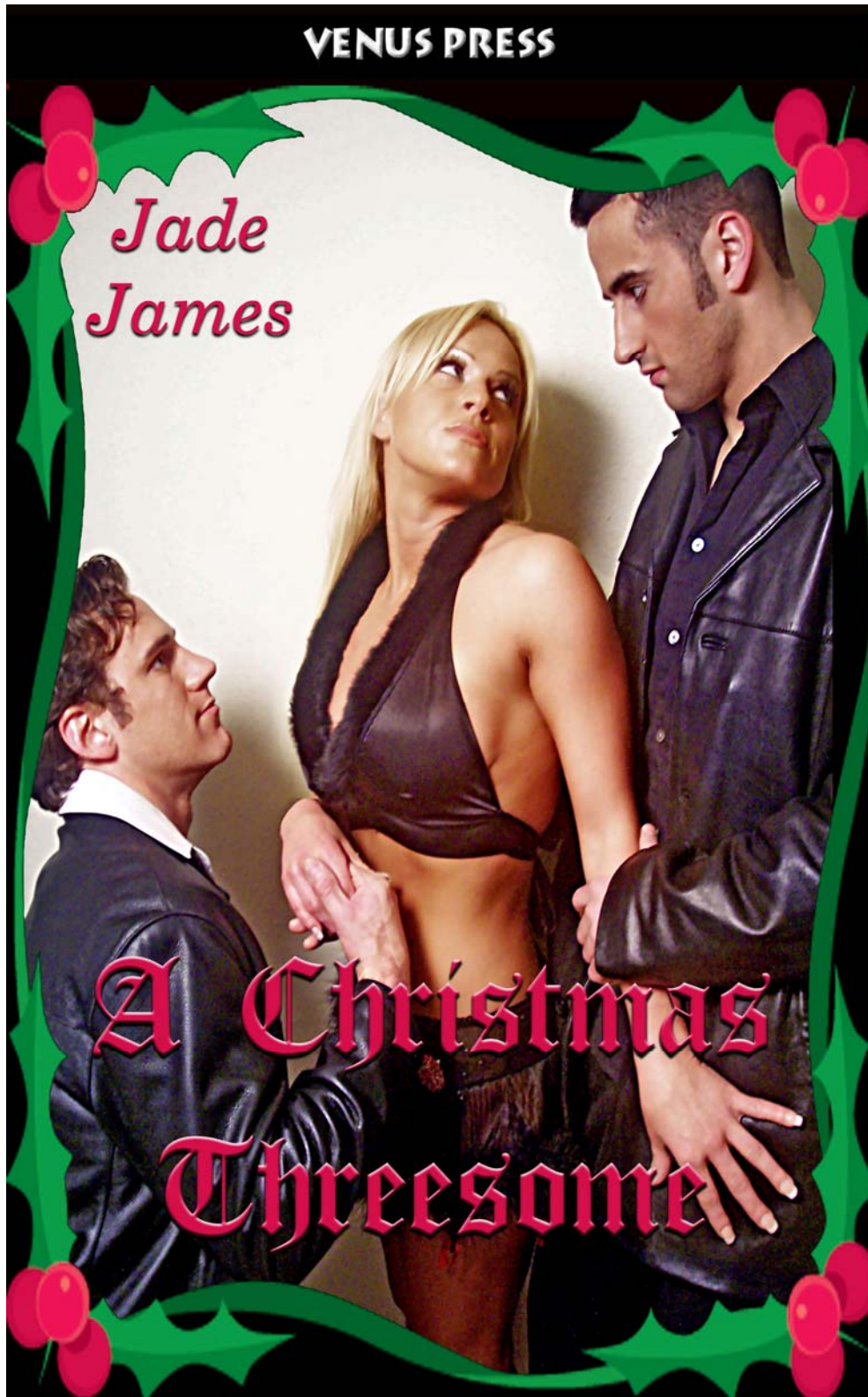


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*Jade
James*

*A Christmas
Threesome*



Jade James

**A CHRISTMAS
THREESOME**

BY

JADE JAMES

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A CHRISTMAS THREESOME

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A CHRISTMAS THREESOME
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Jade James

Dedication:

To my friend Joy. Thank you for being there for me since the beginning. I cherish your friendship and the fact that you have the great ability to always put a smile on my face. We still have to get together and do lunch. Love you always.

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Prologue

One Year Earlier

Joy Green had no idea that today would be the first day of their ménage. She thought the silken scarves wrapped around her wrists, the other masquerading as a cover for her eyes, was another bondage game, one of many that they enjoyed playing.

But Cain Lee had decided to take it a step further. She had whispered the words of a fantasy ménage to him in confidence. He treasured her trust and if everything went well, then it would be the first of many threesomes to come. He had the perfect person, a male he could trust with his own life...his brother, Abel.

He loved Joy very much and that was the reason why he gave life to her fantasies. The idea was probably extravagant to others, but no one knew the pureness and strength of their love. There was no jealousy, only acceptance because Cain trusted in their bond.

And nothing would ever come between that.

He reached over and tied the last silken scarf to Joy's wrist. He turned to the doorway and nodded to Abel.

She laid, spread before him, like a feast waiting to be devoured. Cain's mouth watered at her silken shaved cunt. He inhaled, taking in her unique scent and stared at the delicious treat in front of him.

Dios.

The hungry need built in him so deep and he was tempted to just stuff his face full of her cream. But he waited, knowing the anticipation only heightened their need.

Cain moved, timing his movement well as he placed himself on the right side of their bed and Abel knelt between her legs. Cain reached over and took her nipple between his fingers. He put pressure on the hard tip, creating friction as he rubbed and then bent to take it between his lips. He traced the fine lines with his tongue.

"Cain," she begged as she began to squirm.

He smiled, giving her nipple one last lick as he turned to Abel. Cain nodded, once again, giving his brother the go ahead.

Abel grinned, laying his body face down, positioning himself inches away from her cunt. He grabbed her thighs and tilted her pussy towards his face. He blew on her flesh and then delved right in. At the same time, Cain brought his mouth to her nipple and twirled his tongue over it.

Joy arched her body as far as the bonds would allow. “Cain?” she groaned, her tone of voice filled with excitement and a touch of curiosity.

“Just enjoy it, Joy. Let it feel good.”

“Oh, god,” she murmured.

There were growling noises coming from Abel, and Cain knew it was because his brother was now enslaved to her taste. The way her body strained against the bonds made his cock even harder. He leaned in, placing his mouth on her lips. He lost himself in the kiss, his tongue stroking hers intimately. He curled his fingers around her nipple, pulling at the tip.

She screamed into his mouth and he swallowed up the sounds. It was a sure indication that his brother was very talented with his tongue and that Joy had reached her first of many climaxes. Cain broke the kiss, his cock hard with the need to be inside of her. He turned to Abel and caught a quick glance at his brother putting on a condom.

Cain rose up to his knees and placed his fingers under Joy’s chin. He turned her face to his shaft. He traced her lips with his cock and a jolt of heat ran through him as her tongue licked the head, dipping into the slit.

“*Dios*, Cain. She feels too fucking good,” Abel stated.

