me.

I’m knelt down, working his jeans along his legs, and find that in so doing, my face is right by Christine’s extraordinary ass. I’ve had the chance to observe it from every imaginable angle, hundreds of times, but it never ceases to impress.

I pause long enough to give her a tiny kiss on both cheeks and then slide my tongue up along her crack. She giggles and glances ever so briefly over her shoulder. I smile and continue unencumbering Danny from his trousers.

I recognize the risk. But I’ve always found that old expression, “fortune favors the bold,” to be true. I’m of the belief that in this moment, being bold is my best ally. Danny and Christine *fucked* for the first time ever earlier. I know how it feels. I know how fokken good she feels when you’re inside her. And Danny is not going to be able to shield himself off from another opportunity to be satisfied.

I look at it in the following way: Christine has now gotten something she’s wanted for a long time. And Danny has gotten something he’s wanted for a long time as well, even if he’ll not admit to it readily. And dear old Alec? Well, dear old Alec should be entitled to get something he wants.

I recognize there is an argument to be made that dear old Alec always gets everything he wants. But that’s just life then, ain’t it?

As I pull Danny’s jeans free from his ankles, he kind of tries to kick at me, but Christine has leaned forward and is kissing his chest while still rubbing her wet clit along his shaft. He may not want me here. He may want to fokken kill me. But there’s no way he doesn’t want her more.

Watching her writhe against him; watching her back rise and fall as she kisses him and sucks at his nipples; watching her tease his cock as it slides back and forth between her legs, almost sliding inside her but then her pulling away…

What it’s doing to my own cock is providing a clear answer to the age-old question, ‘What is there in the world that’s harder than a diamond?’

I want to touch her. To touch him. I want to join them. Complete the triangle. But it’s not right. Not yet. I pushed too hard too soon the last time and it was the beginning of the end. So I will just have to satisfy myself for now with continuing to watch.

That’s fine. I can wait. But just because I’m waiting doesn’t mean I have to feel unfulfilled. I can still share in this. I can be part of it. I am part of it. As are they a part of me.

**EXCEPRT THREE – DANNY**

The shape of our love.

I’m looking at Alec when these words echo in my head. He’s looking back at me like… like he *needs* something. He’s always had that look. I’ve always felt that need. “Back in the gym that first day we met,” I say.

“Yeah?”

“You said you were there for me.”

“I was.”

“Why?” I say. “What the fuck did you ever need from me?”

His eyes narrow a little. “Let’s start with what I didn’t need, yeah?”

“Whatever.”

“I didn’t need your help,” he says. “Not the way you thought. I certainly didn’t need anyone’s help stealing diamonds. Hell, I didn’t need to steal diamonds at all. That’s not why I wanted you around. And I definitely didn’t need a fourteen-year-old girl hanging about. No offense,” he says, eyes meeting Christine’s briefly before returning to me.

“Then what the fuck was all that about? Just the thrill? The danger? What?”

“A bit of that, I guess. But why can’t it just be about you, man? Why do you find that so hard to believe?”

“So you wanted to fuck me?”

“Everyone wants to fuck you, Danny.”

Christine laughs.

“You’re bleeding hot, bru. You’ve got everything going for you.”

“Shit,” I say.

“You do. More than I ever had. Not money. Obviously. I’m talking about… this… self-possession. Even before I knew you, I saw it. You walked around with a goddamn invisible sign on your chest that said, *Take it or leave it*. I wanted that.”

“So you wanted me?”

He shrugs. “What can I tell you? It’s not fokken rocket science. It’s just… attraction. Which is more of an earth science.” He winks.

And in the moment I take to process this, his hand slides up to my neck. His fingers wrap around and grip. Just enough to make me lean forward into his space.

I know what’s coming. And it’s not our first, so my heart shouldn’t be beating so fast.

But it is.

Because when his mouth finds mine I do something different.

I don’t give in, I don’t give up, I don’t resist, and I don’t complain.

I just… kiss him back.

The way he wants me to. The way I’d kiss Christine if it was her, not him.

Open mouth. Pliant lips. Probing tongue.

Long, deep breaths in those fractional seconds when we change position. Inhaling, and exhaling. Christine’s body between us. Her arms around us, hands wandering, fingertips encouraging.

We’ve been here before. Hell, the past two days we’ve gotten past this point a few times.

But it *feels* different.

It feels intentional. This kiss is no accident. Not a heat-of-the-moment reaction.

It’s deliberate, and passionate, and real.