Oh, yeah. He knew exactly how Joy felt—how her tight pussy created an inferno within him, melting all of his sensations into one. And now he was going to feel another kind of heat.

Cain pushed his dick into her mouth slowly. Her tongue immediately lashed his skin, the silken wetness driving his desire higher. He reached over and grabbed her hair, tunneling his fingers through the strands as he took total control. He wanted her full submission, needed her to know that nothing would ever hold them back from the special bond they shared.

Cain raised the pace of his thrusts, the head of his cock now sinking into her open throat. It was heaven and hell intertwined, the hotness of her mouth sending his body into a fever pitch.

Her body suddenly arched off the bed, her arms tightened against the bindings and his cock vibrated around her scream. He bucked once, twice, the pulsing sensation triggering his own orgasm. He was on a meltdown mission and he couldn’t stop the shot of semen that

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ripped from his cock. He felt each and every spurt of cum shoot down her throat and she drank it all in.

First round for the night had been heaven. Cain couldn't wait until he and Abel had her again.

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Chapter One

July

Joy leaned her head against the glass window as the air conditioner blasted its air, the coolness affectively reminding her why she was here to begin with. She turned, giving her three bedroom condo, one last look.

Her stomach churned in nervousness as she bit back the urge to cry. She twirled the diamond ring around her finger, feeling the weight one last time before removing it. She held it against the light, remembering the exact moment he had asked her to marry him. It was memory she would carry with her always, even in the after life.

“You are what keeps my heart beating every morning. I need you more than life itself. I want to be with you forever, Joy. Marry me, be my wife, my friend, my lover for always,” Cain asked as he bent on one knee, holding her hand in his.

To say it was the moment she had been waiting for all of her life would be too tame. Their affair had been intense, their sex life heavy with heat and fire. And she had instantly known what was missing in her life.

For two years, Cain had been her lover, asking her to move in with him, after only three months of dating. She had fallen hopelessly in love. It was a unique bond to her, and she felt so close to him, convinced ultimately that he was her soul mate.

They were compatible in so many ways. A private detective along with his twin brother Abel, Cain headed his own agency, taking cases that were almost next to impossible to solve. They were both good at there jobs, bringing runaway or kidnap children back home, or solving the hardest murder crimes. Joy’s job as a newspaper reporter, aided Cain and Abel in cases. They were the perfect trio in all aspects.

And the sex life...

Oh, just thinking about Cain making love to her brought an ache between her thighs. Sometimes the sex would be sweet and he would take his time with her, enjoying her like a delicious treat, drawing out the tension into full blown passion. Other times it would be a raw, hard, delicious fuck and it would take hours before their bodies were stated.

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Feeling totally confident in the sexual side of their relationship, Joy confided in Cain, what her fantasies were, specifically delving into the ménage area. She wanted to know what it would feel like, sandwiched between two hot muscled bodies, rubbing against two cocks, savoring the hard bodies before they entered her.

And it turned out, to her sexy surprise, that Cain had no objections to the occasional threesome. He had even suggested the perfect person, his twin brother. The sex was hot, erotic in every way and the options were endless to them, bondage, toys, a hot sandwich with Cain and Abel both filling her. She shivered, the memories inciting a deep craving.

They were physically identical in every way. Their Latin heritage showed in their bronze colored smooth skin, filling her with illicit thoughts of their flesh. Both wore their hair shoulder length, heightening their features and giving them a rough look that made her want to shiver in excitement. The only difference was in their eyes. Cain had black eyes, the color reminding her of the sky at night. And Abel's eyes were vivid in color, a sparkling green. Both were dominant in all sexual aspects.

The ménage was infrequent, all three delving into it when they craved for the hot erotic act. And though she cared for Abel, her heart would always belong to Cain. Abel understood that. He was more carefree, enjoying the hot sex at a time in his life where he wanted a no strings attached relationship.

All three came to an agreement and it worked for them. And though others would probably frown on their relationship, the trio didn't care. It was their own feelings and opinions that mattered.

Joy brought the ring to her lips, kissing it before placing it on the desk by the door. As soon as Cain entered, he would see the note and the ring lying on top.

He would never forgive her for what she was about to do. But she wouldn't put him through months of hell. She would go through all of this herself. Cain didn't deserve to see his wife fade away into a shell of nothing. Joy had given her heart to his, but she refused to give him any lasting pain. She would barely be able to hang in there herself.

Joy let her tears fall, remembering how her mother died the exact same way. It was what motivated her, what pushed her to go through this. Her mother hadn't beaten the cancer. The disease had been too late in its stages, ravishing her insides. And Joy watched it all. Watched as her mother's life faded away.

Dr. Novak had given Joy some hope. They had found only one tumor in her right breast, a small Ductal carcinoma in situ. According to her doctor, this was the most common type of noninvasive breast cancer, confined to the ducts. It hadn't spread through the walls of the ducts and into the fatty tissue of her right breast. But a biopsy had revealed that the tumor

was cancerous. Her doctor had given her a great prognosis, stating all women with cancer at this stage can be cured.

And though the diagnosis gave her something to look forward to, Joy refused to believe in it, not after living through it herself, ten years earlier. And she wouldn't give Cain and Abel hope, when she knew exactly the hell she would be going through.

The doctor had explained her two choices, giving her thorough details on each option. Since DCIS was confined to one area within the breast, Joy had to make a decision between a lumpectomy, which meant removal of the mass and a small margin of surrounding breast tissue. The doctor clarified that it would be followed by radiation treatment. Her other option was a mastectomy, removal of the affected breast and a small part of the affected lymph nodes. Her doctor had offered his clinical opinion, stating that the lumpectomy would hold the best scenario, followed by radiation therapy. She had agreed.

Joy opened the door, holding it wide open with her foot as she bent and picked up her suitcases. It had taken her a whole month since her cancer was diagnosed, to secretly get her affairs in order. And that was probably the hardest thing, she had ever done, going over everything twice, making sure she didn't leave a paper trail.

She had given notice to her job, without specifically stating why she was resigning. She had closed down her personal bank account, taking all of the cash out. All of their joint assets remained untouched. Joy didn't want Cain to ever think their relationship was ever based on money.

She closed her eyes, her thoughts instantly shifting to her father. He resided in Miami and she was his only child. But Joy couldn't risk giving him all of the details. She felt it was safe to let him know that she would be visiting him more often, having rented a duplex apartment nearby. When her father had hinted on details, Joy had only told him once a month she would fly out and visit. But in reality, she would only be fifteen minutes away. Her doctor had recommended a top cancer specialist in Miami and St. John's Hospital was conveniently a short distance from where her father resided.

She was too terrified to let her father know anything further. He was at her mother's bedside as much as she was. And he was an old man...in his eighties. She couldn't live with herself, if she caused him to relive the nightmare.

She could barely live with herself as is, knowing the pain she would be causing Cain. But he was young and he could move on with his life. And with time, perhaps even meet someone else. Her heart felt like it was breaking into pieces at the thought and she willed herself to not breakdown.

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She never thought cancer would happen to her. Never thought she would be losing the one person she loved, more than life itself. But with love, sometimes came the ultimate sacrifice.

Her throat closed up and she breathed deeply, hoping the air would strengthen her resolve. There was no going back.

Joy glanced at the clock hanging in the hall of their Central Park apartment. She had two hours before her flight departed and a day to get settled in before her treatments began.

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Chapter Two

*Five Months Later,
Christmas Eve Morning*

“Do you think she knows we’ve finally found her?” Cain asked, the rage and hurt laying like a brick on top of his heart. Five whole goddamn months of nothing but heartache. The day he had found the ring and note was etched into his memory as if it was yesterday. And each time he thought about it, the pain would hurt until he felt the ache with every breath he took.

Within the past few months, I’ve realized our relationship is at a dead end. I wish you more happiness than you can ever imagine. Joy.

Her words were meant for him to move on. But how was he supposed to do that when he felt like his whole world had come to a standstill? Did she really think he wouldn’t come after her?

Joy’s handwritten letter gave him no clues as to where she could have gone. But Cain wasn’t deterred in the least bit. For the past five months, his only focus in life was finding Joy. He’d come this far and he wasn’t one to quit so easily. He was ultimately disappointed that she did. Whatever made her run could have been worked out between them.

Abel turned from the airline window. “No. If she ran the first time, I’d bet if she knew we found her, Joy would run again. All this time and she was living only fifteen minutes from her father. Her father knew she had left you, but nothing else. Do you suppose he lied to us?”

“I don’t know what to believe anymore. He didn’t seem surprise at all when I spoke to him. When I asked him why Joy had left, he had no answers. I just can’t get over the fact that she left me to begin with,” Cain replied as he bent and grabbed his luggage. “Some detectives we make. We searched for months and come up with nothing. She had to have been taking lessons from us. I still can’t believe there wasn’t a trace of her damn credit card or any paper trail. She closed down her personal bank account, withdrawing everything. If Dr. Novak hadn’t called the apartment for an update on her condition; we would have never found her.”

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“Lucky for us, he did. She was probably too anxious to tie up other loose ends and forgot that the doctor would have wanted to see how she was doing,” Abel replied, before staring out the window once more.

Cain nodded, shifting around the throngs of people waiting to exit the airline. He shot a quick glance at Abel, and exited the airport. Two minutes later they spotted their drive holding up a sign with their names written. There was a warm pleasant breeze flowing through the air. It never amazed him how warm Florida was in December. Abel came up beside him just as he introduced them to their driver. “We’re Cain and Abel Lee.”

The chauffer nodded his head. “Welcome to Miami. What is your destination this evening, sir?”

Cain reached into his pocket, withdrawing a folded paper. “This is where I’m headed,” he replied, as he handed the paper to the driver and then entered the car.

Abel sat down beside him, before the chauffeur shut the door closed.

“Dr. Novak didn’t make it easy for us,” Abel stated before continuing. “We still haven’t found out exactly why she left, though everything points to the reason being medical. And if that is the case, I still don’t know why she didn’t confide in you or at the very least in me.”

Cain narrowed his eyes in anger. The hurt was still there—raw and vivid. “What did you expect? Dr. Novak wasn’t willing to break the patient doctor confidentially. I’m just grateful he at least gave us Dr. Weiss’ phone number.”

“Luckily, we were able to get a hold of Sebastian. It was pretty straight forward from there. He’s been watching her for while now.”

Cain laughed, the tone filled with bitterness. “It pays to have friends in the private investigation business, *hermano*. Surprise is on our side this time. We have the upper hand now.”

“Have you decided on what your first step will be?” Abel asked, his eyebrows narrowed together in concentration.

“I’m winging this one. Who knows what will happen when I see her again. But I have no intentions of letting her walk out of my life again.”

Abel nodded. “I’ll wait for you at the Marriot hotel. I’m not so sure having me there will help. Sebastian should be parked in the front of the apartment building. Look for a black Ford Explorer.”

“*Bien*. This definitely calls for some one-on-one time. I’m all about getting the right answers. But when Joy sees the both of us and our love for her, she won’t be able to run again.”

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“Just be careful. She left once before, Cain.”

“And I’ll be damned if it happens again.”

Joy hung up the phone. She swallowed, on the verge of tears. Dr. Weiss had given her disturbing news. Cain had called, trying to track her down. She had wanted him to move on but she should have expected that he wouldn’t. Luckily, her doctor wouldn’t give out any information. But as determined as Cain was, it wouldn’t be long before he had her address.

She stretched her muscles, her body was extra tired from the last dose of radiation. Her physician had assured her that it was common to experience such tiredness. It was a side effect she could deal with.

The vomiting was a whole other story. She hated the fact that she could be reduced in minutes to such helplessness. And still other patients suffered so much more that Joy felt she had no right to complain.

And she prayed often. Her final test results would arrive at her doctor’s office on Monday. Was the operation a success, along with the bouts of radiation? She had the whole weekend to prepare herself for the news to come. But she wasn’t going to worry about it now.

Joy closed her eyes at the sun’s rays shining through her curtains. They warmed her chilled body, though Florida at Christmas time was definitely warmer than New York.

It was times like this when she was alone in bed that she missed Cain badly. The memories of how he would wake her up with his wickedly gifted tongue, heated her body. The earth shattering morning sex that would follow set the pattern for the day.

And sometimes she would return the favor in kind, paying tribute to his hot morning hard-on, with her tongue. She missed the superb after-sex laziness that would surround them afterwards as they cuddled, while their bodies rejuvenated for the next round.

Her heart began to beat quickly at thought of the pain he must be going through. She could have done things differently. Joy knew that. But then Cain would have suffered greatly, watching her surgery and treatments, perched on the cliff, not knowing whether she would live or die.

Many times, she would find herself picking up the phone, dialing his number just to hear the sound of his voice. It was the only indulgence she allowed herself, knowing her telephone number was private and blocked.

And when his rough sounding tone of voice came on announcing a harsh greeting, Joy would close her eyes and relish the angry vibe, knowing fully that she was the cause.

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There was pain in his voice and each time she heard him, it had her second guessing her decision. But still, it wasn't enough to run back to him to face it all.

Joy rose from the bed, forcing her memories down so she could move forward with the day. She threw on her silk beige robe and walked to the bathroom. She brushed her teeth, washed her face, and used the facilities, before walking to the living room.

Her gaze strayed to the seven foot tall Christmas tree, decorated with colorful glass balls, candy canes hanging from the limbs and velvet red bows tied to the ends. She bought the exquisite tree on a splurge and had it delivered to her home. It had taken her three hours to decorate, leaving her body so tired, but she didn't complain because she enjoyed every minute that it took her away from her problems.

Joy hitched a breath, the tree reminding her of last year's Christmas. Cain, Abel, and she had decorated the tree, each of them bringing their own unique ornaments and flair. It was the first time she had spent Christmas with Cain and it touched her deeply that he involved her in every aspect of his life.

It seemed so long ago, and in reality only a year. The memories were still so vivid and alive and they ate at her, Cain under the tree naked on Christmas morning, a bright red bow in front of his luscious long, thick cock. Cain in the shower on his knees, eating her out before soaping up her body and thrusting his cock into her.

She shivered and forced the memories back down as she walked into the kitchen. She turned on the coffee maker and opened up the wood cabinet for her favorite cup. Joy waited, refusing to think of anything else, until that first decadent cup of caffeine.

She reached for the coffee pot just as the doorbell of her apartment rang. Joy glanced at the kitchen clock. Eight in the morning. Nervousness began to set in. No one knew where she lived and the paperboy always left the paper at the front door.

The bell rang twice more.

It can't be him...

She forced herself to move to the front door. She stepped on tiptoes to view the peephole. Swinging the circled piece of metal to the side, Joy gasped, shocked to see Cain's face through the door.

Oh God.

She let the metal slip through her fingers, effectively shielding Cain from her view. A bout of nausea arose and she quickly swallowed as her hands began to shake in nervousness.

She breathed deeply, clutching her trembling hands into tight fists. Joy leaned back, hoping the feel of the metal door would help enforce her strength.

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Cain banged the door hard, jilting the frame. She lifted her body, pushing a hand out to steer herself on the small table by the door. Her bones felt weak and she couldn't control her shivering. God, she needed strength right now. She wasn't ready for this...wasn't ready for him.

“Joy, if you're in there, open up the door. I'm not leaving until I see you, even if it means spending the day at your front door.”

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Chapter Three

Now that Sebastian had made himself scarce, Cain allowed himself to relive the moment he had found out she had left him. *Dios*. The pain was like an old wound had opened up and the sensation was pure rawness. Cain inhaled deeply, concentrating on the fact that he had finally found her to force his pain down. If he closed his eyes and leaned against the door, he could almost feel her heat coming through the steel barrier. He knew she was home. Call it intuition, call him a damn psychic, but Cain knew she was on the other side of that door. So fucking close to him and still she wouldn't open.

He had replayed this moment in his head, time and time again. And now that he was here, all he wanted to do was hold her in his arms. He felt the anger burning inside of him, but deep down in his gut, he just wanted to hold and caress her, assuring Joy that nothing in the world could ever keep him from her.

He heard the sound of the locks shifting before the door swung open. Cain peered inside with a mixture of happiness and dread. Happy that he had finally found her and dreadful as to what the outcome of this moment might be.

No lights came from within, the foyer oddly dark for the morning hours. He pushed the door all the way and stepped inside. Cain turned to close it, sliding all the locks in place. He placed his overnight bag down, before turning to face the living room. All the shades were still shut closed and the lamp on top of the table provided the only light, casting a soft glow in the room.

He searched the room until he found the one person he couldn't stop thinking of.

Joy.

His gaze remained riveted to hers. She stood silently still by the coffee table, her own gaze roaming over his body. He drank the sight of her in, savoring it like his favorite red wine, sip by tiny sip.

Her hair had been cut short, the length now hitting her shoulders. Her skin looked smooth as always, but there were dark circles under her eyes as if she hadn't slept in ages. And she was thin...too thin. It bothered him that she obviously wasn't eating properly. He loved her voluptuous shape, the sexy curves had always ignited an inferno deep within.

“What are you doing here?” she whispered.

He walked closer and her eyes open wide. He couldn't read what was behind her gaze, but Cain knew for a fact it wasn't fear.

“And that's the first thing you could say?” Cain replied, stalking closer to her, not stopping until the front of his body touched hers. He closed his eyes for a second, relishing the heat of her closeness. Cain opened his eyes, just as she spoke.

Her breath hitched and she held it for a second, before she replied. “What do you want me to say? Why are you even here? I thought I had made myself clear in the letter.”

Cain watched Joy, like a hawk waiting to pounce on its prey as her eyes misted with tears. Her words were far from convincing, even though they still struck a nerve.

“You and I both know the words in your letter were more than a barrel full of bullshit. You've always been upfront with me, *querida*. And I won't expect anything less from you now,” Cain replied through clenched teeth. “What possessed you to just walk away from what we had as if it never meant a thing?”

Joy shook her head as if denying something to her inner self. She kept her beautiful lips closed, taking a step back from him.

Cain moved, walking closer to her, afraid that he was minutes away from just hauling her against his body. “Spill it, Joy.”

“The relationship wasn't going anywhere. I just decided to break it off.”

“Wrong answer.” Cain reached for her then, his hands grabbing her by the shoulders. He pushed her towards him. Her scent reached his nostrils, sending his shaft into a full blown raging hard on, and he had to fight back the need to rub himself against her. He felt her nipples through the silk she wore, tighten into rigid little points. *Dios*, he was tempted to pull the beauties out and suck them until she came apart in his arms. But there would be enough time for that later on. Right now, he needed answers.

“If that were the case, your body wouldn't be reacting to me right now. Your nipples wouldn't be tight with desire. And you know what else, Joy?”

He waited to see if she would ask. But when she just shook her head no, Cain continued. “I bet you if I fell to the floor right now and lifted your nightgown, your pussy would be wet and dripping with desire.” Cain breathed in, making a show of taking her scent within him. “I can smell it from here, *querida*. I'm almost tempted to go on my knees and eat you like the delicious woman you are. But first I want answers. Why did you leave me?”

“I've already told you why I left. Why do you persist on proving me wrong? You just can't let it go, can you?”

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“No! I *won't* ever let you go because of lies. *It's all lies, Joy.* I've never had to fight for a woman before, because I've never felt desire like this before. It's way more than mere words. Have you ever loved someone so deep that you can't even envision your life without them? That you can't breathe your next breath because the thought of losing them rips a whole in your heart?” Cain replied as he watched the tears spill from her eyes. “That's all because of you, Joy. And I don't intend on leaving you. You and I will face whatever is going on together, but there will be no more deception, Joy. So help me God, no more.”

It was as if his words broke a wall around her heart and she had no more strength to hold the emotions in. She had to fight to be so strong, and it all came down to this. The confrontation she had feared and craved so much. She still couldn't believe he was here and the thought had her reaching out to touch him.

She placed her hands on his face and stroked him, softly tracing her fingertips against his full lips. She desired him with an ache that bordered on violent and missed him to the point that it felt like her heart was breaking into pieces. She couldn't speak the words that needed to be said between them, but Joy still needed to convey what she felt deep down inside.

“I'm sorry.” The words came out so easily, but her heart hammered strongly, in fear that he wouldn't accept what needed to be done.

“Maybe this would have been easier, if I would have been truthful from the start,” Joy whispered as she leaned in and pressed her lips to his.

The kiss was meant to be one of comfort, to ease the tense lines around his mouth. But comforting became the farthest thing from their minds as Cain took control of the kiss.

His mouth instantly opened up to hers and Joy couldn't help but moan as he grabbed her hips and pulled her to him. She felt his hard cock digging against her belly and her pussy got wetter.

Joy sucked on his tongue and moaned at the feral growl that emerged from deep within him. She felt him all over and craved the aggressive sure way he held her, like he knew what she needed most in the world. And she couldn't argue with that. Because Cain knew her body inside and out.

His hands crept from her hips to the front. His finger slipped to the parting of her robe, slowly drifting down to her naked flesh. The waiting was agony because Cain made sure to draw everything out in a wickedly slow motion.

Joy almost screamed as his fingers touched her cunt. He began with a measured circling of her flesh and when he finally reached her clit, Joy couldn't hold back the shout

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that burst from her mouth. The teasing was heaven and hell and she had to bite back the need to beg Cain to fuck her.

His hands untied the belt of her robe and she hitched her breath, knowing that Cain would see the scar on her breast.

His motion froze everything inside of her. It was like a bucket of frigid water had been poured on her. Joy grabbed his wrists and shook her head no.

“Wait,” she whispered as she collected her thoughts.

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Chapter Four

Cain stopped moving. His cock felt like it was going to explode right in his pants, and with one word, she halted the ecstasy that was bound to happen between them. She held his wrists tightly. He tugged and she only released one, but held on to the other. He studied her, the way her body trembled, her nails digging into his skin with frighten urgency. She resembled a trapped animal. Her gaze flickered from his face to searching the room around him for a way to escape.

“What happened to you, *querida*?”

“No,” Joy whispered as a new batch of tears spilled from her eyes.

His gut clenched in dread. Something awful must have happened and nothing was going to stop him from finding out what that was. She must have read the intention in his gaze and Cain found himself jumping right into action as Joy released him and ran.

She made it as far as what he assumed was her bedroom door. With her hand on the knob, Cain trapped her hand with his and pinned her body with his own. She was shaking like a leaf.

“Please let me go.” Her words were so soft spoken that if he weren’t this close to her, he wouldn’t have heard a thing.

He had no intentions of letting her go. He remained holding her trapped between his body and the door until the truth came out of her beautiful lips. He leaned in and whispered the words into her ear. “Call it an obsession but my future plans don’t include me letting you go. Tell me what happened, *amor*. We can work through this together.”

A loud sob erupted in her throat before she gave a shuddering sigh. “I’m going to die.”

Her tone of voice shattered him but it was the four words that erupted from her throat that crushed his heart and he had to breathe past the pain to be able to even think of a suitable response. There was none.

“Explain yourself,” he replied forcing the words out of his mouth.

“Five months ago, my doctor found a tumor in my right breast.”

The pain in his heart doubled. The thought of losing her to death, sickened him.

“*Dios!* You should have told me this,” Cain whispered as he tangled his fingers through hers. He lowered her arms to her side but continued to trap her with his body. Perhaps it was easier for her to tell him, if she wasn’t looking at his eyes. “*Por favor, querida, continue.*”

She heaved a sigh filled with emotion. “The official medical term is Ductal carcinoma in situ and further testing revealed that the tumor was cancerous.”

Cain couldn’t take it anymore. He untangled his fingers from hers and turned her around to face him. “You should have told me.”

Her face was wet with tears, her mouth trembling. “Told you what? That I didn’t think I was going to survive this? And then what, Cain? What would you have done if you saw me laying sick on a daily basis in a death bed, not looking anything like the woman you wanted to marry? What would you have done?” she repeated.

The words hurt him. She should have known that his love for her knew no bounds. “I would have been with you every single day. I would have made sure you had no need of anything. I would have given my life to make sure you never felt any pain.” The words spilled from his mouth so quickly. Cancer or not, nothing in this world would make him leave her. He put his finger under her chin, tilting his face to hers. “What’s the prognosis?”

“The doctors firmly believe all women with cancer at this stage can be cured. I just had my last bout of radiation. I won’t know for another two months if the cancer was fully cured.”

“*Querida*, my heart is breaking inside. You’ve put a wedge between us when all along we could have fought this together.”

“Cain, I watched my mother die right before my eyes. And there wasn’t anything anyone could do to stop from feeling that kind of pain.”

“That wasn’t your decision to make. When I asked you to marry me, it was because I was making an eternal promise to you for the good and the bad. You had no right to take this choice out of my hands.”

Joy reached up and placed her hands on his chest, pushing him. He took a step back, giving her minimal space. She turned slightly as she put her hand on the knob and opened the door. She entered her bedroom and Cain quickly followed.

She stopped just by the bed and turned to face him. There was a fire in her gaze. His remark made her angry. Too bad. She had no right to bear such a burden alone.

“I had every right to make this decision. You don’t know what it’s like.”

“You wanted to protect me from pain? Was that the basis for your decision, Joy?” At her nod, he continued. “How do you think I felt when you left me? Did you think I would

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just go on with my life? You ripped my heart out and left me alone to pick up the pieces. So don't tell me I don't know what the hell pain feels like." Cain yelled the words, hoping they got through to her in some way. All he wanted to do was hold her forever. And still she put up barriers between them.

"The purpose of me leaving you was to shield you from my death," she whispered.

He grabbed her by her arms and hauled her against his body. "And if you would have died, I would have followed you to heaven." He meant every word of that. He couldn't live without her. She was everything to him, his peace, his laughter, his soul mate.

Joy reached for him, his words breaking the brick wall around her heart. "Don't say that. I would want you to live your life."

Cain shook his head. "Don't you get it? My life isn't worth living without you. You are everything to me. Please, don't throw away all that we had because of some brave notion you have about me. The strongest thing we could do is fight this sickness *together*."

Deep down inside, she knew he was right. The time apart from him had been spent as if she were in mourning and in some sense she truly was. A part of her had died when she left him.

"I don't believe I'm tough enough to fight this alone." It was as close to acceptance she was going to get. Because she feared for the ending that would shred them both.

Cain grabbed her shoulders, hauling her against his hard body. "*Querida*, there is nothing in the world, I wouldn't do for you. I'd walk through the pits of hell, if it meant spending one more day with you."

Chapter Five

She didn't have a chance to respond to him. Cain wrapped his arm around her waist and pushed his hand into her hair as he captured her lips with his. She moaned as he sucked her tongue softly into his mouth. He tasted like mint and his own masculine essence. His flavor sent a stronger wave of need rushing through her.

His hand moved from her waist to her hard nipple. His finger brushed against the satin robe over her flesh and she moaned at the pressure. He deepened the kiss, running his tongue over her teeth. The hand that had gripped her hair met with the hand at her breast and both traveled to the tie on her robe.

She broke the kiss quickly as her body stiffened and once again she found herself fighting the insecurity that assaulted her. She was entirely too weak around him, but Cain remained still not untying the knot.

“Does the radiation treatment or the cancer affect sexual relations?”

She swallowed passed the lump in her throat. “Not as long as I'm feeling okay.”

“And you're feeling okay?”

She nodded.

He bent and whispered into her ear, “Nothing in this world will ever keep me from you again.”

Those words were profound and she knew they held a wealth of meaning behind them. The problem wasn't believing in him. The problem was believing that she had a future with him.

She forced her hands to remain at her side and closed her eyes as she held in a deep breath. If he wanted to see the scar now, then so be it. And as soon as she thought the words, her bravado left her. But she steeled herself, hardening her insides as she felt him untying the knot at her waist and then slowly the robe fell open. She wondered for a second if he would pull it off, so he could get a good view at what she had been through.

And then she felt him, softly tracing the scar that had held twenty-five stitches, holding her skin closed. His calloused finger continued to trace the mark back and forth. His

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touch stirred her deeply and she squirmed in reaction to the contrast of his hard skin and soft stroke. The stiffness in her body began to melt away slowly.

Suddenly, all of her senses overheated as she sensed his warm breath over her damaged skin. She moaned and reached for his shoulders for support. She felt the heat and wetness of his tongue against her scar as she plunged her fingers into his hair. Her pussy creamed for him and she found herself practically salivating for his cock.

He moved his hands and pushed the robe off of her. He dropped his hands to her waist. Her world tipped upside down as Cain picked her up. She forced her eyes open, wondering where he would take them next.

He bent, placing her on the bed. She watched as he removed his clothing and shoes with lightning speed. He stood over her, naked, his body rigid and he reminded her of a dangerous animal ready to pounce. He bent over and she moved her hands moved over the tight ruggedness of his muscles.

“*Querida*, I love you more than life itself. The fact that your skin is scarred doesn’t repulse me.”

“I never wanted you to see me this way.”

Cain reached for her hand and placed it on his cock. “This wouldn’t be so fucking hard if I didn’t want you with every throbbing beat that pulses inside of me.”

And every inch of him was hard like he claimed. Joy tightened her fingers around his dick and started a slow stroke. The top of his head was circumcised and she ran her hand right over the slit, spreading the pre-cum that leaked on top. A multitude of sensations bombarded her. His cum was thick to the touch and she craved the taste of him. Her clit ached fiercely and she needed him inside of her. She didn’t know where to begin.

But apparently, Cain did. Joy raised herself on her elbows as he lowered his body, until his knees hit the carpet.

He grabbed her thighs, spreading them wide open and drove her out of her mind by running his fingertips close to her pussy. “This is where I’ve always wanted to be, Joy. Being between your legs is like being right at home.”

The seductive words flowed over her like a smooth red wine. And he followed them up by taking a lick of her cream. “*Dios*, but I’ve missed this. Are you physically okay for us to continue? Tell me, *querida*, before I go any further.” He followed that question with another flick of his tongue.

That one well-placed lick right over her clit, shot through her like a zap of electricity. Her hips arched off the bed and his hands tightened on her upper thighs, holding her down.

“Oh, god Cain...yes. Please continue,” she whispered. If he stopped now, she’d die from her need.

He squeezed his fingers on her skin and it was the only warning she got before she felt her whole world plunge into ecstasy mode.

He licked her, a little too slowly, tormenting her with his tongue, swirling it around her clit. God, but she wanted him to touch her there because the need was building in her so deep. She struggled between wanting to beg him and take it slowly.

His tongue finally caressed her clit, but not the way she needed to be touched...the hard essential flick that would send her over the edge. She lifted her hips again, straining towards his mouth, in hopes that he would get the idea. Her orgasm was right on the verge of being set loose and she was hungry for what Cain could give her.

“Please, Cain.” She was past the point of anything else. It had been way too long since she had felt him like this and she needed more.

He lifted his mouth, only a centimeter off of her clit. She still felt the heat of his breath, and even his lips as he spoke against her core. “You’ve been such a bad girl, *querida*.”

“I can’t take much more.”

He pressed a kiss to her pussy and gave her another leisurely lick. “You’ll take this and so much more. My desire for you reaches so deep and I have so much to make up for.”

It was pure torture in its rawest form and she gritted her teeth against his brand. He ran his tongue from the very top of her pussy, and then downward to her anal opening. He rimmed her with his tongue, sending her body into a tailspin of hotness. She felt every vibration, every sensation pour through her.

And then she felt exactly what she needed.

His finger rubbed her clit in a circular motion as he plunged his thick thumb into her ass. Her whole body went rigid with the kaleidoscope of feelings ramming her with a stunning force. She screamed as he continued to thrust his finger into her, sending her flying into an orgasm filled with melted hotness.

Her scent drove Cain’s need higher as he drank in the taste of her come. His cock felt stiff against his jeans, the denim constrictive material driving him insane. Cain reached down and unzipped his jeans. Rising to his feet, he pulled his dick out, stroking at a leisure pace, from base to tip. It seemed like forever, since he was deep inside of her. And he couldn’t wait another minute.

He gazed at her mouth, parted open, breathing in and out slowly as her eyes closed. She looked sated, her body now relaxed instead of tense.

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Dios, how he needed her. He wanted this to go smoothly, softly and she deserved all of it with finesse. But he was a raging beast inside, and he'd been too long without her.

Clenching his teeth to find some semblance of control, Cain guided his cock to the opening of her cunt. He rubbed the head in her cream, coating his dick thoroughly. He didn't know if he could manage soft, but he sure as hell wanted to make sure she was wet and could take him. He ran his fingers inside of her thighs, close to the lips of her pussy. She was dripping with her arousal.

"Cain," she murmured, holding her hands out to him.

"I don't know if I can give it to you soft," he bit out through clenched teeth as he slowly entered the head of his dick. She enveloped him in wetness and in fire so hot he had to grit his teeth harder against the urge to come.

"I'm not asking you to hold back, Cain. Actually there's nothing better than your cock, thrusting into me deep and hard," she whispered, lifting her hips off of the bed. She tried to impale herself on him, but he had a tight hold on her thighs, and he wasn't willing to give up control.

"Te amo por siempre." I love you for always.

Cain whispered the words. The emotional bond between them was strong and this mating was just the beginning of reaffirming it.

He entered in one shallow thrust and he didn't stop until he felt the tip of his cock, hit her womb. Tight, wet hotness gripped him fiercely and he held his body back, wanting to give her a few seconds to get her pussy accustomed to his girth.

Joy lifted her legs and circled them around his waist. He bent and took her in a hot wet kiss, dipping his tongue into her mouth as he began to thrust into her in a slow pace. Her drenched fire drove him out of his mind. He wanted to savor it all, wanted to embed it into his memory forever, but it had been too long.

Her breasts were smashed to his chests and he could feel the taut rigid nipples, hard against his chest. Her scent filled his head and he was drugged with the taste of her. The thrusting turned into shallow rapid strokes. Her cunt tightened on him, her cream slick and hot.

Fuck!

Cain broke off the kiss as he felt the need to come start deep below. He continued to shaft her, but he forced his body to rise, giving him the space he needed to reach down. He rubbed his thumb over her clit and just like that he had her.

Her body arched off the bed. Her muscles tightened all over her body as her pussy spasmed around his dick. She choked his cock beautifully and he needed it to last for

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eternity. But with the mewls coming out of her throat, the whisper of his name, Cain gave one hard lunge, before his seed spilled into her taut wet heat.

Dios. He wanted to be with her for eternity as one.

He only needed to convince her that he had no intentions of ever leaving.

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Chapter Six

Cain turned his head and stared at Joy sleeping so peacefully. She was facing him, her arm laying on his chest and her inches from his cock. He could have taken her five more times, each and every one of them being more spectacular than the last. But as soon as he returned from the bathroom with a wet rag to clean their mixed stickiness, she had fallen asleep. And he had been momentarily content with holding her in his arms.

He rose from the bed, carefully maneuvering her arm and leg so she wouldn't wake up. He wound his arms in the air, stretching his muscles and he continued to watch her. The past five months had been filled with so much grief and heartache. It was as if he'd lost his other half. The only thing that had kept him going was this moment, the instant where he would have her with him again.

Had he ever known a love so deep? A bond so unique that he didn't want to live without her?

Never.

He closed his eyes and tried to remember the names of the women, he had relationships with. A second later he opened his eyes. There was no purpose. Other than Abel, he had never felt so close to anyone before.

His thoughts shifted to the frightening disease that reeked havoc in her body. He wasn't going to let it win. It was as simple as that. If the cancer wasn't fully cured, then Cain would hire the best medical team in the world. Joy was a fighter and Cain intended on fighting right beside her.

Joy sighed in her sleep, her naked body shifting so she was now lying face up. The sight of her nude skin tempted him. His cock rose stiff and Cain grabbed the base as he stroked in a slow motion. His skin felt tingly, awareness shot through his body as his arousal climbed to dangerous heights. He was inches away from giving into her temptation. The only thing that kept him back was the fact he knew sleep was part of the healing process.

Cain reached over and pulled the bed sheet over her body. He put his stiff cock back into his jeans and left the bedroom in search of a phone. There were plans he needed to make.

She had slept for a whole two hours. And in that time Cain had made the necessary arrangements.

Cain placed the omelets on the plates and turned just as Joy walked into the kitchen. The table was filled with toast, coffee and bacon. He walked to the table and put the plates down. “How are you feeling?”

“Well rested,” she replied as she took a seat. “And starving, too.”

“Good. Dig in and then we’ll talk.”

Twenty minutes later and her stomach pleasantly filled, Joy watched Cain polish off the last of his breakfast.

Her emotions were raw, the last couple of hours taking a toll on her. She never wanted to hurt him and she thought she was protecting him. But by the way he gazed at her, Joy knew he would probably never understand why she left him. She *did* understand his point of view. If Cain had ever walked out on her, she would have been a complete mess.

Joy closed her eyes, gritting her teeth against the emotions assaulting her. They deserved a chance but she couldn’t help but admit that the end result scared the shit out of her. But what if she had beaten the disease? What if they had a possible future together?

Then all of this would have been for nothing.

She opened her eyes. “How did you find me?”

Cain dropped the fork on his plate, the metal making a loud sound against the glass. “Dr. Novak called the apartment, asking for an update on you. He wouldn’t break any patient/doctor confidentiality but he did give us Dr. Weiss’s phone number. With a little persuasiveness from Abel’s end, we were able to locate you. And well you know how convincing my dear brother could be.”

Joy smiled at the thought of Abel using his charm. “How is he?”

“He’s as confused as I am. We’re still trying to figure out where we went wrong. You could’ve spoken to either one of us.”

She shook her head. “I’m still not sure letting you know what’s wrong with me was the right thing to do.”

Cain rose from his chair and quickly delved into his pocket. He walked over to her and knelt down in front of her. “What’s it going to take to convince you that I love you more than anything in this world and beyond?”

Shit! She was trying so hard not to cry but her tears were already pooling. “I’m trying here, Cain. I’m trying to have a little more faith in our future.”

“Well, maybe there’s something we can do about that.”

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He pulled out her engagement ring, the beautiful diamond encrusted with sapphire, he had given her. The tears she was holding back spilled.

“I have a two part unbreakable plan and it’s one hundred percent guaranteed to convince you that I’m your man,” he stated as he reached for her left hand and pushed the ring on her finger. “This is part one. Do you accept the fact that nothing could ever drive me from you?”

She nodded, too caught up in the moment to tell him how much he meant to her.

Joy lifted her head, enraptured by the sexiness of his smile and the way his eyes darkened when he was thinking about hot sex. She matched his smile with one of her own, knowing the thoughts running through his mind. “What’s part two of your full proof plan?”

“Well, you already know convincing Abel can be?”

She nodded slowly and he continued. “He’s part two.”

Joy dried herself with a towel and took her time spreading strawberry scented lotion over her body. She prepared herself, shaving her pussy smooth, taking extra care in looking good, knowing the double present she was about to unwrap.

She smiled, feeling carefree for the first time in months. Two gorgeous men awaited her in the bedroom and there wasn’t any other place she’d rather be. This was where she belonged and all this time, she should have been living her life, filling it with memories. Instead, she had run, frightened of her destiny. She had so much to make up for and she was going to start right now.

She put the lotion back on the vanity and wrapped a fresh towel around her body. She brushed her hair, a last minute touchup. Now she was physically ready to face them. Joy placed her hand on the knob, took too a deep breath and opened the door.

She stepped into her bedroom. Candles were lit throughout her room, perfectly aligned so it showered the bed in a soft glow. Cain and Abel stood inches from her bed, their naked cocks already hard with arousal. Both bodies were tight with muscles, their honey brown skin gleaming against the candlelight. Her mouth watered, instantly craving their taste. She moistened her lips, preparing herself for their flavor.

Her gaze collided with Cain’s and she never felt more beautiful than she did at that moment. Nothing mattered but the way he looked at her as if she was the most important thing to him in the world. And she felt that all the way to her toes.

She walked to Cain first, and placed a kiss on his lips. He took control of the kiss, stroking her with his tongue. His hands dug into her hips and she felt Abel’s body heat

behind her a second before he rubbed his hard cock against her ass. They were both in tune with each other, knowing what sexual steps to take to heighten their need.

Cain aligned his dick with her pussy, drenching his condom covered cock with her arousal. Her breath hitched, the simultaneous sensations catapulting her higher. She broke the kiss and laid her head on Abel's shoulders as she tried to get a hold on her senses. She was astonished at how hungry she truly was for them. How could she have ever left Cain behind...left this behind?

Her stomach clenched as Abel sank a finger into her ass. She felt the tingly coolness of the lube and the slight frigidness did nothing to calm her. She was too hot and it felt like flames were licking at her body. It had been too long since she felt this alive, this aching need forcing her body to tremble with desire.

Abel slowly withdrew his finger and her ass gripped him tightly, reluctant to let him go.

"*Dios, hermano.* She's too fucking hot," Abel whispered against her ear. And she totally agreed with him. She never felt this hot...this alive before.

Cain moved his hands from her hips and unwrapped the towel from her body. He brought his hands to her breasts and she moaned, arching her chest forward as he stroked her skin a little too softly.

"Please, Cain." The plea fell from her lips quickly. She needed to feel more from them.

"We're going to please you more than ever, *querida,*" Cain replied as he knelt down. He pushed her legs open and pursed his lips. He blew a shot of warm air into her pussy and her legs threatened to give away. Abel held onto her waist tight, supporting her upright. Cain grabbed her left leg and placed it on his shoulder.

The scent of her pussy drifted in the air and her body trembled with yearning as she felt Cain's warm breath so close to where she needed him to be. He gave her a soft kiss as Abel circled the entrance of her ass. She almost screamed with the force of her desire.

The brothers timed it right, Cain softly stroking her with his tongue as Abel buried two fingers into her ass. Cain continued to lick her, circling his tongue around her clit. Abel fucked her with his fingers as he reached around with his right hand and turned her to him for a kiss. He pushed his tongue into her mouth and she stroked his tongue, mimicking how she wanted to suck his cock.

Cain applied pressure to her clit as he licked her cream. Abel fucked her harder and the dual sensations were too much. Her orgasm began to build, deep in the pit of her womb. Her stomach tightened as the Cain continued to drink from her. His growls turned her on

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more, and with the added pleasure-pain of Abel's fingers, she exploded. There was no holding back. They demanded it all and as she felt her orgasm continue, Joy forced her eyes close, as the edges of her vision dimmed. Her heart pounded quickly, the power of her orgasm draining the strength from her body.

She breathed deeply, scenting the arousal of their bodies. The much needed air brought her back to some semblance of control. She opened up her eyes and Cain lifted her onto her bed.

Cain licked the cream on his lips, enjoying the taste of Joy in his mouth. She exploded vibrantly, her essence spilling onto his mouth and it brought a happiness to his heart that all was not lost. She still wanted him and the knowledge that their bond was still in tact, more than satisfied him.

He laid her on the bed as Abel put a condom on his cock. He coated his shaft with lube, and as Abel prepared himself, Cain stroked Joy's cunt. She was dripping wet with her arousal, evident in the way she curved her hips towards his hand.

His cocked ached, with a fierce pain and he never needed anything more in life than he needed her. He ripped the package containing the condom open, his hands shaking with the force of his desire. She surrounded him, was inside of him and he couldn't let her go. He'd fight forever to keep her with him.

"I'm ready," Abel announced.

Cain nodded as he brought Joy up to her knees. "Straddle me." He laid on the bed and she brought her knees on either side, positioned above his cock. Abel moved between his legs, his own shaft poised at Joy's rear entrance.

Cain rubbed his cock with her cream and stopped when the head dipped into the entrance of her cunt. "I will love you forever, *mi amor* and I'm bringing you home by Christmas."

Her eyes misted. "And I will always have you in my heart. Forgive me, Cain for causing you pain. I love you for always."

The words touched him deeply and the only way he could follow up such a fire burning declaration was to thrust his cock in one deep lunge. His whole body tensed, as the delicious sensations flowed through him. *Dios!* It felt like he was hitting her womb.

She screamed out his name as Abel began to enter her ass. Joy bent and kissed him. Cain shoved his tongue into her mouth as he reached behind her and spread the cheeks of her ass open, to aid Abel. Cain felt it, when his brother's cock sank all the way in. Now they were ready...to give her the ultimate pleasure of a ménage.

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I will love you forever, mi amor and I'm bringing you home by Christmas.

She replayed the words in her head at least two more times. At home was where she has always belonged, celebrating the wonder of everyday life, building another Christmas memory with Cain and Abel.

But thinking about that now was too much. She could only concentrate on this moment. Both men filled her completely, and that little edge of pain made her body feel more alive.

She broke the kiss off, her mind spinning like a tornado. Oh god, the sensations rushing through her kept piling up. She had no control as they fucked her with a starving greed that surpassed any ménage they've engaged in the past. They fucked her hard, their thrusts becoming sweet merciless torture.

Cain's hands tightened on her hips, his calloused palms caressing her. Abel's hands caressed her nipples, twirling the tips between his thumb and forefinger. It all added to the multitude of sensations sending her higher into bliss. She didn't know how long she could hold out, her stomach was already clenching with the savage need to orgasm.

Their scent filled the air, pushing her higher to the edge of ecstasy. She bit her lip, concentrating on that bit of pain to hold off. She was mindless to anything else, but the feel of herself sandwiched between too hard chests. Both cocks thrust in coordination and she felt ready to burst. Cain reached down, circled her clit with his thumb and that's when she exploded.

Her body buckled and she screamed with the intensity of her orgasm. She felt like she was coming out of her skin, helpless to stop. Her pussy automatically clenched on Cain's cock as her ass tightened on Abel's. She grinded her body between them, savoring the power of the moment.

"Cain," she murmured as her body fell forward to his.

The edges of her vision dimmed and this time she didn't fight the blessed blackness of ecstasy.

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Epilogue

Two Months Later

The past two months had been spent in bliss. Christmas was an even grander affair with more presents than she could ever dream of. Cain had even flown her father in, and they all had spent cherished time together.

She had refused to think about anything. The days and nights were steamy hot, sometimes filled with bondage. There were other nights filled with ménages, the lusty trio giving in to their needs. And even more of Cain, celebrating life with her. But bliss could only last for so long.

The moment had come.

Joy clenched her hands into fists as Cain drove the BMW into the parking garage at her doctor's office. She couldn't deny that she was nervous as hell, or that she was cold to the bone and it had nothing to do with the New York City frigid February weather. It had taken all of her strength to actually get into the car in the first place. She hated feeling afraid, truly terrified of the outcome. Her heart pounded fiercely.

She prayed hard. Prayed that anyone would hear her in her time of need. Because she loved Cain with all of her heart and she refused to die, to leave him alone in this world. She should've fought with him by her side long ago, but regretfully no one could change the past.

Cain pulled the keys out of the ignition and reached over to grab her frigid fist.

"Nervous much?"

Those two words absurdly brought a smile to her lips. "No, not at all." Her words came out shaky.

She turned to face him as he brought her hand to his lips and kissed her cold skin. She felt the heat of his warm breath against her flesh. "I want you to know that no matter what happens in there, I'm with you all the way."

"And I truly love you for it."

She leaned over to him and brought her lips to his. The kiss was soft, tender and she savored the feel of his tongue against his.

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Cain was the first to break the kiss. “Let’s get this show on the road, *amor*,” he murmured against her lips. “I have a feeling that today is going to be the first day of the rest of our lives.”

Oh god, please let him be right.

Dr. Novak looked to be about seventy years old. His full head of hair was white like snow, the wrinkles in his face prominent as he looked directly into Joy’s eyes. She tried her best to remain still even though the butterflies in her stomach seemed to be having a dance party. Cain sat beside her, his fingers intertwined with hers. She pulled his arm toward her chest and tightened her hold on his hand.

“Ms. Green, how have you been feeling?”

She had been feeling fine since Christmas Eve. Her symptoms were thankfully acute, and were gone within a couple of weeks since the last bout of radiation. No nausea, no weakness...nothing. She’d even gain ten pounds and Cain had no problems showing her that her voluptuous body was definitely sexy.

“I’ve been good. My appetite is back and the radiation side effects are gone.”

“It’s great to hear that. As a matter of fact, I have the test results right in front of me,” Dr. Novak replied. “I’ve consulted with Dr. Weiss on this, and none of us can argue with the results.”

She gripped Cain’s hand even harder. There was no smile gracing the doctor’s face, no hint of what was to come. Her eyes filled with tears, and she bit her lip against the need to bawl. The room became stuffy, the air thick. But Joy held her ground.

“You are cancer free. We found no trace of the disease in your body.”

The weight of depression lifted and it felt like her heart jumped with Joy. The tears spilled over her cheeks. Cain reached over and picked her up, placing her on his lap. She curved her face into his neck, breathing in his comforting scent. He brought his mouth to her ear and whispered, “The odds were always in our favor. Nothing can ever come between us. I love you, *mi amor*.”

She picked her head up. “You are a special gift to me and I promise to always treasure that.”

He placed a kiss on her lips. “And I know exactly how we can celebrate.”

Joy laughed at the devilish grin he gave her.

It left no doubts in her mind that the perfect way to celebrate was with a ménage.

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About the Author

I was born and raised in New York City and I'll probably live there for always. I'm twenty-nine years old and married to my husband for seven years, and I'm a mother to two adorable children.

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